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Men's Black All Wool Hf.-Hose, at	19c. pair

ALL MONEY SAVERS

...That... Preposterous ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

Mr. Bray was duly telegraphed for on the following morning, and the bottle containing the lemonade was confided to his care. He was at first inclined to treat the whole story as the imaginative effort of an hysterical girl, and completely pooh-poohed the idea that a woman so charming as Mrs. Bedsworth could possibly be capable of such an evil design as that imputed to her by Molly. More to satisfy Mrs. Grey than because he had any doubts in the matter himself, he took the lemonade back with him to London, and promised that it should be analysed; but he drily recommended Molly not to allow herself to be influenced by silly fancies, and insisted upon despatching a telegram from Simley to Mrs. Bedsworth to tell her that the girl was safe with Mrs. Grey. But the next day when Molly and her hostess were seated together in the drawing-room, the lawyer was announced, and he entered with so perturbed a face that Mrs. Grey at once leapt to the conclusion that something very seriously wrong was answerable for his expression and manner.

"I felt there was nothing for it but to come at once," he said with an agitation most unlike his usual calmness, "and I sincerely beg your pardon, my dear Miss Hume, for having yesterday doubted your word. The lemonade you gave me has been analysed—and—it is found to contain enough aconite to have caused the death of at least three men."

Silence followed his words, but Molly's face grew ashen, and she shrank closer within the encircling clasp of Mrs. Grey's arm, which had gone round her as the lawyer began to speak.

"It is terrible," Mr. Bray began again, after that silence; "terrible, and most incomprehensible. Why should Mrs. Bedsworth have wished to harm an absolutely innocent girl whose presence in her house was an actual advantage to her?"

"Could she possibly have known anything about the provisions of Molly's will?" Mrs. Grey asked quietly. Mr. Bray started, and stared at her as though she had said something most extraordinary.

"Her will?—Miss Hume's will?" he exclaimed. "Do you suppose that Mrs. Bedsworth can have become aware of its provisions? If so, though it seems impossible of belief, a motive is supplied for what otherwise seems motiveless and utterly incomprehensible. You have never mentioned your will to her?" he asked, turning to Molly.

"I never told her what was in it," the girl replied; "she was a witness, but she couldn't see what was written because of its being folded down, and I never said a word."

"It is a hideous and unintelligible story," the lawyer said thoughtfully, "but the fact of the poison remains an incontrovertible one. The question is, Miss Hume, what would you wish to do? Will you prosecute?"

"Prosecute? Prosecute who? Mrs. Bedsworth? Oh, no," the girl said quickly; "there isn't no love lost between her and me, but I don't want to go prosecuting Stella's mother. I love Stella, for all she's empty and shallow; I love her and I don't want to hurt her. Let Mrs. Bedsworth be. So long as she knows why I don't go back to her, that I am never going back, I don't care about saying any more."

"She shall receive a very plain intimation as to why you do not go back," Mr. Bray said, with an increase of his natural dryness of manner. "But I am not sure whether she ought to benefit by your generosity to such an extent as to be let off scot-free when she has attempted murder. I am not at all sure on that point."

"Oh, that's all right," Molly responded, with a use of her old formula that made Mr. Bray smile; "she won't get a chance to try and do for me again, and if you write to her, and I write to her, we'll make her sit up and feel a bit uncomfortable; and if she's got a conscience that'll do the rest!"

It may perhaps be considered a matter of doubt whether Mrs. Bedsworth's conscience was in a very workable condition, but the lady herself certainly received a most unpleasant shock, when the morning following Mr. Bray's second expedition to Simley brought her two letters. One was from the lawyer, short, stern and to the point, merely stating that as Miss Hume's life was no longer safe under her roof, he had advised his client to take up her abode with Mrs. Grey, of the White House, near Simley, who would for the present act as her chaperone. No stronger measures would be taken, owing to Miss Hume's generous refusal to take legal action. If that letter served to alarm its recipient, the other letter in Molly's straggling hand, roused her to a pitch of wrath that for a moment at least verged upon madness.

"It was a pity you tried to kill me," the girl wrote, "because I meant no harm to you and Stella, and I couldn't help Mr. Haines leaving me his money. I know you always hated me, and if I didn't care for Stella, I should let Mr. Bray get you punished as you ought to be for putting poison in what I was going to drink. But I care for Stella, and I shan't tell what you meant to do to anybody else. Only Mrs. Grey and Mr. Bray know about it. Next time you do those sort of things it would be better to see there were no looking-glasses about.

"Yours truly,

"MIRANDA HUME."

Molly added to her generosity by writing a letter to Stella, as well as to Stella's mother.

"It won't be very easy for Mrs. Bedsworth to tell Stella why I came away so suddenly," she said to herself, "so I'll just write to her about it," and the explanation she gave to Stella, if it did not quite convince that not very astute young lady, at any rate gave her no reason for suspecting that her own mother was at the bottom of Molly's abrupt departure.

All three letters reached the Bedsworth's house at breakfast time, and Stella was startled by the look of malignant and baffled rage which overspread Mrs. Bedsworth's face as she read the two addressed to herself.

"Oh, mother!" the girl exclaimed, as she handed her own note from Molly across the table, "how funny of Molly. She says she has gone away to Mrs. Grey and that she is not coming back. Isn't it odd of her?"

"Very odd!" Mrs. Bedsworth snapped viciously, "but exactly the sort of thing one might expect of a girl of her class;" she glanced furtively at her daughter as she spoke, to see whether any suspicion lurked behind Stella's surprised blue eyes.

"Molly says something like that herself," Stella said; "she says we mustn't be surprised at her doing what seems curious, but she has been brought up differently from us, and her ways and our ways aren't always alike."

"Most certainiliy they are not," Mrs. Bedsworth answered, still with that vicious note in her voice. "I am sorry I ever allowed the girl to come into my house. It was quite against my better judgment."

"Oh, mother!"—Stella's eyes opened yet more widely—"I thought you wanted so much to have her here. I was silly about it, and begged you not to let her come. But you said it would be a good thing, and that you wished it—and—I—I thought you really wanted her."

"You get hold of very wrong ideas sometimes," Mrs. Bedsworth said, with the cold glance that never failed to disarm her daughter and frighten her into submission. "I naturally considered that for your sake Miranda Hume's money would be advantageous to us; but as for wishing a girl of that class to live in my house, nothing could have been further from my mind; and, please, distinctly understand, Stella, that I do not wish to have anything more to do with this young woman."

"Not write toMolly, do you mean, mother? Not see her? Why she is living with Mrs. Grey, my godmother—she—"

"Mrs. Grey is at liberty to act in any quixotic and absurd way she chooses, and if she likes to have this low, and, I am inclined to think, disreputable girl in her house, no one can prevent her from doing so. But I do not wish you to have any more to do with Miranda Hume."

"Oh, mother!" Stella faltered, big tears filling her eyes, "but I am so fond of Molly, and she has been so good to me. Think of all the lovely presents she has given to me. How can I throw her over now?"

"You can do what I tell you, because I tell you," was the frigid reply, as Mrs. Bedsworth rose from the table, and moved towards the bureau in which she kept her business papers, that bureau which never failed to remind her of the half-hour during which she had learnt the provisions of Molly's will; "you must allow me to be the best judge of what people are suitable friends for you, Stella, and this girl's insulting treatment of me, her extraordinary departure from here, make me quite sure that she is not a fit companion for you."

"And I have grown so fond of her," Stella repeated, with the mutinous set of her lips which her mother knew and dreaded. "I can't understand why you have changed about her. You wanted me to be her friend, and now you want me to be rude to her."

"There is no necessity for being rude," Mrs. Bedsworth said icily; "I wish you simply to ignore her. Her behavior to me in running away as she did without a shadow of excuse is quite sufficient ground for you ignoring her in future. It is the least that a self-respecting daughter could do."

Mrs. Bedsworth was by degrees working herself up into very creditable heroics over Molly's misconduct; and Stella, accustomed to meekly submit to her mother's dictates, found herself wavering now, and wondering whether, after all, Molly had not behaved very badly in leaving their house so suddenly, and whether it might not really be easier and less trouble to give her up as her mother wished, without any further fuss or protest. Her reflections were those of a markedly weak character; but Stella, as an old nurse had once said of her, had "no more backbone than a sack, and needed propping up all the time to make her stand." She was too weak of moral fibre even to fight for her own hand, much less for the hands of her friends, and as Mrs. Bedsworth very well knew would be the case, she yielded now to her mother's commands, and wrote a cool and distant letter to Molly, which when she read it sent a pang to the warm-hearted girl's soul.

"I've done what you told me, mother," Stella said, coming to Mrs. Bedsworth's boudoir when the letter was written. "I've told Molly that I thought, as she left us so suddenly and in such an odd way, that she couldn't care about my friendship, and that I thought we had better not correspond any more, or have any more to do with each other. I'm sure I don't know what Alan will say," she added helplessly; "he always says Molly is a good sort, even though he couldn't bring himself to marry a girl of that class."

"Alan is no judge in this matter," Mrs. Bedsworth said bitterly, the memory of her vanished hopes and schemes surging through her mind, and rousing her anger afresh, "and the less you think or talk of Mr. Dayrell the better. Don't look at me in that ridiculously surprised way," she went on irritably. "I have allowed your engagement to go on because I thought, I hoped, that Mr. Dayrell would perhaps obtain some better post: or that — that wretched girl would have good feeling enough to share her fortune with him. But she seems determined to keep her hold on every farthing of her money, and you cannot marry a pauper."

"Do you want me to give Alan up as well as Molly?" Stella asked, the color fading from her face. "When he lost his fortune you said money did not matter—as long as we were happy—you told Alan than."

(To be continued.)

TO BE DYSPEPTIC IS TO BE MISERABLE

Hopeless, Confused and Depressed in Mind. Forgetful, Irresolute, Drowsy, Languid and Useless.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint which it may not resemble in one way or another. Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, heartburn, water-brash, gas in the stomach and bowels, distress after eating, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is a positive cure for dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels or blood. It stimulates secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood and tones the entire system to full health and vigor.

Mrs. M. A. McNeil, Brook Village, N.S., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects and am strong and well again."

Price $1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.00.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

SEPARATE BLOUSE OF SOFT SATIN.

A very effective blouse which would not be difficult to copy is shown in the drawing. The round yoke was outlined by an oddly-cut form of the satin, slightly stiffened by an underlining of white lawn. This "form" was edged by double strands of embroidery silk couched on in a little trefoil embroidery figure, the same finish being seen on the cuffband of the short sleeves. There was a narrow vest and a yoke of fine cream lace, and the sleeves were cut away, as shown in the drawing, to allow for a puff of the lace. Velvet ribbon was used as a finish on each sleeve.

Tired, Off Color, Lacking in Strength

You feel real seedy.
No snap, ambition or spirit.
You've noticed your color is miserable.
Noticed that your blood is thin, that you feel the cold, that trifles bother and worry you.
You ought to be vigorous and ruddy,—you eat enough, sleep fairly well—but still that listless feeling hangs right on.
To overcome this condition all the vital functions must be stimulated.
You accomplish this by taking Ferrozone.
How it makes the appetite jump.
There follows as a natural consequence an abundant supply of rich, red blood.
Vitality and strength you'll soon find throbbing within you, because your food is digested so thoroughly that it's readily assimilated.
You soon notice that your color is coming back, and endurance, too, and soon the joy of life, health, vigor, strength—and with these come the old-time zest for everything that makes life worth living.
Ferrozone is a marvellous body-builder, blood-former and strength-giver.
Ferrozone, by supplying the aid the body needs to build up, gives the recuperative power that will enable you to do your work easily, and to maintain strength.
Try it for a month.
See if you don't find it just the thing you need to make you strong. Not a man, woman, or child who needs more strength, better nerves and surer health who won't find it in Ferrozone. This nourishing tonic makes you feel like new—brings back the feeling of spirit and ambition you had years ago. Try Ferrozone, sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

SET ALL THE BOYS A GOOD EXAMPLE

(Kalamazoo Gazette)

Boys are imitative. They do what they see their elders do. In the football season they have their teams, as many of them as can get football protection for shins, ears, noses, and shoulders and wear them with pride. They are also on the diamonds in the public pasture grounds in the baseball season with baseballs, bats, sacks and uniforms. They play they imagine, better ball when thus clothed. They are the same in all kinds of sports. They imitate their elders.

Boys not only imitate in sports but in everything they see their elders do. They hear the profane and vile language and, while yet in tender years, think it smart, think they are manly, when they can use the same kind of language. They think this in many instances, no matter what the training has been at home. The boys see men using tobacco and they are not satisfied until they can do the same thing. They know that some men drink and many of them, when they reach the age when they know they can enter a saloon with a full knowledge that they will not be ejected, go there. They loaf about for a time and then begin drinking.

Because of the fact that boys are imitators, a responsibility rests with the older people the importance of which few of us realize. This responsibility does not rest alone at home but in the street or elsewhere when a youth is about. It is always where any boy is, no matter if a stranger, one can see and comprehend, that the responsibility exists. The youth of today will tomorrow be the men of the country. They must step into our places and on them depends the success and prosperity of the nation. Older people owe it to themselves—they owe it to the boys, to the nation and to their God to do nothing in the presence of the boys that will tend to deprave or do otherwise than uplift their minds.

The youth of this country sees already too many things that he should not see. There are too many temptations and these should be removed. A strict enforcement of the law relative to selling liquor to minors should be had. Yes, farther than that. A law should be enacted that would deny the right to a parent to give intoxicants to a child before he has reached the age of maturity. Not only the parents, but the entire nation has an interest in the children. The average American father and mother set good examples before their own children. They will do nothing in their presence which will have a demoralizing effect but in the presence of the neighbor's child they do not pay so much attention. If the elders would give that same attention to their actions in front of all children that they do to their own the children would be better. At least the bad influence of a father in the presence of a strange child would not get back to his own child through the stranger.

"You Will Suffer all Your Life."

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. One day Mr. Baker read in a paper of a man who had Rheumatism just like him—who had been told by doctors that his case was hopeless—and who had been completely cured by GIN PILLS.

The two cases were so much alike that Mr. Baker decided he would invest 50c in a box of GIN PILLS and give them a trial.

It was the best investment he ever made. Before the first box was taken, he felt better all over, so he got another. He took that and bought a third, getting better all the time.

Hinesville, May 8, 1906.

I have been greatly benefitted by your Gin Pills, and all who have used them in this neighborhood speak very highly of them.

One of my neighbors, Mr. X., who suffered for years with Rheumatism and who has spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without receiving the slightest benefit, was entirely cured by two boxes of Gin Pills. He is proclaiming their virtues from the "housetops."

Yours truly, D. L. BAKER.

We don't even ask you to buy Gin Pills—but to try them at our expense. Write us, mentioning this paper, and we will gladly send you a free sample of these wonderful Kidney Pills that cure Rheumatism. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Sold by all dealers—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for $2.50—or sent on receipt of price. 88

LIMIT OF CHURCH SENSATIONALISM

Angels and Apostles Appear to Make the People Hand Up Their Dollars.

WATERBURY, Conn., Jan. 31.—"Sacrilege!" cried some of the clergymen at their indignation meeting in the Y. M. C. A. building yesterday.

"Most reprehensible levity!" exclaimed other ministers there.

The truly good men were deprecating a semi-dramatic but somewhat profitable entertainment in the Zion Methodist Episcopal church given on Sunday evening. The Zion church, on the city's outskirts, is poor and struggling. Its pastor, the Rev. J. M. Whitted, had vainly appealed for aid, so he decided that something striking must be done to call attention to the church's existence and its needs.

While his congregation sat pondering his powerful sermon all the lights in the church were put out suddenly. Then 100 candles were lighted, revealing the pulpit in a blaze of glory. The congregation were amazed, but it sat up and took closer notice when a strange and beautiful procession appeared.

TWO ANGELS LED THEM.

First came Miss Ethel Robinson in shimmering white robes, with great golden wings fluttering on her shapely shoulders. The lovely Miss Robinson was the Angel of Light, and looked the part. Then stepped Miss Carrie Foust, the Angel of Darkness, clad in forbidding black with wings of sombre plumage, but beautiful as Night illuminated by the moon at her full and all the stars.

Then appeared the twelve apostles—Matthew, Peter, James, John—all, a dozen matrons of the congregation arrayed appropriately. Last walked the enterprising and resourceful pastor. Each of the 15 persons in the solemn parade bore a lighted candle.

The clerk of the church called the roll of the congregation. As he pronounced each person's name an apostle hastened to him, or her, and said, persuasively:

"One dollar, please. The church needs the money."

If the dollar, or an earnest promise to pay was forthcoming, the Angel of Light approached the doner and smiled at her, or him. A young man who gave $1 said afterward:

WORTH ALL IT COST.

"That angel's smile alone was worth the price of admission."

But if the dollar was refused, the disappointed disciple hastened to the Angel of Darkness. She frowned on him or her, who lacked charity or a dollar, then blew out her light — that is, of course, the Angel of Darkness extinguished her candle.

There was an unseemly incident when Bartholomew asked an unregenerate person for a dollar.

"Go ahead and blow me out," he said, laughing very irreligiously.

However, the earnest Apostles collected $126, an average of $10.50 each.

The other ministers have made no public protest against their brother's entertainment, nor will they tell what conclusion they reached at their meeting. The Rev. Mr. Whitted, highly pleased, promises to give another angelic, apostolic entertainment.

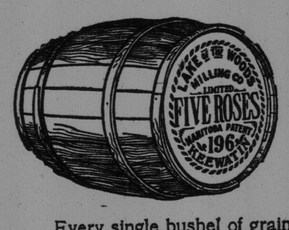
"Nobody was paying any attention to us while we kept quiet," he said today. "Now they know we're on earth and need help. The money we collected is not tainted. It will be put to good use. We shall give another candle social soon, with more angels."

RECENT DEATHS

Mrs. Hugh Brown, of Brown's Flats, died last Friday, aged eighty years. She is survived by five sons. Her husband predeceased her by some years. The sons are Allen and William Brown, of Brown's Flats; Edward and Abraham Brown, of St. John, and Charles Brown, of Boston. A sixth son was lost at sea some years ago.

Harvey Station, Feb. 4—Gardiner Essensa, a well known farmer, of Upper Kingsclear, died at his home there on Thursday last after a long illness. He was the eldest son of the late David Essensa, of Upper Kingsclear, and was eighty-three years of age. He was a native of Augusta (Me.), and came to Kingsclear more than sixty years ago. He is survived by his wife and four sons. His sons are: Charles, of Boston; David A., of Upper Kingsclear; William, residing at Greenwood (B. C.), and Andrew, residing in North Carolina. Deceased was a man of sterling character and integrity, and had many friends. The funeral took place on Saturday.

Trifles Make Perfection But Perfection Is No Trifle



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This attention to trifles is costly, but it enables us to maintain a reputation for perfection, which is no trifle, and users of "FIVE ROSES" can rely upon getting the "flour of perfect quality" for all household use.

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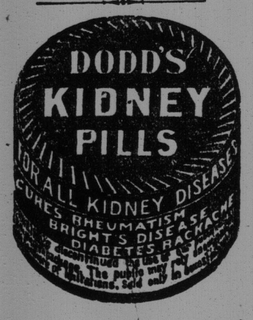
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