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Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing and Furnishings

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Men's All Wool Black Half Hose at . . **19c** per pair
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26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

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

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"I'm sure I don't see what anybody wants to live in a great town for, when they can live in places like this," the girl went on, after another long rapturous pause; "it seems a pity we can't stop here and enjoy it all instead of going back to be cooped up in a street." Her eyes turned from the garden towards Mrs. Bedsworth, who sat in a low chair in the shade, a few paces from her charge, a frown on her brow, and a huge parasol in her hand, shading her complexion from the sun's rays, which did not reach her.

"You talk at random," she said coldly, far more coldly than she usually allowed herself to speak to the rich Miss Hume; "if you want to learn to be a woman of the world, and to behave like other people, you must live in the world and amongst people. It is perfect nonsense to suppose you would do any good by sticking yourself down here."

As she looked at Molly her eyes narrowed oddly in a way they sometimes did, and their expression might almost have been described as venomous. But Molly was quite unconscious of it. Her own eyes had turned back once more to their eager contemplation of the garden, and beyond a passing wonder at her chaperone's irritability, she scarcely observed the petulant tones.

"I shan't set myself against what you and Mr. Bray say I'd best do," she answered gently; "I know you're doing your best for me, both of you, and I'm sure I'm grateful too. But there! it feels to me like being plopped right down into paradise, coming to a place like this."

"I am very glad you are satisfied with your visit here," Mrs. Bedsworth still spoke acidly. It had been far from a pleasure to her to be asked to escort Molly to Simley in the middle of the season, and only a wholesome dread lest she would lose both Molly and Molly's liberal payment, unless she yielded to the girl's urgent wish to see her country house, had persuaded her to come. Neither she nor Mr. Bray had been able to induce Molly to agree to the letting of her house before she had herself seen it, for submissive as the girl was where matters of etiquette or behavior were concerned, she could exhibit a very pretty obstinacy when her will was crossed in other directions. And although she had been courteous and gentle enough in her request to be allowed to go to Simley, it was plain, both to the lawyer and Mrs. Bedsworth, that no amount of opposition or discussion would prevent her from going. Much against her will, therefore, Mrs. Bedsworth had set aside some of her social engagements, and had journeyed down to the little Hampshire village to spend a week end in Molly's home with the two girls. Molly's raptures over the country worried her and amused Stella, but neither of them could in the faintest degree comprehend what the unwonted sights and sounds of garden and field and woodland meant to the girl whose whole life had been spent in a London slum. To them the days dragged, the visit spelt boredom, the life of the woods and meadows meant nothing and less than nothing; but to Molly every moment brought fresh revelations and wonderful new impressions. Without being wholly conscious of it, her London round of existence was beginning to fret and weary her. Accustomed to a life of hard work and constant activity, she felt oppressed by the efforts to kill time in which Mrs. Bedsworth and Stella indulged, and the lounging through the days which seemed to constitute so large a part of fashionable life gave her a sense of fatigue. The sudden change to the country had made her draw a long breath mentally, as well as physically, and she was seized by a great longing to remain in this beautiful place, and forget for a time all the irksomeness of trying to be a lady, and to live up to a standard of life wholly foreign and not altogether congenial to her. To Mrs. Bedsworth's last acid remark she replied gently:—

"I should think I was satisfied with my visit. I only wish it wasn't so short. There doesn't seem time to take everything in."

"Good gracious," said Stella's voice close behind her, and the words were punctuated by an emphatic yawn, "I can take in this stupid old country in five minutes. A garden — a wood—a muddy lane and a plough boy — just those four over and over again, varied by cows and sheep — and oh, dear! how sick one gets of them all!"

Molly's brown eyes grew wistful.

"Isn't it sort of different about things you've always been used to?" she said; "now I don't feel as if I'd ever get to the end of it all. It kind of takes me all of a heap, and makes me catch my breath; and you're so used to it you get tired of it in five minutes. There's a lot in what you're accustomed to, though, isn't there?"

"I shouldn't ever get accustomed to the country," Stella said, with another yawn, "and if this were my home, I would simply let or sell it, and never come near it again."

Mrs. Bedsworth lifted her head sharply, and looked at her daughter's lovely expressionless face, a quick remembrance racing through her mind of certain conditions on which Stella might yet be mistress of this house. If—if—Molly should —by any chance—die young, why then Alan would have the property, and Alan and Stella"—She rose from her place with a loud scraping of her chair against the gravel of the terrace. Her own thoughts had sometimes power to frighten her; they frightened her now.

"Don't talk nonsense, Stella," she said, with a fresh irritation in her voice, born of a certain nervous strain she was enduring; "you are never likely to possess houses of this or of any other description, and if you did possess one, you would probably be delighted to spend part of your time here."

Stella opened her eyes widely, and watched her mother curiously as the elder lady moved along the terrace with hurried uneven steps.

"I like London best," she said with quiet obstinacy, "and when I can't be in London I like to be abroad. We shall have to take Molly abroad, shan't we, mother?"

"Take—Molly abroad?"—Mrs. Bedsworth started violently, her thoughts had been wandering again, and Stella's words gave her a shock—"abroad? Oh! yes—yes—certainly we must take Molly abroad some day—she will enjoy it." Her sentence ended with a nervous laugh, for in her thoughts she had been wondering how Stella would bear herself if—when she was mistress of the great house behind her—and whether—it was a strange thought, of course—but whether Molly—would be laid in the little churchyard here—if—if she should by chance die young. Again she started nervously when Molly herself made some unimportant remark, and her pacing of the terrace ceased with a curious abruptness, as the girl moved from the parapet and moved towards the house, her arm in Stella's. Mrs. Bedsworth's eyes followed the two figures, and she found herself saying over and over again in her own heart—

"Of course, nobody looks less like dying —but—then life is uncertain—everybody says it—life is very uncertain," and as she spoke she mechanically plucked a pink monthly rose from its stem and pulled off its pink petals one by one, scattering them at her feet in a shower of soft colour, whilst still the words reiterated themselves in her brain, "life is uncertain—uncertain—uncertain."

"Mother," Stella's voice broke upon her gruesome meditations, and roused her from them, with another of those nervous starts which so strangely afflicted her on this sunny June morning; "mother—we mustn't forget Mrs. Grey is coming to tea today. Anyhow she will make a change in the monotony of existence, though she is not the most exhilarating person in the world."

"Is she your godmother that you told me about, the one who lives near here?" Molly asked, as the girls resumed their walk towards the house.

"Yes; she lives two miles away. She is rather goody and dull I think—visits the poor and does things of that sort. She doesn't approve of me."

Molly's shrewd eyes looked inquiringly into the other girl's lovely face.

"Why doesn't she approve of you?" she said.

Stella's shoulders went up in a pretty shrug.

"Goodness knows," she answered, laughing lightly; "she told me once I had no roots, but I haven't the vaguest notion what she meant—not the very vaguest."

"No roots?" Molly commented, her eyes still resting thoughtfully upon Stella's face; "if I was you and she said that to me, I'd make sure what it was she did mean. P'raps she wanted to help you a bit."

"Perhaps," Stella answered indifferently, and the two went into the library window together.

Molly remembered that brief conversation later on in the day, when they were sitting under the trees on the lawn, and a pony carriage drove up to the door. A little lady emerged from it, and was conducted across the lawn by the old butler, who with his wife and daughter had been left in charge of the Manor House after Mr. Haine's death. Mrs. Bedsworth rose from her place behind the tea-table to greet the new-comer, and the two girls, who had been seated on the grass beside her also rose, Stella too well aware of her own grace and beauty to be overwhelmed by any mauvaise honte, Molly suddenly conscious that she was too tall, too awkward, and too generally defective, beside the small dainty lady who was advancing towards them.

Mrs. Grey was one of those tiny, exquisitely formed women who make one wonder why any of their sex are large. From the top of her head, with its crown of soft white hair, to the tip of her shapely little foot, she was delicately and daintily formed, and if Molly had known of the existence of such a substance as Dresden china, she might have compared the visitor to some of that graceful fabric. Being quite ignorant of the nature of Dresden china, she could only compare Mrs. Grey in her own mind to some frail, lovely flower, and her eyes expressed the admiration she felt, as she watched the little lady shake hands with Mrs. Bedsworth and kiss Stella.

"And is this my new neighbour at the Manor House?" she said gently, turning to Molly, and holding out both her hands, with a smile so kind and motherly that the girl felt a curious choking sensation in her throat and her brown eyes grew misty; "welcome to Simley, my dear. I think this is your first visit?" Molly's feelings did not allow her to make any intelligible reply, but her great eyes expressed something of what was in her heart, and the pressure of Mrs. Grey's hands seemed to say that she understood the combined shyness and admiration which made speech so impossible. Without addressing another word to Molly, the visitor sat down in the low chair Stella brought forward, and began to chat pleasantly on various topics totally unconnected with the Manor House and its new mistress; but Molly was conscious that, in some subtle way, she was included in the conversation, and that Mrs. Grey's gentle eyes rested upon her now and then with that same motherly glance that set her heat beating at quite an unusual pace.

(To be continued.)

A WOMAN'S BACK WAS NOT MADE TO ACHE

Thousands of Women suffer Untold Misery Every Day with Aching Backs That Really have no Business to Ache.

Under ordinary conditions it ought to be strong and ready to bear the burdens of life.

It is hard to do housework with an aching back. Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Backache is simply a warning from the kidneys and should be attended to immediately so as to avoid years of terrible sufferering from Kidney trouble.

Doan's Kidney Pills

will cure you in the same way as they have cured thousands of others.

Mrs. Thos. Craig, Almonte, Ont., writes: "I was doctoring for six months for kidney trouble and my back was so lame I had to lie in bed. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and in one week I was able to walk with very little pain, and in five months my back was as strong as ever.

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



WASHABLE BLOUSE OF WHITE MULL.

The design sketched would be pretty for the waist of a separate blouse. The model was of soft white mull inlet with half-inch wide cluny lace beading. The blouse was tucked from the shoulders back and front, and there was a small round yoke of fine Valenciennes insertion. The elbow length sleeves were finished by a cuff portion outlined in points with the beading, the bottom being finished with ruffles of lace.

Even Her Blood Turned to Water

When Dying of Pernicious Anaemia Her Life Was Saved by. ..FERROZONE..

Probably very few cases are on record in which an absolute cure has been made of pernicious anaemia.

But Ferrozone did cure Miss Elaine Stanhope—cured her absolutely, and her mother, Mrs. G. Stanhope, of Rothesay Ont., says the following:

"My daughter complained of feeling tired. She was very pale and listless, and kept losing strength till too weak to attend school. The doctors prescribed different bottles of medicine but Elaine kept getting worse instead of better. She had Anaemia and we were afraid for a while that she might never rally. We read of a similar case, that of Miss Descent of Stirling, Ont., being cured by Ferrozone, and this induced us to get it for Elaine. It took three boxes of Ferrozone to make any decided improvement, but when six boxes were used my daughter was beginning to be her old self again. It didn't take much longer to make a complete cure, and I am convinced that there is no better blood-maker than Ferrozone. It has made a new girl of Elaine. She has gained ten pounds in weight and looks the picture of perfect health. She is stronger and enjoys the best of spirits. The credit of her recovery is entirely due to Ferrozone."

Every grown girl and young woman can make herself strong and healthy with Ferrozone.

It makes blood, nerve and tissue,—makes it fast—makes it to stay.

Complexion soon becomes perfect, nerves get new strength, tiredness vanishes—perfect health is the reward for using Ferrozone, which is sold by all druggists—price 50c. per box; don't fail to try it.

POLICE WANT HIGHER PAY

Delegation Headed by Deputy Chief Waited on Safety Board Last Night - - - The Estimates.

At a meeting of the safety board last evening a delegation from the police force were heard with reference to an increase in pay. Some interesting particulars as to the pay in other cities and the increased cost of living in St. John were given. The remainder of the session was taken up with the consideration of the estimates which were referred to the treasury board.

The police delegation consisting of Deputy Chief Jenkins, Sergeant Baxter, Sergeant Kilpatrick and Policeman Finley was first heard.

After hearing the various members of the delegation, a committee consisting of Ald. Sproul, Lantalum and Christie were appointed to look into the matter and report back.

A number of minor matters were dealt with.

Ald. Christie for the committee to consider the appointment of an inspector for electric light wiring reported that the matter had been referred to the underwriters who did not recommend the appointment or the placing of guard wires. The report was adopted.

The estimates were taken up. The fire department showed an estimated expenditure of $49,717.50. Last year the assessment was for $55,000, with a limit of $50,000. The police department showed an estimated expenditure of $33,568.75. The warrant last year was for $33,000. For lighting the streets the estimated expenditure for 152 lamps east, 101 north and 35 west, with other items, was $21,863.50. Additional lights asked for are referred to elsewhere in this issue.

After referring the estimates to the treasury board the meeting adjourned.

SHAREHOLDERS MEET

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the Cornwall & York Cotton Mills Company was held yesterday afternoon at the company's office, Wall street. There was a large attendance of the shareholders. The report of the operations of the company for 1906 was submitted and the shareholders were delighted with the good showing made by the management for the period. A dividend of three per cent of the capital stock has been declared, which was the first dividend paid in twenty years by these mills.

The following directors were elected: Jas. F. Robertson, Jas. Manchester, R. Keltie Jones, Thos. McAvity, W. H. Thorne, J. Morris Robinson and G. West Jones.

At the subsequent meeting of the directors, G. West Jones was elected president; Jas. F. Robertson, vice-president; J. B. Cudlip, manager, and S. P. Gerow, secretary-treasurer.

THEIR TENDER WAS ACCEPTED

Clark & Adams Will Build the New West Side Wharf - - - Other Matters Dealt With.

After a long discussion in consequence of no definite word having been received from Ottawa as to the dredging, the common council yesterday decided to accept the wharf tender of Messrs. Clark & Adams on such terms and conditions as might be decided by a special committee with the recorder. The permissive bill for permanent street paving was carried by a majority of 6 to 5. The mayor occupied the chair and Ald. Willet, Sproul, McGoldrick, Vanwart, Lantalum, Tilley, Pickett, Bullock, Rowan, Christie and Baxter were present, with the common clerk.

On the report of the board of works being taken up the recommendation to grant $25 to J. J. Rodgers and J. J. Carey for saving the life of William Daley and to make a public presentation, was carried.

A recommendation to permit the St. John Railway Company to alter the curves to the car shed in Carleton on condition that they paved that portion of the street was carried.

On motion of Ald. McGoldrick an invitation to the mayor and aldermen to attend at a presentation to Chief Kerr on Wednesday evening was accepted

MODERN WESTMOUNT

(From Montreal Gazette.)

Two years ago the corporation of Westmount, Que., installed a complete electric power house to furnish incandescent light and power. It was not until some time after that they decided to do their own street lighting and after a thorough investigation of all the modern systems the contract was awarded to the Canadian General Electric Co., Ltd., of Toronto, for the entire equipment necessary for the installation of 150 Magnetite Arc Lamps. This system was completed and put into successful operation last month and the results far exceeded all expectations, the streets of Westmount now being the best lighted of any in Canada, and also the first by Magnetite Arc Lamps.

The Magnetite Arc Lamps give a very powerful, steady white light, the arcs being much wider than the older types and therefore cast less shadow. They also consume about one-third less current and have a much longer life.

The entire plant was designed, installed and is being operated under the supervision of Ross Holgate, consulting engineers, of Montreal.

G. Earle Logan, son of S. E. Logan, City Road, will leave by C. P. R. this evening for Saskatoon, where he will join in the business of Ross & Leonard, real estate and legal firm. Mr. Logan has been for some years in the law office of J. B. M. Baxter here. Many will wish him well in the west.

They are Liver Pills

Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They act directly on the liver, make more bile secreted. This is why they cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick-headache. Ask your doctor if he knows a better laxative pill. We certainly do not. If he does, then use his kind.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our preparations. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



No Baker Can Make Good Bread

with a flour which is not uniform in strength. A brand which necessitates every batch of dough being treated differently will result in the loss of time and money, to say nothing of being the cause of much spoiled bread.

Our "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" brands are the most uniform flours on the market. They are made by a process which guarantees uniformity, and every bag and barrel of flour which leaves our mills is tested thoroughly, in order that its uniformity may be maintained.

Users of these brands may rely upon getting flour which gives uniform results — the best — every day. Send us a trial order today, or let us quote you. We want to please you, and we know we can do so with "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN."

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Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

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Think of Having Patti Teach You to Sing!

You can have the great Patti sing to you in your own home. She will, not only, sing once, but she will sing the same song over and over—stopping anywhere, going over and over the same bar, if you like.

Or, if you wish to play or sing like the famous masters, you can have them interpret the most difficult pieces, and tirelessly repeat, till the exact phrasing, the most delicate shading of tone is caught and learned.

Teachers and parents, who wish to bring out the best in the student, whether vocal, instrumental or elocutionary, will wisely provide one of these great helps—

Victor-Berliner Gram-o-phones

The Victor-Berliner gives anything—from grand opera to amusing anecdote. It is the only instrument for which Patti, Caruso, Eames and most of the other celebrated operatic stars will sing. It is a marvellous instrument—always ready to give out any sound, be it bird-trill or thunder—and its reproduction is absolute perfection.



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A Serious Strike

There's "a strike on" from head to foot when the Kidneys stop working properly. Dull headaches, tiredness, dizziness, puffiness under the eyes, bad skin, foul stomach, no appetite, sharp pains in the back, swollen feet—all due to Kidney Trouble.

It may be weakness, or the beginning of a serious disease.

It is DANGEROUS. Sick Kidneys make mind and body sick.

GIN PILLS

cure sick Kidneys. They do that one thing —do it every time. They make the Kidneys well—and keep them well. If there is anything wrong with the Kidneys, GIN PILLS never fail to relieve the pain and CURE the trouble. We have such faith in GIN PILLS that we authorize your druggist to refund the money if they fail to cure.

50c a box, 6 boxes for $2.50, at your druggists or we will send you a box free if you write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

ALL OVER TOWN!

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