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Our Prices the Lowest

It is needless for us to state the above fact, as no doubt the reader is a frequent customer to this growing store, and he knows. See, we have them—

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Old Y. M. C. A. Building. **ALEX CORBET, Mgr**

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

Mrs. Bedsworth had informed him of her invitation to Miranda, and although he was as averse to the proposed arrangement as Stella had been, he quickly understood that his future mother-in-law was not a lady to be turned from her purpose when she once had made up her mind. After the first remonstrance, he had therefore refrained from arguing the point with Mrs. Bedsworth, but he continued to abhor the notion that his beautiful and adored Stella should be brought into close contact with a girl of Miranda's class, and that he should be present when the servant girl, as he contemptuously called her, was first introduced to the household, gave him supreme annoyance.

Mrs. Bedsworth went forward to greet the newcomer, with outstretched hands, and a cordial smile of welcome.

"I am so pleased to see you, Miss Hume" she said; "you are just in time for tea."

Miranda stood awkwardly by the door, her eyes wide with surprise not unmixed with fear, for she had never even imagined, much less seen, any room in the least like this dainty, luxurious drawing-room. Not only had the fact of following the parlor-maid upstairs, and being announced, given her an overwhelming sensation of embarrassment, but her new surroundings, and her new clothes, both helped to enhance the awkwardness.

By nature the girl was not in the least shy, but she did not feel herself in the soft brown coat and skirt with the white blouse which Madame Laura had made to go with it: her big brown hat persisted in tipping itself provokingly over her forehead and increased her nervousness, and a terrible desire swept over her to run back to George street and her uncongenial duties as Mrs. Mannering's maid of all work.

But Miranda was not lacking in pluck; she had spoken quite truly when she told Mr. Bray that what she set herself to do that she usually did; and having determined to learn what in her own mind she called fine lady ways, she intended to go through with her uphill task.

"Come and sit down," Mrs. Bedsworth went on, taking the girl's hand and drawing her towards a chair; "my daughter is out, but she will be in presently sit down here by me, and let me introduce you to Mr. Alan Dayrell."

Miranda started as if she had been struck, and the color ran over her face to the very roots of her bright hair. Alan, being kindly of heart, and of sympathetic disposition, saw and understood her embarrassment, and setting aside his annoyance, came forward and put out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Hume," he said gently when she shook his proffered hand with awkward vigor; "I think we are both godchildren of the same gentleman, though we have not met before."

The gentleness of his tone touched the girl, to whom all that was kindly invariably appealed; she lifted her brown eyes and looked up at him with a curiously wistful glance that made him think of a dog he had once cared for.

"I'm sorry the old gentleman went and behaved so to you," she said simply; "to my way o' thinkin' it was playin' low down to treat you the way he did." In her indignation her shyness diminished, and she was her natural self.

"Oh! well," Dayrell answered lightly and with nervous dread of discussing a difficult situation, "we mustn't worry about that now, must we? We won't bear Mr. Haines any grudge. Perhaps he had a good reason for his conduct."

Miranda scanned the young man's face gravely.

"P'raps he had," she said, "but he didn't oughter done it the way he did; and I'm glad I've got the chance to tell you so."

Something in her straightforward speech pleased Alan, even though her manner of speaking offended his sense of refinement, and her appearance, despite Madame Laura's best efforts, made him say in his own mind—

"Poor little slavey."

Like all men who are themselves upright and straightforward, he appreciated similar qualities in others, particularly so in a woman, and his feelings towards Miranda perceptibly softened during those first moments of her acquaintance. Nevertheless he found himself wishing fervently that she would not sit balanced on the extreme edge of her chair, that she would learn not to shuffle her feet nervously every time a remark was addressed to her, and that her hands were a little less hardened and red.

"Of course," he reflected, when, having waited in vain for Stella, he finally took his departure, "of course, under no conceivable circumstances could I have married the girl. She has good points no doubt, there is an honest soul behind those honest eyes; but good heavens, my godfather must have been stark, staring mad to suppose I could marry a little outsider like that!"

Miranda's thoughts, when she also was alone, ran upon totally different lines. Naturally enough they centred round the man whose life had become so strangely interwoven with hers, but her views of Alan by no means coincided with his opinion of her. As was perhaps natural in a girl of her class and upbringing, the mere fact of his being a gentleman attracted her. His quiet, courteous manner was a revelation. It differed so entirely from the manners of the only men with whom she had come in contact. With the exception of Mr. Bray, whose dealings with her had been of a purely business character, she had never in her life spoken to a gentleman, and Mrs. Mannering's lodgers were not men of a very distinguished or refined type.

Alan Dayrell's well modulated voice had struck with peculiar pleasantness upon the girl's ears: his fair open face, honest grey eyes and clearly cut mouth, appealed to some refined instinct in her mind. Recalling his face as she stood alone in the room to which Mrs. Bedsworth had conducted her, she smiled and nodded her red head gravely and reflectively.

"I like him," she said to herself, a gleam of satisfaction shining in her bright eyes; "I like that chap. There's somethin' in his face what ain't in every feller's face. What he says he means, I'll take my oath — same as what I say, I mean." Whilst she spoke she looked at her own image in the glass on the dressing table, and the smile slowly faded from her face.

"And I mean that chap to have the money, somehow," she went on, "but I don't mean the old lady to get none of it," her smile broke out again; "she's a deep one, she is, but Miranda Hume ain't no fool neither, and the money ain't goin' to no ladies with pussy paws and claws underneath." She lifted her big hat from her head, and ran her fingers through the tangled curls of her hair. "Auburn hair," she exclaimed, bestowing a mocking glance upon her own reflection, "pore carrots, you've got a bit of a rise in the world, ain't yer? and — I likes that chap—and if I can make myself into a lady—and he was to like me—maybe — maybe——" The mocking smile changed and became curiously enigmatical; into the golden brown eyes there came a sudden softening that was almost tender, and the low laugh held a sound suspiciously like tears.

"Maybe——" she whispered again.

CHAPTER VII.

Stella Bedsworth and Miranda Hume stood facing one another in the passage outside the room occupied by the new arrival. Miranda, having unpacked her belongings and smoothed her curly head, had taken her courage in both hands, and set forth to find her way back to the drawing-room. She was not shy by nature, but her new milieu and the divers new sensations by which she was assailed embarrassed her, and she had lingered as long as she dared over the putting away of her clothes before opening the door into the passage. Having done so, she at once found herself confronted by a tall graceful figure, at sight of whom she uttered a low involuntary exclamation of surprise. The last rays of the setting sun shone in through a window at the end of the passage, and fell softly on Stella's slight young figure, making her fair hair gleam golden in its beams. She wore a white gown of some heavy material that fell about her in graceful folds, and her white picture hat adorned with ostrich feathers made an eminently becoming frame to her lovely face. At the opening of Miranda's door, she stood still, and for a moment the two girls faced one another silently. Stella's great blue eyes, without being exactly unfriendly, held something of a question; her lips parted, but no words came from them, and she made no step forward to greet her mother's guest. Perhaps Miranda was too unaccustomed to the usages of polite society to heed this omission; perhaps the lovely vision rendered her oblivious of everything excepting its loveliness, for the smile that so metamorphosed her face suddenly shone out upon it, and, her embarassment suddenly forgotten, she went up to Stella, saying quickly—

"You're the young lady, ain't you? I'm Miranda Hume, only most folks calls me Molly."

There was something singularly disarming about her frank smile, and the admiration which looked so plainly out of her brown eyes could not fail to appeal to Stella's vanity. Her own expression became more cordial; she held out her hand to the strange guest.

"Yes—I am Stella Bedsworth," she said. "How do you do, Miss Hume? I am sorry I was out when you arrived."

"Don't you mind about that," Miranda answered cheerfully; "you and me, we'll get chances to know each other—if you ain't vexed to have me here," she added shrewdly, her keen eyes fixed on the other's lovely changing face.

"Vexed?" Stella stammered, and hesitated. "You mustn't think things like that, Miss Hume. Why should I be vexed? It is very kind of you to—to—"

"To come and live in this beautiful place? Lor!" Miranda ejaculated fervently, "it ain't every day a girl like me gets such a chance; and, bless you, I know it ain't very agreeable for you to have me 'ere. It ain't very likely it would be."

There was a wistfulness in her voice which touched a kindly chord in Stella's nature. Her character was vain and shallow, and her upbringing had not diminished these faults, whilst adding selfishness to them, yet there was a strain of kindliness in her to which Miranda's words appealed.

"I hope you will be very happy with us," Stella said, more warmly than she ever dreamt she could have spoken to the other girl; "will you come to my room whilst I take off my hat?" she added, struck by a certain forlorn expression in Miranda's face, "my room is close to yours"

As she spoke she led the way into a small bedroom farther along the passage, Miranda following her with a new sense of being set at her ease.

"Dinner is early tonight," Stella went on, "because we are going to the theatre, but we needn't dress just yet."

"Dress?" The question was one of profound amazement; Miranda glanced from her own brown gown to Stella's white one, and her eyes grew round with surprise. Stella grasped the position at once, but no shadow of a smile crossed her lips.

"We usually change our dresses for the evening," she said gently; "it—it—well, it is pleasant and cool, and one feels more comfortable."

"My" was all Miranda seemed capable of saying, as she sank into a chair. Stella pushed forward for her; but the other girl continued speaking, whilst she drew the pins from her hat.

"I expect Madame Laura has made you one or two very pretty evening dresses," she said easily; 'she is very clever about dinner gowns."

"She said I'd got to have clo'es for parties," Miranda answered; "but—I thought I'd wear them if I ever went to a dance or somethin' o' that. You don't never mean you put on them grand things every evening."

"I will come and see what Madame Laura has made you," Stella said pleasantly—clothes possessed an immemnse attraction for her, and her tone became increasingly friendly—"and then I can help you to choose what to wear tonight. We do dress—change, I mean—every evening. It—it is just a custom."

"There's lots o' things to learn about bein' a lady, ain't there?" Miranda answered, with again that wistful note in her voice, "and me knowin' nothin'."

(To be continued.)

DYSPEPSIA

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Be sure to get HERNER'S if you want a CURE.

Trial size 35cts.; regular size, $1.00

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



STREET SUIT O F BROWN CLOTH.

An attractive model for a dressy little street suit is here pictured, the design being practical for either cloth or velvet. The skirt was a gored circular one, and was cut in ankle length and trimmed with strappings of inch-wide flat silk braid and buttons matching the material in color. The coat had a postilion back, which was held in place by the fitted girdle of the cloth, which was, however, separate from the jacket except across the centre back. Braid and buttons were also used to trim the jacket, the fancy collar showing inset pieces of cream-white cloth heavily braided with brown soutache. The little vest was also braided in brown, and the undersleeves of heavy white lace were gathered in above the elbow by a band of brown velvet ribbon tied in a bow at the outer arm.

A MOTHER'S DUTY

She Should Carefully Guard the Health of Her Growing Daughter ---Her Future Happiness Depends Upon the Change from Girlhood to Womanhood.

Every mother should watch with the greatest care the health of her growing daughter. She is a girl today—tomorrow a woman. The happy health of womanhood depends upon this vital change from girlhood. When nature makes new demands upon her blood supply, you must build up her blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Her system is unequal to that strain if her back aches, if she is pale or thin, dull-eyed or languid. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give her new, rich, red blood and tide her over the crisis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will make her development perfect and regular—they will make her a strong, happy, graceful woman. Miss Enerine Vilandre, St. Germain, Que., says: "While attending school my health began to give way. I suffered from headache and dizziness, my appetite left me and I grew pale as a corpse. As the doctors did not help me any my father got me a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had used two boxes there was an improvement, and when I had taken a half dozen I was again in perfect health. I believe all weak girls will find new health if they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Thousands of growing girls, and thousands of women owe health and happiness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They keep the blood rich and pure and regular. They banish headaches and sideaches and backaches, and they bring the rosy glow of perfect health to pale and sallow cheeks. But you must get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by writing. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

HAMILTON MacCARTHY AT THE EVERY DAY CLUB

He Gives an Address and Signs the Membership Roll---Citizen Sends $25 to Chairman.

Hamilton MacCarthy, the designer of the Champlain monument, accompanied J. N. Harvey to the Every Day Club last evening, and to an audience of men and boys that crowded the rooms, gave a very interesting talk. He spoke in high appreciation of the club and its work, and was confident similar ones would be started in other cities. He was delighted with the order maintained by so many boys, and would have something to tell the Ottawa boys on his return.

He spoke in a very interesting way to the lads about their opportunities in life, and how they should try to make the best of these, and then went on to describe the method of making a statue, from the clay to the bronze figure. He also recited Little Jim, and the Charge of the Light Brigade in a manner that elicited great applause from the whole house. Mr. MacCarthy also signed the roll of membership of the club.

Other numbers on last evening's programme were: Funny sketch, McCluskey and Lynch; flute selection, Mr. Stokes; songs, Messrs. Segee, Wettrem and McNeill and Master Callahan; funny stories, W. McCavour; dancing, C. McFadden and George Johnson; recitation, W. Cummings; piano solo, Joseph L. Mullaly; and a sing-song by the boys. More than thirty new members signed the roll. The chairman yesterday received the following from a gentleman who asked that his name be not given:

A. M. Belding, Chairman:
Dear Sir,—I have been deeply interested in the Every Day Club, and feel that the work it is endeavoring to do—to help men—and to help boys—and to be of service to the community, deserves general support. I enclose my check for $25.
St. John, Jan. 22.

W. B. Howard, C. P. R. district passenger agent, left last evening for Montreal.

Hood's

Sarsaparilla is unquestionably the greatest blood and liver medicine known. It positively and permanently cures every humor, from Pimples to Scrofula. It is the Best.

Blood Medicine.

THE TECHNICAL NEEDS OF CANADA

Subject Introduced At An Important Dinner in Montreal.

(Montreal Gazette.)

Technical education, and the conversion of waste matter into profitable by-products, were the subjects of consideration last night at the meeting of the Society of Chemical Industry, in which representatives of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association took part. There was a dinner at the St. Lawrence Hall, at which Dr. Hodgson Ellis, of Toronto, presided, and there were interesting addresses by the chairman and by Professor R. F. Ruttan, of McGill University, the former of whom gave an historical sketch of the growth of chemistry in the last century, while the latter spoke on the "Destructive Distillation of Sawdust."

The executive committee brought before the meeting for endorsation the co-operation of the Society with the Canadian Manufacturers' Association for the appointment by the federal government of a royal commission to report on the best method for establishing a comprehensive national system of technical education to provide Canadian industry and commerce with trained assistants from amongst the Canadian people.

A motion to this effect was carried towards the close of the meeting.

Professor Ruttan's address centred chiefly of an experiment which had been made in the distillation of sawdust. C. E. Emerson, of Baltimore, induced W. C. Edwards & Co., of Ottawa and Rockland, to build one unit of a plant for the economic destructive distillation of sawdust. Professor Ruttan and Professor Nicholson made a trial of this plant, the object being to obtain from sawdust in paying quantity the economic products of the destructive distillation of wood and to secure the charcoal left behind for the purpose of making calcium carbide, utilizing for the latter purpose the water power at Ottawa. Of wet sawdust 30,475 lbs, had been treated. The results were as follows:—Gases, 55,400 cubic feet; water 14,546 lbs. or about 50 per cent.; light oils, 3,260 lbs. of crude acid; tar, 463 lbs., and charcoal, 8,499 lbs.

To follow the lecture in its intricate technicalities there is no need. Professor Ruttan regards the results of the experiment as financially promising in one point at any rate—that is, if a sufficiently large market can be obtained for finely-divided charcoal.

A discussion ensued, in which the project of briquetting the sawdust had its supporters, though it was stated that at present this process is rather too expensive.

Charles Hazen spoke of attempts made in Michigan to convert sawdust into oxalic acid. He believed that several plants in that state were at present making profitable use of pine sawdust.

Then the theme changed to technical education, in favor of which vigorous speeches were made by J. P. Murray and by Col. Burland. The latter thought that the working classes were anxious for technical education. "It is not," he said "the college-bred end of manufactories that is deficient. It is the technically-trained working men that are difficult to obtain. In many cases, to get a good foreman, you have to go to the United States to Germany, or to Great Britain." He spoke of the technical school in Belfast, with its 3,500 students, and declared that if Canada had adequate facilities like this she would be able to rival Germany.

Both the representatives of the Manufacturers' Association and the members of the society were at one in their expressions of opinion that the matter of technical education should be represented clearly and strongly to the government. As Professor Ruttan remarked: "It is just the little more brains that give Germany her commercial power. Technical education has made her what she is commercially."

At the monthly meeting of the Free Kindergarten yesterday afternoon, plans were considered for holding a series of monthly entertainments in February, March and April, to aid the fund to carry on the work. The entertainment given last Saturday in the Germain street Baptist church was reported to have netted nearly $40. The result was considered very satisfactory and to warrant a further effort on similar lines during the next few months.



SAME OLD STORY

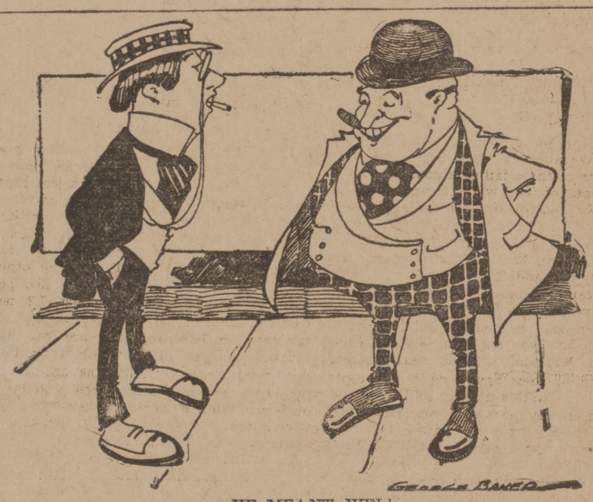
That after January 1, 1907—
We won't swear any more.
We won't drink any more.
We'll keep away from the racetrack.
We'll cut out poker.
We'll save so much per week.
We'll limit ourselves to three cigars a day.
We'll let politics alone and attend to business.
January 1—Am firmly resolved on the above and several other things.
January 2—Not quite so firmly resolved as yesterday, but bound to stick it through.
January 3—Only the third day, and yet it seems three years.
January 4—Called in the doctor and asked him to tell me plainly how long I could live.



Asked him to tell me plainly how long I could live.

January 5 — He gave me one week unless I went back to the old routine.
January 6 — Gone back. What'll you take?

JOE KERR.



HE MEANT WELL.

"I mean to start the new year by giving the first woman I saw standing up my seat in the street car. But I didn't do it."
Old habits too strong, eh?"
"No. I couldn't get a seat to give her."

HEART PALPITATION CURED

Just like purgatory to be startled out of a sound sleep by the thumping of your heart. Don't be scared, it's only the result of acute indigestion which ten drops of Nerviline cures instantly. Heaps of worry and sickness saved by keeping Nerviline handy. For stomach and bowel troubles its a wonder worker. In sick headaches and minor ills, no doctor can give better advice than just "Nerviline." For general family use a 25c. bottle of Nerviline is the best; try it for any ache, pain or bruise and you'll never use anything else.

BREAK IN LATH MARKET

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 22.—The feature of the lumber market during the past few days has been a great slump in the price of laths, which have fallen off 75 cents to $1 per thousand on the New York prices. Laths have been running at from $4 to $4.50 per thousand, delivered in New York, about $1.25 per thousand being allowed for freight and duty from this section.

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. 133 **At Druggists.**

Harry Hart, who is ill at his home, 109 Germain street, is still in a critical condition.

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