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Men's Fancy Tweed Suits, \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50
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 English Worsted Suits, 9.00, 10.00 to 18.00

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market
 ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

THE FOOL OF THE FAMILY

BY MRS. B. M. CROKER.

Letty's proud, rose heart was the real, true and only reason for the sudden uprooting of the Lavender family. For years she and Stephen Squire had been playmates, and latterly undeclared sweethearts. Stephen had been learning farming—he now managed his father's land. He was a smart, good-looking young yeoman—and his father expected him to marry well. He would never fulfill his wish by loitering in the lanes with Letty Lavender, the daughter of a widow in humble circumstances. His sisters could not forgive her for her pretty face, his father could not overlook her empty pockets, but nothing could be said against her family—for it was known that 100 years ago the Lavenders were great people—and gentlemen; their impressive monuments covered half the walls in the village church—but gambling and the bottle brought them down to the rank of cottagers in less than three generations; and all that remained to Letty was her beauty, her self-will and her pride. She was aware that Stephen, her old playmate, was "warned off" from her society. His sisters had insulted her in public—while his father had sought out and brought home an acceptable future daughter in law. But still Stephen was staunch. With eager eloquence he suggested to Letty that they should marry and go out to New Zealand, and make their home there. She refused. She would not leave her mother and brother, and make a sort of runaway match. Then she and Stephen had sharp words. He was, he said, ready to sacrifice his family, and all his prospects, but Letty would not even meet him quarter way—and she was as cold and distant as the heavens. She did not care a straw about him. At this crisis Miss Bulger appeared on the scene. Stephen was seen in her company—at church—and flower show—and the breach was complete.

Letty felt that she could not endure to remain in Silverstream receiving the compassion of the villagers. After a final scene with Stephen she made up her mind to escape from her old life and make a fresh start elsewhere, as a dressmaker in London, for instance. Her mother would not listen to the word "separation"; if Letty went, they would all go. Dan, the lanky, shock-headed boy, was of no importance in family councils. Letty's imagination was active; she planned the moves entirely. When the place was duly advertised, and a suitable purchaser found—she decided that they would take a nice little flat in London, where marketing was cheap and everything was so convenient. She would go into the dressmaking business. Her mother could help her, and Dan might get some nice light job. In London she would forget Stephen.

Mrs. Lavender, a thin, fair woman; Dan, her shock-headed, half-witted son of 16 and Letty, her pretty, enterprising daughter, came to London in the month of August, accompanied by "Muff" the cat. They took two furnished rooms in a house near the Vauxhall road, and prepared to enter upon their new kingdom.

The two rooms were funny and stuffy after the fine air and spacious accommodation at Rosedale. The family resolved to move into better quarters as soon as Letty had secured a position and Mr. Tonk had paid the balance of the purchase money. Meanwhile they made the best of circumstances—they walked around St. James' park and admired the ducks and penguins—they explored Trafalgar Square

the National gallery, and made one great expedition to Hampton court. This was their holiday, they assured one another, and soon they would be settled in a comfortable little flat of their own—working! October came—with news of the war in South Africa. London filled, but trade was still slack, and faces were long and gloomy. Christmas arrived—and found the Lavender family still in the two squalid rooms, still unemployed, and one and all secretly yearning to be back in Rosedale. Bad news had arrived with the new year. Mr. Tonk, who was insensible to letters, or even telegrams, had suddenly bolted, having quietly disposed of all the effects at Rosedale. He owed £230—he had only paid £20 on account. This disaster, so entirely unexpected, was a terrible blow to Mrs. Lavender, whose meagre savings were rapidly diminishing in London. And the money was gone—Tonk had secretly made away with all the stock and furniture, sent the key to the landlord by post, and vanished. His references had been supplied by a rascally solicitor—his confederate—and he had enjoyed three months' residence in the country gratis—and carried off substantial booty.

Another grave piece of intelligence—Steve Squire having refused to fall in with his father's wishes and marry Miss Bulger and £4000—had suddenly eluded in the yeomanry, and departed to South Africa.

Poor Letty—misfortunes never come singly! Stephen wrote to her before he sailed, and bade her a dramatic farewell. "I blame myself, Letty, for my hot temper—and hot words—forgive me you may never see again—but who with his last breath will ever be true and loyal to you. Letty, you did wrong to go to London—your pride (London pride) took you there; if you had stayed here—all would have come round in time, you might have trusted me—I was barely civil to Miss Bulger—and no more—I am off for the front now." Thus Steve departed—his hopes postponed—but not depelled.

Meanwhile Letty had sufficient trouble on her hands at home. Her mother's health was indifferent, she suffered more than ever from bronchitis, and funds were depressingly low. Dan had taken to the London street as a fish to water. With his square stature, large shock head, keen blue eyes, short legs, long arms, Dan was a curious specimen of humanity, but he and the cat found themselves perfectly at home in the metropolis.

The year 1900 was a black one for many families, including the Lavenders. They had no near kin abroad—no one fighting and fainting on the South African veldt—but they had ample anxiety near home. It was now a question of keeping the wolf from the door, and Dan's was the hand that beat him off. Dan took round the Evening Standard, and his voice outbawled that of the most leather-junged in the district, but his earnings were scanty—enough for one, but a pitiful supply for three.

Summer came with sunshine and gay parlors and the usual London "season," but to Letty and her mother it brought nothing but agonizing memories of the pretty rose-dell "Rosedale."

"Mother!" she exclaimed, "you and Dan ought to hate me, though this is the season of good will. I had a quarrel with Stephen, all because his sisters were rude to me and I resolved to come to London and be a success? Look at me! Do I look like a success? And I have dragged you and Dan from your comfortable home,

and you will build up with it. I started during a financial stringency, and have always been sure that I did the right thing."

"The man thanked me heartily and went away saying that he would take my advice. I understood that he intended to go into the general furniture business, and that's what he took up. I have a country house, and at that time I had just shut it up for the season. The caretaker went on a spree, and the first thing I heard was that the house had been cleaned out from top to bottom. I got a detective on the case, followed it up and made an arrest. When he had done so you can imagine my surprise at being confronted with the man who had asked my advice. When I began to blast his eyes he coolly and calmly turned to me and replied,

"I can cheerfully testify that Catarrhazone is simply a magical cure for colds," writes P. F. Clements, of Augusta. "For days last winter my head was completely filled up with cold. My eyes ran water. I sneezed and coughed constantly. I took so many medicines I was sick of the sight of them. Finally, I tried Catarrhazone. Its effect was magical. It soothed the inflamed membranes, stopped the sneezing, and cured in no time. I never met anything to kill a cold like Catarrhazone."

CATARRHAZONE
 Sold by all dealers, two months' treatment for one dollar; trial size, 25c. By mail from Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

"A Good Name at Home"

"Is a tower of strength abroad—and the excellent reputation of C. I. Hood Co., and their remedies in the city of Lowell, where they are best known, inspires confidence the world over, not only in the medicines but in anything their proprietors say about them. "If Made by Hood It's Good."

"I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla the best all-round family medicine known today." Mrs. G. D. FARLEY, 62 Wilder St., Lowell, Mass.

"I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one." JAMES B. DUFFY, 14 Auburn Street, Lowell, Mass.

"I am a strong and healthy woman today, from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which I keep in the house for all the family." MRS. FANNIE BALCH, 105 Leverett St., Lowell, Mass.

"I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood-purifier in the world." Mrs. L. E. CARLTON, 113 Liberty St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

PUMPS.

Standard, Duplex Pumps, Outside Packed Plunger Pumps, Receivers, Independent Jet Condensers and Air Pumps, Side Suction, Belt Driven, Centrifugal, etc.

E. S. STEPHENSON & CO.,
 17-19 Nelson Street, St. John, N. B.

and simply worked on your affection, and you left Rosedale with me—left comfort—for starvation. Oh, oh!" and she bent her head upon her hands and sobbed aloud.

"What's this?" inquired Dan—"Here is a nice Christmas dinner, sis! and I have brought you a Christmas present!" and in his (I regret to add) grimy fingers he held up a little brown paper parcel. This he opened and proudly displayed what looked like a diamond spray—and oh, how it glittered and shone—red, white and blue, and how it quivered with the one dirty gas-burner!

"Oh, Dan!" gasped his sister—"did you?" when—how—did you get it? It's surely real!"

"I was looking on at one of them Salvation Army auctions last night—people send in things for other folks' use, and in his (I regret to add) grimy fingers he held this up from a basket of rubbish—for bidding, and one fellow said: 'Us don't want mock jewels, but bread,' and the thing shook and sparkled, and looked at me so straight—and said: 'Dan, you buy me for your sister—she loves pretty things—and it's Christmas.' And so I did! for I had some extra coppers for fetching a cab, and here it is, money wasted—fourpence—but mighty pretty, ain't it? When I bought it, they all said I was a softy."

"It is real, Dan! How could they sell it for fourpence?"

"How do I know? Maybe some wicked rich woman sent it as a payment for her sins—a what you call it?"

"Yes, and tomorrow we will show it to young Levi. He is a friend of mine, and get him to value it—this morning I showed it to a man, and he offered me five pounds!"

"Oh, Dan, dear, what folly. You should have taken it," cried his mother. "No, no, mammy, if it is worth £5 it is worth more. I know I'm a fool, but I tell you it is worth a fortune—a fortune to you and sis."

Dan's words came true, the ornament proved to be blue diamonds of the purest water, and was valued at £2500, it had no history, most fortunate fact—and if he had never left the village, it was agreed among the neighbors that the London air had not suited the family. They looked thin and white and used up—but there was no doubt that they had prospered in the city—for they now not only kept hens and fowls, but cows—and a pony as well.

Stephen Squire had recently returned from South Africa with three wounds, two medals and a heart still loyal to Letty Lavender—and old John, his father, no longer objected to the match. Forgiveness was never so easy as when convenient—the girl was a lady by birth—and had a tidy little fortune of £2000.

He dispatched his son to the enemy's camp with a flag of truce in the shape of a fine home-cured ham, and all is now peace, good will and prosperity.

Going Into Business.
 "Along in November, when the piano was at its worst," said the prosperous-looking man, a stranger entered the store one day and after looking around a bit he said to me:

"Mr. Blank, I have heard of you as a conservative and farseeing business man, and I want to ask your advice."

"It always flatters a man to be asked to give his advice, you know," smiled the prosperous man, "and I intimated that I was ready to hear his story. He gave his name as Perkins, said he had a little capital, and then added:

"How long, in your judgment, are these hard times to last?"

"Until spring, anyhow. The country has been dealt a sudden blow and a hard blow, and it will take some time to recover from it."

"I agree with you there, but I want to ask further. If you were in my place, till times were easier, I intend that I should start in now. We are at the bottom. Things can be no worse. Business will improve slowly, but improve,

SOME SAVORY SOUPS

Oxtail Soup—Cut a small oxtail into pieces and put in cold water with a pinch of salt, bring to a boil. Strain off the water and wash the tail in cold water; replace in the stewpan with two quarts of stock or water, one carrot, one turnip, one onion, one desertspoonful of celery salt, a bunch of herbs, two peppercorns and one clove, the herbs being tied in a muslin bag. Bring to the boil gently and simmer for three hours or longer. Take out the meat, strain and stand until next day. Then put into a stewpan, add one desertspoonful of arrowroot previously mixed smooth and a wineglass of sherry. Stir until it boils, then put in the pieces of meat and the whole and cook until tender, one tablespoonful of carrot and a turnip cut into dice and cooked till tender previously. Foreign oxtails, which are cheaper than English, are excellent for the purpose.

Mulligatawny Soup—Slice one large onion and fry a golden brown in two ounces of meat, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one powder or paste, stir in gradually half a pint of stock, then add one tablespoonful of currant jelly, the juice of half a lemon and one desertspoonful of chut-

ney; mix well, add three pints of stock and leave it to simmer half an hour. Now pulp all through a wire sieve, melt two ounces of butter, add two ounces of flour, keep stirring all the time and gradually before serving put in a little cream. Rabbits make excellent stock for mulligatawny soup. Instead of the cream a little of the white meat may be pounded and served in it. Boiled rice to be handed with the soup.

Chicken Soup—Cut up a nice, plump chicken, and put over the fire in two quarts of water, with pepper, and one small onion stuck with six cloves. Boil until reduced to one quart, then take out the chicken and cut into very small pieces. Have ready one teacupful of warm milk, two eggs well beaten and two tablespoonfuls of fresh butter creamed with one tablespoonful of flour. Pour the milk on the eggs, add the butter and flour, and when smooth add to the soup. Let it boil up once, carefully stirring all the time. Return the chicken to the soup, and just before taking it from the fire add some fresh parsley and thyme, chopped very fine.

"I told you that it was the general furniture business, and it was on your advice that I went into it. If you had let me alone I should have made \$500 in a week when will good times come again?" queried the retailer.

"Don't ask me. I am through giving advice." **JOE KERR.**

RHEUMATISM IN THE BLOOD

Cure it by Enriching the Blood With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

There is only one way by which rheumatism can be cured. It must be treated through the blood. Liniments and outward applications may give temporary relief, but they can't possibly cure the trouble. And while you are experimenting with liniments the trouble is every day becoming more firmly rooted in the system, and more difficult to cure. The poisonous acid that causes rheumatism must be driven out of the blood, and you can only do this by making new, rich, red blood through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Charles H. Lumley, of Brimford, Ont., is one of the best known farmers in Lambton county. About three years ago, while Mr. Lumley was engaged in threshing, he became over-heated, and this was followed by a severe chill that started the rheumatic pain. Mr. Lumley says: "I did not think anything of it at the time as I was accustomed to being exposed to all kinds of weather. As a result I was unable to go about next morning. I had severe pains in my arms and legs which I treated at first with the usual home remedies. As these did not help me, and the trouble was growing worse the family doctor was sent for, but he did not have any better success. He told me I was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism, and there can be no doubt about it, as I was confined to my home about four months before I was fortunately advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a supply, and it was not long before I found they were helping me, and by the time I had taken a half dozen boxes the trouble had entirely disappeared. In other respects the pills also greatly improved my health, and I never felt better in my life than I have since taking them. I therefore most cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other similar sufferers."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make cures of this kind after doctors and common medicines fail, because they actually make new blood. They don't cure the mere symptoms. They go right to the root of the trouble in the blood. That is why this medicine cures anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, and the headaches and backaches brought on by the ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.



JUST AS GOOD.
 Bronson—How much are strawberries?
 Dealer—One dollar a box.
 Bronson—Give me some good sour pickles—they cost less and taste about the same.

WHERE TO GET INFORMATION.
 Gresham P. Lyons, of San Francisco discussed in New York the other day the movement for the protection of witnesses in law courts that he has recently inaugurated. "But I saw one of those contemptible and insolent lawyers worsted the other day—by a boy, too," said Mr. Lyons. "Now, my son," the lawyer remarked, "haven't certain damaging reports been circulating about your father lately?"

"I dunno what reports you mean."
 "Isn't there a report current to the effect that your father beats his wife and robs her roots?"

"So you say," the boy muttered sullenly.
 "So I say," shouted the lawyer, "and now I ask you if that report isn't true? Come speak up! Don't stand there like a ninny! Is it not true that your father beats his wife and steals chickens?"

"I dunno," said the boy, "you'd better ask him. He's settin' over there on the jury."

True Sign.

When you note a kinder touch in Winter's rude and blustry breeze,
 And observe a balmy softness in the air;
 When a greenish sort of halo hovers round the naked trees,
 And the birds begin to twitter everywhere;

When you feel a wild desire to wander forth into the fields,
 And all your toilsome cares and duties for a while you'd fain forget;
 When you find that all the energy your strongest effort yields
 Is not enough by half to do your work;
 When the bright seductive sunlight steals away your common sense
 And you lay aside your overcoat so bold,
 When a chilly zephyr strikes you where you lack that warm defence,
 And you soon perceive you've got an awful cold;

When you suffer these experiences, no matter what the day
 If it be the proper quarter of the year,
 In spite of what the almanac and weather prophets say,
 You may safely rest assured that Spring is near.

C. T. D.

From the School Reader.

"Do you see the man?"
 "Yes, I see the man." He has a grip in his hand and he is walking up and down the depot platform. Is he going to take the train?"
 "He is. He is going to New York."
 "Is he a minister who has received a call from some church?"
 "Not exactly, my son. He is an ambitious man who finds the country west of the Mississippi too circumscribed for him. He wants to branch out. He wants to do things. He wants to feel that he is a power in the land."
 "And has he got the goods with him to make a start in New York?"
 "Not to any great extent; but he has found out that he doesn't need 'em. Cheek will take the place of cash, and you can see that he has more cheek than a government mule."
 "And will the New York papers herald his arrival in that city and refer to him as the new Napoleon of Finance?"
 "Oh, no. The papers will slip into town so quietly that no one will know of his arrival. The heralding and the Napoleon business will come later."
 "How much later?"
 "Well, a year or so. He will work on the quiet until all is ready, and then it will suddenly be discovered that he has got possession of four railroads, five banks, a steamship company and a life insurance institution. Then he will be the big gun for a year or so, and his picture will be in the papers almost every day. Rockefeller, Morgan and Rogers won't be in it."
 "And then he will become president of the United States, won't he?"
 "Not quite, my son. He will be heading that way when a sudden gust of wind will land him on his beam ends. Then down will come his railroads, his banks, his steamship company and his life insurance institution, and you will see four or five lines in the papers to the effect that he has sailed for Europe under an assumed name to recover from his nervousness."
 "And he never will be heard of again?"
 "Never. He has joined the other Napoleons of Finance and disappeared forever. The only things left to remember him by will be his creditors and depositors, and they will have to take it out in 'having confidence.'"

JOE KERR.

EXERCISING THE DOG.

"Justin," said Mrs. Wynn.
 "Yes," replied Mr. Wynn.
 "Will you speak a kind word to Fido and make him wag his tail? He hasn't had one bit of exercise all day." — Lip-pincott's Magazine.

Sleeping Sickness in Africa Still Destroying Thousands

Science has found it well nigh impossible to counteract the ravages of the African Sleeping Sickness. It is a painless sickness, like you feel when all tired out. In Canada people don't die of the "dread fever," but that is no reason why they shouldn't try to overcome it. For instance take your own case, there may be no special ache or pain,—yet you are pale, nervous, colorless and weak in the muscles. Your system is crying for nourishment, clamoring for purer, richer blood. Your nerves are starving for the support that only a healthy body can give, and it's small wonder you feel so fagged out, so utterly run down and helpless to work as you would like to.

There is a very simple way to get strong. All you have to do is take Ferrozone each meal time. It contains bone-making tissue forming material, contains nourishment that will replace and vitalize your blood. Under the stimulating tonic effect digestion improves—sleep comes readily and brings rest for body and mind alike. For the man who toils hard, Ferrozone is a boon,—for the boy at school it does wonders,—for the maiden budding into womanhood it does untold good, just as it does for the aged, the matron and the mother. In short Ferrozone is a perfect tonic and system builder. Good at all times and for all people. Can you afford to miss its benefit, 50c. per box at all dealers.

COLDS KILLED QUICKLY

Don't sniffle and sneeze with a nasty cold. Kill it at once by "Catarrhazone." It's the surest thing on colds ever known; simply knocks them out in no time. The medicated vapor of Catarrhazone spreads through all parts of the breathing organs, and its beneficial action is felt instantly. Doesn't matter whether the cold is in the head, chest or lungs, Catarrhazone will reach it and cure it quickly.



SNEEZING COLD CURED

"I can cheerfully testify that Catarrhazone is simply a magical cure for colds," writes P. F. Clements, of Augusta. "For days last winter my head was completely filled up with cold. My eyes ran water. I sneezed and coughed constantly. I took so many medicines I was sick of the sight of them. Finally, I tried Catarrhazone. Its effect was magical. It soothed the inflamed membranes, stopped the sneezing, and cured in no time. I never met anything to kill a cold like Catarrhazone."

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The W. H. Johnson Co., Ltd.
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More About Our Annual Mid-Winter Sale

The time to buy a piano or an organ at a saving worth while, is at our Annual Mid-Winter Sale. Included are Pianos and Organs that are slightly used, new, manufacturers' samples, and some that are new, but have been left off this season's catalogue. Every Piano or Organ is worthy and dependable, else it would not be here included, in this sale. This is why our Annual Mid-Winter Sales grow larger and greater each year, why people wait for them, and it is one of the reasons why new friends for this house are yearly made throughout the Province. If you intend buying either a piano or an organ this year, it is really worth your while buying it here and now, for a better opportunity will not present itself to you. Do not fail to write or call for full particulars.

AT HALF USUAL COST
CURZON BROS.

Industry and thrift go hand-in-hand, and the man who wants to prosper must practise both. There's neither sense nor reason in paying twice over for anything. "Money saved is money earned," and if you save 50 cents in the dollar you are doubling your spending capacity or increasing your Bank balance. There's not a Liner crossing the Atlantic to-day which does not carry our Suits. Our system is perfection itself, and thousands of those residing over-seas are availing themselves of the opportunity afforded by us to secure their clothing from the old country. Our Catalogue-Booklet describing our business is worth getting, and the perusal of same will at once convince that we are a "live," "up-to-date" firm with brains and straight business principles. Our method of Mail Order Tailoring is simple, and you can rely on obtaining the latest styles, either Home Fashions or American cut, correct and unequalled finish, at prices miles in front of any demanded in Canada for much inferior goods. The process is simple. Merely fill in a postcard and address same to our Distributing Agents for Canada—The Might Directories Ltd.—asking for our latest assortment of patterns, together with latest London and New York fashion plates, instructions for accurate self-measurement, tape measure, All free and Carriage Paid. To measure yourself is so simple that we guarantee—an official form of guarantee is enclosed with each Booklet—to refund your money in full if the goods do not fit and are not to your thorough satisfaction. We dispatch your order within 7 days from receipt, and if you don't approve return the goods, and we will refund your money.

OUR GUARANTEE: 50 cents in each dollar put back in your pocket.

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