Store closes evenings at 6 o'clock Saturdays 11 p. m.

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26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.
Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX CORBET, Mgr

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What Is the Reason?

Why, our quality is always the *highest* and our prices always the *lowest.* Don't be misled, but come right to us.

Special Sale of Boys' Fleece Underwear at 29c Garment

What everybody says, is so.

...That... Preposterous ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

Alan visibly winced.

"You evidently have not heard from Stella during the last three days?" he said interrogatively.

"She hasn't sent me a line for over a fortnight," Molly answered; "she's so busy staying about in this place and that place, she hasn't the time, I suppose."

"Perhaps she hasn't the inclination either," Alan retorted, a note of sarcasm in his voice which attracted Molly's attention.

"Whatever do you mean?" she said quickly; "you and Stella haven't had a row, have you?"

"Not at all," he answered politely, but nevertheless wincing again; "not, at least, in the usually accepted term of the word row. But Stella—has found out in time that she—does not care enough about me to be my wife—so——"

"You don't mean to tell me she's given you the chuck?" Molly's refinement of language failed her utterly in such a moment of surprise; "she's never done that?" In spite of the bitterness raging within him Alan smiled.

"She has done precisely that," he said, "and—I do not blame her, Miss Hume. It is fortunate she has found out her mistake before we were married. Our engagement is at an end, and——"

"Well, I never," Molly interrupted again. "I'll lay anything that old cat's at the bottom of it. It warn't Stella by herself did it."

"That old cat;" Alan repeated with a mystified expression to which Molly replied with a nod.

"Yes—Mrs. Bedsworth—her mother. Oh! I knew she was a cat—and you needn't look shocked at me talking like that. I found her out, bless you, that's why I came away to Mrs. Grey, only there's no need to talk about it now. And she's made Stella give you the chuck, has she? I'd like to tell you what I think of her," and Molly's eyes blazed so fiercely, that Alan smiled, once more amused in spite of himself by the quaintness of her language and the vehemence of her wrath.

"I assure you," he said, "that I do not think Mrs. Bedsworth is to blame in this instance. Stella herself wrote to me—and—it was perfectly plain what her own wishes in the matter were."

"Bless you," Molly responded, "her wishes: they'd be what her mother's wishes were. She hadn't a say in anything, not when Mrs. Bedsworth made up her mind. Stella, she couldn't call her soul her own. Maybe Mrs. Bedsworth thought you weren't rich enough for Stella."

Alan looked doubtfully at his companion.

"Do you mean that? Do you mean that Stella's mother might have forced her to throw me over?" His voice shook with excitement. "If I thought that could be true, I would try even now—to persuade her to stick to me in spite of Mrs. Bedsworth."

"You might try, but you wouldn't succeed," Molly said, with a shake of the head; "it isn't easy to get the better of Mrs. Bedsworth. I know her."

"Did you quarrel with her?" Alan questioned, a sudden remembrance crossing his mind that he had never heard precisely why the girl had left her first charperone. "What made you come away to Mrs. Grey?"

A flush ran over Molly's face, her eyes dropped.

"Oh, never mind about that," she said; "Mrs. Bedsworth and me—we fell out, and I thought it was best to come right off and make no bother about it. There's been no quarrel, only me and Mrs. Bedsworth were best apart. And—if you'll believe me," she went on, more earnestly and lifting her eyes to his again, "you're best out of her way too. 'Tis no good for you to set yourself against her."

Alan's mouth closed sharply; he told himself that he did not intend to be dictated to by a chit of a girl, who at best was only a little servant maid, aping a lady, and who could understand nothing of what she was talking about.

"From what you have told me," he answered, resuming the stiff frigidity he had momentarily dropped, "I believe that Stella has been forced to do what she does not wish. I shall certainly make an effort to see her and to find out the truth."

Molly shrugged her shoulders almost imperceptibly, but the eyes she fixed on his moody downcast face were very wistful, and shone with a doggy faithfulness that was strangely pathetic.

"I reckon Mrs. Bedsworth's too clever to let you get the better of her," she said, a note of sadness in her voice; "but—I hope you'll be very happy." The man, absorbed in his own trouble, did not notice how she caught her breath as she spoke, and if he had noticed it, its significance would not have dawned upon him.

"Happy," he said bitterly, "one does not expect happiness if the thing that one most wants is taken away. But I tell you plainly, I mean to tackle Mrs. Bedsworth, and to get the better of it as you call it." Silence fell between them, and then the drowsy silence of the hot afternoon was broken by the sound of a clock slowly striking four.

"My goodness," Molly exclaimed, "I must go. I never thought it was so late. If I've said anything you don't like, I'm sure I'm sorry. You stay here just as long as you like, and Martin and Mrs. Martin they'll be pleased as anything to see you, and if you ever like to come again——"

"I shan't come again," he interrupted brusquely, "I intend leaving England very shortly. If Stella cares enough about me to come too, she will leave England with me. If not—I shall go alone."

"Leaving England?" The color died out of Molly's face, the light out of her eyes.

"Yes," he answered, unconscious of her changing color; "I have given up my work here. I mean to begin over again in a new country. I—I am sick of this."

"Then—you won't come back here again? I've got to say good-bye to you now?" Her voice faltered, but he was unaware of its faltering, and took her outstretched hand mechanically

"I shan't certainly come here again—unless Stella"—he paused, broke off suddenly, dropped her hand and said quickly—"I won't detain you any longer. You wished me happiness just now. I must wish you the same. I hope you will be very happy here—in the old place. It is not very likely that I shall ever be in England again, but if I am——"

"If you are—promise me something," she exclaimed impulsively, and hardly knowing why she uttered the exclamation.

"Promise you what?"

"That you will come and see the—the old place—and—and me and—Mrs. Grey," she added, as an afterthought. Her embarrassment amused Alan; it seemed to him superfluous and uncalled for, but his naturally kindly heart was touched by the pleading in her brown eyes, though the source of their wistfulness was hidden from him.

"I think I can safely promise that," he answered—mentally adding, "because I am never likely to be in England again. "When I do come back, I shall come and pay the Manor House a visit, there's my hand upon it."

Their hands met again, and then Alan moved away towards the house, whilst Molly sped through the park, only pausing once to glance back at his slowly retreating form, and to say under her breath, with a little sob—

"I wish he wasn't going right away, I wish he wasn't. He needn't have broken his heart over Stella—when I—when I—

And at that a flood of color swept over her face from chin to brow, and she flew along the narrow woodland paths like a frightened fawn, never pausing again to look back, or to gain breath, until she was almost within sight of Mrs. Grey's white house.

Two hours later Alan was once more on his way to London, his thoughts busy, partly with the events of the afternoon, partly with his newly aroused hopes that he might yet persuade Stella to be his wife. It was only when the train was nearing London that he roused himself sufficiently from his reverie to buy an evening paper of a screaming newsboy, who ran past the carriage window, and having bought it, he allowed several minutes to elapse before he opened it and glanced down its pages. But almost the first words he read drew from his lips a quick exclamation, as quickly suppressed, and he crumpled up the paper angrily, as though the fierce movement of his hands helped to relieve the bitterness that raged in his heart. That one sentence he had read danced before his eyes in letters of fire throughout the rest of the journey, and through the restless night that followed, blotting out all remembrance of his afternoon at Simley, and of his talk with Molly—that one sentence so curtly, so definitely worded:—

"A marriage has been arranged, and will shortly take place, between Sir Miles Drayscourt, and Stella May Bedsworth, only daughter of Mrs. Bedsworth, of

(To be continued.)

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A cough is caused by the presence of phlegm in the throat and lungs, and continued coughing is liable to distend the bronchial tubes, congest the lungs and produce inflammation or hemmorhage.

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Read what Miss Nettie A. Seeley, Ashland, N.B., says: "I take much pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for I have found it a very valuable remedy for coughs. My mother has used it in our family for a long time and whenever any of them get a cough, mother will say: 'I will have to get some Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for I know it is good, and always stops the Cough when nothing else will.'"

Insist on getting Dr. Wood's as it is the genuine, put up in yellow wrapper. Price 25 cents at all dealers. 3 pine trees the trade mark.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



LARGE HAT, TRIMMED WITH PLUMES.

The hat depicted in the accompanying plate shows a smart arrangement for ostrich plumes, the plumes all being arranged toward the back of the hat, an idea that is much in evidence in all the new models. The shape was almost a large circle, although it was slightly wider crosswise than from back to front, and was sharply tilted up on the left side. The model hat was of black satin, the plumes being white shading to pale yellow at the tips. A twist of white satin ribbon was drawn across the crown in front.



Same old woodchuck
Skulking 'round;
Same old shadow.
On the ground.

Same old blizzard,
Fierce and bold;
Same old winter
Mighty cold.

TEMPERANCE DELEGATES ASK FOR A PROHIBITORY LAW SUCH AS P. E. ISLAND'S

Strong Representation Before Government Yesterday---Government Will Answer in Ten Days---Complain of Lax Enforcement of Liquor Law---Other Business.

Being the last meeting of the local government before the opening of the provincial legislature, a number of delegations asking for legislation or changes in acts already in force were heard in the government rooms, Church street, Thursday. A strong delegation of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation, recruited from all parts of the province, asked for a prohibitory liquor law on similar lines to the act in force in P. E. Island. Formal complaint against the St. John liquor license commissioners and the inspector for non-enforcement of the law with special reference to the introduction of liquor into Scott act counties was made.

The New Brunswick Temperance Federation was represented by about forty delegates. Among these were Rev. T. Marshall, H. C. Tilley, James Myles, R. T. Hayes, S. P. McCavour, J. R. Woodburn, J. Willard Smith, Rev. N. McLaughlin, E. N. Stockford, F. Rowley, W. D. Baskin, W. Frank Hatheway, Rev. A. B. Cohoe, Mrs. J. H. Gray (president W. C. T. U.), Mrs. J. Seymour, Mrs. J. Porter, J. V. Jackson (Moncton), grand chief I. O. G. T., G. Blewett, grand templar Temple of Honor; Rev. C. Flemington (Point de Bute), G. W. P. S. of T.; Rev. Thomas Marshall, president N. B. Temperance Federation; J. B. McLean (Campbellton), Rev. W. Thompson (Campbellton), Rev. R. H. Stavert, president of Kent county federation; C. W. Weyman, president of Kings county federation; H. Flewelling, Mr. Cusick, E. Harmer (Norton), G. M. Young (St. Stephen), representing Charlotte county federation; Messrs. Folkins and Heine.

In addition to asking for the passing of an act similar to that in force in P. E. Island, the delegation made formal complaint as to the action of the St. John commissioners and inspector on the ground that the license law had not been enforced with special reference to the amendment of last session to prevent the introduction of liquor into Scott act counties. It was stated that the commissioners had been asked to enforce the law but had made no reply. Evidence, it was said, had been offered to the inspector who, it was stated, had replied that he would consult his counsel, but had never reported the result.

Members of the government suggested that a complaint should have been made earlier.

In reply it was said that action was taken directly after the meeting of the federation in January.

Resolutions in favor of prohibition from the united temperance committee in St. John, the Presbyterian synod and the United Baptist church were read. It was also cited that a plebiscite had already shown that a large majority in the province were in favor of prohibition.

The speakers were Rev. T. Marshall and Messrs. Baskin, Smith, Blewett, Stavert, McLean, Weyman and Mrs. Gray. The government promised their serious and careful attention and intimated that a reply would be given in ten days.

The delegation asking for an amendment under the workmen's compensation act was composed of representatives from the Longshoremen's Association, the Fabian League, and the millmen's, printers', masons', carpenters' and builders' unions. Rev. Fr. Gaynor and Mr. Hatheway were among those present. The government will take the matter into consideration.

A committee from the Free Kindergarten asked for two additional lady members on the board of school trustees and the matter was left for consideration and for legislation to be introduced if necessary.

A delegation from the local W. C. T. U. consisting of Mrs. T. H. Bullock, Mrs. Sprague, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse and Mr. Hatheway asked for the appointment of a female factory inspector. The application will be considered.

Dr. G. F. Matthew, Dr. H. G. Addy, Dr. G. U. Hay and A. Gordon Leavitt, representing the Natural History Society, asked for the government grant to be increased from $200 to $500. The government will give a decision before the estimates are taken up.

At the evening session the business was chiefly confined to the consideration of letters patent.



A MEDIAEVAL PLOT.

Baron De Boof—Yon castle shall fall this day. At last we have 'em tin-canned to a finish.
Helmeted Knight—How so, My Lord?
Baron De Boof—Mark you yon catapults. I have ordered a general assault with beef marked "Canned in Chicago."

OBITUARY

Lawrence Sears

Lawrence Sears, barber, of Fairville, died Thursday after a few days' illness of pneumonia. He was in his fifty-first year, and is survived by his wife and one son, Theodore. Mr. Sears was a member of Branch 133, C. M. B. A., Carleton. His funeral will be held at 2.30 o'clock Sunday afternoon.

Charles Waters

Charles Waters, one of the best known residents of Carleton, died Wednesday night. He was a carpenter by trade and was highly respected. Three sons and three daughters, all resident in Carleton, survive. They are Charles, Daniel, George, Miss Bessie, Miss Gertrude and Mrs. Richard Adams.

Mrs. Patrick Casey

St. Stephen, N B., Feb. 7—(Special)—After a few weeks' illness Mrs. Patrick Casey died this afternoon. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon. Deceased was beloved by a large circle of friends. She leaves to mourn the loss of an affectionate wife, mother, daughter and sister, her husband, a brother of Bishop Casey; one daughter, Miss Edna; an aged mother, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, of Milltown; four sisters—Mrs. Kennedy, Mrs. MLean, Mrs. Curran and Miss Fitzsimmons—and three brothers—Charles, George and Frank Fitzsimmons.

At a meeting of St. Andrew's Society last night the president and two vice-presidents with James Jack and J. Roy Campbell were appointed a committee to work with a committee from St. George's Society in arranging the projected celebration of the 200th anniversary of the union of the English and Scotch parliaments, on May 1. The chairman of the committee who had charge of the recent celebration of St. Andrew's day, reported a balance of $62 on hand, which was voted into the contingent fund.

CANADIAN CLUB FOR HALIFAX

Halifax, Feb. 7—(Special)—A public meeting today, including more than 100 representative citizens decided to form a Canadian Club for Halifax. A committee was appointed on organization. Governor Fraser presided in the absence of the mayor, who is in Ottawa. A telegram from Boston was read as follows:

"Canadian Club of Boston sends greeting to Canadian Club of Halifax."

At a meeting of the High School Alumnae, held last evening at the residence of H. C. Creighton, 187 Queen street, Miss Miriam Hatheway was elected president. A trio by Mesdames Cole, Creighton and Carter, and a solo by Mrs. Carter were very much enjoyed. The study of Herod, a play written by Stephen Phillips, was taken up, and a profitable time was spent.

Hon. C. H. LaBillois will be here till Tuesday and then go to Woodstock for the Liberal convention to be held there on that day.

WEDDINGS

Flewelling-Goodale

Miss Ethel Goodale was married at the A. M. E. church parsonage, 228 Queen street, yesterday, to King Flewelling. Rev. F. W. Johnson performed the ceremony, in the presence of only a few intimate friends of the contracting parties.

McLeod-Mullin

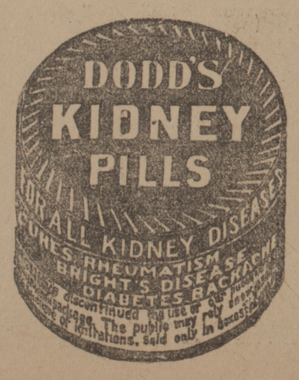
In St. Peter's church Wednesday, John H. McLeod, of 151 Metcalf street, was united in marriage by Rev. Father Maloney to Miss Bertha C. Mullin, of Johnstown, Queens county. The bride was becomingly attired in lavender silk, trimmed with white applique. She was attended by Miss Jennie Burns, who wore cream cashmere. James Parks acted as best man.

After the ceremony the party drove to the groom's home, where a dainty breakfast was served to about fifty guests. The popular couple received many beautiful presents, among them a handsome arm chair from T. U. Hay, with whom Mr. McLeod works. There were also presents of silverware. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome gold chain and cross.

Harvey-Kyle

Miss Jane Kyle, of Fredericton, was married last night to Joseph Francis Harvey, of Milford, by Rev. A. M. Hill, in the Presbyterian manse, Fairville. There was no bridesmaid but Arthur Kyle, brother of the bride, acted as groomsman. The popularity of the couple was evidenced by a rousing bonfire which was lighted in honor of the occasion. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey will reside in Milford.

New Brunswick will be represented at the educational conference in London in May by Dr. J. R. Inch, chief superintendent of education.



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