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UNION CLOTHING CO.

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Old Y. M. C. A. Building, ALEX. CORBET, ManagerNew Spring Suits
For YOUNG and OLD

Unless your business is very pressing, this would be a splendid time for you to drop in, just to look over our New Spring Apparel for Men, Youths, Boys and Children. We'd be very disappointed if we couldn't truthfully say that our suits are "better than ever." It's a sign that we're keeping in front all the time by getting new ideas, and improving the old ones.

NEW SPRING SUITS

All the latest cuts—Double and Single-breasted—very tasteful designs—extra well made—lined with the latest Mohair fancy linings—and fit perfect in every way.

Prices: \$10.50, \$11, \$12, \$13 and \$14

Your inspection is cordially invited

...That...

Preposterous
..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"As though what?" Mrs. Bedworth exclaimed sharply, her nerves on edge, her temper worn down to a pitch of unbearable exasperation.

"As though you had some reason for wishing to spite poor old dead Mr. Haines?" was the reply, "otherwise I don't see why you should want to force Alan on me and keep him from Molly."

"Without waiting for an answer, Stella, having delivered her thrust, left the room, leaving her mother both literally and physically gasping with dismay and astonishment."

"As though you had some reason for wishing to spite poor old dead Mr. Haines?" the words still seemed to echo round the room in Stella's clear voice; and for a moment she was overwhelmed by a terrible fear lest her daughter, in her strange new-born shrewdness, should have penetrated too deeply into her mother's hopes and schemes.

"It could only have been a chance shot," Mrs. Bedworth reflected, "after a moment's deep thought; 'Stella has no key to the situation, she could not really put her finger on it; only, it is strange that she should have said what—she did say.'"

Her daughter's words again seemed to float to her across the silent room, whose stillness was only broken by the patter of rain against the window, the moaning of the wind in the trees. "As though you had some reason for wishing to spite poor old dead Mr. Haines?" and before the echo of the words had died away visions out of a far-away past rose up and stared in the face again. A spite against—Godfrey Haines? How long was it since she—and another—had stood in the cope that flanked her father's garden, the cope where she had picked primroses on the still more distant days of her innocent childhood? A spite against Godfrey Haines? The vision out of the past grew clearer, with each minute which she slowly by. That other—who had stood by her side in the hazel cope—had laid a firm hand on her shoulder on the April morning that came climbing out of the far-off years—a firm but tender hand that rested upon her with a gentle yet compelling touch. His voice rang in her ears, almost as clearly as though it had come from the world he spoke, which for half a lifetime had lain forgotten under a crust of selfishness and evil which she had piled above them, returned to her now—

"Remember—I stake all my faith on you, sweetheart. If you ever fail me, I shall lose my belief in womanhood and goodness."

"Fail you?"—it was her own voice that answered, and she had lifted her eyes to his with the smile that she knew never failed to make him her abject slave—"how would I fail you, dear?" Then she had allowed him to gaze into her eyes, her hair—to whisper words of passionate love—to promise to win a name and a fortune for her sweet child. And during all the time that he had talked to her in eager loving words, during all the time that she had let his lips touch hers, she had clung to him, waiting for the eternal love, there lay in her pocket, waiting to be posted, the letter that pledged her troth to another man!

"A spite—against—Godfrey Haines."

Women Suffer Agonies
from Kidney Trouble

GIN PILLS CURE THEM

There is Mrs. Ripley, for instance. She suffered terribly with her back. It ached, ached, ached—all the time. Even in bed, it seemed as if she could not get easy. It finally became so bad that housework was impossible.

She certainly was a discouraged woman when she began to take GIN PILLS. And there isn't a happier, healthier woman in the Dominion than this same Mrs. Ripley to-day.

Williamsdale East, May 6th.
I cannot refrain from writing you the benefits I have received from GIN PILLS. Before I had taken GIN PILLS I suffered dreadfully with my back, and had suffered for twenty years, have tried almost everything but got no relief until I got GIN PILLS.

I have taken six boxes and now I have not the sign of a pain or ache in my back. I am now as well as I ever did in my life. There is nothing else I hold a place with GIN PILLS for pains in the back to which women are subject. Yours truly,
Mrs. MILLANOR P. RIPLEY.

Mrs. Ripley had serious kidney trouble. And the sick kidneys were making her back ache—were giving her those splitting headaches—were sapping her strength—and dragging her down. GIN PILLS really saved her life. GIN PILLS cured her kidneys. She has been well ever since. GIN PILLS are a grand medicine for women.

Try them at our expense. Mention this paper when writing and we will send you a free sample so you can see for yourself just what GIN PILLS will do for you. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

50c. a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SMALL HAT OF DRAPED FELT OR VELVET.

Pale blue velvet was used for the toque shown in the sketch, the trimming consisting of a large pinkish lavender rose with foliage, and a cache peigne of tulle

to match the velvet. The model would also be good in black velvet, with an American beauty rose and black tulle, or in various other combinations to match the costume for which the hat was designed.

that Godfrey Haines' wishes were not carried to their ultimate conclusion.

Mrs. Bedworth's hands were clenched in the fashion they were wont to clench themselves together, as the bare thought crossed her mind that Stella's random words might come true; that Alan on his return might really fall in love with the new heiress, who in these two years had changed into so beautiful a woman. The thought was unendurable, but it remained and rankled, rankled all the more bitterly, because she had attempted to injure Molly also, and had failed, so ignominiously.

She knew, none so well, that her desire to marry Alan to her own daughter arose chiefly if not solely, in a desire to frustrate one, at least, of Godfrey Haines' wishes, and in the depths of her soul, into which she herself hardly dared to penetrate, she knew too that she bitterly regretted her failure to put Molly for ever out of her path. Repentance for that dastardly attempt she had never experienced, for a single second; that she had been found out in her evil scheming was her only cause for sorrow.

"If Molly were only—out of the way," so her thoughts ran, as she sat looking out over the sodden expanse of park, "if Molly—was—out of the way, and the money were Alan's—then—she and Stella might come together again—and Godfrey Haines and I would be more than quits." A smile hovered over her face, a smile so evil that it was well her daughter was no longer than to see; and the smile was succeeded by a look of determined malice, the sight of which might have made an onlooker shiver uneasily.

"I suppose I may call myself an unscrupulous woman," Mrs. Bedworth said to herself slowly, when at last her unprofitable meditations ended, and she began to prepare for lunch; "I fancy I might also be a dangerous one to people who cross my path; and Molly crosses—my path—too often. Perhaps—perhaps—after all, Godfrey, you and I will be able to cry quits; perhaps, even, I shall come out conqueror. We shall see."

THE NEW BRUNSWICK
PRESS ASSOCIATION

The New Brunswick Press Association met in the Times office yesterday afternoon. In the absence of the president, J. T. Hawke, who has been ill, J. L. Stewart occupied the chair. The minutes of the last meeting were confirmed, and it was decided to accept Mr. Hawke's invitation and hold the next meeting in Moncton. As the attendance was small, no much business was transacted.

Mr. Stewart, in a brief talk, told of the business value of association meetings and the social pleasure and benefit afforded. The following officers were elected:

President, J. L. Stewart (Chatham World).

First vice-president, R. E. Armstrong (St. Andrews Beacon).

Second vice-president, J. D. Black (Fredericton Gleaner).

Secretary, J. P. Maloney (Woodstock Press).

Additional members of executive, H. B. Anslow (Newcastle Advocate), J. T. Hawke (Moncton Transcript), Walter H. Golding (St. John Sun), F. B. Ellis (St. John Globe), A. M. Belding (St. John Times), J. D. McKenna (Sussex Record), Geo. Macaulan, Hartland.

Love of the law finds liberty in the law.

FR. GAYNOR FAVORS
QUEEN SQUARE SITE

He Says Champlain Monument Will Surely be Built and Expects Good Grants From City and Government.

Rev. W. C. Gaynor, who is much interested in the Champlain monument, yesterday expressed his view that the monument would undoubtedly be built. He said there was no question that the provincial government and the common council would both grant handsome amounts. He had been informed, he said, that the grant of the council would be at least \$8,000, and he supposed the provincial government donation would be \$1,500. No difficulty would then be experienced in raising the few hundred dollars remaining.

When asked regarding the site, Father Gaynor put himself on record as strongly in favor of Queen square. He said: "I understand from the architect that this monument is one that requires a great deal of perspective and sky line. To meet this requirement the Queen square site should be adopted. Another requisite for the good effect of the monument, was response in the surroundings. This would certainly be attained by adoption of the Queen square-site."

"Champlain was known in Quebec as a pioneer, settler and colonizer of the country. In St. John he is held in memory as a discoverer and christener of the river and harbor. The monument then should be allowed to overlook the harbor, and bay."

In regard to placing the monument in Market square, Father Gaynor said that there is nothing to show that Champlain landed there. He may have landed on the west side, or even on Queen square, as the portion of the city below Queen square has all been built up since that time.

Market square was too low, Father Gaynor said, for such a style of monument as was proposed. Again, some day Market square would be wanted as the site for a

monument to commemorate the landing of the Loyalists. Speaking of the claim that if the monument were placed up town it would serve as an attraction for tourists, Father Gaynor said that if placed in so beautiful a location as Queen square it would prove a stronger attraction than if it were unsuitably placed.

From an artistic point of view and from a historic standpoint, in addition to its practical value, it was desirable that a monument should be erected. The following extract from an editorial in a recent issue of the Monitor, Father Gaynor said, voiced his sentiments in regard to the value of such a monument: "Champlain, looking out from our hillsides over the bay, which he first made known to the world of literature, and over the green river and the harbor, will be the seal of our ancient descent. It will surprise the stranger who visits us into the admission that here, amid the rush of modern life and conditions, there is still a memory of medieval times; it will be a figure from the past glories of a great people who aimed at much on this continent and realized so little; it will be a constant record which the youth of our city will interpret to the furtherance of the imperfect history; it will be a generous trophy of the victory which united Canada and is gradually and surely achieving the destruction of sectionalism which was impeding the growth of our country."

The ladies of St. Stephen's church had charge of the programme in the Seamen's Institute last night. Douglas McArthur was in the chair and there was a very large audience. The programme was an excellent one and consisted of instrumental and vocal solos and duets and readings and recitations. The following took part: Miss Flora McArthur, Miss May McArthur, Miss A. McVey, Miss H. McVey, Manford Brown, Miss DeCue, Harry Trenholm, Mr. McQueen, F. Newcombe, R. Jessup, Messrs. Ross, Potts and Robertson, Mrs. John MacKay and John Kelly. There was a plentiful supply of refreshments.

At a meeting of the parishioners of Trinity church last evening to hear the report of the committee on the choice of a rector, the committee asked for any extension of time. It was decided to adjourn until March 14. F. A. Kinnear and D. J. Seely were added to the committee.

DR. WOOD'S
NORWAY
PINE SYRUP

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of all lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs, you will find a sure cure in

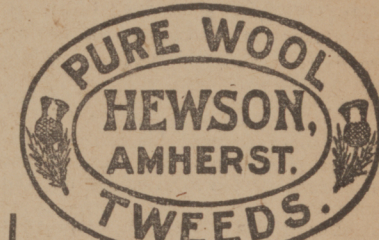
Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Mrs. H. A. Misener, Port Williams, N.S., says: "My son had a dreadful cough. It started in the fall and lasted all through the winter."

At last we became very much alarmed about it and started to use Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and before he had used one bottle his cold was completely cured."

Price 25 cents per bottle. Put up in a yellow wrapper. Three pine trees the trade mark.

Refuse substitutes. Dr. Wood's is the genuine.



—occupy a unique position among cloths.

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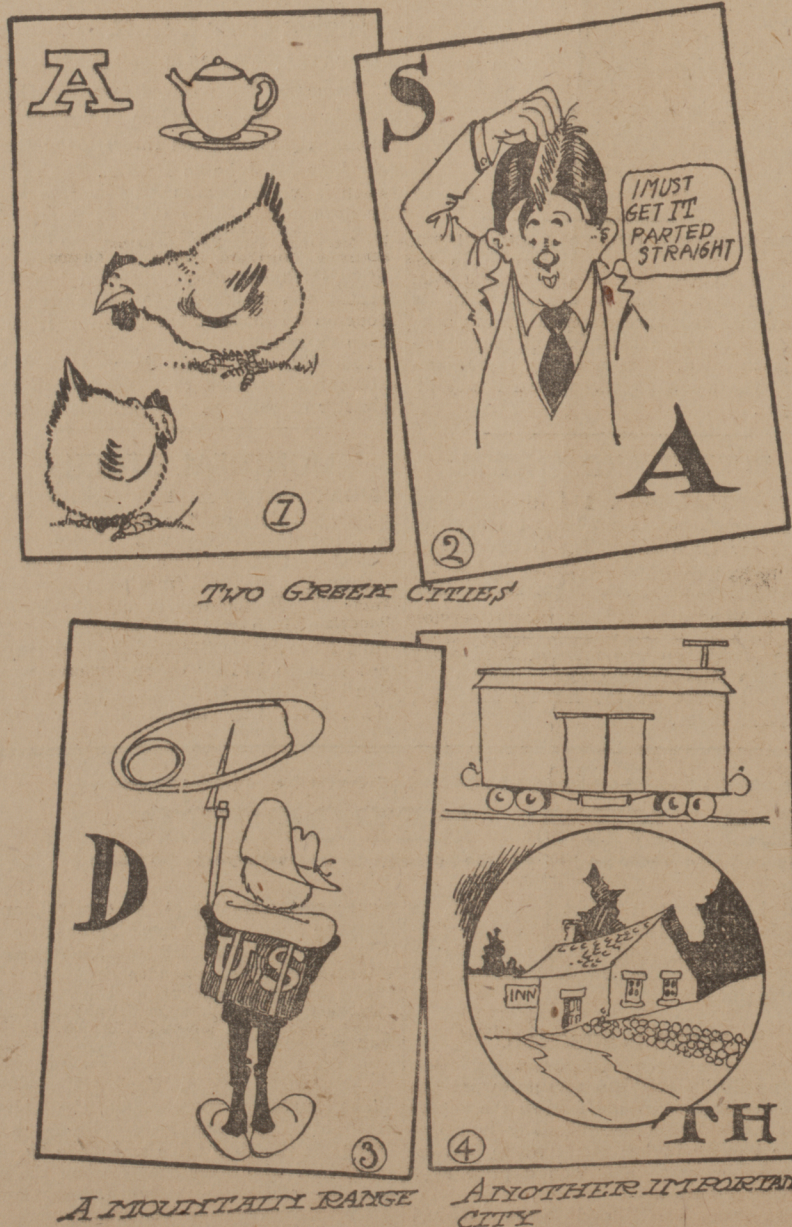
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HAPPY HARRY IN
DOROTHY DEAN GREECE
AND SPOTS
THE SMALL PICTURES ARE PUZZLES
CAN YOU GUESS THEM?

Answers:

No. 1—Athens.
No. 2—Sparta.
No. 3—Pindus.

No. 4—Corinth.
No. 5—Homer.
No. 6—Achilles.

No. 7—Zante.
No. 8—Mastapan.

Athens, Greece.

Dear Cousin Charley: We came from Naples to Corinth by boat, and since landing have been pretty much all over the Kingdom. Of course, we like Athens the best, as there are so many interesting things here to see. The Greeks used to be the finest athletes in the world—and have big open-air theatres built for their games, as they call them. We saw a whopping big place called a stadium, which is a big field with about a half-mile race track around it, and seats all around that, just like a big circus, only there wasn't any tent over it. The race track is only for foot races, though sometimes bicycle races are held. Athens is a city which keeps up on its past. It is full of old ruins of temples that they built to their gods. I think they must have had a bunch of gods, for there are certainly lots of old ruins, and most of them are for different ones. Diana seems to be the favorite, for the big temples up on the Acropolis are to her.

The Acropolis is a high flat-top hill which has a fort up on top of it. It also has many interesting ruins and some buildings that are in use. The treasury and museum contain many of the fine statues that were made hundreds of years ago and papa says they can't be beat by any of the sculptures of today.

We haven't had anything much of excitement to happen—nothing funny, and except for the interesting things we are seeing I would say it was slow. While we were in Corinth we took a boat down the bay to where men and women were diving for sponges. Gee! I tell you they are dandy swimmers. The women as good as the men. They dive off of small boats and with a sharp knife cut the sponges off the bottom of the ocean where they grow on the rocks and things. When it's real deep they tie a big rock on a rope and hold on to that; that pulls them down. And when they get ready to come up they let go of the rock and come up like a shot.

Well, so long—we go to Turkey next week, so look out for trouble.

Your cousin and old pal,

HARRY.

