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The Regular Prices

OF THIS STORE ARE LOWER THAN THE SPECIALS made elsewhere on great occasions. And there is more to enjoy and more to interest as well as less to pay for. See our

Handsome New Overcoats

\$8.00 to \$22.00

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Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

The Evening Story.

A DAY OFF.

BY MARK ALLERTON.

The earl pushed aside the heap of parliamentary papers, rose and walked to the window, yawning widely. He had had a very busy week, mastering the details of his new office, for when a man—even an earl—is presented with a portfolio before he is 40 he feels that he is on his mettle. He watched where the sunshine of the Saturday afternoon was lighting up the trees in the West End square, and he yawned again. Then he remembered that at that particular moment his mother, his younger brother and his sisters were enjoying the sunshine in Surrey, and he felt inclined to regret the conscientiousness that had kept him in town.

He looked at his watch. It was 4 o'clock. "I don't want tea," he muttered, "and it's ages till dinner. This is too dull for anything; and I can't go to the club or these idiots will be asking questions. I wonder if a cabinet minister dare go to a music hall. I must ask Drottwich. He knows everything. But a music hall in weather like this—pah! How they would laugh if I turned up in Surrey after all! Bo-o-h! I do feel horribly bored."

He lit a cigarette meditatively. "I wonder what I can do. I'm not in the mood for work." Then he started up. "I know! I'll do it!" He went into the hall and threw on a light coat, for the spring evenings were chilly. He was pulling a tweed cap over his eyes when the butler approached him. "Will you be in for dinner, my lord?"

"No, I—er—I shall dine out," he hesitated, thinking that some explanation was due. But he could find none, and hurried guiltily out.

At the corner of the square he saw approaching him Capt. Marlowe, who was paying calls, and he shuddered. Fancy being seen in Grosvenor square in the afternoon wearing a dust coat and cap! But Capt. Marlowe did not recognize him, and he breathed freely again.

"Look me for a coachman having a day off," he chuckled. "Well, that's a good beginning."

He crossed Piccadilly, furtively and clambered on top of a bus. Two men were discussing politics in front of him, and he overheard his name mentioned in tones of contempt. Their argument was so unjust that he longed to put them right. Besides, it wasn't true that his position in the cabinet was due to his being an earl. He had worked hard for it.

The bus took him to Hammersmith, where he got out, wondering where he should go next. An electric tram labelled "Kew" looked inviting, and he joined in the struggle for a seat. The very stout woman who shared the seat which he captured told him that she had come from Camden Town in a motor bus that had broken down, and expressed her views on the principle of getting one's money back.

She told him further that she was going to Gunnersbury to see her married son, who was in the tea trade, and doing well. The earl was keenly interested, and took trouble in helping the woman off the car. When he regained his seat an elderly man tapped him on the shoulder.

"That's right, my lad," he said. "Always be polite to the ladies, especially to the old ladies. You'll get on, you will."

"I hope so," replied the earl, humbly. "What line are you in?"

"I—I—I—I—" began the earl. "If you're out of work it's like enough not your fault. I've been like that myself, once, but not now. No, I've got on, I have."

At that moment the earl perceived a slight fragrance of alcohol, and hastened to agree.

"If you want a job come to me. I'm a builder, I am."

"You are very good."

"You're not afraid of work, are you?"

"I—I don't think so."

"Then come to me on Monday morning at 8 o'clock. There's my address."

"But—"

"Well?"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE BELLE OF THE BALL.

Silk chiffon cloth, having woven silk dots is the material employed in this very elaborate party frock. There is an underslip of thin but fine china silk, the skirt portion is accented plaited and sewed to a little close waist. There is a front piece that falls in soft folds straight from the neck to the hem. The back and sides have a skirt shirred full onto a short empire waist, the waistline marked by a braided belt of ribbon ending in rosettes on either side the front panel. Bands of puttings outlined with valenciennes lace and insertings are disposed over each shoulder, the effect being that of a small bolero. The sleeves are of elbow length and com-

posed entirely of ruffles of the chiffon edged with the val. Rosettes of narrow ribbon connected with a chain of twisted ribbon decorate the front of this elegant frock, and a similar trimming finishes the sleeves. The separate lining permits of much variety in this little frock in a change of linings and ribbons. A colored silk slip, pink or blue, and a white one, will afford quite a variety. With the pink or blue slip ribbons in the same color may be worn, and with the white slip one may vary the dress prettily by replacing the belt and rosettes with a sash and shoulder knot of Dresden printed ribbon in soft shades.

Eczema, Salt Rheum.

Eczema or Salt Rheum, as it is often called, is one of the most agonizing of skin diseases. It manifests itself in little round blisters, which contain an extremely irritating fluid. These break and subsequently a crust or scale is formed.

The intense burning, itching and smarting, especially at night or when the part is exposed to any strong heat, are almost unbearable.

The pre-eminent success which Burdock Blood Bitters has met with in permanently curing a disease of such severity is due to its wonderful blood-cleansing and purifying properties.

No other remedy has done, or can do, so much for those who are almost driven to distraction with the terrible torture, as our thousands of signed testimonials can testify to.

Mrs. Jno. R. Keady, Linton, N.B., writes: "I was so troubled with Salt Rheum for eight years, that I could not work my hands were so sore. By using Burdock Blood Bitters my hands were eventually cured."

Mrs. Ira C. Buckner, Eden, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with Eczema for a long time. It came out on my face and between my shoulders. A friend told me about Burdock Blood Bitters. I took two bottles and it helped me so much I cannot recommend it too highly."

"Come along, Blanche," cried Lil, starting up.

"You're not going home yet?" pleaded the man.

"Who said we were?"

"Well, don't go, please. Look here. Will you and your friends have dinner with me?"

"Dinner? We've had dinner hours ago."

"Well, tea, if you like."

"I'm not in the habit of—"

"I know what you are going to say. Of course you're not in the habit of having tea with strangers, but this time you'll be doing me a good turn. Do!"

"Shall we, Blanche?" The girls glanced at each other.

"We don't know your name."

"And I don't know yours. Never mind."

"But—"

"All right, I'm the Earl of—"

The girls laughed.

"And I'm Lady Montmorency," cried Lil. "Well, we'd better get along if we're going."

"Where shall we go?"

The girls led the way to a tea shop that was quiet and cosy. Tea and cakes were ordered and the conversation became lively.

"Do you often go on the terrace?" asked Lil.

"No," replied the earl. "Not often. Do you?"

"I should think not. We've more to do."

"It's very lively."

"Lor! You should see it in the summer. They're lovely concerts on then. Sat'd'y's the best day."

"Is that when you come?"

"Now you're askin'! But it's not often we're alone. We know such a lot of people."

"How fortunate! I mean," noticing the look of suspicion, "how jolly."

"Don't try to be sarcastic, because it doesn't suit you. Does it, Lil?"

"Never mind him. He's young yet."

"How old do you think I am?" asked the earl, suddenly.

"I don't know. Twenty-five?"

"Oh, Blanche!"

"What? More than 25?"

"You're 30 if you're a day."

"Tell us."

"Yes, I'm 30 if I'm a day."

"How old's Lil and me?"

"My dear young ladies, I shouldn't dare to guess."

"Come on. Don't be silly."

"Well, say 20 each?"

"Not bad. I'm 20 and she's 19."

"We must go now," said the other girl, pulling on her gloves. "Perhaps we'll see you again."

"I hope so, but—"

"Do you get your Sat'd'y afternoons off?"

Stanfield's Underwear

(Chapter 5)

Knitting the Garments

The Knitting Machines in the Stanfield mills, are almost human. They must be, in order to knit better underwear than can be knit by hand. And these machines do it.

Every stitch is exactly the same length. These machines run 16 distinct threads of yarn at once. Should any one of the strands break, the whole machine stops, and won't run until the break is mended. There are no "dropped" stitches in Stanfield's Underwear.

No such machinery as this existed before the Stanfields' time. When they found how unsatisfactory the ordinary knitting machines did the work, the Stanfields turned in and invented this modern machine.

It was the founder of the Stanfield mills, too, who perfected the only absolutely unshrinkable underwear. He discovered that no matter what was done to garments after they were made up, they would shrink if woven of untreated wool. So he invented a process, whereby the shrink was taken out of the wool before the yarn was spun. This is the process in use in the Stanfield mills, and each season proves that it is the only possible way to make unshrinkable underwear.

In all the other details of the making, Stanfield's Underwear is improved. So it is only natural that the finished garments are better.

It is made for men and women in all sizes from 22 to 70 inches.

There are 3 weights, with colored labels to distinguish them.

RED label, light weight. BLUE label, medium weight. BLACK label, heavy weight.

Your dealer has all sizes and weights or can easily get them for you.

STANFIELDS LIMITED - TRURO, N. S.

MINK MUFFS, \$30.00.

We have a specially fine line of Mink Muffs which we can give you at \$30.00.

These Muffs are made in the Empire shape—extra large—very dark skins—six stripes on each side—fur full and silky Lined with best down and brocaded silk.

If you are not satisfied, we return your money without question.

A. J. ALEXANDOR,

Wholesale Manufacturing Furrier,

504-506 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

Notice Our Prices for Rubbers and Overshoes!

MEN'S RUBBERS, 65c., 75c., 90c., and \$1.00.
MEN'S OVERSHOES, \$1.38, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$3.00.
WOMEN'S RUBBERS, 55c., 60c., 75c., and 80c.
WOMEN'S OVERSHOES, \$2.00 and \$2.25.
GIRLS' RUBBERS, 45c., 55c.
GIRLS' OVERSHOES \$1.75.
CHILDREN'S RUBBERS 35c., 45c.
CHILDREN'S OVERSHOES, \$1.45.
BOYS' RUBBERS, 60c., 75c.
BOYS' OVERSHOES, \$1.60.
YOUTHS' RUBBERS, 50c., and 60c.

Rubber Boots.

MEN'S KNEE BOOTS, \$3.75 and \$4.00.
MEN'S HIP BOOTS, SPECIAL VALUE, \$4.25.
WOMEN'S RUBBER BOOTS, \$2.50.
GIRLS' RUBBER BOOTS, \$2.00.
BOYS' \$3.25, YOUTHS' \$3.00, CHILDREN'S \$1.80.
We carry only the very Best Rubbers and thoroughly recommend them.

C. B. PIDGEON,

Cor. Main and Bridge Sts., North End.

Clothing, Tailoring, Shoes.

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THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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