

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

This Great Serial Story will be published in the Times beginning next Monday. Readers of the Times will have the pleasure of reading in its columns, beginning next Monday, that great story of modern New York and Paris. "A Million a Minute." Do not fail to get the opening chapter. It is a story of great and thrilling interest.

Next Week, The Great Serial Story, A Million a Minute

FATE OF COINCIDENCE

By Mrs. B. M. Croker

brilliant morning in June, the sky a deep, cloudless blue, sun to glaze. But within the station of Charing Cross the atmosphere and light were comparatively cool and dim.

The central and most attractive figure in the all but empty terminus was a tall, red-haired woman, who lettered below the great clock, or occasionally paced to and fro, sweeping the dusty station with her graceful gray gown.

At last the 10.30 train rumbled in, and the friend she had come to meet descended, recognized her gaily, and accented her with effusion.

"Oh, Myrie," she said, "how sweet of you to meet me. What a delightful day we shall have together. But, tell me how you are getting on? Dinners big and dinners little—balls, theatres, receptions—the daily round, the common task?"

"Yes, and I'm sick of it all," said Mrs. Murray-Anderson, the tall woman with the Auburn hair. "I yearn to break out into some new line; I'm always boiling over with discontent and perversity, never knowing what I want next or how to leave well alone!"

"And how is 'well'—meaning your husband?"

"Intensely prosperous in business all the time. All the same he is what I call a thoroughly reliable partner, who endows his wife with his complete confidence and his purse!"

"Oh, a purse is not everything!" muttered his helpmate, with a scornful passing glance at a glittering window.

"Money goes far."

"Not so far as you imagine, Susie; it does not fill all the empty hours, or supply sufficient interest in existence."

"You've tried?"

"Tried harp-palms, thought-reading, writing a novel, betting on races, gambling on the stock exchange, and, of course, playing bridge. I've come to the end of all that."

"Yes; and what is your new enterprise?"

"Friendship—a heart-whole, sympathetic friendship."

"Man or woman?"

"Man, of course! It's Hugo de Vere, the actor, at the Up-to-Date Theatre, a gentleman."

"Oh, yes, I know, you've written about him," interrupted his companion. "And I've seen him; but I thought all that was at an end. My dearest Myrie, it is so foolish—and so dangerous."

"It is not—it is all perfectly natural. My life is dull, oh so dull and monotonous, and I shall be an old woman before I ever have enjoyed existence. I am doing you no harm, and I'm happy! unlookingly, alarmingly happy! I see Hugo often—and then there are his letters. He writes the most charming letters."

"Oh, my dear Myrie, I hate to hear all this, because I'm your friend, and I feel terrified. What if your husband discovered these interviews and letters?"

"But he never will; it is impossible. Hugo rarely comes to the house, we meet abroad—in the park, or at my club. Ah, here we are at Fribelov's! What a crowd. We shall have to wait for ages."

The two ladies sailed into the principal room and requested to see Miss Clare.

"Now, there's an exquisite dress," remarked Mrs. Anderson, with animation, as she gazed at a costume. It was a delicate green foulard, a most dainty concoction.

"Yes, it's smart," agreed Mrs. Woodside, "and beautifully cut. But I hate green, it's so unlucky."

"What nonsense, Susie! Its my color, shows off my chestnut hair! I wish I had not got my summer frocks, or I'd have it on the spot!"

"It's a very pretty gown, ma'am, and so smart, urged Miss Clare.

"How much?"

"Only 18 guineas."

"Why so cheap?" inquired Mrs. Anderson, falling more and more in love with the costume.

"Well, Mrs. Anderson, I may as well tell you, the real price ought to be 35 guineas, but it was made for another lady and she did not require it. As she was a good customer—a very good customer—we took it back; it was never sent home in fact."

"Then, if it fits, I will take it; in fact, I do take it, Miss Clare, and I'd like to have it at once. But, why," she continued, "did the other lady not take it? What fault had she to find?"

"None, madam," replied the saleswoman, "she was delighted with the gown, but the fact is—she died before it was sent home."

"Oh, dear me! Suddenly?"

"Yes, I know you ladies are not superstitious, but in fact—after the last fitting here she was killed in a carriage accident on her way home. Good morning!" And turning to the model.

"Miss Tracey, you can take off the green foulard; it is sold."

During the ensuing summer, which was unusually fine, Mrs. Woodside caught occasional glimpses of her friend at such places as Ascot and Hurlingham; ever attended by her cavalier, Hugo de Vere, Hugo de Vere, the admired exponent of the killing young heroes of West end plays, was a personage—a celebrity. She now partly understood the reason of Myrie's infatuation—she was the proud owner

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



AN EASTER BASKET OF BONBONS.

All sorts of clever concoctions are offered by the ambitious confectioners at holiday seasons, and this year's basket, all snowy white roses and downy yellow chicks, was designed for a children's party to take place during the Easter-week vacation.

Out of every white rose peeps a chick, and several more are perched on the handle of the basket and even on the hair of the wonderful dolly who graces the centre of the basket. Safe to say, this charming doll, dressed in fluffy white Easter finery and backed by a spread fan of white paper, will fall to the lot of the lucky little girl who draws some special token from the big basket of white and yellow candies.

KIDNEY DISEASE COMES ON QUIETLY.

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some kind of kidney complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as brick dust deposit in the urine, highly colored scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes. On the first signs of anything wrong Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken. They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush out all the impurities which cause kidney trouble.

Miss Albertine B. Clarke, St. John, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with kidney trouble for several years; my back was weak, I had such terrible headaches, and was so restless I could not sleep at night and tried everything without any benefit. Meantime a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got four boxes and they completely cured me. I now feel as well as I ever did and would advise everyone suffering from kidney disease to try them. Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for \$1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

GIVES \$500,000 TO HELP ILL CHILDREN

New York Woman who Withold Her Name Provides Funds for a Sanitarium

(New York Herald.) C. Loring Brace, secretary of the Children's Aid Society, announced yesterday that by the middle of June the society will open an all-the-year-round free sanitarium for ill and crippled children on the side of Chappaqua Mountain, in Westchester county.

The home is practically the gift of a well-known New York woman, interested in philanthropy, who has given \$500,000 for the purchase and maintenance of the institution. Her name is withheld by the trustees of the society at her request.

The speedy opening of the institution, which is to be of this kind, is possible because the buildings to be used are already in existence as the Chappaqua Mountain Institute of the Society of Friends. The buildings and forty acres of ground surrounding them, to be used as playgrounds, orchards and pastures, have been purchased for \$150,000. It is estimated that the annual cost of maintenance will be \$28,000.

In the selection of needy children the society will continue its present plan of co-operating with the Children's Mission, which has workers and physicians in all parts of the city.

Mr. Brace said yesterday: "The Chappaqua Mountain Sanitarium of the Children's Aid Society will be the first institution of its kind in the world. Summer homes for ill and crippled children are very numerous, but as most of these are light frame buildings situated on the seashore, it would be impractical to operate them in winter because of the hardship and risk to children. The new home will remedy these shortcomings and will afford an opportunity for strong and healthy growth for children."

PILES CURED IN 10 TO 14 DAYS

PAIN EXTERMINATED IN GUARANTEED 24 HOURS. Piles 10 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

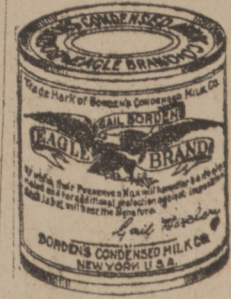
ODD SITTING ROOM CHAIRS.

Nothing is so attractive in a sitting room or library as an odd chair or two out of the ordinary run of furniture. They always give just the distinguishing touch to a room that would otherwise be conventionally plain. One of the easiest ways of obtaining this effect is to take several old wicker chairs and stain them either red, brown or green. Any other chairs of odd shapes, such as one occasionally seen in department stores that offer them as an attraction to bargain-hunting customers, can be used.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is Laxative Bromo Quinine on every Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

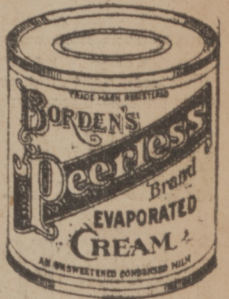
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THE MOST IMPORTANT ARTICLE OF FOOD IS MILK THE MOST IMPORTANT QUESTION IS ITS PURITY



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WM. H. DUNN, Sales Representative, MONTREAL.

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EVERY DAY CLUB FOR WEST SIDE

Organization Was Perfected Last Night With Charles R. Brown as the President

At a meeting of representatives of the churches in Carleton, held in the parlor of the Ludlow street United Baptist church last evening, the West Side Every Day Club was organized. Rev. J. Heaney was in the chair, with R. H. Parsons as acting secretary.

It was decided that the constitution should be on similar lines to that of the club in the city, and the same motto—"To help men to be men"—was adopted. The following officers were elected: Charles G. Brown, president; Herbert S. Mayes, 1st vice-president; E. Merritt Wetmore, 2nd vice-president; R. H. Parsons, secretary; John Lister and the officers of the club.

The president, 1st vice-president and secretary were appointed a committee to enquire into the cost of furnishing the room in Carleton city hall and report at a meeting of the executive to be held next Friday evening, when organization will be completed. The club starts out with bright prospects.

THREW A LAMP AT BED RIDDEN WIFE

Haverhill Man's Frenzy May Cost Two Lives

Haverhill, Mass., March 26—As a result of throwing a lighted lamp at his bed-ridden wife, Chas. A. Quinby, a shoe shiner, is lying at the Hale hospital, with his wife in an adjoining ward also likely to die from burns received in a fire which started when the lamp exploded. Both husband and wife were rescued from their home at 2 Rose avenue and the delivery of Mrs. Quinby from the burning room was accomplished by means of a human ladder.

After Dennis Driscoll had been badly burned in saving Mrs. Quinby, Clifford Elmer and John Wholly formed a ladder for Ralph Clement to ascend over, so that Mrs. Quinby's room might be reached. The only entrance to the house was a mass of flames, after the husband had been taken out. Clements reached Wholly's shoulder and vaulted into the window, locating Mrs. Quinby with much difficulty. Taking her in his arms he descended carefully and finally landed on the ground with his charge safe.

At the Hale hospital late tonight it was learned that neither Mrs. nor Mr. Quinby had much chance to live. Both received severe burns, and in addition, Mr. Quinby was injured in his fall.

A MEDICINE FOR THE SPRING

Do Not Dose With Purgatives A Tonic is All You Need.

Not exactly sick—but not feeling quite well. That's the way most people feel in the spring. Easily tired, appetite rickety, sometimes headaches and a feeling of depression. Perhaps pimples or eruptions may appear on the skin, or there may be a general feeling of languor or neuralgia. Any of these indicate that the blood is out of order; that the indoor life of winter has left its mark upon you and may easily develop into more serious trouble. Don't dose yourself with purgatives, as many people foolishly do, in the hope that you can put your blood right. Purgatives gallop through the system and weaken instead of giving strength. What you need in spring is a tonic that will make new blood and build up the nerves. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the one medicine that can do this speedily, safely and surely. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new blood, which clears the skin, strengthens the appetite, and makes tired depressed men and women bright, active and strong. Miss Mary C. Ayer, Ward Brook, N. S., says: "I cannot speak too highly in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I was weak and run down and quite unable to work. I often had headaches, and my appetite was poor. I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in a short time there was a marked improvement, and today I am in better health than I have been for years."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for 30 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. From The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE LIGHT AT THE GATE.

There's a light at our wee gate, Gang ye at any four ye maun, It's never dark or eerie, But aye bright and cheery, At our wee gate.

Let the air be thick wi' saw, And the win' blow snell; Ye'll tire out yersel' Gin ye gang by the light At our wee gate.

Noon, frae, let yer light aye shine That nae may tire the road. Let the beaver ever burn; Keep the wanderin' eye frae harm By the light at your wee gate.

Greenbaum—I got a terrible bad cold. Greenbaum—Why don't you take some things for it? Greenbaum—How much will you give me?

We are showing Today the most exclusive lines of

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

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Corner Union and Coburg Streets.

PURITY FLOUR

The flour that excels in strength, flavor and nutriment

The Purify Brand guarantees— "More bread and better bread" or your money back.

Western Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited Mills at Winnipeg, Gerdich, Brandon



P. Ganter

P. Ganter died suddenly on March 22, near Boston, aged 85 years. He was formerly a resident of St. John, but moved to Victoria county and last year went to live with his son, Peter, near Boston, where he died. He leaves two daughters, Mrs. Annes Gamme, of Riley Brook, and Mrs. Alice, of Boston, and four sons, Peter, Thomas and William, of Boston, and Andrew of Grand Falls. His body was brought to Woodstock for burial.

OBITUARY

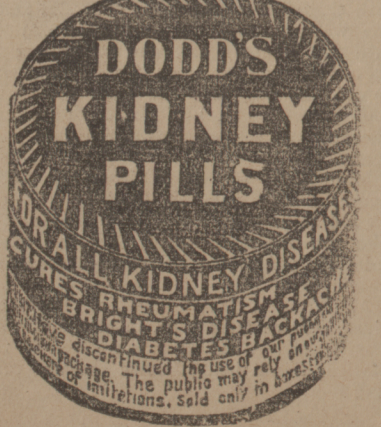
John Hosford Newcastle, March 25—The death of John Hosford, of Trout Brook, occurred on the 23rd at the age of 76. The cause of death was pneumonia, from which he suffered only a few days. He leaves a wife (formerly Miss Mullins, of Wayerton), and the following children: Joseph and Mrs. Wm. Dunnett, of Trout Brook; Edward, James and two married daughters in the west.

Mrs. Henry Wilson Richibucto, March 25—The death of Mrs. Henry Wilson occurred very suddenly of paralysis of the heart on the afternoon of Monday the 15th inst., at the home of her sister, Mrs. William Black, of Trout Brook. Mrs. Wilson had been the misfortune to fall and fracture her thigh on Sunday, the 7th inst., but was apparently doing well, when during a visit from the doctor, she passed away. She was sixty-nine years of age, and is survived by three daughters and a son, all living in the United States.

Mrs. Robert Jones The funeral was held last Thursday from the home of her sister, service being conducted by Rev. R. H. Stavert. Interment was made in the Presbyterian cemetery at Bass River.

Marshall C. Tibbits Andover, N. B., March 25—The death of Marshall C. Tibbits took place early this morning. The deceased was a brother of Sheriff Tibbits and was in poor health for over a year suffering from cancer in the throat. He was only confined to his bed for a few days and many who saw him on the street during the summer and fall little thought he was such a sufferer, which he bore with great fortitude. He leaves a wife and four daughters—Mrs. Edward Pickett, of Hildale; Mrs. Joseph Paul, of Vancouver, and Miss Sadie and Nellie, at home. He was in the 38th year of his age.

A DIPLOMATIC STROKE. Algernon—Aw—ye know, Adelaide, there's no use in our disputing any moah but I'll—aw—bet the kisses—he—thats I'm right. Adelaide—All right, but I shall claim the privilege of choosing the stakeholder. Wifey—Joshua, why don't yer quit chewin' tobacco? Hubby—By grass, I will, Susan, if yew will quit chewin' th' rag.



DODDS' KIDNEY PILLS. FOR ALL KINDS OF KIDNEY DISEASE. BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI, SANDS, STONES, &c. The Public may be assured that this medicine is entirely safe and reliable. Sold by all druggists.