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Saturdays 11 p.m.

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

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Union Clothing Co.

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

BY L. C. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

She sat back in the small chair upon which she had seated herself on one side, so that she could look unobtrusively at the visitor's face, and she was convinced in her girlish soul that she had never before seen a face so sweet, or heard so gentle a voice. It was not that Mrs. Grey had the slightest pretensions to any beauty, but her face shone with a nobility and purity that was an index to her beautiful soul. Round her eyes and mouth there were lines that told of many sorrows, and of a life that had had much care and anxiety, but the lips had set themselves into a curve of tenderness that was not contradicted by the quiet determination and self-control written there as well. And the deep soft eyes seemed to Molly, as she expressed it to herself, like something good looking at her, as she very often in the course of that afternoon she caught herself wondering why Stella had spoken of her grandmother with the contemptuous indifference bordering on scorn.

It was not until after tea was over that the visitor turned directly towards Molly, who, by that time had recovered from her access of unaccountable shyness, and said in the low voice which so infinitely attracted the girl—

"So you are only here until Monday? I dare say it is rather hard to drag oneself away from London just now."

"I don't see it's very hard," Molly answered, relapsing into non-grammatical language; "I'd like to stay in this place for weeks and weeks, pretty well for ever: it's like paradise, ain't it? I ain't never seen the country before," she went on speaking more and more eagerly, and less and less correctly, as she saw the intense sympathy in her listener's face.

"Then I can quite understand your delight," Mrs. Grey said warmly, "and I wish you could spare more time here now. Perhaps later you will come back?" She glanced interrogatively at Mrs. Bedsworth, who responded coldly.

"Our summer plans are still in the air. We may possibly go abroad, or we may pay some visits. Stella and I have got many invitations, and no doubt Molly will now be included."

Mrs. Bedsworth had not only never liked Mrs. Grey, she actually disliked her, and from the first opposed her husband's choice of the gentle little lady as their daughter's godmother.

She had an unpleasant conviction that Mrs. Grey's soft eyes possessed singularly penetrating qualities, and that they were painfully cognisant of her small subtleties and petty devices.

Perhaps Mrs. Grey was aware of the antipathy felt towards her by Stella's mother; perhaps she even went so far as to return it in a measure, for there could have been no meeting place for the straightforward crystal clear nature of the one woman and the tortuous and uncertain nature of the other, yet the visitor's voice was very gentle and friendly as she answered—

"I think Molly, if I may call her that," she smiled a kindly smile towards the girl, "will almost certainly be included in your invitations, and I should be very glad to see her, you will perhaps come and spend a little time with me, if you would not be dull with one old woman?"

A flush of vivid color ran over Molly's white skin, her eyes shone luminously.

"Come and stay with you?" she exclaimed, with a gasp in her breath, "in the country—and with you?" the faint

emphasis on the last word brought a tender look into Mrs. Grey's eyes.

"You would like to come?" she asked, putting out her hand towards Molly. "I am only afraid, afraid you might find it dull."

"Dull?" the girl laughed, and Mrs. Grey thought she had seldom heard a laugh more fresh and spontaneous, "why I couldn't be dull with you—and, in the country, May I come—really? I could come, may I?" she asked, looking at Mrs. Bedsworth, whose face expressed a certain scornful pity for this ebullience of delight.

"Of course you can come, my dear Molly," she answered, with a touch of impatience, but with a laudable attempt at a smile; "I am not a dragon—and, as you know, I have no legal authority over you."

She tried to speak jestingly, but it was not a very convincing performance. "This little lady," she went on, laying a hand caressingly on Molly's shoulder, "is quite independent, you know, Mrs. Grey, absolutely her own mistress. It was wonderfully kind of Mr. Haines to give her so much power, wasn't it?"

"It is a heavy burden for such young shoulders," Mrs. Grey replied, "and one feels—she broke off abruptly, to be questioned quickly by Molly.

"What do you feel about it? Why do you say it's a burden? It's nice to be rich, isn't it?"

"Very, very nice," was the smiling answer, "but great riches bring great responsibilities; and if I had a great fortune, I should feel I wanted to be taught how to use it for the best."

"For the best?" Molly repeated slowly, "I don't know anything about using money, excepting to buy things for them as was good to me when I was poor."

"That is a very good thing to do," Mrs. Grey said, rising from her chair, "and I dare say when you have learnt more about this power, you will find out that the poor people have a certain claim upon the Manor House. There is often a need of money in the hamlet round Simley."

Mrs. Bedsworth lifted her eyebrows slightly when she saw how Molly was looking at Mrs. Grey's words, and Stella gave her shoulders a certain chain shrug with which she had in the morning emphasized her words about her godmother.

"You are such a splendid philanthropist, dear Mrs. Grey," Mrs. Bedsworth said smoothly, "you always put me to shame when I think of all your good works. But we must remember that Mr. Bray, Molly's lawyer, might not approve of any rash expenditure of her money."

Molly's eyes gleamed mischievously. "Ah! but then you see he hasn't got any real say in it," she said, laughing again. "It's true enough what you told Mrs. Grey just now, about me being my own mistress: I'm able to do what I like with my money, and I shall find out about the people round about here."

The corners of Mrs. Grey's mouth went up in an amused smile; she liked this girl with her masterful chin, the shrewd brown eyes, and the naive yet determined manner. She understood, as Mr. Bray had understood, how the little untidy slavey first stood in his office, that those brown eyes and that firm mouth indicated character, even remarkable character.

She made no such mistake as Mrs. Bedsworth had made, in supposing that Molly was fashioned of clay, easily mouldable by the hands of the potter. Her quick glance turned from Molly's firm but mobile face to Stella's lovely shallow one, and she was guilty of a wish that her pretty god-daughter had been built on the same lines as the plebeian heiress.

"If you can come over to see me tomorrow or Monday, please do come," she said, as she bade her hosts farewell; "it is a short two miles across the park, and a very pretty walk, and I shall be at home at tea-time on both days. And, by the way," she added, "I wonder if the poor old man who lives close to the wicket gate on my side of the park is any distant member of your family? His name is Hume."

Mrs. Bedsworth frowned, but Molly exclaimed eagerly, "If he is a relation, I must do something for him. I asked Mr. Bray if I had any relations here when I was making my will, but he said I hadn't any. He came to find out."

Mrs. Bedsworth's color had changed a little at the mention of that ominous word "will," but her face had resumed its normal expression by the end of Molly's sentence, and she even said easily—

"Didn't you tell me, dear, that you had no near relations anywhere?"

Molly nodded her head.

"When my mother died," she answered, "she told me I hadn't anybody belonging to me—not a soul. She and father, they left Simley when they were young, and mother said both their families had died out both before they left."

"What was your mother's maiden name?" Mrs. Grey asked, looking thoughtfully at the girl's curly hair, which the sunbeams were turning into a veritable golden halo. Was she a native of Simley?

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



GOWN OF CLOTH AND NET COMBINED.

A handsome gown for a matron is shown in the drawing, the model being in black net over a silk foundation veiled with black mouseline. Bias bands of black broadcloth, the edges left raw and stitched by machine, were used to trim the skirt and the lower part of the corsage. A deep square of the cloth also outlined the

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP; WHAT HE STANDS FOR

(Mail and Empire).

Much interest has been taken in the election of the new Anglican archbishop. This is not to be wondered at, for the policy of the ruler or rulers of any religious body influences the future of that organization either for evil or for good. In respect to Archbishop Sweatman, it is believed that his occupancy of the high office will distinctly tend towards unity within the Anglican communion in Canada. It will help to bring the different shades of opinion more completely into touch and will thus give strength to the church in its work among the people.

ONCE A DIVIDED BODY.

It must not be forgotten that the Church of England has contained, and still contains, many varieties of opinion on matters of policy and of practice. These have arisen under circumstances and conditions that are a part of the history of the Old Land. Many differences are traceable to local sentiment. Thus there are parts of England and Ireland that are exceedingly "low," while elsewhere the "high" prevails. The low church was a protest against what was believed in some quarters to be a tendency towards Rome. The high church was one of the fruits of the Oxford movement, which was designed to give life to what in many English parishes was a dead religion. Both shades of thought can be traced to the time when the church was left to work out their own future. Thus it happened that 25 or 30 years ago there was a great deal of friction. The first Bishop of Toronto, Dr. Strachan, although originally a Presbyterian, was somewhat "high" in his views.

A "HIGH" CLERGY.

This prelate introduced many of the pioneer clergymen, and these gentlemen were, generally speaking, inclined to be "high." At the same time, the laity favored the "low," or Evangelical view. This situation led to action in the year 1888, when the low church party, after an interesting struggle, the lay element secured the right to share in the choice of the parish clergyman. Hitherto the bishop had made the appointment without reference to the desires of the congregation. Henceforth the appointment was to be made by the bishop and the lay delegates, who were to represent the views of the people. This arrangement did not, however, settle everything. The low church party still felt that the high church influence was growing, and that Trinity College, which was presided over by one of the ablest of English clergymen, Provost Whitaker, aided in that process.

THE CHURCH ASSOCIATION.

This belief led to the formation of the Church Association, a low church society, in which Hon. E. B. Black and Hon. S. H. Blake took a lively interest. The association established a low church divinity school, now known as Wycliffe College, to train for the church clergymen of evangelical views. The then bishop, Dr. Bethune, declined at first to recognize the

"His name was Morrison, and she told me her mother was the prettiest girl in all the country side; but she went away from Simley young, and only came back here to die. And mother married when she was a bit of a lass herself; and father, his people here were all dead, so they both of them went away to London."

Mrs. Grey listened attentively to the rather rambling narrative, then said brightly:

"Well, I think perhaps the old Mr. Hume I spoke of may be some distant relation of your father, and I am sure you would like to know of his existence and perhaps help him. He is a good old fellow, but very poor."

"I shall go and see him tomorrow," Molly answered calmly, this time with no questioning glance towards her chaperone, and whether he's a near or a distant relation, I shall make him comfortable to the end of his days. Being poor ain't no fun—I learnt that for myself, so I'd oughter know. I'll come and see the poor old gentleman, and give him a good time, you see if I don't."

(To be continued.)

new college. This meant that the young clergymen could not be called to the ministry in the diocese of Toronto. In consequence of this state of affairs, the low church body withdrew its support from the mission fund and left that fund very bare, indeed. The matter came up for discussion in the synod in 1877, and, after a powerful debate, in which Provost Whitaker and Hon. Edward Blake took the lead, a compromise was reached under which Wycliffe College was to be recognized, and the subscriptions to the mission work were to be restored.

A GREAT CLASH.

In 1878 Bishop Bethune died, whereupon the battle between "high" and "low" became violent in connection with the election of his successor. Each side wanted to have a representative of its own view in the episcopal chair. The high churchmen nominated Provost Whitaker, of Trinity College. The low churchmen proposed Dr. Sullivan, who afterwards became Bishop of Algoma. Both were very able men. Dr. Whitaker was a polished and a profound speaker; Dr. Sullivan was a great pulpit orator. It happened that at that very time a dispute on the subject of a clerical appointment was at its height. Provost Whitaker had been acting as commissary for Bishop Bethune during the last illness of that prelate. A vacant place in the parish of Oshawa, the people wanted Rev. Mr. Portin, and Provost Whitaker insisted upon appointing instead Rev. Mr. Johnson. The case went into the courts, and, while there, Dr. Whitaker figured as the exponent of absolutism for the bishop.

AN INOPPORTUNE CANDIDATE.

The candidature of Dr. Whitaker was under the circumstances, very inopportune and highly unfortunate. The laity as a body opposed him. At the same time, the clergy, with few exceptions, declined to accept Dr. Sullivan, the nominee of the low church party. Eighteen votes were taken, and in all of them the attitude of the parties remained unchanged. This made a compromise necessary, and after a meeting of both sides, Bishop (then Archbishop) Sweatman was chosen. Dr. Sweatman is a moderate "broad church" man. He was not closely identified with either of the parties, and the view was entertained that he would be just to both. It was agreed that, with the appointment of Dr. Sweatman, the Church Association should be abandoned, but that Wycliffe College was to remain and was to be treated equitably. As a matter of fact, Bishop Sweatman was the instrument in the healing of a very serious division in the church.

THE DIVISION HEALED.

Both shades of thought united under him, and each agreed to view the other not merely with toleration, but with the warmest feelings. There has been no trouble since. The Anglican Church appears ready to have changed its tone. Instead of representing antagonistic views arising elsewhere, it has taken upon itself a character agreeable to its own Canadian people. Dr. Sweatman, as Bishop of Toronto, worked towards a happy solution of the long standing difficulties, and, no doubt, as Archbishop, his influence, will be thrown still more strongly in the direction of union.

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A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

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AN ICED SCREAM.

Farmer Hayrake—Cousin Josh writes from New York that he's paying \$50 a month for rent!

Mrs. Hayrake—Land sakes! He must be running a hotel!

ELECTIONS IN MONCTON

Yesterday's Civic Contest the
Hottest for Years—Dr. F. J.
White the New Mayor.

Moncton, N. B., Jan. 20.—Today's civic elections were the most hotly contested for many years. The main fight was for mayor, the contest being between Dr. C. T. Purdy and Dr. F. J. White, and the latter won by a small margin, his majority being eleven.

There were contests all round but for aldermen at large F. C. Robinson and W. K. Gross, endorsed by the Temperance and Citizens' Leagues, had large majorities over their opponents.

In ward one, Ald. Bourque and F. W. S. Colpitts were elected.

Ward two, Murdoch McLeod and P. N. Archibald.

Ward three, Dr. McCuaig and B. N. Jones.

The vote polled was the largest in the history of the city. Leading citizens took an active part in the campaign, which accounted for the large vote being brought out.

Dr. White—Ward one, 123; ward two, 154; ward three, 153; total, 430.

Vote for aldermen at large stood: F. C. Robinson, 548; W. K. Gross, 530; W. H. Edgett, 231; E. A. Fryers, 210; Samuel Watters, 81.

Ward one—F. W. S. Colpitts, 129; Dr. L. N. Bourque, 123; G. L. Harris, 66; Jos. Gardiner, 31.

Ward two—McLeod, 240; P. N. Cranford, 201; J. A. McAnn, 171.

Ward three—Dr. McCuaig, 266; B. N. Jones, 217; W. D. Martin, 141.

Six of the seven alderman candidates endorsed by the temperance league were elected.

E. W. PATTERSON
HAS ASSIGNED

Assignment Follows Suit in the
Equity Court.

E. W. Patterson, who has been carrying on a dry goods business at No. 29 City Road, has assigned to H. J. Smith and J. D. P. Lewin for the benefit of his creditors. The assignment follows closely on the institution of proceedings in equity against Mr. Patterson and the firm of Brock & Patterson to which, about two weeks ago, he conveyed by bill of sale all his goods and effects in his City Road premises.

On Saturday M. G. Teed, K. C., and L. P. D. Tilley, acting for John McDonald & Co., of Toronto, Tookie Bros., of Montreal, and other creditors, obtained from Justice Barker an interim injunction restraining Brock & Patterson from encumbering, transferring or assigning any of the goods or effects so conveyed. It is claimed on behalf of his creditors that Mr. Patterson was insolvent at the time

he made the bills of sale in question and that his making them amounted to giving Brock & Patterson an unjust preference. The bills of sale recite that they are given in consideration of advances of goods made by Brock & Patterson, and one of them also sets out that it is made as a result of a former agreement between the parties.

The injunction will remain in force until Feb. 12, when the plaintiffs will move to have it continued until a time to be set by the court for hearing.

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My remedy goes right to the spot.

It gives quick results because it removes the conditions that make your back ache and drag.

Bearing down pains, backache and draggy limbs are all caused by kidney trouble. My pills, commonly known as Dr. Hamilton's, make the kidneys do their work. In doing so they cure backache.

Good kidney action means pure blood and freedom from the poisons that make life unbearable.

By using Dr. Hamilton's Pills your strength and weight get a chance to catch up.

You store up a surplus of vital power that simply defies further danger from kidney weakness.

You feel brisk, enjoy your food and digest it easily.

Color comes to the cheeks, because circulation improves with new blood tone.

Every organ is strengthened, including the nerves, because there is sufficient nutriment in the blood.

You can't imagine the enormous gain in health and spirits from Dr. Hamilton's Pills; you must use them to know how great is their power to restore and rebuild any person run down through defective kidney or liver action.

Dr. Hamilton's guarantee goes with every box of his Mandrake and Butternut Pills.

The aged and the young—women or men—if sick, rundown and miserable—health and vigor await you in Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they mean new life. 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00. Sold everywhere in yellow boxes.

Very enthusiastic and enjoyable was the meeting of Court North End, No. 567, C. O. F., last evening in Union Hall. Installation of officers, four initiations and addresses by visitors made the gathering one of special interest. The officers installed were: Dr. H. B. Nae, C. T.; H. Taylor, V. C. R.; W. E. Scott, R. S.; S. Holder, F. S.; C. C. Flewelling, treasurer; J. H. Stephenson, chaplain; M. Akery, S. W.; Geo. Watson, J. W.; G. Turnbull, S. B.; Geo. White, J. B.; W. F. Roberts, court physician; P. A. Corbett, auditor. The installation ceremonies were performed by R. W. Wigmore, D. D. H. C. R., and D. R. Kennedy, H. M. district organizer. J. N. Harvey, P. D. H. C. R., also gave an address. During a recess, refreshments were served.

Dr. A. O. Earle and W. Z. Earle have gone to Winnipeg to attend the funeral of their uncle, J. McGill Otty.

If you want to get all the good out of life—and know to the full the joy of living—build up the foundation of good health with a morning glass of

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Write us a card or telephone BIA and we will send our expert, who will fully explain this system to you, and install one if you want it.

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All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs, and the bronchial tubes, are, in the beginning, but coughs and colds, and failure to take hold at once and get rid of them will cause many years of suffering.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree and will certainly cure all coughs colds and lung troubles.

Mrs. Jas. McDowell, Langton, Ont., writes: "In November, 1906, I caught a bad cold that settled on my lungs, so I got two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and used one and a half of them and by that time I was cured. I laid the balance of the bottle away for future use. A few days after our eight months' old baby took the whooping cough."

He was so bad we had to call the family physician, but he said he could do but little. I commenced using the Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and to my great satisfaction the baby was cured. I only used four 25 cent bottles; a small doctor bill.

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