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

of Men's **$3.00** Trousers
For **$1.98** a Pair.

THIS IS A GREAT TROUSER OPPORTUNITY for EVERY MAN IN TOWN. All new, striking patterns, well made, good dark colors and made to fit. These are regular **$3.00** trouser values which you can buy here now for **$1.98.** Don't wait until your chance has gone.

OUR NEW SPRING SUITS

are all dandies and are bound to please at sight. We have them in all the very latest effects and styles. It will pay you to give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. **Prices $6 to $22**

See our new line of **Men's Soft Bosom Shirts,** regular **$1.25** values at **98c.** Others from **48c.** up.

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Conclusion.)

"Quite—quite sure," he answered fervently. "I was leaning out of my window, watching the sunset, when you came out from the bower of wistaria and roses, and walked across the garden in your white gown. Your hair shone like gold, and I thought your face was the loveliest and sweetest I had ever seen. I think you came straight into my heart that very instant, the first moment I saw you." He repeated the words with emphasis and triumph, and Molly's eyes gleamed with mischief, as a remembrance leapt into her mind of the actual "first time" when she and Alan had met. Mrs. Bedsworth's pretty, luxurious drawing-room rose before her like a picture, and she saw a swift vision of herself in those brown garments in which she had felt so strange and uncomfortable, of herself shy, awkward, constrained., and of Alan, courteous, but frigid—polite only because he was sorry for the poor little servant girl, and with a look in his eyes that spoke of distaste and vexation.

"You do not even know my Christian name," she said softly, drawing her hand from the close clasp of his; "you have not seen my chaperone, you know nothing at all about me: I am a stranger to you. Perhaps—if you really knew me, you would not want me for your wife?"

A startled look came into Alan's eyes.

"You do not mean that there—there is any difficulty? That there is any reason why—why you should not marry me?" he asked quickly.

"No—o, I think not," she answered, her smile deepening; "on the contrary—I—believe—there is every reason why you should marry me—but——"

"I don't want to hear any word like 'but,' " he said, seizing her hand again; "I only want to know one thing: do you care enough about me to marry me?" His tone was so earnest, so full of passionate pleading, that she answered with equal earnestness——

"Yes, I do care for you enough to marry you, but—no—wait a moment, indeed you must hear first what I have to say," and before she would allow herself again to be taken into his arms, she drew away from him, and looked at him quietly.

"I told you my name was Morrison," she said, "that—was only partly true. I was christened Morrison because it was the name of my mother's stepfather, and he was good to my mother in her childhood; but—you didn't really fall in love with me the first time you saw me."

"What do you mean?" the young man asked, staring at her blankly. "I loved you the first moment my eyes fell on you."

"Oh, no—no—indeed you didn't," her rippling laugh broke out, her eyes sparkled; "you didn't like me one little bit the first time you saw me. Because the first time your eyes fell on me was in Mrs. Bedsworth's drawing-room, when I was a little cockney servant girl, called—what I am still called—what if I give my full name Miranda Morrison Hume—called by the people I—love—Molly." At the end of her sentence her voice dropped into tenderness, she held out her hand to Alan and a beseeching look crept into her eyes.

"Will you forgive me for letting you believe something different?" she faltered, as he still stared at her blankly, and without attempting to speak; "will you forgive me?"

"Forgive you?" Alan's voice shook. "I—don't feel as if I could quite understand. You can't be—Miranda Hume; you can't be—Godfrey Haines' heiress?"

"I think I can," she replied, "his heiress—and his great niece too,"—Alan seemed more and more incapable of comment.—"There is so much to tell you, but those facts are true!"

"But—if I had known," the young man contrived at last to stammer out, "if I had known—I could not—I would not—it is all impossible—you are a great heiress, I—"

"You—are—the—man — I love," she whispered, "the man I have loved for—three long years, and the money was left—to us both!"

The ramble in the olive garden was prolonged so late, that the rest of the visitors at table-d'hote had food for gossip for the remainder of the evening, because the young couple did not enter the dining-room until the pudding stage had been reached. Their radiant faces explained the situation with great clearness, and Mrs. Grey knew what Molly had come to tell her, long before the telling could be put into coherent language.

"I wanted him to care for me just for myself," the girl said eagerly, sitting so close to Mrs. Grey's couch that the widow's caressing touch could fall upon her hair. "I—I think I cared for him from the very first minute we met in Mrs. Bedsworth's drawing-room, and I thought then, that some day—I might make him love me."

"Did he need much making?" Mrs. Grey asked playfully.

"I don't think he really needed any," was the shy answer; "he says he fell in love with me when he saw me from the window, and before I even knew he was here. But I think, if he had known who I was, he would have gone away at once; he was so afraid of my stupid fortune, which is really his as well. But now—"

"Now?" Mrs. Grey queried.

"Now—I have made him see that it isn't the fortune that matters one way or another; it is only our love that counts for anything—only our love!"

* * * * * * *

"What do you think of Uncle Godfrey's will now, Alan?" Alan Dayrell's wife asked him, five months later, when they stood together on the terrace at the Manor House, looking out over their sunshiny June garden; "do you think he made such a great mistake after all?"

Alan turned from his contemplation of the garden and the roses, and looked at his wife with a long glance of passionate adoration.

"I think my godfather was the most sensible of men," he said with conviction; "but for him I should have married poor little Stella, and we should have made each other miserable. As it is—"

"As it is, Stella is marrying for the second time, and marrying some one much more suited to her than you would have been, my dear old husband," Molly answered, slipping her arm through his, "and she will be happy—and you and I—"

"You and I have entered into our kingdom," was the low reply. "I was fool enough once to abuse Godfrey Haines for making what I was pleased to call a preposterous will; now I know that I shall bless him for ever, because his will has turned into the key which, for you and me, my own sweet wife, has opened the gate of our paradise!"

THE END.

THOUGHT COLD WOULD TURN TO CONSUMPTION

READ HOW DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED

Saskatoon, Sask., Aug. 26th, 1906.

The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sirs: As I am one of the thousands that have been benefited by your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I thought it my duty to give you a description of my case. "I am 19 years of age and was always in the best of health until last spring when I caught a severe cold by going about with wet feet. It settled in my chest and all the remedies I tried would not stir it. My friends began to fear it had turned to consumption and were advising me to go east and see a specialist. One day my father brought home a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I laughed at the idea of it being any good and refused to take it, and only as a last resource would I. When I had finished one bottle I had only a slight cold left and before I had taken a quarter of the next I was as well as ever I was, if not better, so you can see what a God-send this medicine was to me. I never fail to recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to my friends and they all use it. To show my full appreciation of this remedy I will gladly answer any letters in reference to it. Believe me. Sincerely yours,

Miss Winnifred D. Smith.

Price 25 cents a bottle at all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



EVENING GOWN OF CREAM NET.

A very graceful evening frock is shown in the drawing, the design being so arranged that a thin lace yoke could be adjusted on occasions where high neck is in order. The model frock was of a deep cream color net trimmed with net lace insertion and flouncing, and bias bands or folds of corn-color satin. The gown was made over white taffeta silk, with an interlining of cream-white mousseline. The bodice of the gown was joined to the skirt in princesse effect by a girdle made of insertion. A suggestion of Empire lines was given by the folds of satin, which terminated at the top of the high girdle, back and front. Satin folds headed the festoons of lace about the lower part of the skirt, and a three-inch band was used as a hem for the net foundation.

CRIPPLING SCIATICA

A Sure and Certain Way to Cure this Terrible Torture.

There is just one sure, scientific cure for sciatica, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, headaches—you must drive the pain from your blood and nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Liniments never cure nerve and blood diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike straight at the cause because they actually make new blood. Through the blood they conquer the painful poison, soothe the nerves, loosen the muscles and banish every ache and pain. Mr. Thos. J. Etsell, Walkerton, Ont., says: "When I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I had been off work for three months. The cords of my right leg were all drawn up and I could only limp along with the aid of a stick. The pain I suffered was terrible. Only those who have been afflicted with sciatica can understand the misery I was in both day and night. I took six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills before they helped me, but after that every day saw an improvement, and by the time I had used fifteen boxes, every vestige of the pain had disappeared. I have no hesitation in pronouncing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine in the world for sciatica."

Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills makes rich, pure, health-giving blood. That is why they cure headaches and backaches, indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, anaemia, heart palpitation, and the ills that afflict women only. But be sure you get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Imitations are worthless—often dangerous. All medicine dealers sell these pills or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SCOTT ACT IN MONCTON

One Violator Fined $200 or Three Months in Jail--Board of Trade and Running Rights Question.

Moncton, N. B., March 5—Police Magistrate Kay today made another departure in imposing sentences on Scott Act violators. Henry Arsenault was convicted of violating the act and fined $200 or three months in jail. The cases against Henry Cormier and Blair LeBlanc were dismissed.

At tonight's meeting of the board of trade, in answer to a request from the local lodge of the International Association of Machinists for support of eight-hour day legislation, the board passed a resolution favoring a nine hour day.

The board passed a resolution regarding the application of the C. P. R. for running rights over the I. C. R. between St. John and Halifax to the effect that the government be petitioned to postpone consideration of this question until such time as other through railways interested are in a position to apply for such power; further that such running privileges, if ultimately granted, should safeguard the I. C. R. from diversion of its earnings between local or terminal points on its own road and also assure it a fair rental for the use of the road and its staff. The resolution was unanimously adopted and the secretary instructed to forward a copy to the minister of railways.

F. W. Sumner and J. S. Magee were appointed delegates from the board to Fredericton to oppose telephone legislation.

Campbellton has requested the Moncton board of trade to act in conjunction with them in resisting certain sections of the proposed telephone legislation.

Eric F. MacNeill, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, left for Havana last evening.

C. J. Coster is confined to his residence, Mecklenburg street, by illness.

THE PLATFORM OF N. S. OPPOSITION

The Halifax Herald gives the following as the platform of the provincial opposition in Nova Scotia:—

The purging of electoral methods.

Government ownership of a railway from Halifax to Louisburg.

Government operation of a coal mine, so managed as to insure the payment of increased wages to the employe and the interest on the money invested, and then the supply of coal to the consumer at a reasonable price without any provision for watered stock.

The municipal operation of telephones.

Government control of natural resources for producing power and distribution therefrom of electrical power.

Provision by a government scheme of mutual insurance for the support of the laboring man when past the years of toil; and

The prohibition of the liquor traffic in Nova Scotia.

THE LARGEST YET.

Cobalt, Ont., March 5—The largest and most valuable nugget yet found in the history of Cobalt camp has been taken from shaft No. 26 of Nipissing. It weighs 4,000 pounds, and is estimated to be 65 per cent silver.

RATHER ROUGH ON HARRIMAN

He Has Chosen Great Riches Rather Than a Good Name.

The Harriman enquiry is "ended," announce the newspapers. But in Wall street and banking circles the question which is being soberly asked is whether Harriman himself is not ended. This does not mean that his continuing power, through the control of great wealth, is in doubt. He has his millions, and may go smother himself in them. But it is gravely doubted whether his days as an active and open manipulator of railroad securities are not drawing to a close. What enterprises with which his name were hereafter to be connected would not be, from the beginning, violently suspect? What directorate would in the future think to gain public confidence, or to draw investments, by displaying E. H. Harriman among its members? Visions of looting, of secret self-voted dividends, of stock-jobbing, of properties squeezed dry by its guardians, would at once rise before every man who saw that name, and could read, and had a memory and common prudence. It is considerations of this order which are shaping the financial opinion that Harriman is "through."

We do not profess to know anything about this. Mr. Harriman may or may not conclude to "retire." That step, after all, would not greatly signify. The certain and salutary thing is that Mr. Harriman has verily received his reward. He went for millions, and he got them. He cared not for the contempt of decent people, and he has got that. In his own person he illustrates today, on a scale visible across the land, the infallible working of the moral law as laid down, for example , in Emerson's essay on "Compensation." "The swindler swindles himself." He who admits no moral standard but " the base estimate of the market," will find himself in the end regarded, not as a real man, but as a baled article for sale.

In this sort of moral atmosphere which certain men, in their mad, unscrupulous pursuit of great riches, unconsciously create among themselves, there exists a punishment more fearful than any which could be devised by statute. Its victim spends busy years with no thought except how to heap up money by craft and trick and oppression. He is meanwhile surrounded by toadies and exploiters who fill his narrow field of vision, and keep him unaware of the verdict which the large community of moral people is all the while preparing to pronounce upon him. Too late, he wakes up to what he has done. He has chosen great riches rather than a good name. But his wealth can neither hide nor alter the opinion of his fellow-men, which is thrust upon him in ways that he cannot escape. He discovers that he is friendless—save for those who fawn upon him for their own ends. His attempts to rehabilitate himself by large gifts to education, to charity, or religion are unavailing. The judgment has been made upon him, and can be changed by nothing that he may do. He is increasingly shunned, hated, despised. It is this sort of moral penumbra that Mr. Harriman now enters, with his booty clutched to his heart.

SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, MORNING FAINTNESS.

That's how you feel when you wake up, and if neglected you feel miserable all day. When this discomfort presents itself there is just one thing to do—take ten drops of Nerviline and you feel better at once—stomach is regulated, nausea disappears and you are ready for breakfast. For bowel and stomach disorders, bloating, gas, hiccups, and indigestion you'll get nothing with half the merit of Nerviline; try a 25c. bottle—really it's worth its weight in gold to the man that's sick.

The adjourned annual meeting of the White Candy Company was held last night when the following directors were elected: Thomas White, A. J. Nickerson, J. H. Tabor, Thomas F. White and S. B. Bustin. The following officers were appointed: Thomas White, president; J. H. Tabor, vice-president; S. B. Bustin, secretary; Thomas F. White, managing director, and E. L. Fanjoy, treasurer.

No Appetite

Means loss of vitality, vigor or tone, and is often a precursor of prostrating sickness. This is why it is serious. The best thing you can do is to take the great alterative and tonic

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which has cured thousands.

BE TEMPERATE

All intemperance is nothing but evil, There is certain to be a runaway and a wreck whenever a person loosens the reins of appetite. At the root of all the world's woes is sure to be found some form of intemperance.

We make much of the loss of friends and fortune that follows intemperance in drinking. Yet these are only minor troubles. The real loss, and the loss that makes the actual paupers and that is worse than all other calamities, is the loss of relf-respect. Esau's bargain was noble beside that of a person who sells his self-respect for a draught of pleasure.

God made men lords over all the earth, but many have become slaves to the earth's products.

None but self-restrained and temperate persons can know true riches. The divine record runs that the "drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty"—the poverty that means a starved soul, an empty life. All that enriches his existence on earth slips from man's possession through the floodgates of intemperance.

There is no more uncomfortable person to live with than the one who while abstaining from the wine cup and all other forms of gross excess is yet intemperate in his life. The unbridled tongue, the spirit of jealousy and pride that have full sway, the anger that is never controlled, the appetite for pleasure that is given first place in life—these are common forms of intemperance that dwarfs lives into meanness and unloveness. And it is against these kinds of intemperance that Christians must exercise all their powers of will and grace.

Only they are masters among men, and acceptable followers of the great Master, who have first mastered themselves.

Intemperance is imbruting. Unrestrained passions dull the edge of all the sensibilities of the soul. A fine nature is impossible to one who indulges in any excesses. Ideals are lowered by intemperance, which seats on the throne of life the fleshly nature, and removes man farther from the divine estate that God designs for him.

Tempered speech is not common Most of us do not weigh and consider the words that we utter. In an impetuous and measured stream our speech flows on, and the result is that every day we say rash and unkind and untrue things that we would give much to call back. In our fight against the evil of strong drink, let us not forget the evil of intemperate speech.

There are many young persons of upright and irreproachable lives to whom the word "intemperate" must be applied in relation to their pleasures. All their days seem to be given up to the pursuit of a "good time." No milder word than "intemperance" can describe these habits, for the place of pleasure in human life—that is, pleasure when it is made a business—is only a subsidiary and unimportant one.

Intemperance is altogether weakness. If in any department of life we allow our inclinations or our appetite to get beyond our control, then there is a corresponding loss of strength in our soul. We have power only when we keep our lower selves in complete subjection to our spiritual natures.

The self-mastered life masters the world.

Every one who has read Scott's novel, "The Talisman," remembers Saladin's marvellous exhibition of swordsmanship at the tournament. His delicate Damascus blade appealed to our imagination as being wonderful. The feats the famous fighter performed, however, were due no less to his skill than to the excellence of the sword itself. The latter was wholly a matter of tempering. This sword was tempered more exquisitely than any other, therefore it had more power. All the beauty, keenness and power of a well-tempered life. For the temperate life is the life that is well-tempered; it is the one that is fittest for its duties.

He who would be strong in his own soul must keep his spirit in control.

There is strength in self-denial. It is good to do hard things simply for the sake of learning how to do hard things. There is wisdom in the practice of some high souls who deal rigorously with themselves, just to keep their will dominant over their wishes. None of us can safely trust himself always to follow his inclinations.

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, March 4—The death of Stewart Estabrook, a respected resident of Middle Sackville, occurred on Saturday. Deceased was fifty-six years old. He had been afflicted for some months with diabetes, which resulted in a complication of diseases, heart failure being the immediate cause of his death. A widow and five children deeply mourn their loss. The sons are Arthur, of Midgic; Gordon and Edward at home; the daughters, Mrs. Robert Amos, Wood Point; and Miss Jerusha, at home. Funeral took place this afternoon and was largely attended. Rev. E. L. Steeves conducted an impressive service. Interment took place at Upper Sackville cemetery.

Cecil Sutherland, of Sydney, is the guest of his mother, Mrs. Hugh Sutherland.

Mrs. Jas. W. Babcock, Salem street, is critically ill.

R. F. Palmer, of Londonderry, N. S., and F. D. Kennedy, of Truro, spent Sunday in town.

Mr. Lawson Smith, a travelling representative of Lamontagne & Co., Montreal, has been confined to his home the past three weeks with la grippe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. G. Siddall, Port Elgin, left today for a two months' visit at Winnipeg.

Geo. S. Wry returned today from a visit at North Sydney.

Miss Tinnie Smith is visiting friends at Fredericton.

Mrs. Fulton McDougall, Moncton, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Black, Middle Sackville.

HANDS ONE TO JOHNSON

(New Glasgow Chronicle).

One day last week J. L. Johnson sent us a very long communication against Coun. Fraser and "Editor Fraser" and all he did not put in the letter for publication he put in a personal letter. He wrote that if the letter was not returned within a certain time he would consider it accepted. Why should Mr. Johnson expect us to spend an hour reading what he saw fit to write and then pay out several dollars to print and publish it? The letter is here and won't be printed by us, nor returned. Mr. Johnson can have it by calling or sending for it, or he may direct his friends and admirers to come here and read it, or he can hire a hall and get it off. Why should we be called upon to publish a condemnation of our own actions? We are willing to accommodate a writer who deals with useful public questions, but our methods and character are our own, and it is unreasonable to ask us to spend time and money in aspersing either. Mr. Johnson is suffering from 'exaggerated ego,' but we are not his family physician.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you a **complete 10 days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it **will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost** my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters,** I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address:

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71 - - - - WINDSOR, Ont.



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PURITY FLOUR

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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. 123 **At Druggists.**

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