

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



AFTERNOON COAT FOR WEAR OVER BRIDGE GOWNS

The dainty costume, for afternoon wear, requires wide, more ample covering than even a loose-fitting coat, which is apt to crush delicate draperies and trimmings. Even the more substantial little dresses of satin or tulle are better protected by a loose, graceful carriage cloak.

A DAINY TOILET ARTICLE

Every lady who desires to keep up her attractive appearance, while at the Theatre attending Receptions, when shopping while travelling and on all occasions should carry in her purse a booklet of Gouraud's Oriental Beauty Leaves. This is a dainty little booklet of exquisitely perfumed powdered leaves which are easily removed and applied to the skin. It is invaluable when the face becomes moist and flushed and is far superior to a powder puff as it does not spill and soil the clothes. It removes dirt, soot and grease from

the face, imparting a cool delicate bloom to the complexion. Sent anywhere on receipt of Five Cents in stamps or coin. E. T. Hopkins, 37 Great Jones St., New York.

At a meeting of the Board of Home Missions of the Church of England, yesterday, the treasurer's report showed a surplus of \$11,000 for the diocesan fund. It was decided that, if Bishop Richardson deemed it advisable, he should go to England to secure more men for the New Brunswick parishes.

The New Commandment

By Anthony Verrill.

CHAPTER XXIV—(Continued)

"I love you," she said, and she placed both her arms about his neck and felt him fold her to his body.

Then her pent-up emotions, prisoned for years in her bosom, abruptly broke their bonds. She sobbed convulsively, and Ghent, as he held her, understood. He presently put one of his hands against her cheek and, raising her face to his, kissed her on the lips.

For a long time they looked in each other's eyes, silently. Even now they could hardly begin the speech so long denied between them. When she drew a little off, he held her two brown hands upon his breast, watching her face till a faint sweet smile, as tender as some youngling of the spring, came about her mouth. His answer beamed in joy to his eyes, which suddenly shone with pure delight.

"You must have been hungry," she said at last. "I brought you a few of my ponies. They are down by the spring."

She took him by the hand to lead him there, in the way that woman loves to lead her captive man to some feast in the shade of a grove; and then she beheld him suddenly stare straight past her, with fixed, troubled eyes that blazed as if in fear.

In the alertness taught her by the desert, she turned about before he could speak. His hand, when she dropped it, fell at his side like a thing of lead. Then she too stared like a being transfixed—and Ghent put his hand out upon her.

"You see it too, you see it?" he said to her wearily. "It's not a mirage—not a wild fancy like the cart-down below."

She made no response, but continued to gaze in unbelief across the wide ravine. There, on the opposite slope, plainly and sharply cut against the hill of rock and sand, were two astounding figures—a tall, dusky, gray-bearded man and a small, gray, overladen burro, slowly, deliberately coming down and down, on their way to the green oasis and the spring.

"A man!" said Judith finally. "It can't be any mistake. It's surely a man."

"I don't believe it—I can't believe it!" said Ghent, in deep agitation. "It's just another trick!"

Nevertheless he went down the slope with Judith's hand firmly pressed in his own, his eyes still fixed upon the approaching beings from the world outside the desert.

At the spring they waited. The man with the gray little donkey had discovered them at last. He halted for a moment, as though surprised as either Ghent or Judith could have been, then came on down the slope a trifle faster, in a wondering way of bewilderment.

Ghent went forward to greet him. He halted on a ledge of rock and regarded the visitor with blazing, eager eyes.

"Man," he said, "where have you come from? Have you fetched any coffee—and salt?"

Judith had come to his side. The traveler halted, took off his hat, and passed his hand across his forehead. Then, rubbing his eyes, he looked at the pair anew.

"I couldn't believe I seen ye," he said. "A man, b'God, and a woman!"

"John Ghent," said Ghent, "and—my wife."

CHAPTER XXV.

The man who had come to the desert spring was Hi Winters, prospector and sole survivor of an expedition which had tempted the desert long before in quest of gold, remaining at this oasis spring for two days only, while its waters were rapidly falling. He was a Westerner of a thirty-years' experience in the mineral-bearing mountains. He was fifty-five years old, gray as a desert coyote, thin as a sword, tanned like leather, and as guileless as a child.

He had tramped the desolations with a solitary burro for companionship year after year, always in quest of the heavy yellow gold that served as his will-o'-the-wisp, always disappointed, always patiently searching anew.

In utter amazement the man had listened to the tale of John Ghent and Judith Haines. He had said almost nothing, so low gold that served as his will-o'-the-wisp, always disappointed, always patiently searching anew.

That first afternoon he had hardly spoken half a dozen sentences. He had come from a town ninety miles to the westward, a blistered little railroad-tank town at the edge of the desert. He expected to remain here a couple of months and look for the gold that tradition had long reported to abound in the range, and whether he found it or not he would certainly leave before the well should begin at its drying.

This meager bit of knowledge he had slowly imparted as he laid off the burden from his donkey. Without further ado he made up a fire, extracted a long slab of bacon, a small sack of onions and another of potatoes from his pack, opened the solitary can of tomatoes he had fetched against the waste of some distant day to come, and prepared a meal such as Judith and Ghent had not gazed upon for many weary months.

The two sat together, silently observing the round of preparations. Judith had gone just once to the spring to fill the man's coffee-pot with water. He had quietly informed her he was host, cook, chief bottle-washer, and kitchen-colonel, af-

ter which she had quietly submitted with Ghent, to their visitor's plans.

The three of them dined together, sitting on the ground and eating with their fingers from the one tin plate with which the old prospector's kit was provided. It was a wonderful dinner for the pair who had lived so long like cave-dwelling savages, and they ate it in silence, so filled were they both with the marvel of this man's appearance and the scene.

When at length it was finished and Winters drew forth an old black pipe, to fill and smoke with great expenditure of matches, it was Ghent who spoke of gold.

"My friend," he said, "do you know what it means to the pair of us who have lived here all these months to hear you talking of remaining for two or more months before you take us out of this terrible desert? Have you thought of that in your hunt for a mine?"

"Well, no, not exactly," said Winters drawlingly. "I didn't reckon on finding no one here."

"All right," said Ghent. "Now that you have found us, I want you to pack up to-morrow and show us the way to that railroad."

The gray old prospector relighted his pipe and reflected for a moment in silence before he answered. Then he said:

"Wal, I guess that's reason—for you folks anyway. I don't suppose I'm ever going to hit it. Never have. May not be any gold in all this country, anyway. Might as well start in the mornin'."

"Winters, I'd like to shake hands with you," said Ghent, to whom the man's answer had come with no little surprise.

"There is a lot of gold in these hills. I've seen it. I know where it's hidden. I'll show you the place and give you half of any rights you may reckon I possess. But, man, we want to start tomorrow."

Thus it came that early on the day that followed, Ghent and the tall, lean old miner walked together up the great ravine, so clogged with awful memories for the man who had one day staggered down its long, rocky way, returning from his three-day effort to escape the desolation, and so come at length to the mighty amphitheatre, then to the break in its eastern wall, and halted in the tunnel that two gold-hungry men had dug, where the vein of yellow metal gleamed so bright in the wall.

Unexcited by the wondrous sight, and patiently prepared to wait, if need be, another long year before he should finally west from the earth the reward of his many years of searching, Winters merely nodded at the rich golden streak, noted the lay of the land by which it was surrounded, gathered up the bright loose fragments, spilled from an ore-sack long before rotted to nothing, and was ready to depart.

Judith was waiting at his shelter when Ghent once more returned. It had been her home for one night only, while Ghent and Winters slept on the ground at the spring. She loved it for that it had been to Ghent, and she had waited for him here in womanly shyness.

When he came he smiled at her quietly, saying nothing as her eyes met his with some question in their depths. Going past her entrance, his shelter, took something from a hiding place and immediately came forth again, out to the sunlight, that bathed her tall figure in glory. Below them the old mountain wanderer was lead-

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 75c. Boys' Sweaters, large size, 49c. each

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ing his burro to the spring to put the pack upon him for the homeward pilgrimage.

"Judith," said Ghent, looking as before into her eyes, "we are going home—going out of this place, to people and the world. If you wish to be free—if you wish to plan some other way—if you wish you hadn't said it, yesterday—why, this is the very best time in all the world to tell me what you prefer."

She looked at him steadily, the softness increasing in her eyes.

"If you mean—that you take it all back her to finish."

"Don't say it—don't say it!" he interrupted almost fiercely. "I love you—I want you to be my wife. I have loved you a great deal longer than I knew. In the winter I found a piece of gold and hammered out a bracelet for your arm. I didn't even know what it was for—but that is what it was. A wedding ring could never be large enough, or fit for my desert-mate to wear. Judith—there it is," and he held it forth in his open hand, abruptly.

She knew what he meant—the leaving of the torc would be but a symbolism for leaving all that they both had finally become to one another, if this was her wish, now that freedom was proffered by the fates. She made no reply. She merely took the crude gold bracelet from his hand and slipped it far up on her naked arm, where it shone with a splendor barbaric. Then she placed her arms once more about his neck and went home to the shelter of his breast.

(To be Continued)

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 That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. GROVE. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

January 14, 1910.

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Does it not stand to reason that as manufacturers selling to you direct our regular prices are lower than those of any other store. And now these lowest prices are reduced one-quarter to one-third during this sale.

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- Regular \$12.00 Overcoats reduced to 8.85
- Regular \$15.00 Overcoats reduced to 11.90
- Regular \$18.00 Overcoats reduced to 14.45
- Regular \$6.00 Ulsters reduced to 4.65
- Regular \$8.00 Ulsters reduced to 5.95
- Regular \$5.00 Reefers reduced to 3.95
- Regular \$10.00 Reefers reduced to 7.90
- A special lot of Men's Ulsters in sizes 35, 36 only, were \$8.00 and \$10.00. Your choice... 3.85

MEN'S SUITS

- Men's \$6.50 Tweed Suits reduced to \$4.30
- Men's \$8.50 Tweed Suits reduced to 6.35
- Men's \$10.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 7.85
- Men's \$12.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 8.35
- Men's \$15.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 11.65
- Men's \$25.00 Tweed Suits reduced to 19.90
- Men's \$12.00 Blue and Black Worsted Suits reduced to 9.65
- Men's \$15.00 Blue and Black Worsted Suits reduced to 12.85

A special lot of Men's Tweed and Worsted Suits in sizes 36 to 40 only, to be sold at half-price, \$10.00 Suits for \$5.00; \$12.00 Suits for \$6.00; \$15.00 Suits for \$7.50. Also a special lot of Fancy Worsted Suits at the following prices: \$20.00 Suits for \$13.95; \$22.50 Suits for \$15.80; \$25.00 Suits for \$17.90.

MEN'S TROUSERS

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- Men's \$1.75 Trousers reduced to 1.35
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- Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear, regular price \$1.00 per garment. Sale price .79
- Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear, regular price \$1.25 to \$1.65 per garment. Sale price .98
- English Lamb's Wool Underwear, regular price \$1.25 to \$1.75. Sale price .98
- Britannia Underwear, broken lines, regular price \$2.00 to \$2.75. Special sale price 1.48

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- Regular 50c. per pair, 3 pairs for .98c.
- Men's Heavy Wool Socks
- Regular price 20c. per pair. Sale price .11c.
- Regular price 30c. per pair. Sale price .19c.
- Regular price 25c. per pair. Sale price .16c.

MITTS AND GLOVES

- Real Mocha Wool Lined Gloves and Mitts
- Regular price 85c. per pair. Sale price .59
- Regular price \$1.00 per pair. Sale price .79
- Regular price \$1.50 per pair. Sale price .98
- Regular price \$2.00 per pair. Sale price 1.39

SUSPENDERS

- 35c. kind for .19c.
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- All Leather Goods—Suits Cases, Grips, etc., to be sold at 20 per cent. discount.
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- Regular \$3.75 Two-piece Suits reduced to \$2.95
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- 12 to 17 Years
- Regular \$4.00 Suits reduced to \$3.20
- Regular \$5.00 Suits reduced to 3.95
- Regular \$7.50 Suits reduced to 5.95

YOUNG MEN'S SUITS

- Regular \$6.00 Suits reduced to 4.80
- Regular \$8.50 Suits reduced to 6.80
- Regular \$12.00 Suits reduced to 9.60
- Regular \$15.00 Suits reduced to 11.95

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- Overcoats that were \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50, now one special price... \$2.87
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- Russian and Fancy Overcoats for boys, 2 1/2 to 9 years. Regular prices \$4.75 to \$5.50. Special sale price... \$3.65
- Reefers for boys, 6 to 12 years. Regular price \$3.00. Sale price... 2.15
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- Boys' Washable Suits all at half-price
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- Boys' \$1.00 Washable Blouses reduced to .68c.
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A special lot of Boys' Norfolk Suits in Tweeds, Cheviots and Mixtures, for boys 6 to 16 years. Regular price of these suits is \$2.25 to \$3.00. Special price... \$1.89

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