

Store closes evenings at 6 o'clock. Saturdays 11 p.m.

## UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

### Great Trouser Demand

Seems to be without doubt by the great many pairs that left our store Saturday.

**OUR GREAT \$3.00 VALUE** \$1.98 a pair which we are selling for

Greatest trouser value ever offered in the city. Come while the selection is large and price is small. We will sell them all this week at \$1.98 a pair. Don't miss this great trouser opportunity.

### Finest New Spring Suits

for men, youths, boys and children in the city. All the latest prevailing styles, and our prices are positively the lowest.

Don't forget our \$1.25 New Spring Soft Bosom Shirts are now 98c. each.

Boys' Knee Pants, ages 5 to 14, at 48c. a pair up.

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"Ah! we owe a debt of gratitude to that old gentleman," said Sir Ralph; "he first put us on your grandfather's track, Miss Molly, and even without poor Mrs. Bede worth's confession, I might have overlooked him. But I have got upon the right track. And now I want you to promise me that you will come and stay with us at Mailard at once in your new role as one of the Connele descendants."

Molly laughed brightly.

"I think I could accept your invitation," she said. "But Mrs. Grey insists upon taking me abroad for a time. She thinks—"

"I think," the little widow interrupted, "that we have been through so much during the few months we have been in England that I want to get her away for a time, until some of the things that have happened have faded from her mind."

"She has developed a singular taste of dreaming," Molly said, continuing to speak lightly. "And sometimes I actually have nightmares, so that I am being ignominiously sent away, to recover what the doctor calls—tone!"

Though she spoke with apparent lightness, Molly had observed, how that the dash had left her face, how white and tired it looked, and what dark pencilings lay beneath her eyes; and before he left them Mrs. Grey explained to him that since Mr. Bedeworth's death Molly had suffered bad dreams at night, and from having dreams, which sometimes took the form of yawning outbursts, sometimes of lost souls wailing for ever and crying in vain for forgiveness.

"She has had a terrible start," Mrs. Grey said. "It was my idea to take her to a peaceful little place on the Italian Riviera, a place of which I am particularly fond, where she will regain her usual buoyance and her normal healthiness of mind."

"And Lady Bangley?" asked Sir Ralph;

"Does she go with you?"

"No—I am not going to allow her to come too." Mrs. Grey answered with a sharpness very unusual for her.

Molly thought of everything I want her to forget, and she is a silly, shallow girl, whose own feelings were non-existent. She

would be miserable in the little place to which we are going, and I am urging her to find a congenial friend to go with her to Campania."

The little Stella was only too ready to take. Long before Christmas she became weary of the quiet life of the Manor House, and inwardly sighed for the more varied and exciting existence to which she was destined. She was more than half-afraid of her godmother, Mrs. Grey, whom she suspected of secretly laughing at her. She was in her own mind the called Stella "sternum," a term of endearment used in the serious aspects of life to a wholly congenial friend for her, now that her first grief and shock at her mother's death had passed away.

So that it came about early in February. Stella, and a companion more after her own heart, left England for Campania.

They had developed a singular taste of dreaming," Molly said, continuing to speak lightly. "And sometimes I actually have nightmares, so that I am being ignominiously sent away, to recover what the doctor calls—tone!"

Alan Dayrell had arrived in England for the first time after the difficulties at Mailard, and had brought in their train such a strange series of consequences; but he had shrunk equally from calling upon Mrs. Bedeworth, or from going to see Mrs. Grey, who had been very ill.

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