Store closes evenings at 6 p. m. Saturdays 11 p. m.

SWEATERS!

The Young Men are our best Sweater patrons.

IF WORKINGMEN knew more of the comfort there is in wearing a Sweater to work in, we would sell more Sweaters —that's all.

Special $1.00 Sweaters at 69c. each

IF YOU WEAR A SWEATER

It will pay you to see ours first.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Manager

...That... Preposter... ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

Possibly, but not certainly, for who can tell whether some other cause would not have proved equally provocative to Mrs. Bedsworth ,who, at the moment, resembled nothing so much as a volcano at the point of eruption.

"One quite understands," Mrs. Grantley said slowly, "that Mr. Dayrell must have found it difficult, not to say impossible, to make up his mind two years ago to fall in with the conditions of his godfather's will. It is almost as difficult now to realize that Miss Hume can ever have been a maid of all work!"

Mrs. Bedsworth ltughed, not very agreeably.

"But whatever Mr. Dayrell may have felt when the will was first made known," Mrs. Grantley went on, ignoring the laugh, "things are very different indeed now. Perhaps—Miss Hume might produce a totally fresh impression upon him, if he met her again."

"He is not very likely to meet her again," Mrs. Bedsworth broke in abruptly; "he has gone to the Antipodes, or somewhere equally far away, to make his fortune; and I should not suppose he will ever come back to England."

"I heard only a few days ago that he was coming back shortly," was the surprising reply, a reply that made Mrs. Bedsworth start, and sit bolt upright with extreme suddenness. "Curiously enough I met a man who used to know him, and he said Mr. Dayrell was returning for a time on business, and I have a sort of feeling," Mrs. Grantley continued, unobservant of her listener's tense strained attitude, "and I have a sort of feeling that Miss Hume might not only be more attractive to him now, but that she might actually wish to attract him, in order to make up to him for all he has lost through her."

Mrs. Bedsworh held her breath, her face grew white, but still Mrs. Grantley, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not notice the change in her, and went on speaking.

"A girl with that face and the character written upon it, is just the girl who would have altruistic motives, and take a vast amount of trouble to act up to them. I should not be in the least surprised, not in the least, if Miss Hume has had it on her mind all along to marry Mr. Dayrell in the end, and to do it for no other reason but the good and noble one of restoring his fortune to him. I should not be in the least surprised if I am right," she repeated firmly; "and what that girl intends to do, I am pretty sure she will manage to do. She will be bad to beat."

The conversation ended, the ladies drifted apart. But when Mrs. Bedsworth was alone in her room that night, there was an expression on her face which must have made her good angel fold his wings and cover his face; a look that boded no good to any one who would cross her path, and she paced restlessly to and fro, till the grey light of dawn crept in upon her. Then she clenched her hands together tightly, and whispered under her breath.

"She shall not baffle me a second time—not a second time. If she is bad to beat —so am I. Perhaps she will find that out to her cost."

CHAPTER XIV.

The day was wet, drippingly, uncompromisingly wet, exactly the sort of day which a host would not select when his house is filled with guests, just the day in which guests would prefer not to be buried in the depths of the country. Stella Bangley stood beside the window of the luxurious room allotted to her by Lady Connell, and looked out across the uninviting landscape with something that was nearly a scowl on her lovely face. Perhaps scowl is not quite the right word to use for the expression which marred her features; the drawing together of her white brows, and the down drooped corners of her mouth, spoke rather of petulant fretfulness, and there was a hint of the same fretfulness in her voice, as she turned from the window to speak to her mother, who sat in an armchair by the small, cheerful fire.

"I do hate this dreary sort of place," she said; "just look at the garden and the woods, they do nothing but drip. That endless noise of dripping gets on one's nerves."

"Your nerves seem peculiarly sensitive, Stella," her mother answered drily; this new development of petulance in her hitherto placid daughter vexed her, she disliked anything so petty as a fretful disposition.

"I have had a great deal to try my nerves in the past two years," Stella retorted, a certain note of bitterness in her voice: "first you made me break off my engagement with Alan, whom I really cared for"—Mrs. Bedsworth's lips curled scornfully—"next you forced me to marry Mark, and you know I didn't care for him—not really care for him." Her voice faltered, as her glance encountered her mother's hard and cold and amused. "Well, you know I did not really care for Mark," Stella continued, in argumentative, plaintive accents, and as though in answer to some remark of Mrs. Bedsworth's; "you made me marry him—and now—you see—I am alone in the world, and—and horribly unhappy."

Self-pity over the pathos of her own position brought two large tears to Stella's eyes, and as they rolled down her cheeks, she gave a small effective sob, and dabbed at her face with her black bordered handkerchief. She was most sincerely sorry for herself, and felt convinced that her life really was most singularly unhappy, and the more she allowed her thoughts to dwell upon her great sorrow, the faster did the tears roll down her face, and the deeper grew her sobs. Mrs. Bedsworth watched her daughter with a curious enigmatical smile, and presently said slowly and with emphasis—

"My dear Stella, do stop crying over imaginary troubles and listen to me. I heard a piece of news last night, which may have the effect of drying your tears."

The black bordered handkerchief was withdrawn from Stella's face, and the dramatic little sobs were checked with a promptitude that spoke volumes, either for the amount of the young lady's self-control, or for the slightness of her grief.

"News?" she said, turning abruptly from the window, and the dismal prospect of the world outside; "what sort of news? And how does it affect me?"

"You have been talking very much at random about the misery I caused you by advising you to break off the engagement with Alan Dayrell and to marry Sir Mark Bangley. Any one who heard you would suppose we were living in the middle ages, and that I had been able to force you to do either of these things: whereas, as you know, you were a perfectly free agent."

"A free agent?" Stella laughed. "I don't think I have ever been a free agent, mother. However, I don't want to argue about that now. What did you mean when you said you heard some news last night?"

"You complained just now that I had separated you from Alan Dayrell. You implied that the separation had broken your heart. Possibly you may have an opportunity of repairing the damage. I hear that Alan is coming back to England."

"Coming back to England?" the color flew over the girl's face. "Not that his coming back can do me any good," she added, after a pause; "he is not likely to wish to have anything more to with me, after the way I treated him."

"Good heavens, Stella, do try not to be a fool," Mrs. Bedsworth exclaimed in tones of acute exasperation; "I shall wonder to my dying day how you came to be my daughter. You treated Alan perfectly well. You were honest with him. He must respect you for that. You told him—"

"I told him a lie," Stella interrupted calmly, "or rather you told it for me. You said I did not love him enough to be his wife, but I cared for him a great deal more than I cared for the man I married."

The girl's brief spell of married life had taught her to be more courageous and less submissive to her mother, and Mrs. Bedsworth no longer found her so pliable as in her younger days, and she occasionally had an exasperating way of putting home truths before Mrs. Bedsworth in plain and homely language, which was anything but pleasant for the older woman to hear. For the greater part of her life Mrs. Bedsworth had occupied herself in evading the truth, or wrapping it up in so many fancy outside coats that its real form was indistinguishable, and it made her shudder, positively shudder, to hear facts stated with the crudeness that Stella was apt to show in stating them.

"If you care for Alan as much as you now make out you did," she said with sarcasm, "I wonder you gave him up so meekly."

"Do you really wonder, mother?" Stella suddenly moved across the room and stood by Mrs. Bedsworth's side, looking very tall and straight in her sweeping black garments. "No one else would have been surprised who knew you and who knew me, two years ago. You know perfectly well that you made me give Alan up," she exclaimed more vehemently; "you were always able to make me do anything you wished. I dare say you could still," she ended limply, letting her arms drop to her side, with that helpless gesture so indicative of a weak character. "I supose you have some plans in your head for me now," she went on, after a pause, in which her eyes scrutinized her mother's impassive face, on which a scornful smile still hovered. "Why did you begin to tell me about Alan? Do you want us to meet again? What use would it be if we did? I am not rich, neither is he, unless he has made a fortune in Australia. What good would our meeting do either to him or me? Molly Hume is the person he had better marry—Molly Hume is going to be the rage, just because she has money." Stella's voice grew increasingly fretful as her sentence neared its close, and the last word was uttered with the petulance of a spoilt child who cannot contain its envy of another child's looks or achievements. She left Mrs. Bedsworth's side again, and began to pace the room as before, her mother watching her with uplifted eyebrows, and scornful smile.

(To be continued.)

A BAD COLD SETTLED ON THE LUNGS

All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs, and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds, and failure to take hold at once and get rid of them will cause many years of suffering.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree and will certainly cure all coughs colds and lung troubles.

Mrs. Jas. McDowell, Langton, Ont., writes: "In November, 1905, I caught a bad cold that settled on my lungs, so I got two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and used one and a half of them and by that time I was cured. I laid the balance of the bottle away for future use. A few days after our eight months' old baby took the whooping cough.

He was so bad we had to call the family physician, but he said he could do but little.

I commenced using the Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and to my great satisfaction the baby was cured. I only used four 25 cent bottles; a small doctor bill.

I believe there is no other remedy for coughs, colds, etc.

Price 25 cents a bottle at all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

GOWN OF SILK CREPE.

The illustration shows a pretty model for a gown of some soft material, the model being of violet crepe, trimmed with lace and applied bands of satin-finish silk to match. The skirt was tucked about the hips, and had a flounce set on from under a band of silk. The lower part of the skirt was edged by a deep band of the silk, above which intersecting circles of stitched silk were applied as a band. These circles were also applied about the lower part of the waist, the pointed yoke of which was formed of the lace points applied to thin all-over valenciennes. Heavy lace dyed to match the gown outlined this yoke, a scarf of chiffon velvet being threaded through this lace and allowed to fall on each side of the front.

CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT

Delegates to Municipalities Union Meeting Talk of the Project --- Think Legislature Should Make Generous Vote

Amount subscribed . .	$7,260
Balance needed . . .	2,740

Visitors to the city in attendance at the meeting for organization of the municipalities union spoke yesterday with interest of the project to place a statue of Champlain in some conspicuous position in this city.

All spoken to were in favor of the proposal and, viewing it from the provincial standpoint, believed the local legislature should see that a generous sum to help make up the balance required is passed in the estimates to be brought before the house in the session to open tomorrow.

It was agreed that the whole province had much in common with the city of St. John in keeping before the people and visitors the life and work of Champlain, the discoverer, and that therefore the province, through the legislature, might very well contribute generously to assist in making up the balance of the $10,000 needed.

Praise of St. John citizens for the spirit in which they contributed to the fund was expressed and it was the opinion of those spoken to that such a monument as Hamilton MacCarthy has designed cannot but help materially in beautifying the city and certainly will furnish something more to draw attention of tourists to the early history of St. John and New Brunswick—a history so full of romance and daring and deeds that will live forever.

OBITUARY

John McIntyre

In the death of John McIntyre, which took place on Sunday at Kars, Kings county lost one of the oldest and best known residents. Mr. McIntyre was 93 years of age, but until within a few weeks before his death was hale and hearty. A heavy cold developed into pneumonia and death was the result.

Mr. McIntyre was born in Scotland and came here when a child with his parents, who settled at Cumberland Bay, Queens county. There Mr. McIntyre lived until he was a young man, when he removed to Kars. He carried on a blacksmithing and farming business and was very successful. His first wife died a great many years ago and he married again, his second wife surviving him. Captain William Duncan McIntyre, assistant police clerk, and Captain Alexander A., of 290 Rockland Road, and Burpee, an engineer of Boston, are sons. One brother, Alexander, of Springfield, survives.

Dr. J. A. McIntyre, Capt. Peter, Rev. Dr. W. E. and Chas. H. McIntyre, a prominent lawyer of Boston, and president of the Canadian Club in that city, are nephews. The funeral was held yesterday.

Neil McLaughlin

At the advanced age of 81 years, Neil McLaughlin, of Golden Grove, died on Monday at the home of his son-in-law, John McGuire. Mr. McLaughlin leaves two sons and two daughters. Interment will take place at Rothesay tomorrow.

At a meeting of the South African veterans, held in the office of F. Caverhill Jones last evening to make arrangements for their annual dinner, it was decided to hold it on the evening of Feb. 27, the anniversary of the battle of Paardeberg. An invitation is extended to all South African veterans to attend. Names can be sent to members of the committee—F. W. Coombs, J. H. McCollum, Walter Irving or W. W. Donohoe, secretary.

GROWING BOYS.

Need an Occasional Tonic to Maintain Strength and Keep the Skin Clear.

Need an Occasional Tonic to Maintain Strength and Keep the Skin Clear.

On every side one sees young men and growing boys with pale, pasty complexions, their faces covered with pimples and their gate shambling and listless. Such a condition is extremely dangerous—the blood is out of order—a complete breakdown may result. To put matters right; to give that spring to the step; that clearness to the skin and that glow of active health to the face, a tonic is needed—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are needed. As proof of this, Mr. Charles Diefenthal, 12 St. Ursule street, Quebec, says:—"Frequently my studies necessitated my remaining up until a late hour. The result was that my system gradually weakened, and in December, 1903, I seemed to collapse. I was completely run down and went under the care of a doctor, but instead of gaining strength, I seemed to grow weaker. I could not take solid food, did not sleep well, and weakening night sweats gave me further cause for alarm. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were brought to my notice and I began their use. Almost from the outset they seemed to help me, but it was some weeks before there was a material change for the better. From that on, however, recovery was rapid, and in a couple of months I was as well as ever I had been, and able to resume my studies."

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood; every drop of pure blood gives strength and vitality to the whole system, and this strength brings health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as anaemia, all stomach and kidney troubles, St. Vitus dance, heart palpitation, the afflictions known only to growing girls and women, and a host of other ailments from which both young and old suffer through bad blood. Sold by dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should never fail of attention.

It is a discharge from the mucous membrane when kept in a state of inflammation by an impure, commonly scrofulous, condition of the blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures all forms of catarrh, radically and permanently—it removes the cause and overcomes all the effects. Get Hood's.

AN EXAMPLE IN CIVIC REFORM

What One Earnest Man Did for the City of Scranton, Pa.

(Montreal Witness).

A very interesting civic campaign was recently fought out in the city of Scranton, Pennsylvania. In the government of that city, the motto that "To the victor belong the spoils," had for years been accepted as the only practical way of running things. As a natural result, every public department suffered. The Scranton Municipal League finally prevailed upon J. Benjamin Dimmick to run for the office of mayor. Mr. Dimmick was a man of wealth, culture and public spirit, as well as a business man of ability and integrity, but beyond serving on the school board many years ago, had never held public office. A Republican in politics, he sought the nomination of his party, but the machine—knowing his independent character—opposed him, and attempted to secure the regular party nomination for William Corless, a labor leader. Mr. Dimmick won the nomination after a hard fight, and then came the struggle with the formidable Democratic candidate, John Gibbons. Mr. Dimmick's platform in both contests was a simple but comprehensive one: "First and foremost a business administration, as opposed to a political one; security and permanency in civic appointments to men of merit; the distribution among the financial institutions of the city of all public funds, and the securing to the city of the interest which had formerly gone into private pockets; the laying of new sewers where they were needed; better construction, maintenance and cleaning of the streets; extension and improvement of the park system, and an effort to secure the equitable taxation of franchises and public utilities."

In each case, Mr. Dimmick was attacked as a theorist, an aristocrat, a corporation man, an enemy of labor, and a hater of the foreign element. He, however, came right into touch with the people, and proved to their satisfaction that a man could be president of large corporations and yet be honest; could be rich and yet sympathize with the workingman; could be a patriotic 'New Englander' and yet be ready to give foreigners opportunity and encouragement to advance in his employ. The Republican machine, when its man was defeated, joined Mr. Dimmick's forces, but he gave it no encouragement, and reiterated his promise to the people of a "business administration." There was a vigorous campaign. The total vote was nearly nineteen thousand, more than forty-five hundred votes over the previous mayoralty election, and Mr. Dimmick was elected by about a thousand majority. After the election, he retreated to his camp in the Adirondacks, there to get a few weeks' well-earned rest, to think out his plan of campaign, and to consider the appointments he would have to make when taking office.

When he returned, a week before his inauguration, he found himself, as he expected, a mark for the professional politicians. They wished to get one of their men into a prominent position in the city administration, and promised Mr. Dimmick that in return they could make him boss of Lackawanna county, or perhaps even governor of the state. Many of his friends tried to persuade him to accede to the request, but none of these things moved him, and the nominations made among the mountains and the pine woods stood. His succeeding acts have accorded with his good beginning. He proceeds on the assumption that a city can be run as honestly and efficiently as the great business firms with which he is connected. His action in regard to finances brought out protests, but he held to his promise without fear or favor. He has revolutionized the street cleaning department, and the result has been angry officials and aldermen—but clean streets. He has introduced civil service methods into the police and fire departments, and put both on a business-like basis. With the help of his improved police force he is stamping out the unlicensed sale and Sunday sale of liquor, and is solving every new problem as it comes up by simple faithfulness to his promise to the people.

Mr. Dimmick has certainly proved his theory that a city can be run by business methods when the right man controls the civic machinery. It is men of his stamp to whom the government of the cities of the Old Country is almost entirely committed. Men who have been successful in business, and who for this very reason are able to serve their fellows with the leisure and extended opportunities that riches and experience give. It is to men of this class that cities on "this side" naturally look for their salvation. There will always be Mike Fagans and Denis Mulvihills who, like "the poor wise man" of the preacher, will find means to deliver their city. Such cases will, however, be exceptional.

WINTER SPORT IN CANADA

Winter sports hold the pride of place in the February number of Rod and Gun and Motor Sports in Canada, published by W. J. Taylor, at Woodstock, Ont. The introductory paper by F. W. Lee tells how thoroughly the inhabitants of the great commercial capital of the Dominion enjoy the winter. The delights of snowshoeing in the country is dwelt upon with enthusiasm by Miss Merrill. The adventures of a party who spent a day hake fishing through the ice in the province of New Brunswick is well told by Charles McIntyre. A successful hunting trip by a lady in New Brunswick, beagles in Nova Scotia, and numerous other papers make up a number contrasting favorably with its predecessors, excellent as they have been. The departments are likewise complete, and every phase of Canadian outdoor life receives its full meed of attention.

The Mystery of Gout.

Some Interesting Pointers From the Pen of Dr. Hamilton.

"The real cause of gout is due to the excessive use of certain articles of food and drink, which in time leads to a disturbance of the functions of the liver. As a result harmful products such as uric acid are thrown into the blood, causing the condition known as gout.

"Consequently it follows that, having proper diet and maintaining liver activity, a cure can be effected."

Probably no physician has achieved such success in liver disease as Dr. Hamilton. His pills of Mandrake and Butternut are everywhere acknowledged to be a specific for slow, weak or sluggish liver; they give tone and vitality to this organ that enables it to perform its duties with ease and certainty.

Once the liver is corrected Dr. Hamilton's Pills apply their peculiar merit to the kidneys and eliminating organs. This cleanses the blood and sends it back through the system, full of nourishment and strength.

Rheumatic tendencies are no longer noticed, for pure blood kills the poison that causes rheumatic aches.

Dull, aching twinges, stiff joints, and difficulty of exertion become things of the past.

Of course by rheumatism such complaints as sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia must be included, for after all what are they but manifestations of rheumatic poison?

Thus it is easily seen that a world of good is accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Acting as a blood renovator and a general tonic for the system their benefit is incalculable. 25c. per box or five boxes for $1.00, at all dealers, and be sure you get the genuine Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

CUBA'S TRADE IN CIGARS

(Bradstreet's.)

In 1906 Cuba exported 256,738,029 cigars, of which quantity the United States took a little more than 30 per cent., or 79,483,125, an increase of about 15,000,000 over 1905. El Tabaco, the publication from which we get the figures shows some very interesting features of the Cuban cigar trade. Thus the average person not engaged in the tobacco business would be inclined to say offhand that the United States purchases more cigars from Cuba than does England, for instance, but such is not the case, for in 1906 England imported no less than 92,459,687 cigars from Cuba, as against 90,565,906 in 1905. Germany buys between 25,000,000 and 30,000,000, and France from 10,000,000 to 12,000,000. Seventy-five different countries are included in the list of Cuba's direct shipments. Turks, Koreans and Egyptians import them. The little islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon bought 18,500 Havana cigars last year, and the Paraguayans and Bolivians, the Swedes, the Danes and the Norwegians were also purchasers. They were sent to the African possessions of England, France, Germany, Spain Portugal. Havana cigars went to Australasia, to China and Japan. Our purchases fall below those of England because we import large quantities of Cuban leaf for manufacture here. We bought last year about 25,000,000 pounds of leaf, while England's purchases were only about 25,000 pounds. Out of total leaf shipments of 12,636,836 kilos, 11,413,373 kilos came to this country. Cuba's cigarettes find their largest foreign market in Colombia, to which country 5,869,248 were sent last year. American purchases were less than 500,000.

The newly elected officers of St. John Council, Royal Arcanum, were installed last night in Foresters' hall, by H. C. Martin,deputy grand regent: R. E. Coupe, R.; G. G. Wetmore, V. R.; A. D. Barbour, Orator; G. D. Martin, P. R.; D. McNally, Secretary; W. S. Clawson, Collector; H. B. White, Treasurer; W. V. Barbour, Chaplain; H. H. Nase, Guide; S. R. Pendleton, Warden; F. E. Wetmore, Sentry; A. D. Barbour, Geo. A. Kimball, Wm. Crabbe, Trustees; E. J. McCourt, pianist.

P. H. Green and family will leave today for British Columbia where they will take up residence. Mr. Green proposes to continue his photography for a time and also engage in fruit growing.

BEECHAM'S PILLS *The First Thing in the Morning*

The haphazard use of a remedy will never discover its efficacy. Try Beecham's Pills morning and night, and note the improvement in your health.

The Last Thing at Night **BEECHAM'S PILLS**

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

When you finish your first bottle of

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

you will have but one regret—that you did not use it months ago.

The way ABBEY'S SALT makes you eat—and sleep—and feel—will surprise and delight you.

25c. and 60c. 182 At Druggists.

Have You Got It?

THE LOOSE LEAF SYSTEM

General storekeepers and dry goods merchants cannot afford to ignore the value of a simplified system of bookkeeping. No business man should attempt to run his business without what has come to be known as the loose leaf or continuous ledger system.

The man who has not yet introduced this system into his business should do it today.

It will be the cheapest investment he ever made. No matter if you look after your own books or employ bookkeepers it will cut down expenses and save time. In this way the system pays for itself over and over again. More general storekeepers have failed through lack of system than from any other cause.—Dry Goods Record.

Write us a card or telephone 31A and we will send our expert, who will fully explain this system to you, and install one if you want it.

THE McGOWAN MANUFACTURING CO.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

SELLING AGENTS
EMERSON & FISHER Ltd

$100 Reward

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD will be given for the apprehension and conviction of the person who tampered with fire alarm box No. 214 in No. 2 Shed, Sand Point on the evening of January 22.

By order of
J. W. VANWART,
Chairman of Board of Safety.
ROBERT WISELY,
Director.
JOHN KERR,
Chief Engineer of Fire Department.

Classified Advts. Pay

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