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Union Clothing Co.

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

THIS IS THE STORE THAT IS BOOMING

MORE POPULAR to the buying public every day. It is the growing store of the city. Its wonderful business merit, BOTH IN BUYING AND SELLING, is accountable for its success.

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☞There will not be a wise man that will let this opportunity pass him. These coats are money-savers at our prices.

Union Clothing Co.

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Grey did not see the Manor House party again before their departure for London on the Tuesday following Molly's visit to her. But on more than one side she heard expressions of enthusiastic admiration for the young lady who had come into Mr. Haines' fortune. The vicar, Mr. Swayne, spoke warmly of Molly's generosity, and of her wish to do all that was wise and possible for the well being of the villagers. It appeared that, unaccompanied by either Mrs. Bedsworth or Stella, the girl had made a tour of the place on Monday morning, to inquire and to see for herself what was needed among the poor.

"And, dear me," Mr. Swayne said to Mrs. Grey in giving her his version of the young lady's tour of inspection, "she had wonderful shrewdness for a person of her years. Some of the people who seem the poorest she saw at a glance were simply improvident beggars. I should never have imagined a young girl could have such a remarkable knowledge of the ways of the disreputable poor."

"She has been reared in a school that gives its scholars knowledge at a very early age," Mrs. Grey answered; "we must remember that she has lived all her life amongst poor people, and is accustomed to judge shrewdly and to take folks at the true valuation."

"But she is not hard," the vicar went on eagerly, "she has not been hardened by her knowledge of life; on the contrary, I never came across anyone so young with such a fund of sympathy for real suffering and sorrow."

"There, too, experience has been her master," Mrs. Grey said thoughtfully; "the realities of life have been very real to her, poor child."

"She has a most sweet and wholesome nature," the vicar responded warmly, "and one cannot but feel, in spite of Mr. Haines' apparently strange choice of a person to succeed him, he has not chosen badly after all. Miss Hume tells me she has declined to let the Manor House. She seems to hope she may come to live there herself some day."

"For many things I wish she could," Mrs. Grey said; "and I sometimes find myself even wishing that Mr. Dayrell would overcome class prejudice, and discover that his godfather's selection of a wife for him was not so hopelessly absurd as it appeared."

A look of doubt crossed the vicar's face. "Ah! well," he said, "I must confess to feeling dubious about such a marriage as that. Miss Hume is — a daughter of the people; and I question whether Mr. Dayrell would be happy with a wife who, for all her goodness of heart, might show her origin too plainly at times."

"I wonder whether that little girl would really shame him as his wife," Mrs. Grey answered; "she has such wonderfully good instincts that I am inclined to doubt whether her ancestry is so unmitigatedly plebeian as one might at first sight suppose. Bon chien chasse de race, and there is something about Molly Hume which makes me think that there is a good deal of the bon chien in her!"

Mr. Swayne smiled dubiously. He was of opinion that Mrs. Grey was a fanciful and idealistic person, apt to idealize all those for whom she had a liking: and he did not for a moment place any credence on her suggestion that Mr. Haines' heiress was not wholly plebeian. He had no reason to suppose that the lady had any grounds for such belief, and he told his wife afterwards, with a kindly shrug of the shoulders, that Mrs. Grey was apt to think all her geese very superior swans indeed; and much as he admired and liked Miss Hume, and was grateful to her for her generosity, he could not blind himself to the fact that she was not of the class to which heiresses are popularly supposed to belong.

Throughout the days of that summer Mrs. Grey's thoughts frequently returned to the girl who had so greatly interested her, and she often puzzled her brain to remember of whom Molly reminded her, and where she had seen either the girl herself, or some counterfeit presentment of her before; but her speculations brought her no nearer to a solution of the problem. The impression eluded her, she could in no way trace Molly's resemblance to any one she had ever seen or known.

Her thoughts were revolving round the girl, and round the future that might be in store for her, on a breathless night in July, three weeks or so after Molly and the Bedsworths had returned to London. The day had been very sultry, and towards sunset time heavy banks of clouds had rolled up from the south, bringing a promise of a storm to come. The sun had gone down into an inky mass of blackness, whose copper hued edges gave a lurid appearance to the sky. In Mrs. Grey's drawing-room every window was flung wide open to catch any chance breath of air, but not a leaf stirred in the heavy stillness, and the little lady laid down the work she was doing and went to look out at the night, hoping to find relief from the all prevailing airlessness. Outside in the garden daylight lingered, and the lilies stood like pale ghosts against the dark background of the shrubbery, the river gleamed faintly under the copper colored light fast fading in the west. That strange hush lay over nature which always presages a storm, and the silence was emphasized every now and again by the frightened chirp of birds calling to one another in sharp notes of warning.

A flash of vivid lightning struck across the black mass of clouds in the west, showing every tree and shrub and flower with almost ghastly clearness for a second, and leaving a blacker darkness behind it as it died away. There was a low rumble of thunder over the far off woods, and a shiver ran through the trees, till every leaf seemed to be set shuddering. Mrs. Grey stood silently by the window, watching the oncoming storm, until a wild gust of wind swept over the meadow land and across the woods, swaying the trees till they bent beneath the gust, and tearing round the house with pitiful moanings as of a soul in torment. With the wind the rain came also, a torrent that was almost tropical in its force, and that drove Mrs. Grey to shut the window and withdraw to the corner of the room where her parlor maid was placing a lighted lamp, and casting scared glances towards the window, that was lit up every few seconds by brilliant flashes of forked lightning. Her mistress looked at her kindly—

"I will shut up for you, Phoebe," she said; "the storm is rather bad."

"Oh! ma'am," the servant burst out, her face white with terror, "I never did see such a storm; it never stops thundering and lightning, not for a minute—and—oh! whatever is that?" As her words ended in something like a scream of fear, the clanging of the front door bell struck across the fury of the storm, and the parlor maid, trembling from head to foot, looked at her mistress with wide frightened eyes.

"Whoever can be ringing such a night as this?" she said, her teeth chattering, "and so late too."

"We must go and let them in, whoever it is," Mrs. Grey answered, a little sharply; "on such an awful night one would not like a dog to stay out on the doorstep." Indeed the storm was now raging with a vehemence that had in it something diabolical. As Mrs. Grey ran downstairs to the hall the wind tore and shrieked round the house, howling like ten thousand fiends let loose; the rain dashed against the windows in torrents; the almost incessant flashes of lightning and the continued crashes of thunder were sufficiently alarming to shake the most equable nerves, and Phoebe's mistress, anxious to spare her terrified servant, went herself to open the front door. As she did so, a wild gust of wind and driving rain rushed into the hall, and at the same moment a voice from the darkness outside said with a little sob—

"May I come in? You said I might come if I was in trouble, and I am in trouble now." Mrs. Grey uttered a low exclamation of unutterable amazement, and put out a hand to the form on the doorstep, vividly illuminated for a second by a blaze of blue lightning.

"My dear child—you?" was all she could find voice to say as she drew into the hall the dripping form of a girl who had so lately been absorbing her thoughts. "Molly Hume," she repeated, looking blankly at the girl's white cheeks and soaked garments, "you—here—and alone? What has happened?"

The white face grew more ashen, the look of terror in the brown eyes became more acute; she caught at Mrs. Grey's hand, and clung to it as to something strong and protecting.

"Take care of me," she whispered, "I—have run away from them—from her. She—she tried to poison me, and I have run away to you." A sudden doubt of the girl's sanity was the first thought in Mrs. Grey's mind, but seeing that Molly was in too great state of exhaustion to answer questions or give a connected account of anything, she led her gently upstairs, despatched the astonished Phoebe to fetch hot drinks, whilst she herself took Molly into a bedroom, lighted the fire, and proceeded to take off the soaking clothes which clung like wet rags to the girl's shivering frame.

"I ran away," Molly went on repeating monotonously; "I ran away, when I saw what she was trying to do. I just had enough money in my purse to take a ticket for the train. I had to walk from the station. I ran away." Her eyes looked so dazed and strange, and her voice grew so excited as she repeated her story over and over again, that Mrs. Grey at last told her quietly but firmly that she could not listen to her story until she had rested and warmed; and Molly submissively allowed herself to be tucked into a bed warmed by hot bottles, and drank what Mrs. Grey brought her with equal submission, whilst her great eyes, watching the little lady's face, had something of the devotion of a dog in their brown depths.

When, warmed and comforted and lapped in a blissful sense of security, Molly lay luxuriously back amongst her pillows, and breathed a sigh of relief, Mrs. Grey said quietly—

"And now, dear child, tell me exactly what brought you here tonight, and in such a strange way. Was it really necessary to come away so quickly? Will not Mrs. Bedsworth be alarmed, and wonder where you are?"

Molly laughed a little laugh with a hard note in it.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



WAIST OF AC CORDIAN PLAITED FROCK.

The illustration shows a very girlish and pretty design for the waist of an accordian plaited frock of any thin material. The model was of pale blue Japanese crepe, the skirt being sunplaited and without trimming. The bodice had a deep yoke of Chantilly lace, the yoke being outlined by a silk "form" cut as shown in the drawing. This silk applique was outlined by a double strand of embroidery silk couched on. The cuffs of the elbow sleeves were also trimmed with a cut work of silk.

RHEUMATIC AGONY

Nothing Reached the Root of the Trouble Until Dr. Williams Pink Pills Were Used.

"I suffered almost untold agony from rheumatism. For several weary months I was confined to bed. I had the best of medical treatment, but nothing seemed to reach the root of the disease until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These have completely restored my health." This strong, emphatic statement is made by Mrs. Edna Morrill, of Woodstock, N. S., a lady who had practically been given up as incurable by doctors. She further says: "I suffered for over two years and rheumatism seemed to be firmly implanted in my system. At the outset I was able to attend to my household duties, but at night I suffered the greatest pain. I at once began to take medicine but my condition actually grew worse. I was attended by a skilful doctor but was ultimately forced to remain in bed, suffering untold agony with every movement. Finally the doctors told me the trouble was incurable. One day I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to do so. Presently the pains were not so severe, and I began to feel myself gaining. Shortly after I was able to go about, and in less than three months I was perfectly well. For this condition my thanks are gratefully due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Morrill by driving the rheumatic poison out of her blood. They actually make new blood. They don't act on the bowels. They don't bother with mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why they have cured the worst cases of anaemia (bloodlessness), headaches and backaches, kidney trouble, indigestion, neuralgia, nervousness and the special ailments of girls and women whose blood supply becomes weak, scanty or irregular. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c. a box or six boxes for $2.50, from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Are You Dying With Heart Disease

Sometimes you wake up, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen and cause horrible anxiety.

Your trouble isn't with the heart at all.

These sensations are the outcome of indigestion which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart.

But how long can your heart stand this? You know well enough it will soon play out.

Then remove the cause.

It can be done with Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they correct digestion, tone up the liver and kidneys, guarantee you freedom from further attacks.

Is it not your plain duty to get this grand remedy today?

Better you are sure to feel at once. Just read what happened to Isaac Malloux, of Belle River, Ont. He used Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they made a new man of him.

"Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach, and I had sour risings and indigestion. At night I would often waken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation.

"I consulted my doctor, and used remedies that my friends advised. Nothing helped.

"One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and my cure commenced. Today I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action and no sign of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before."

Your dealer sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.

HAMOR GREENWOOD TALKS OF KINGSTON

Says Ruins After the Earthquake Resembled the "Edge of Hell."

Montreal, Feb. 1.—A special London cable says:

Hamar Greenwood, M. P., speaking to the Canadian Associated Press described the scene after the earthquake at Kingston as resembling the "edge of hell."

Regarding the landing of United States sailors Mr. Greenwood characterized it as nothing more or less than Yankee bounce.

Sir Alexander Swettenham, Mr. Greenwood thinks, is being most unfairly criticized. Had it not been for the governor the negroes, who were half crazy with fear, might have gone completely so. The negroes worship Governor Swettenham and hate the Yankees. Describing his feelings on the first shock while at the pier Mr. Greenwood remarked:

"I am a man of fair nerve, but when I saw the pier collapsing and the hotel in front of me tumble I just closed my eyes and thought the Angel Gabriel had blown his horn."

Mr. Greenwood said a large number of Americans on Christmas day assembled at one large hotel and hoisted the Stars and Stripes, sang "God save America." But declined to sing "God Save the King."

COLD STORAGE BILL PASSES THE HOUSE

Ottawa, Feb. 1—After routine in the house today, Hon. Mr. Fisher moved the second reading of his bill to establish cold storage warehouses for the preservation of perishable food products. The bill provides that the government may give a subsidy of thirty per cent of the amount expended by a company to construct warehouses. Ten per cent will be paid when the warehouse is completed and five per cent each year for four years. Provision is taken to withhhold the subsidy if the warehouse is not satisfactory. The rates and tolls will be under control of the governor-general-in-council. Power is given to the minister to appoint inspectors who will have access to all parts of the warehouses at all times.

Mr. Fisher said that when he introduced his bill most people thought that 30 per cent was a liberal amount for a government to give. There were private companies now doing cold storage and 30 per cent was quite a consideration for obtaining further warehouses. The extension of the system and the education of the people to its vast importance was the only reason why the government was aiding these undertakings. He was willing to change the details of the measure by giving fifteen per cent on the completion of the building and a little more, say seven or eight per cent, at the end of the first year, and of seven per cent, say four per cent at end of the second year and two per cent at end of third and fourth year. If it were made eight per cent at end of first year, then three per cent at end of the second year and two per cent at end of the third and fourth years. As to details, he would meet the views of the house when the points were reached in the bill.

It was not intended to create competition where there was now a cold storage building.

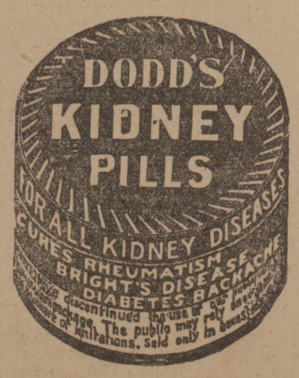
The bill was changed providing for fifteen per cent on the building being completed, seven per cent at the close of the first year, four per cent at the end of the second year and two per cent for the third and fourth years.

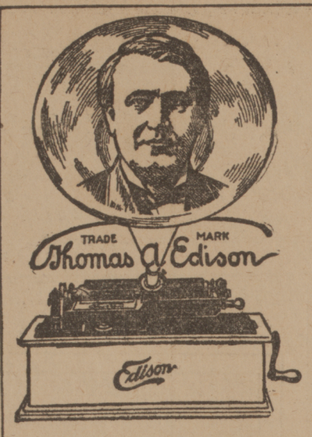
Mr. Fisher said that he was willing to make provision for cold storage between the mainland and Island if trade demanded it.

The cold storage bill was read a third time and sent to the senate.

The house adjourned at 10.30.

According to the report of President Mitchell, the United Mine Workers lost 33,910 members last year and 177 locals surrendered their charters. The condition of the United Mine Workers in the anthracite fields, is, according to Mitchell, the worst for seven years.





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

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nature's remedy for all diseases of the stomach, bowels and blood. It acts on the bowels and promotes their free and regular action, curing constipation and all troubles which arise from it. It has been on the market for over thirty years so you are not using a new and untried remedy. B.B.B. has cured thousands of others and will cure you. Mr. B. Woodcock, Nashwaak Bridge, N.S., writes: "For over two years my wife was troubled with constipation. She tried several physicians but could get no relief, but after taking three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters she was completely cured and is to-day in good health. My wife and I cannot speak too highly of B.B.B.

New Jersey masons want $4.40 for eight hours after May 1st.