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The Right Place for Everybody To Do Their Shopping

Their up-to-date stock of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings is very pleasing to the eye, and their prices are right. Try them once and you will come back again.

Men's Suits, - $4.90 to $20
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...That... Preposterous ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

He pushed back his chair and rose, beginning to pace the room with steps, at first uneven and hurried, but by degrees growing firm and purposeful. Now and again he paused in his walk, and looked out at the sky, from which the light was slowly dying, whilst a gleam of sunset fell across the tallest tree-tops in the neighbours' gardens. His brows were drawn together, as if in deep thought; it would seem that he was painfully and slowly coming to some momentous decision, and not even the entering of the servant with his supper tray interrupted his train of thought for more than a second. His meal lay neglected on the table, his pacing of the floor, alternating with long pauses by the window, continued until twilight gathered over the gardens outside, and darkness crept into the corners of the room.

Then, still oblivious of the tray beside him, he lighted the standard electric light upon his table, drew his writing materials towards him, and wrote a letter to the girl who owned that she was tired of him; the girl who, if he had but known it, was never worthy of his love; who had always been too shallow and light of nature to understand or appreciate the meaning of a real love. His letter, like Stella's, was a very short one, and the bitterness of his soul for the time swamped all gentler feelings, and lent his words a stern curtness that in a softer moment he would have been the first to deprecate.

"Dear Miss Bedsworth," he wrote,

"Please do not apologize for your letter. A woman has a right to change her mind. It is fortunate for me, as for you, that you have changed yours before our marriage. Pray do not be afraid of my trying to see you. A meeting would be eminently disagreeable for us both. It is probable that I shall be going abroad shortly, so we are not likely to come across one another.

"Yours truly,
"ALAN DAYRELL."

To Mrs. Bedsworth Alan likewise indited a short stiff note, couched in terms closely resembling those which he had used to Stella; and having finished both letters, and pushed aside his untouched supper tray, he took up his hat and went out into the street. The setting of the sun had somewhat relieved the breathless sultriness of the atmosphere, but the air was very hot and still, and its heaviness weighed upon Alan like an actual weight, depressing him mentally as well as physically. For hours he walked aimlessly through street after street, his thoughts too busy to allow him to realize whither his steps were taking him; his plans maturing rapidly under the stimulus of quick movement, and the bitterness that gnawed at his heart. After many hours walking he eventually found himself in the wide spaces of Hampstead Heath, the twinkling lights of London behind and beneath him, the peaceful starlit sky overhead, and all around him the silent, fragrant country side. He leant against a pine tree that was outlined against the deep blue of the sky, and, drawing a deep breath, said slowly, and aloud—

"At any rate I have made up my mind. I am young enough to start life again somewhere else, and I shall do it. I have made up my mind."

Three days later on a glowing August afternoon he emerged from the little railway station two miles from Simley, and walked slowly along the dusty lane in the direction of the village. Even to himself he was not able to account precisely for the impulse that led him to make this exepdition, but he had determined to throw up his work in England, and to begin life in a new land, and before leaving his country for what might be an indefinite period, he instinctvely longed to see the place which he had dreamt would one day be his own. Bitterly as he had resented his godfather's treatment of him, in the matter of his fortune, he had felt even more bitterly the loss of the old house, of the estate round which so many of his boyish memories centred, round which he had built so many hopes of his manhood; scorning himself for the feeling he nevertheless felt that he could not cut himself adrift from all his present life without bidding farewell to Simley and the Manor House: and as he strolled up the dusty lane, he caught himself drinking in each familiar aspect of the landscape, that he might imprint it all upon his memory forever. A smile crossed his tired stern face, when he turned out of the lane, and leaped a stile that led into the cornfield which was the shortcut from the station to the village: old memories of his boyhood thronged thick upon him. He remembered the lark's nest he had found in this very cornfield during a certain summer holiday years and years ago. He recalled his godfather's grim satisfaction when from the stile he had sighted a fox on a certain chilly winter morning, and given the view hallo in his shrill boyish treble, watching in high glee how horses and hounds came tearing up from the copse and over the ploughed land. His smile deepened with the recollection of harvest time, and his own youthful delight in helping the gleaners, and in sitting perched up on the wagon that was piled highest with corn, to be driven slowly to the farm for the Harvest Home, under the light of the big yellow harvest moon. His steps slackened now as he walked along the narrow path between the waving expanse of golden corn, through which the wind rippled softly, whilst the lark's song overhead was lost in the blue distance. Alan's action in making the journey to Simley was so purely an impulsive one, that he had scarcely even planned in his own mind what would he do when he arrived in the village, and having reached the far end of the cornfield, his footsteps turned mechanically rather than of set purpose towards the Manor House gates. He had not given the subject any very close thought, but he had vaguely jumped to the conclusion that the young mistress of the place was still staying with Mrs. Grey at the White House, a mile away, and that he should find only the butler and his wife in possession. Still, almost mechanically, he opened the gate of the park that faced the cornfield, and walked up the drive, that on this side was very little used, his thoughts busier with the past than with the present. He was walking with bent head, and absorbed expression, when a little sound amongst the bushes attracted his attention, and looking up, he saw Molly Hume advancing towards him from the lawn upon which the drive opened. It must be frankly confessed that the girl was not looking her best, and Alan in his present soreness of mind, was not inclined to view her with charitable eyes. Molly had been spending what was in her eyes a thoroughly enjoyable morning in wandering over her own domains, and acquainting herself with all the nooks and corners of the park and garden. Mrs. Grey was away for the day, and the girl had attired herself in her simplest and oldest cotton gown which, after a long morning of rambling amougst the bushes, was both dirty and tumbled. She had taken off her hat and was swinging it idly in one hand, when Alan saw her, and her last scramble through the copse at the bottom of the park had loosened her hair so that it fell in an untidy heap about her neck. Her face was pin pricked with freckles which were not becoming, and which the young man observed with a sensation of annoyance, failing to notice how bright were her eyes, how white and shapely the teeth that showed when, recognizing him, her sunny smile flashed out. She held out her hand frankly, quite oblivious of her unkempt appearance, only desirous of welcoming him and setting him at his ease.

"I'm sure I'm very pleased to see you," she said, in her anxiety to be kindly, falling back into her old methods of speech. "Are you staying in these parts?" Alan lifted his hat, and shook hands with her, but his face was very grave and his manner cold and stiff.

"I must apologize very much for intruding here," he said frigidly; "I came into the lower gate almost unconsciously, forgetting that I was trespassing."

A pained expression crossed the girl's face; she put out her hand impulsively and touched his arm.

"Now don't talk that way," she exclaimed; "you couldn't trespass here, and I'd like you to know it. Why, it's me as is trespassing really. I often think, and I'm sure I'm just as sorry as can be when I remember the way the poor old gentleman treated you."

Alan threw up his head haughtily; he either did not or would not notice the wistfulness in the girl's eyes, the real concern on her face.

"Mr. Haines no doubt knew his own business best," he said icily, "and I have no right to bear him any grudge for leaving his property as he chose. After all —I was merely his godson. I stood to him in the same relation as yourself."

"That's all right enough," Molly answered promptly, "but he hadn't brought me up to think I was going to get the money, and he's made you think so. That's where he didn't act on the square by you, not to my thinking. I suppose" —she hesitated, faltered, looked at him doubtfully, then went on quickly—"I suppose you wouldn't think again about what —what I said, when first the money came to me. You wouldn't take some of it, same as I'd like you to do."

Alan's eyes flashed, but for his innate respect for a woman, whatever her class, he would have given vent to language more forcible than polite, and as it was, he said angrily—

"For heaven's sake, understand, once for all, Miss Hume, I don't want the money, and if I did I could not accept your offer. A man does not take money from a woman, and I would rather sweep a crossing than touch a halfpenny of Mr. Haines' money—now."

Molly's face flamed, but his anger neither frightened nor daunted her; on the contrary, his impetuous and not very courteous speech roused in her a spirit of opposition, and she said coolly—

"All right; there's nothing to get in such a taking about. I understand what you mean well enough, and you won't get a chance of accepting or refusing the money again, as I shan't make the offer again."

She was only seventeen, and she had been accustomed all her life to make brisk repartees to anything that annoyed her. Alan's face expressed the amazement he felt at her words, but he had the grace also to look a little ashamed of himself, and said more gently—

"I didn't mean to offend you, Miss Hume, and I'm sure you meant your suggestion most kindly. But—well, you see, one can't take money as a gift, and if my godfather didn't mean me to have his fortune, excepting on—well—on impossible conditions," he stammered a little over these words, "I couldn't think of taking it on any other grounds. But thank you all the same."

"That's all right," the girl answered, putting out her hand again, with her beaming smile; "I don't bear ill will, not ever, nor against any one. I'm sure I'm only sorry I've got all this, what you ought to have"—she waved her arm comprehensively towards the park and gardens—"and I'm sure I hope when I come to live here myself, you and Stella will come and stay here just as long as ever you like."

(To be continued.)

NO WOMAN CAN BE STRONG AND HEALTHY UNLESS THE KIDNEYS ARE WELL

When the kidneys are ill, the whole body is ill, for the poisons which the kidneys ought to filter out of the blood are left in the system. Then how important it must be to see to it that this system of sewerage be not clogged up. Those who have never been troubled with kidney trouble know not the misery and suffering which those afflicted undergo.

Doan's Kidney Pills

are a specific for all kidney troubles. They begin by healing the delicate membranes of the kidneys and thus make their action regular and natural.

They help the kidneys to flush off the acrid and poisonous impurities which have collected, thus clearing out the kidneys, bladder and all the urinary passages.

Doan's Kidney Pills are entirely vegetable, and may be safely taken by young and old.

Let Doan's Kidney Pills do for you what they have done for thousands of others, that is, cure you. Mrs. John Young, Harwood, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for some time and my back was so lame I could scarcely get around. After using two boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, I am completly cured. I find there is nothing like them for the cure of all kidney troubles."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



TAILOR COSTUME IN BLUE CHECK CLOTH.

The accompanying drawing shows a good design for a street suit for early spring or the late winter season. The model was of dark blue light-weight cloth, over the surface of which indistinct green lines formed a vague check. The coat was cut in hip length and was trimmed with stitched bands of cloth in plain dark blue. The jacket was plaited on each side of the front and in the back. The cloth bands on each side of the front were drawn through slashes in the revers: The three-quarter length sleeve was trimmed with stitched bands of the cloth and cloth-covered buttons. The skirt was made with four tucked panels, the lower part being trimmed with shaped bands of cloth. This design would also be excellent for mohair or veiling trimmed with bands of silk.

OBITUARY

The New York Herald records the death of Rev. Frederick B. Crozier, who was born in New Brunswick fifty-six years ago and ordained at Fredericton in 1874.

Miss Ida Fraville Titus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Titus, of 71 Metcalf street, died early yesterday morning, aged sixteen years. She had been in poor health for some time and was compelled to give up her studies in the Dufferin school. Miss Titus numbered many friends, and was well liked. She was an attendant at Douglas avenue Christian church, and was assistant librarian in the Sunday school. There will be deep sympathy for her parents and brothers and sisters particularly, as her death makes the third in the family circle within two years. Besides her parents, there are four sisters, one of whom is Mrs. Geo. Armstrong, and four brothers—Leonard, Harold, Leslie and Raymond. The funeral will be at 2.30 o'clock Friday afternoon.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 6—(Special)—Mrs. Susan G. Rowland, wife of E. Y. Rowland, traveler for Ganong Bros., St. Stephen, passed away at her home this morning. The deceased had been ill only about a fortnight. Her husband was away at the time of her death, and when it was seen her illness would probably end fatally, a telegram was immediately sent to him. He is now on his way home from Sydney.

At an early hour this morning the death of Mrs. Louis Nelson, wife of the proprietor of the St. John hotel, St. James street, took place, after an illness of six weeks. Mrs. Nelson was the youngest daughter of the late John Kain, and was fifty-two years of age. Besides her husband and five children, six brothers survive. The children are: Charles L., of Halifax; Frank E., of the London House Wholesale; Bertha G., Mary, and Isabella J., at home.

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Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular germ disease; and

Ayer's Hair Vigor
NEW IMPROVED FORMULA

quickly and completely destroys these germs. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and dandruff disappears. An entirely new preparation.

The New Kind

Does not change the color of the hair

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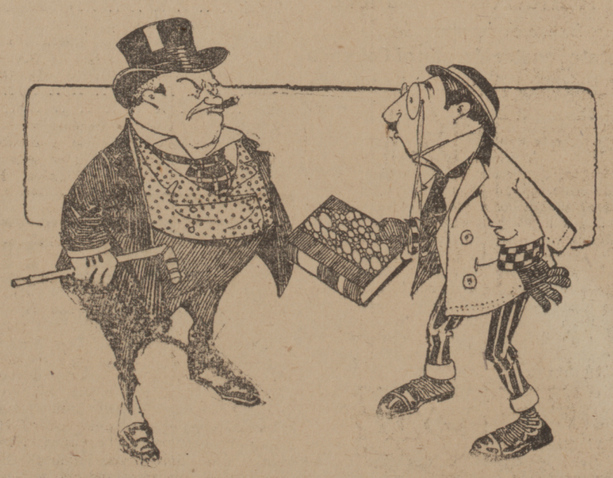
THOMAS GIBBARD,
Manager.

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.,
70-72 PRINCE WM. ST., P. O. Box, 187, ST. JOHN, N. B.



MISREPRESENTED.

Tom—So you got fired out of that hotel?
Jack—Yes, and after they had told me that it was fireproof.



THE MUCK-RAKE AGE.

Millionaire—What is the title of the book?
Book Agent—It's "The Book of Toasts," sir; quite new; the latest out.
Millionaire—It can't be up to date.
Book Agent—Why not, sir?
Millionaire—Because if it were it would be called "The Book of Roasts."



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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.
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Director.
JOHN KERR,
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