

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF "SPRING FEVER"

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Abbey's

Effer-vescent Salt

Great Bargains!

Our Great Clearance Sale is over, but we still have many lines which we will sell at about

Cost Price or Under

in order to close them out, including all our Winter Footwear, such as Overboots, Wool Lined Rubbers, Skating Boots, Felt Footwear, Shoe-packs, Mooshide Moccasins, Snow-shoes, Ice Creepers, etc.

We have also some odd and ends of Footwear which we will sell at half price or less to clear out.

Here are some Sample Bargain Lots:

LOT A:—All our Ladies "Kum Bak" (American Made), Laced and Buttoned Boots and Low Shoes, 6 different lines, former prices \$2.50 and \$3.00 your choice now for... \$2.50

LOT B:—Ladies' Dongola Kid Laced Boots, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, former prices \$2.00 to \$2.50, your choice now for... \$1.50

LOT C:—Ladies' Dongola Kid Buttoned Boots, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, former prices \$1.50 to \$1.75, your choice now for... \$1.00

LOT D:—Ladies' Dongola Kid Oxford and Newport Tie Low Shoes, Single Soles, sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, regular prices \$2.00 and \$1.75, now reduced to only... \$1.25

LOT E:—Gents' Goodyear Welt Laced Boots, in Patent Kid, Dongola Kid, Box Calf or Velour Calf, sizes 6, 8, 10 and 10 only, original prices \$2.50 to \$4.00, your choice now for... \$2.00

These are special lots, most of which we have only some sizes left of which we have reduced in price to close out.

This is a great money saving opportunity. Do not miss it. Early buyers get best choice of sizes.

We have other bargain lots besides but want of space prevents our enumerating them.

H. M. LOTTIMER

210 Queen St., Fredericton.
March 27th 1906

Exceptions.

Hardy—She may be well educated, as you say, but she has very singular expressions. Tardy—She does? Hardy—Yes. Yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert. Tardy—Wasn't that correct? Hardy—Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say "musical" in speaking of a concert. A concert must be "musical." Tardy—Must, eh? Well, I've been to some that were not.

A Restful Book.

"Yes, I picked up his book last night, and I never budged out of my chair until I closed this morning."

"Goodness! Was it that interesting?"

"No, but I didn't wake up until that time."

Blue Blood.

Lots of people who boast of their blue blood are really color blind.—New York Times.

Sarcasm, is in general, the language of the devil.

THEY ARE VERY UGLY.

The Korean Women Are the Homeliest in the World.

I think the assertion may safely be made that the women of Korea are the most unattractive in the world.

One of my chief occupations during my stay in the little Hermit Kingdom has been making a diligent search for a passably pretty face. I have failed to find one. It is not that they haven't pretty eyes. They have eyes of softest brown and gentlest expression. It is not that their features are coarse or irregular, for, while this may be true of many, it is not by any means true of all, and I have caught glimpses of as delicately molded features at Seoul as in any other part of the world.

But the Korean woman is just ugly. She may have fine eyes, she may have a pretty little nose and mouth and other features that in themselves are not at all unattractive, but as she is put together and as her mental life has made her she is ugly.

One doesn't ordinarily see much of the women of the better class in this strange little land; but, being admitted, as I have been, to the imperial palaces and several houses of high degree, I have been at least able to receive impressions. The women who are to be seen on the streets of the cities are usually slaves or servants of a low order; but, whatever they are, they, each and every one of them, look as if they had hurried out into the street without taking time to dress themselves properly.

A Moorish Legend.

A certain sultan one morning commanded his prime minister to take a census of all the stupid people in his empire and let him have the correct list. The vizier set to work, and at the head of the list, which was a very long one, he placed the name of his sovereign. The latter happened to be in a good humor and merely inquired how he came to merit that distinction.

"Sire," the minister replied, "I have entered you on the list because only two days ago you entrusted large sums of money for the alleged purpose of buying horses abroad, to a couple of men who are entire strangers and who will never come back again."

"Is that your opinion? But suppose they do?"

"Then I will erase your name and place theirs at the head of the list."

Love's Sacrifice.

(Continued.)

He looked round to how to that gentleman, but Guildford Berton had glided from the room.

Norah put her hand to her brow. "I do not understand yet," she said, in a low voice. "Should—should not all this money have gone to my father's nephew, the present earl?"

Mr. Fetherick coughed behind his hand.

"Ahem—that is a difficult question to answer, my dear young lady. In ordinary cases it might—that is, a poor—er—no doubt the present earl will feel slightly—er—disappointed. The estate, with the title and the position it involves, is—er—heavy—and—"

"You mean that he ought to have had some of this money?" said Norah, raising her eyes to the old man's face.

"Well, but, no," he replied stanchly. "It was the earl, your father's own personal property, to do with absolutely as he chose, and I repeat that, considering the circumstances, he chose well."

Norah sighed, and her hand moved restlessly in Lady Ferndale's.

"What am I to do with all this money?"

Mr. Fetherick smiled.

"It is easier to do with money, however large the sum, than without it, my dear," he said, gently. "Yes, an excellent will," he added thoughtfully.

"And yet, with the earl had permitted me to draw it. It is a strange thing that whenever a non-legal man, a man who is not a lawyer, draws up a will he makes some mistake."

Lady Ferndale looked up quickly.

"There is no mistake—nothing to invalidate the will," she said.

"No, no," he responded. "Nothing. Just a simple blunder, which does not affect it fortunately."

Lady Ferndale inclined her head with a look of relief. The old man's words had frightened her.

"There is one thing that surprises me," she said, "and that is the smallness of the bequest to Mr. Guildford Berton."

"Ah, yes, yes," said Mr. Fetherick. "Just a souvenir, so to speak. Yes. Very much to his credit."

Norah raised her eyes, and, answering the look, he went on:

"I must say that I was surprised. Mr. Berton was so great a friend, and has been of so much use to the earl, that I should not have been astonished if he had been left a sum of money. It is much to his credit that it is not so. I mean," he went on, stumbling and coughing, "that it is evident Mr. Berton is an honest and disinterested man. He must have used his influence with the earl to get himself named for a certain sum of money. Very much to his credit, especially as he is a bachelor."

"Yes, he has behaved very well," said Lady Ferndale, but with a slight wrinkle on her forehead; "very well. Don't you think so, dear?"

Norah made no answer. The insignificance of the earl's bequest to Guildford Berton had surprised her; she did not even yet understand it.

Mr. Fetherick, however, talking about the property that had been left to Norah, and she gathered, listening listlessly with downcast eyes, that though the Court must go to the present earl, she, along with her several houses, as large if not as his estate, which had fallen to her.

"I am afraid you are dreadfully rich, my dear," said Lady Ferndale, with a faint smile; and Norah sighed. There flashed into her memory the story of the man dying of thirst in the desert, who, in the course of his last feeble crawl, a search of a spring, came across, not water, but a bag of precious stones, and how he flung them away from him with a curse. He would have bartered them all for one draught of the life-giving water, and she would have bartered all the immense wealth that the earl had left her for one draught of Cyril Berton's love.

"Ah," she thought, as she sat in her own room and mused over it all, "if he had but been true, if he had but remained constant, that I might have gone to him and laid it all at his feet! Of what use are lands and money to me, who would have been so happy sharing a cottage with him, and cannot but be miserable now that I have lost him!"

She lay awake all that night, the same refrain surging in her ears, and recalling with an agony too deep for tears those too short happy hours she had spent in the woods by his side.

Lady Ferndale remained at the Court for three days and would have stayed still longer, but Norah would not permit her to do so. Nor would she yield to Lady Ferndale's oft-repeated prayer that Norah would go back with her to Ferndale.

"I do not know how it is," she said, "but I have a feeling that I ought to stay here until the earl arrives."

"That's nonsense," said Lady Ferndale, stoutly; "he may never arrive. Besides, why should you sacrifice yourself by remaining in this vast place for the sake of welcoming a stranger who will probably—"

"Wish me good-bye soon as he arrives," finished Norah, with a smile; "I don't know, but I put myself in his place, that is all. I should not like to come back and find the place deserted."

"Come back? The young man has never been here," persisted Lady Ferndale.

"Then he will feel all the more a stranger," said Norah. "You go home, dear, and make my peace with Lord Ferndale for keeping you so long, and I promise that immediately Lord Arrowdale comes home I will pack up my things and leave you."

Lady Ferndale had to be satisfied with this, and went off reluctantly, and Norah was left alone, for even Mr. Fetherick had found it necessary to return to London.

"I must find this earl," he said; "I must find him. If you want anything,

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Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hephworth, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

my dear young lady, telegraph at once, and if you cannot wait even so long, send for Mr. Berton, who will do everything connected with the estate."

Norah inclined her head, but she thought that if Mr. Berton did not come to the Court before she sent for him, it would be some time before his tall figure shadowed the threshold.

And it seemed as if he meant to wait for a summons from her, for the days passed and he did not approach the Court. He had guided out of the room on the day the will was read, and she had not seen him since.

After a time she ventured beyond the park gates, and wandered aimlessly along the lanes and over the common, very much as she wandered about Norton after her mother's death; but though she expected—and dreaded—to meet him, he did not cross her path.

A fortnight passed. Lady Ferndale drove over frequently, and once or twice persuaded Norah to go over to Ferndale for lunch or dinner, and she was made much of and petted to her heart's content, but she always returned to sleep at the Court. Mr. Fetherick ran down from London several times, bearing formidable looking documents, which he required her to sign, and giving her further details of the wealth which she had inherited.

"I think you ought to go to one of your places, Lady Norah," he said. "Wealth has its responsibilities, as well as its privileges. The place in Scotland, for instance, the earl has not seen it for years. Now, what do you think of paying it a visit. It is a fair specimen of architecture, quite princely in extent and character. I really think you should go."

And Norah said she would go—when the earl arrived. Then he would sigh and shake his head and proceed to tell her about the estate in the coal mine which he had discovered belonged to her, and asked her what she would do with a large sum which he found invested in the earl's name, and which she belonged to her. And then Norah sighed and begged him to do just as he pleased, closed the interview.

Another fortnight passed, and one evening she was sitting in the drawing-room, looking out at the view, which was rapidly disappearing in the gloaming of the short late autumn day, when a footman entered and brought a card to her.

(To be continued.)

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