

There Has Been No Let Up TO THE RUSH AT OUR Great Removal Sale

Ever since we started this sale—two weeks ago—the crowds have been coming continuously and still coming. This week, being Easter, everybody is after new wearing apparel, and because we are selling lower than any other store we are doing the business. It is wonderful how the interest in this sale keeps up. It would have died out long ago if we did not give the bargains advertised, but we have the goods at advertising prices and everybody who purchased tells it to somebody else, hence the reason for the continued rush. We are bringing forward new goods daily, adding new bargains, and endeavoring in all lines to give the public \$2.00 worth of value for \$1.00.

SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR EASTER ON SATURDAY.

New Easter Neckwear, . . . 9c. 15c. 23c.
New Easter Gloves, Dent's Make, 89c. \$1.19 \$1.38 \$1.68
New Easter Shirts, nobby patterns, 48c. 69c. 89c. 98c.

Boys' 3 Piece Suits, special bargains, \$2.89 \$3.29 \$3.89
Boys' 2 Piece Suits, \$1.89 \$2.49 \$2.89
Boys' Fancy Suits, . . . \$2.95 and \$3.95

Boys' Pants, . . . 39c and 49c
Men's Pants, . . . 98c and \$1.19
Raincoats, . . . \$6.89 \$7.89
Spring Overcoats, . . . \$3.50 \$5.00 \$6.00

Your Choice of Our Stock at These Prices.

Special, Special! Just received another lot of those **Boys' Two-Piece Norfolk Suits at \$1.89**. Come early and take choice, they will not last long. There will be a big crush at this sale on Saturday. Don't wait until evening—avoid the crush by calling early in the day.

We will be packing up to move in a few more days, so while seasonable goods are selling at reduced prices, it is your time to get your outfit.

Don't Forget the Place.

THE GREAT REMOVAL SALE

HENDERSON & HUNT, - 40-42 King Street.

The Butterfly Girl

By TEMPLE BAILEY

(Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.)

The first rift in the lute came when Albert arrived home one stormy night and found his bride in a fetching pink gown, with her shining hair puffed into a halo of gold, with pink candle shades on the corners of the dining table, with pink roses in the center and with nothing thereon to eat but a third day's cold roast and leftover salad. Albert having kissed his wife enthusiastically and having changed his office coat for a more formal one, peered at the platter dubiously.

"I am desperately hungry," he said, "and there isn't much meat left."

"I am not a bit hungry," Bettina stated. "I was shopping downtown and I had such a lunch."

"I had a sandwich," was Albert's brief comment, and after that he ate sparingly of the lamb and the tasteless salad and sought final solace in his after-dinner cigar.

"The evening Bettina found him somewhat unresponsive. In vain she played and sang his favorite songs in her little lulling voice. In vain she prattled of her downtown bargains. In vain she petted him and praised him. Albert met all of her advances stolidly, and the next morning found her at her Aunt Betsey's in tears.

"He has ceased to love me," she declared.

"What did you give him for dinner last night?" Aunt Betsey demanded. Bettina faltered out her menu.

Aunt Betsey sniffed.

"No wonder he was disagreeable," she said. "Any man's affection would be frozen out by cold meat and cold salad and warm-over coffee."

"Albert's love ought to be superior to such things," Bettina said. "He used always to quote things like 'A Jug of Wine, a loaf of Bread, and Thou be-

side me, singing in the Wilderness; and last night all of my singing couldn't make him smile."

But Aunt Betsey was severely on the defensive.

"A jug of wine and a loaf of bread may be all right in hot climates," she admitted, "but yesterday it was snowing, and Albert came in chilled, and you ought to have had something fit to eat."

"Well, thank goodness my love isn't dependent on food," said Bettina, loftily.

"What did you have for lunch yesterday?" Aunt Betsey probed. "You told me you went to Maillard's."

"We had grapefruit, and crab, and quail, and a salad, and an ice-cream."

"That was delicious—Mary Luttrell invited me, with a friend of hers from out of town."

"And poor Albert had a sandwich," Aunt Betsey reminded her.

"Oh! Oh! Suddenly the real situation seemed to dawn on the little wife. "He was really hungry, Aunt Betsey—poor dear fellow."

"And he had worked from 8.30 in the morning," Aunt Betsey went on, "and when he came home at night, tired and worn and nervous, he was not in a condition to appreciate lace-trimmed ruffles, Bettina, half as much as an appetizing dinner."

Bettina sighed.

"Well, it does away with the romance."

"Dear heart," Aunt Betsey told her, "there is a joy in service that is above the joy of mere admiration. Try making Albert comfortable, and you will get more solid happiness out of it than by keeping him on the rack with your coquetry."

But Bettina shrugged her shoulders. "The way to hold a man," she declared, "is to play with him."

The way to hold a man," said Aunt Betsey with a nod of her gray head, "is to love him. And that means to make yourself his equal in endeavor. Then you have his respect. You must be the homemaker, just as Albert is the money-maker."

"But you have never married," said little Bettina. "How can you know, Aunt Betsey?"

"The people who look on from the outside are the wise ones," said Aunt Betsey, "and I have seen so many marriages made of the last of the beef. Bettina always ran to big roasts, and there yet remained to be eaten a fifth day's soup, made of the bone."

The sound of his key in the latch summoned no rosy vision, however. He passed through the dining room. The pink candles were not lighted. In front of his place was a copper chafing dish, one of Bettina's hitherto unused wedding presents, and the blue flame burning beneath set the contents bubbling, and the air was laden with deliciousness.

"Bettina," he called, and at the sound she came to the kitchen door. She wore a long apron of china blue, her hair was ruffled about her face, her cheeks were flaming.

"I haven't time to kiss you," she cried, gaily. "I must watch the chops."

Albert went into his room somewhat disconcerted. It was the first time that Bettina had failed to kiss him. It was the first time that his rooms had not been in a rosy glow—and he missed it.

But his discomfort vanished with the serving of dinner.

There were oysters in the chafing dish—panned to perfection; there were broiled chops, a crisp salad and a pudding made by Bettina's own fair hands. And Albert ate and praised and wondered.

"I didn't know you could do it, Bettina," he said. "You always seemed such a butterfly girl."

Bettina laughed.

"Aunt Betsey showed me how," she said, "and—and I really liked doing it." But her eyes were a little wistful, and presently she said: "Don't you miss anything?"

"Yes," Albert said, promptly. "I do miss the rosy glow and the rosy candles—and you haven't kissed me yet, Bettina."

He went around and stood at the back of her chair.

"I was a bear last night," little girl, he apologized, "but a man's a queer creature, and I was tired—"

He folded his hands about the oval of her face. "Kiss me," he said, softly. And when that rite was performed he asked: "Can't we have the candles and the flowers tomorrow?"

"They cost too much," she said, "and you need the hearty food more. But on Sundays we will make a feast of romance to offset the six days of common sense."

Albert sighed.

"If I were only rich," he said. "You are rich," his wife told him, with her eyes sparkling.

"How?" he questioned.

"Because you have me," said pretty Bettina, saucily.

NO MORE DANCING IN GRANGE HALLS

The Art of Terpsichore is Prohibited in Maine.

Many Members of the Grange Have Moral Objections to Dancing and It Caused Trouble.

BANGOR, April 15.—C. S. Steaton of Auburn, master of the State grange, has issued a proclamation to the granges of the state to the effect that there shall be no more dancing in grange halls. This action on the part of the state master of the grange is directly in line with the policy which has been pursued for many years and with gaining strength every year until now it is considered that the action of State Master Steaton will be final and that henceforth there will be no more dancing in halls of the grange.

All during the time Hon. Obadiah Gardner, of Rockland, was master of the State grange he endeavored to have dancing in grange halls abolished. To this end he issued a proclamation to that effect several times while he held the office of state master. In a large part dancing in grange halls was stopped, but there were a few granges which still held dances in their halls.

The grange, numbering among its members as it does people of all denominations, naturally has many sided views on such a subject as dancing. There are many members of the grange who do not believe in dancing, and while they do not attempt to carry their belief beyond their own circles they do not believe in prohibiting dancing in grange halls. The views of these members of the grange, many of them among the most prominent and most respected members of the organizations, are entitled to respect, and as the holding of dances in the halls is not at all essential but is likely to create dissensions it has been deemed best by the officers of the grange for

some years to prohibit dancing in the halls of the granges.

There are, of course, some granges in which there is no sentiment against dancing or where the sentiment against it is in such a decided minority as to be of no account. In these granges there has been no apparent reason why dancing should be tabooed. In other granges dances have been found to be a very important source of revenue. These granges have been in debt for their hall and other property and their members have held the idea that they might as well raise the money by holding dances and serving suppers rather than by taking the members of the grange the objection perhaps might not have been so strenuous but when the doors were opened to anybody and everybody who would pay the price of admission the other members of the grange found their sentiment against dancing to be more marked than ever.

The argument that dancing is a source of revenue no longer holds water with those members of the grange who are opposed to dancing. The grange has grown so that it is one of the greatest organizations in the country. The state represent large resources and the generosity of the grange is well known. A struggling grange has other means of securing revenue than by holding dances and on that account this argument has lost weight.

While many of the officers of the grange may not have any objection to dancing they see in its continuance in grange halls the source of dissensions which may tear down the structure of organization which has been built up by so many years of hard work. In many cases of dormant granges reported at the annual sessions of the grange the reason given for the decline of these granges has been the internal dissensions caused by dancing, on the propriety of which the grange has been divided. Then many members of the grange have sons and daughters whom they wish to become members of the grange as soon as they reach the legitimate age of 18 years. They want these sons and daughters brought up in an atmosphere of propriety and good moral tone and, being opposed to dancing, they do not want their children to become connected with it. In view of all these things the officers of the grange have put their foot down on dancing in grange halls and therefore it must go.

ACCIDENTS THAT REUNITE PERSONS

Sister's Brand of Superior Beef Stew Brought Sister and Brother Together

Innumerable strange stories of how persons long separated were reunited have been turning up all over the country lately. Some of these tales have been so fantastic in their details that if they were worked into fiction or melodramas the critics probably would call the police.

Take, for instance, the manner in which John M. Lomax of Dover, O., found his sister after a separation of more than 34 years. When his sister Anne was 16 years old her mother died, and then she became housekeeper and cook for her father and her brother.

After four years the father married again, and then the children drifted away and lost sight of one another. At different times Lomax tried to find his sister, but could never get any trace of her.

Some time ago he happened to be in the neighborhood of Louisville, says the Philadelphia Press, buying up farm produce. While there he met a farmer named Hastings and the latter invited him to dinner.

At dinner beef stew was served and Lomax thought it tasted something like that of the good old days when his sister cooked his meals. He asked the farmer's wife what her maiden name had been, and found that she was his sister.

Another odd case is that in which Frank Schwerling, of Onida, N. Y., who was wasted as a witness in an important will suit, was found by R. S. Glenn, a New York attorney.

A claimant of an estate need certain papers which Schwerling had in his possession, but no trace of Schwerling could be found. He and his claimant had roomed together in Onida, N. Y., while both had been employed in a foundry, but no one knew where the man had gone.

Glenn, attorney for the claimant, set out to find the missing individual. He had nothing to guide him but a flimsy description given by his client, but he went to many foundries and did considerable correspondence, thinking that he would find the man still working at his old trade. Weeks passed without success. The time was coming close when the papers must be produced or the claimant would lose his case. In a last desperate effort to land his man Glenn took a train for Pittsburgh.

Early one morning, after sleeping in a Pullman berth all night, Glenn woke to find that the train was at a standstill. Looking outside he found a freight locomotive pulling close to his car. In the cab was a man, and Glenn didn't know why he did it—asked him, "Is your name Schwerling?"

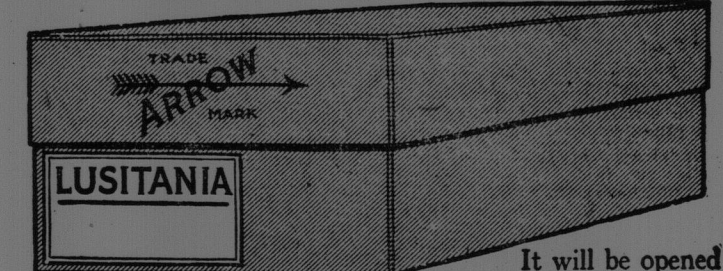
"Yes," was the reply, and before Glenn recovered from the shock the train began to move onward. He quickly told Schwerling to rush the papers to New York, however, and thus his client won his case.

The story of the separation and reunion of Walter and Thomas Stafford of William, Ct., reads like a chapter out of one of the year's biggest sellers.

About nine years ago both were head over heels in love with a girl in their own town. She smiled upon both and the result was that they became bad friends. One day they met in a field and decided to fight it out with revolvers. As they shot at each other they became frightened and ran off. Each was sure the other had been killed, and each believing he bore the marks of Cain decided to leave for other parts.

Finally both drifted into New York. Neither could forget the fight upon the field, and as the result of constant brooding both landed in the insane wards in Bellevue hospital at the same time. Naturally the discovery that there had been no murder restored each man to his right sense.

There is another New Style in the Arrow Box



It will be opened APRIL 18th
ARROW COLLAR
90 cents each, 3 for 50 cents.

CLUETT, PEARBOY & COMPANY, Troy, N. Y.

Your Spring troubles will all end in smoke if you keep yourself well and strong by eating

KORN-KINKS

The new malted corn flakes. Full of nourishment, snappy and tasty. Easily digested by the most delicate stomach. Contains all the body-building material in the best white corn combined with life-giving barley-malt. Ready-to-serve, with cream or with milk. At your grocers.

The only Malted Corn Flakes.

"Silver Plate that Waters FINE TABLE CUTLERY Forks, forks, spoons, etc.—the best made—are identified by the famous trade mark."

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

This name has three score years' reputation for beauty, finish, style and quality.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

The name and address of the dealer in your city, or the name of the nearest branch office, should be MERIDEN BROS. CO.

SAPPHO.

Sappho was born in Lesbos about the end of the seventh century B. C. In antiquity the fame of Sappho rivaled that of Homer. She was called "the poetess," he was called "the poet." She was styled "the tenth muse," "the flower of the graces," "a miracle," "the beautiful." But few fragments of her works are preserved, and these only incidentally by other writers.