

Your New
Spring Clothes
at this Sale at
Ridiculously Low
Figures.

A Sale of Interest To All Wise Buyers!

.... An
Opportunity
That Does
Not Often
Occur.

Greatest Spring Clothing Sale of the Season!

Sale Begins Wednesday Morning at 8 o'clock, April 15th, and Lasts Until Saturday, April 25th.

Buy Your New Easter Suit, Overcoat, Trousers, etc., at This Great Reduction Sale!

We specially wish to impress upon the minds of the public that the stock offered for sale at this Great Bargain Carnival is entirely **New Fresh Spring Productions**, and it will pay well the keenest Clothing and Furnishing buyers to be in attendance during this Sale.

See Our Window Display, But That is Only a Few of the Thousands of Bargains For You!

MEN'S SUITS, Sale Prices \$4.50, \$5.50, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.50, \$9.50, \$10.50 to \$11.50. All these Suits are worth 50 per cent. above prices quoted.

DON'T MAKE A MISTAKE! THIS IS A GENUINE REDUCTION SALE OF NEW SPRING CLOTHING.

Our Gents' Furnishings are the best money can buy, and are better value than you can get elsewhere.

We have your Easter Suit ready for you at prices never heard of before. A chance that does not often occur. You are all invited to attend this Great Clothing Sale which will open Wednesday Morning at 8 a. m. sharp.

Don't Miss It. If You Do You Lose.

26-28 Charlotte St.
Opp. City Market

Union Clothing Co.

St. John, N. B.
Alex. Corbet, Mgr.

....Her Birthday Gift....

By TROY ALLISON.

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The rarely used doorbell rang out an unexpected summons and Mrs. Jordan, unprepared in putting the breakfast biscuits into the oven, tilted the pan in her excitement, until the carefully cut forms slid down to one end of the pan, an avalanche of dough.
"Maretta, go answer that bell," she thought. Maretta had not noticed the episode of the biscuits and she would not for words have the girl think there was a vulnerable spot in her stoicism, or that she owned curiosity. "If it's a woman don't let her in for there isn't a woman round here that hasn't sense enough to know better'n to call before breakfast."
Maretta, without waiting for the end of the monologue had opened the door. "Here's a parcel for you," said the man from the station, grinning and pointing to the small boy on the doorstep. "he's labeled to Mrs. Jordan all right."
The girl stared at the small figure in astonishment. "I'm Ned, and I'm a birthday present to grandma and I'm hungry," he said, with no recognition of the need of pauses or punctuation, raising very blue eyes to meet hers earnestly.
"I guess he'll have to come in," said the girl in bewilderment. "I don't know anything about him, but maybe Aunt Ann does."
Mrs. Jordan, waiting in the kitchen door gave a snap of terror when she saw the small face under the leather sailor cap. "Bobbie!" she whispered faintly.
"No, I'm not named Bobbie. I'm Neddie, grandma." The small hands clung around her waist. "Papa said you would love me and be awfully glad to see me."
She sat down by the kitchen table and took the child in her lap. It was the first time she had ever been called grandmother and she had never known there was a child.
When Robert Jordan went to study bookkeeping six years ago to study bookkeeping, and during the first year married one of the chorus girls belonging to the "Froth, and Foam Extravaganza," his mother's Methodist principles had re-

tused to acknowledge that she had any longer a son. His letters, unanswered, finally stopped altogether. There had been no word from him direct, or indirect, until this small boy with the eyes and mouth of her own little Bobbie called her grandmother.
"I never saw you before at all," he said, softly putting her cheeks with the cold little hands from which he had removed the mittens. "but papa said you would love me dearly, and that every time you made cookies you would make me a large cake shaped like a doggie with currants for its eyes. Will you grandmother, please?"
Mrs. Jordan trembled from head to foot at the vision of another little boy of long ago, watching her put the currants in for eyes. She could fancy his childish voice saying, "Mind, mummy, don't make him cross-eyed."
"Where is your papa?" she asked, buttoning the child's overcoat mechanically.
"Papa's gone away. He said he was going to stay with mama—and that I was to be your little boy. He sent you a birthday letter in my overcoat pocket. You do want me for your little boy, don't you?"
His childish mouth quivered appreciatively at her continued silence. She left the letter unopened, while she hugged him suddenly to her breast.
"Yes, I want you for my little boy. I have wanted a little boy for years and years—so terribly long," she said, crushing the words against his short, curly hair.
"Maretta, take the child upstairs and wash his face and hands before breakfast. He's all covered with train dust," she said, suddenly becoming conscious that the young girl had been standing silent in the kitchen door.
Left alone, she looked at the letter long and silently. The years rolled back—she seemed to feel with all the intensity of her motherhood. She realized that the letter must tell her that her son was dead, yet the child, her child, seemed miraculously restored to her.
Bringing her glasses from a corner of the dining room mantel she opened the letter.
"I shall not live to see your birthday, mother, but little Ned will be with you—and you can't help loving him. His mother has been dead a year. The doctor says he will see that the boy gets to you safely—and, mother—if you will only love him and forget these last few years."
The woman leaned her head on the table, and deep sobs convulsed her. Maretta, coming down stairs with an immaculate little boy by the hand, saw through the front window some one who caused her to run hastily to the door.
"Come to the steps a minute, John," she called softly. "I was afraid I wouldn't get the chance to see you to-

day. I've determined to say 'yes,' even if Aunt Ann doesn't give her consent. She seems to have a horror of people getting married. It's getting unbearable. I wanted her to say I might marry you—but I'll do it, anyway!"
John Terry's strong hand closed on hers convulsively.
"Will you wear a veil and carry a big bouquet?" eagerly asked the child, overlooked by them both.
The man laughed good-naturedly.
"Hello, youngster, where did you come from? Yes, she can have the veil and bouquet, and maybe there will be a long train that you can walk behind and carry just like the picture of the princess and her little page. But who on earth are you, and when did you strike this town?"
"I'm Ned Jordan, and my papa's name is Robert Jordan, and I've come to stay with grandma, and I hope you are well," the child answered with a polite timidity that caused him to rush through his explanations and wind up for lack of breath.
Terry gazed at the child meaningly.
"So? The old lady has relented at last has she?"
"I don't think it's that," the girl answered softly. "I think Cousin Robert is—dead. She seemed wonderfully affected—and more gentle than I have ever known her."
"Maretta!" Mrs. Jordan's voice called from the dining room. "Is that John Terry? Tell him to come in and have breakfast with us. It's awfully lucky to have a man caller on your birthday. I'm forty-nine years young," she added with a laugh that held a sob. "And I'm going to start in the fifties right. You might as well let John come on in. I'll bet he'll spend most of the year with you, anyhow!"
Terry, laughing, took the girl's arm and led her to the dining room.
"She's going to be married and I'm going to carry her train for her, grandma," said the child excitedly.
"All right, Bobbie, come sit in this chair by grandma, and let those two people that are so much in love with each other sit by each other."
The child climbed into the chair and looked at her reproachfully. "I should think if I was your own little boy you wouldn't forget my name," he said.
"Yes, Bobbie, dear—I mean Neddie," John said, "bow your head now while John asks a blessing on my birthday gift."

ALBANY, N. Y., April 13.—Governor Hughes signed the bill today of Senator Page providing for an investigation into the government of New York city.

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RISE AND FALL IN DIAMONDS.

(By the Editor of the Mining Year-Book.)
Romance and excitement have ever been interwoven with diamonds—even before the astute Nadir Shah obtained the Koh-i-noor by a courteous exchange of turbans with his conquered foe. And now there is as much excitement in diamond circles as ever. The price of the glittering gems has been advancing continuously for years. But of late investors, both in the stones and in the shares of diamond companies, have learned that things are not quite what they have seemed; even the man in the street has had his eyes opened. For it has now become apparent to all the world that the price has been manipulated to an artificial level by restriction of the supply. This revelation, with its attendant circumstances, is one of the after-effects of last year's financial crash in the United States. The crisis was in the main a rich man's crisis; it has resulted in a marked lessening in America's demand for luxuries—and notably that most expensive luxury, diamonds. In truth, marked lessening is far too weak a term to describe what has happened in the diamond market. Now York Customs returns of the imports of precious stones of which 90 per cent. are diamonds—show that in the five weeks ended February 22, 1907, the value was \$4,335,000; for the corresponding period of the present year the imports reached only \$389,000—a shrinkage of over 91 per cent. With the progress of time, the changed conditions have been brought home to those important South African undertakings whose names are household words among investors, and so we have had recently a whole series of announcements as to the non-payment of dividends and the shutting down of mines.

WEALTH OF DE BEERS.

For all practical purposes the diamond output of South Africa—the most important producing centre of the world—may be regarded as coming from three properties: the De Beers, the New Jagersfontein, and the Premier. There are others, but they are of little account. Of the great trio the De Beers is, of course, the best known and the most important. It was formed as far back as 1888, and its recent huge profits since the capital was divided into 600,000 40 per cent. preferred shares of \$12 each and 1,000,000 deferred shares of like amount—twenty million dollars in all—have been accounted for by dividends of 35 per cent. for the years ended June 1903 and 1904, 40 per cent. for 1904-5 and 1905-6, and 50 per cent. for 1906-7. Some idea as to the magnitude of the company's operations will be gathered from the fact that last year's income totalled, in round figures, \$22,500,000; and after meeting expenses, debenture interest, and taxes, and providing a substantial amount for depreciation, a net profit of \$13,550,000 remained.
On June 30 the company had a reserve fund—in Consols, taken at 84½—of \$4,975,000; while the quantity of

"blue ground" on the "floors" totalled no fewer than 9,954,000 loads, or nearly enough to keep the works going for two years. "Blue ground" is the clayey material in which the diamonds are found; it is placed on the "floors," or depositing sites, in order that it may become weathered, and thus amenable to the processes of crushing and washing by which the stones are extracted.

DOUBLED IN VALUE.

Of the different properties owned, the De Beers Consolidated is at present working four. Last year's yields are set out below:

DE BEERS MINE.
No. of loads washed—1,467,454.
Value of diamonds found—\$1,762,80.
Value per carat—\$1.10.
Value per load—\$24.

WESSELTON MINE.
No. of loads washed—1,891,461.
Value of diamonds found—\$1,243,360.
Value per carat—\$1.1
Value per load—\$12.

BULTFOOT MINE.
No. of loads washed—1,728,047.
Value of diamonds found—\$1,181,552.
Value per carat—\$1.6
Value per load—\$13.6

DUTOITSPAN MINE.
No. of loads washed—1,539,237.
Value of diamonds found—\$1,455,330.
Value per carat—\$9.7.
Value per load—\$11.1.

It will be noticed that there is a marked difference in the value of the stones yielded by the various mines, the Dutoitspan standing considerably above the others in this respect. The advance in the price of the diamonds is strikingly brought out by an examination of the record of production. To give only one example: In the financial period ending March 31, 1890, the stones won from the De Beers mine averaged 88 per carat; for the year to June, 1900, the figure was 93; by last year it had risen to no less than 116. Naturally with dividends ranging between 35 and 50 per cent., the deferred shares of the company have experienced considerable fluctuations. Between 1902 and 1907 inclusive they were

up to nearly \$155, and down to \$75; within the past few days they have beaten the record by going under \$55.

PREMIER AND ITS CULLINAN.

The history of the Premier Diamond Mining Company furnishes a highly romantic chapter even in the romantic history of mining. No serious attempt was made to deal with the property until after the war; the company was formed in December, 1902, and within a year the 45 shares changed hands at \$250 each—not on the strength of dividends, for production had only just commenced, but on the richness of the initial returns and of the indications afforded by the opening up of the mine. Since then the yield per load has fallen from 1,200 carats to 672 carats; still the company, operating on a large scale, has made enormous profits. The accounts to October 31 last—quite recently to hand—show an income for the year of \$5,500,000 from diamonds, plus \$855,000 sundries—the latter item including the company's share of the proceeds for the sale of the Cullinan stone, not long ago presented to King. The divisible profit was \$2,990,000, of which the Transvaal Government takes \$1,500,000. The capital of \$400,000 is now divided into 160,000 shares of \$1 each, entitled to 250 per cent. cumulative dividend, and 320,000 deferred shares of 50 cents each, entitled to the balance of profits. For each of the past three years dividends of 400 per cent. have been declared on the deferred shares.

The first storm-cloud in the diamond industry appeared last autumn, when the Premier Company made the announcement that, although the results would have allowed a distribution of 400 per cent. to the deferred shareholders, the directors considered it sounder policy to strengthen the financial position of the company by deferring the declaration. It came to be understood that this step was taken in view of the possibility of acute competition between the De Beers and Premier Companies. Such a contingency was for the time being obviated by the receipt of the Premier Company into the arms of the Diamond Syndicate, which markets the produce of the De Beers Company.

In December the Premier Company declared its 40 per cent. and subsequently postponed payment until such time as the condition of the diamond trade warrants. Now it is announced that the arrangements with the Diamond Syndicate will not be continued, which means that the Premier Company will put as many stones as it can on the market; there will be no regulation of the output of the rivals by the diamond syndicate. Meantime the De Beers has not only passed its interim dividend, but is shutting down its Dutoitspan mine, thus reducing its output by about one-quarter, while the Jagersfontein Company is reducing its output by half.

The effect of the state of affairs has been that the value of the properties in the market has depreciated within a few months by exactly one-half, or by a sum of no less than 7½ millions sterling. The companies declare that by restricting output they will keep the price of diamonds up, rivalry or no-rivalry. But there is a fair prospect that your diamonds will cost you less.

SAYS HE GOT THESE DIAMONDS IN ST. JOHN

Vagabond Arrested by Quincy Police Tells Conflicting Yarns

BOSTON, April 2.—A suspicious-looking man was taken in this morning by the Quincy police on information that he was trying to dispose of diamond rings for a small sum. He first gave his name as William Jennings, but later said it was Billingham, and gave a third name of Constable, the police state. When searched a package was found in his pocket which contained three diamond rings. The prisoner explained by saying they were given him by a man in St. John, N. B. He was arraigned charged with being a vagabond and was sentenced. He appeared and is now in Dedham jail. The police are making further investigation, and it is probable that a further charge may be brought against him.

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