

SPECIALY PRICED AT \$1.00



NO 273

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girle top, with those of the medium long hip corset:

Produces lines of exquisite shape and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning throughout, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A LACE COAT IN RENAISSANCE PATTERN.

This superb coat may be worn over a skirt of dark velvet, or over a frock of sheer white voile or marquisette—a combination favored by authoritative dress-makers for midsummer garden parties and the like. The coat is shown in the United States, with a white hat, faced with black, and trimmed with sweeping white plumes, completes a dashing "marque" effect. At the side of the coat is pinned a cluster of deep purple violets centered by a dead white gardenia—a fashionable corsage decoration this winter.

MINERS DIVIDED ON QUESTION OF STRIKE

They Will Hold a Convention at Sharon on Thursday to Decide the Matter—Coal Barons Would Favor Closing Collieries.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 21—The convention of anthracite mine workers which will meet at Sharon (Pa.), on Tuesday is expected to finally decide so far as the men are concerned the matter of a new agreement with the coal mine operators to take the place of the present working arrangement which will expire March 31.

The miners have made certain demands, the principal one being the recognition of the union. The operators have lately refused all the demands and in turn have offered to renew for another term of three years, the present agreement which is the same as that made by the anthracite coal strike commission. The miners' representatives who are all officers in the United Mine Workers of America, have declined to continue the agreement without recognition of the union, and have called the convention for the purpose of making a report of their action and to let the mine workers themselves, decide what further action shall be taken.

Six hundred delegates, representing all the local unions in the three anthracite districts of the miners' organization will sit in the convention. Some of these are expected to favor a strike if concessions are not made, some are pledged against such action and others will vote according to the advice given by the leaders; but the leaders, it is said, are not unanimous on any proposal so far discussed among the men.

The rank and file of the mine workers believe that the coal road presidents will close the mines April 1 for an indefinite period. They base this belief on the fact that the miners are being worked to their full capacity this month, notwithstanding that previously during March it has been the custom to operate them only about half the time. The operators have made no announcement what they intend to do next month nor have they made any public declaration as to whether the price of domestic sizes of coal will be reduced fifty cents a ton April 1, as has been done in other years.

THE PERFECTION
of a pure, rich unweetened Condensed Milk is

BORDEN'S
Peerless
BRAND EVAPORATED
Cream
UNSWEETENED



It is always available for every use to which raw milk or cream is devoted, and is far superior to the average quality of either.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co., Wm. H. Dunn, Agts., Montreal.

SEND BABY'S PHOTO to The Evening Times, St. John, N. B. for entry in Borden's Baby Competition. Write name and address on back of photo, and attach a label of a can of "Eagle Brand." After St. John Competition, photos will be sent by us to Toronto Sunday World for entry in Grand Contest. Open to all children of Canada under 3 years of age. 20 Valuable Prizes—20 Diplomas—Contest closes March 13th. See special announcement, Saturday issue.

BAIRD & PETERS, Wholesale Distributors, St. John, N. B.

A Mysterious Disappearance
By Gordon Holmes

A Great Detective Story

(Continued.)

Then I married. I did so in obedience to my father's wishes, and Alice was, I suppose, an ideal wife—far too ideal for a youngster of my lower intellectual plane. I know now that I never had any real affection for her. I was always somewhat averse to her lofty aspirations. My interest lay in racing, hunting, sports generally, and having what I defined as "a good time." She, though an excellent horse-woman, and in every sense an admirable hostess, thought Newmarket vulgar, treated Ascot as a social necessity, and turned up her eyebrows at me when I failed to see any utility in schemes for the reclamation of the submerged tenth.

Thus, though we never quarrelled, we gradually drifted apart. She knew she bored me if she asked me to inspect a model dwelling. I knew she hated the people who were the companions of a coaching tour or a week at Goodwood. Unfortunately, we were not blessed with offspring. Had it been otherwise, we might have found a common object of interest in our children.

Incidentally, we agreed to a separate existence. We lived together as friends rather than as husband and wife. We parted without regret and met without animosity. Do not think we were unhappy. If our marriage was not bliss, it was at least comfortable. I think my wife was proud of my successes on the turf in a quiet kind of way, and I certainly was proud of her and of the high reputation she enjoyed among all classes of society. I even returned her for it, and I well know that the enthusiastic receptions given us by our Yorkshire tenants were not due to my efforts in their behalf, but to hers.

So we lived for nearly six years, and so might have continued for sixty had I not met Gwendoline Menmore again, under vastly changed circumstances. She was a chorus-girl in a variety theatre, earning a poor living under wretched conditions. I discovered the fact by mere chance.

I met her, and she told me her story—how she had married a man named Hillmer, whom her father had trusted, and whom she believed to be the real man, and whom she had loved until she was crushed. Her father died; her husband also broke down financially, took to drink and ill-treated her; her brother was swallowed up somewhere in the Far West. She had no alternative but to live apart from her husband and try to support herself by the most honorable means available to a young, talented, and beautiful woman. But she was already weary of the stage, and its disasteful surroundings. Her nature was too delicate for the rude friendships of the theatre, and she shuddered at the thought of a mild carnival in a bar when the labors of the night were ended.

In a word, we were differently constituted, were cast in more common mould, there was apparently ready to hand all the material for a vulgar liaison.

My respect for my wife, however, no less than Mrs. Hillmer's fine disposition, saved both of us from folly. Yet I could not leave her exposed to the exigencies of dissimulation. Away in the depths of my heart I knew that this sweet woman by my true mate, separated from me by adverse chance. There was nothing unfair to Alice in the thought. Were she questioned at any time, I suppose, she must have admitted that we were, in some respect, as ill-matched a couple as we were well-matched in others. You will say that I understood but little of feminine nature—nothing at all of my wife's.

How best to help Mrs. Hillmer—that was the question. At this stage I made the initial mistake to which I can, too late, trace a host of succeeding misfortunes. I did not consult my wife. Trying now to analyze my reasons for this lamentable error of judgment I imagined that it arose from some absurd disinclination on my part to admit that I went to the stage-door of a theatre to inquire about the identity of a young woman whom I had recognized from the front of the house.

Don't you see, my dear Bruce, it is almost as bad to fear your wife as to suspect her.

As, at that time my own life was free from the slightest cloud of sorrow, I took keen interest in the troubles of Mrs. Hillmer, and I amused myself by playing, in her behalf, the part of a modern magician. I felt intuitively that she would resent any direct attempt on my part to

place funds at her disposal, and I found a great deal of harmless fun in helping her with her consent, but without her actual knowledge.

I am, as you know, a rich man. At this hour I cannot sum up my available assets to within £100,000. Together I must be worth nearly a million sterling—yet my money cannot purchase me another's day existence such as I would tolerate. Strange, is it not?

"Well, the close of the year before last was a period of unexampled activity on the Stock Exchange, and, by way of a joke, I made some purchases on Mrs. Hillmer's account, with the intention of pretending to pay myself out of the profits, while handing her such balances as might accrue. She is a shrewd woman, and quick at figures, so I might have experienced some difficulty in deceiving her. But the mad record of the past twelve months was in no wise belied by its inception. My purchases were those of a man inspired by the Goddess of Fortune. Stocks which I bought commenced suddenly to inflate. I astounded my brokers by the manner in which I ferreted out neglected bonds, mines which struck the mother lode next week, railway companies whose directors were even then secretly conspiring to water the stock.

Mrs. Hillmer became infected with the craze like myself. Twice we plunged heavily in American Rails, and came out triumphantly. To end this part of my story, after five months of excitement, I had contrived not only to swell my own deposits to a large extent, but I had secured on Mrs. Hillmer's account a sufficient quantity of reliable stock to bring her in an average income of £1,500 per annum.

My greatest difficulty was to persuade Mrs. Hillmer to break off the habit of speculation once she had contracted it. I found that she perused the late editions of the evening papers with the same eagerness that a bookmaker looks for the starting prices and the day's races. By the exercise of firmness and tact I was able to stop her from further dealings.

At the close of this period I need hardly say that two things had happened. Mrs. Hillmer and I were fast friends, with common objects and interests in life; and, concurrently, the ties between Alice and myself had loosened still more.

I also carelessly made another blunder. Under the pretence that secrecy was requisite for Stock Exchange transactions, I persuaded Mrs. Hillmer to allow me to pose under the name of Colonel Montgomery.

Mrs. Hillmer, of course, was now able to live in comparative luxury. I came to regard her home as an abode of rest. I was more at home in her drawing room than in my own house. She often spoke to me of my wife, and obviously wished to see her, but here I did cowardly things. I represented my married existence as far less comfortable than it really was, and gradually Mrs. Hillmer ceased all allusion to Alice. She misunderstood our relations. I knew it, and did not explain. Not a very worthy proceeding for a man whose sense of honor is so keen that he prefers death to disgrace. But one can deceive no other so easily as oneself.

Occasionally, when opportunities offered, we went out together. It was foolish, you will say, and I agree with you. If only we were not pleasant it would not be so fashionable. But, to this hour, the relations between us are those of close friendship. Never in my life have I addressed her by other than her married name, never have I touched her arm save by way of casual politeness.

I really think I flattered myself upon my superior virtue. I could see all the excellent but none of the stupidity of my behavior.

About this time, Mrs. Hillmer's husband died. Thenceforth she became slightly reserved in manner. When life was a defiance she fought convention, but with safety came prudence. In fact, she told me that my frequent visits to her house would certainly be ill-constructed if they came known. I was seeking for a pretext to introduce her to her own set in society, when a double catastrophe occurred.

(To be Continued.)

METHODIST FOLLOWERS OF THE NEW THEOLOGY

Some Brief Particulars Regarding Best, Over and Ballard—Dr. Dallinger is a Great Scientist.

London, March 19—The discussion on theological matters just now raging in Toronto, sharp and acid as it undoubtedly is, is by no means confined to that branch of the churches founded by John Wesley, which is now known as the Methodist Church of Canada, but the great mother church of all Methodists, viz., the Wesleyan Methodist Church, has also had its own share of troubles to look after. The charge which is being now lodged against the Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A., is no new cry in the old Wesleyan Methodist Conference of England, and at least three of the noted divines of that church has turned out during the course of the last thirty years have had to succumb and go under, with their memories left unscathed, and the high honors which they were left an unequalled legacy to them.

It is a rather remarkable coincidence that Mr. Jackson, who was content to work out his duty as a Wesleyan Methodist minister, till he came to Toronto, in the city of Edinburgh, a place by no means susceptible to Methodist influences till Mr. Jackson went there in 1888, was educated at Richmond College, in Surrey, where naturally he became one of the students of the Rev. John Aggar Beet, D.D., of the University of Glasgow, one of the most noted theological tutors that English Methodism has ever turned out, and yet in spite of all the efforts that his friends could put forward, after ten years of brilliant work at Richmond, Dr. Beet was not considered as orthodox in his views, and he had to go into voluntary retirement, though from his self-selected seclusion at Richmond he can still, and does, use a facile pen which is appreciated by all readers of "Christian Theology" wherever it exists.

Dr. Beet, it may be said, was succeeded by Dr. William Theophilus Davison, another graduate of London University, as is Mr. Jackson, but Dr. Davison is by no means a dead lumber with the Wesleyan Methodists, though some of his views are perhaps as advanced as those of any of his predecessors.

But Dr. Beet was not the only minister whose views brought him into conflict with the extra orthodox members of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference. Many

of your readers will remember that the principal of Scotland's College, the Rev. George William Oliver, B.A., also a graduate of London, who in the course of his Farnley lecture, delivered before the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, did not by any means express his great belief of eternal punishment. He was quickly brought to book, and though he did great service in the years afterwards, he, like Dr. Beet, never received the appointment of President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference, the higher position in his church.

Another Wesleyan Methodist minister, who, however, has been able to go on quietly pursuing his own gait, is the Rev. Frank Ballard, D.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.S., etc., who simply describes himself as a Methodist minister and Christian evangelist. The bitterest blows of ecclesiastical opponents fell on his devoted head, but he has survived them all, and has now been placed in a position by the Wesleyan Conference in which he can write and issue such books as "Christian Essentials," "The True God," "The Miracles of Unbelief," which Bible to Read," "Haeckel's Monism False," "Theismism True," "Clarion Fallacies," "New Theology," "Guilty As They to Mr. Hatchford's 'Not Guilty.'" Mr. Ballard is at Langbar, Harrogate, Scotland.

But perhaps the greatest of all the Wesleyan Methodist divines who loom larger and larger in the public eye is that product of the last century, who now lives at Blackheath, without pastoral charge, by his own request, viz., the Rev. William Henry Dallinger, D.D., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., being perhaps the only Methodist minister in the world to have the honor of using the latter prefix, and no one worthy of his scholastic standing. Dr. Dallinger, who has seemingly, by his own request, never yet been the President of the conference, entered the Wesleyan ministry in 1861, and was appointed principal of Wesley College, Sheffield, in 1889. He commenced in 1870 a series of microscopic researches of the life history of minute septic organisms, which extended over ten years, followed by other cognate researches. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society in 1880, president of Royal Microscopical Society for four years, is senior lecturer on the staff of the Gilchrist Educational Trust and has edited and rewritten the last edition of the "Microscope and its Revelations," which was enlarged and almost wholly again rewritten in a later edition in 1901.

With such great writers as those enumerated above it can be safely said that the claims of science in the present Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain are by no means neglected or left to take care of themselves by chance.

Only a Common Cold, BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED.

Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or Consumption is the result. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, refreshing breathing, easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often affecting a permanent cure.

Mrs. Henry Smallpiece, Brudenell, Ont., writes:—"I was always subject to a cough and could get nothing to relieve me until I saw an advertisement of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thought I would try a bottle, and when I had taken a few doses I found I was getting relief, and when I had finished it was cured. I procured a bottle for my baby, who had a cough, and a few doses cured him. I would advise anyone having a cough, to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial and I am sure they will never be without it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25c. per bottle at all druggists. Put up in yellow glass bottles and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is "Dr. Wood's."

OBITUARY
Henry Warlock

Times readers will learn with surprise and regret of the death of Henry D. Warlock, the well known watchmaker and jeweller of 57 German street, which occurred on Saturday night, about 10 o'clock at his home, 21 Perth street. He had been sick only two weeks, his illness developing into valvular disease of the heart.

Mr. Warlock enjoyed the confidence and respect of all who knew him. His life was consistent and exemplary and those who were brought into close contact with him will regret the loss of a good friend.

He was the son of the late D. O'L. Warlock and grandson of the late John G. Campbell, Q.C., a well known lawyer in his day. Mr. Warlock, at, built what is known as Trinity block at the corner of Charlotte and King streets and for years carried on a watchmaking and jewellery business in the corner store till his death eight years ago. His son, who had had large experience as a watchmaker, succeeded him in the business and also succeeded him as regulator of the I. C. R. clocks.

In his younger days Henry Warlock was quite a prominent figure in athletic circles in the city. An enthusiastic base ball player, he was a member of the old Athletics base ball team. He is survived by two sisters, the Misses Emily and Alice Warlock of this city. Mrs. George McSorley, of St. John west, is a cousin. The bereaved ones will have the sympathy of many friends in their grief. The funeral will take place this afternoon from his late residence at 3 o'clock.

Mrs. Hannah T. Jones

Mrs. Hannah T. Jones passed away at her home, 6 Charlotte street, on Saturday evening. Death came on the day on which she was eighty-one years old. She had been ill for one week, but her condition was serious for only the past three or four days, pneumonia having developed.

Mrs. Jones was born at Gondoia Point, Kings county. She married James H. Jones, who was a baker in St. John for many years and who died four years ago. For practically all her life Mrs. Jones had been a resident of the city. She was a member of German Street Baptist church for a great many years. Not much over a week ago she was able to be outdoors. Two sons and three daughters survive—W. B. Jones, of St. John, and J. Harry Jones, of New Britain (Conn.), Mrs. James Shaw, Mrs. William J. Shaw and Miss Ella Jones, of this city.

Mrs. Bridget Hogan

Edward Hogan, of Waterloo street, yesterday received a despatch from Stanwood (Wash.), conveying the sad intelligence of

We are showing Today the most exclusive lines of MILLINERY

ever shown in St. John or the Lower Provinces, representing the latest styles of the season from New York, London and Paris.

Call and See This Splendid Display.

The Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg Streets.

VETERANS LAND GRANTS HELD BY SPECULATORS

Out of 6,500 Warrants Issued Only 400 Lots Have Been Located

Ottawa, March 21—The department of interior has issued 6,500 warrants for South African veterans land grants, and of this number only 400 have made their locations. It is estimated that some 4,000 warrants have been bought from the veterans by speculators.

PNEUMONIA'S RACE WITH CONSUMPTION

These Two Diseases Mow Down Annually Ten Times More Than War and Famine Combined.

At this season, of the two evils pneumonia is most to be feared. It develops quickly and if not taken in time leaves the patient but a slim chance for his life. Look out for the little cold, don't let it run on—keep it from developing into either pneumonia or consumption.

Who knows of a real trusty remedy that can be relied on to cure colds as quickly as Nerviline, it is impossible to find anything that draws out inflammation, eases that tight, congested feeling, gives such sure relief as Nerviline. Why for fifty years in thousands of homes no other medicine is even kept. "Sometimes I hurried off to work without an overcoat," writes Mr. C. C. Hinkley, of New London, "and as a consequence caught severe chills. I neglected the cold that was tightening around me and finally La Grippe held me in its grip and I was taken to bed as helpless as a child. I feared pneumonia most, but fortunately I had lots of Nerviline in the house. When it was well rubbed into my chest, a hard, tearing cough loosened up. I used Nerviline as a gargle and got ease in my throat in a few hours. Every four hours I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water to break up the fever and chills. My chest felt weak and tender after this attack and for several weeks I wore a Nerviline Porous Plaster which strengthened my chest and prevented a relapse.

CAPT. JOHN McMANUS GETS GOOD POSITION

The following paragraph from the February number of the Mercantile Marine Service Association Reporter, published in Liverpool (Eng.), is of interest here:—"Captain John McManus, some time chief officer in the Canadian Pacific Harbinger, is now chief officer of the Harbinger, the latter being a line of the Liverpool and London and North Western Company's line of Liverpool, and also chief officer since June, 1906, of the training ship 'Indefatigable,' under the command of Captain Brenner, has just been appointed to the responsible post of shore agent and representative of the training ship Warespite, of London, under the control of the Marine Society of the Warespite training ship, who are to be congratulated on obtaining the services of a man so eminently fitted for the work, and we heartily wish him every success in his new sphere of usefulness."

Search is being made for the heirs of Susan A. Moore, who was married in this city or vicinity more than seventy years ago. A large estate in the United States, it is said, awaits them.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE PROMIO Quinine Tablets.

Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box, 25c.

Dr. Hamilton Gives Useful Prescription For Backache

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 dragging 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.

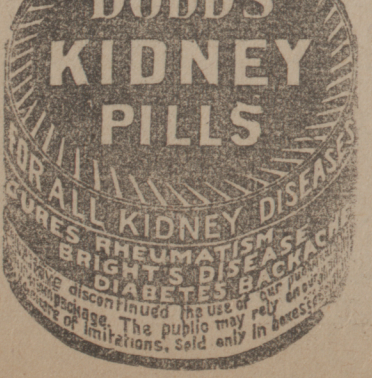
Color comes to the cheeks, because circulation improves with new blood tone. Every organ is strengthened, including the nerves, because there is sufficient nutriment in the blood.

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 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 cir-



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

THE KIDNEY DIABETES

DR. HAMILTON'S

DRUGGISTS REFUND MONEY IF IT FAILS TO CURE.

A man's bravery isn't always to his credit. Many a man hasn't sense enough to be afraid.

Women know that men will make fools of themselves if given a chance—and they give them lots of chances.