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Union Clothing Company

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"Poor Alan," Mrs. Bedworth said, with a soft little sigh. "I am so very sorry for him. All his hopes have been most terribly and unexpectedly disappointed. He writes to tell me that his g. father made a new will only five months ago, and by that will Alan hardly bene its at all."

"How mean of the old man!" Stella exclaimed, and as she spoke her eyes narrowed in an odd cat-like fashion that for a moment quite changed the expression of her face. "What if Alan loses all that money he will have nothing but his salary, and I am so stupid about economizing."

It was easy to see from whom Stella had inherited that curious cat-like narrowing of her eyes, for Mrs. Bedworth's eyes narrowed in exactly the same way, as she turned to look across the room and away from her daughter's perturbed face.

"You will soon learn, darling," the mother said gently, after an infinitesimal pause; "after all, money is not everything, and many people have to begin their married lives with very small means."

Mrs. Bedworth was thoroughly enjoying herself. Having framed an elaborate story during the quarter of an hour that she had been perusing Alan's letter, she was now proceeding to carry the policy into effect, and to do so she had to have had to hear—again, came that soft little sigh—but money after all is such a little thing compared to love like yours and Alan's!

"I suppose money doesn't really matter," Stella answered, her deriding frown the small but expressive room. "only it is horrible enough, and I am not at keeping home, or—anyway, of course, I do care more than for any stupid money."

And in a tone of would be decision that brought a gleam into her mother's down-drooping eyes.

"You had better read Alan's letter, dear," she said, putting the closely written sheets into her daughter's hand; "you see, he says he will come and see us this afternoon, and hear what we think. He is very rightly and properly suggesting leaving you from your engagement, but—"

"Oh, mother," the color again flew over Stella's lovely apple blossom face, "I couldn't give him up just now—could I?—It would look so bad, so horrid, and I—I mean I—care for Alan too much to want to give him up."

Mrs. Bedworth's lips parted in a faint, inscrutable smile. She could read the workings of Stella's mind like an open book, and she knew that it was working exactly as she intended it should.

"Of course you do, dear, and I know my dear little girl will tell him today how faithful she means to be to him. Poor dear Alan!"

That same soft little sigh punctuated all Mrs. Bedworth's sentences, she seemed to feel the woes of others so deeply that they quite got upon her mind and nerves.

"He says the will has some curious clauses," Stella said, after reading Dayrell's letter slowly through; "I wonder what he means by that."

"He will come today, dear child, and tell us everything there is to be told, and we must try to console him 'or his loss." Her mother's gentle, purring voice never failed to make Stella feel soothed and satisfied with herself and her surroundings. She had a profound belief in, and admiration for her mother, and her very strong character lent completely upon Mrs. Bedworth's more forcible nature. Stella was not aware of the fact that her mother could twine her with the greatest ease round the smallest of those slender white fingers, and that her own will was nothing, less than nothing, when confronted by her mother's iron determination.

Mrs. Bedworth was looked upon in her own circle of acquaintances not only as a woman of exceeding charm, but also as a wonderful manager. Left a widow in her early thirties, with an income that appeared quite inadequate for her position in society, she had nevertheless contrived to bring up her lovely daughter in a way suited to that position, and to make her small house the centre of a pleasant circle of men and women. Fifty-four, Manders Street, was a popular resort to those of both sexes, and Mrs. Bedworth's merits as a hostess were fully recognized by all those who availed themselves of her hospitality. People had said that she intended her daughter Stella to make a wealthy marriage, and gossip had even associated her name with one or two leading persons in society. The gossip had therefore held up their hands in unmitigated surprise when, five months earlier, the announcement was made of Stella Bedworth's engagement to a comparatively unimportant young man, Alan Dayrell. It was true he was the heir to a fortune and an estate, but still, as everybody said, with that expression "everybody" shows in discussing other people's business, Mr. Haines, the young man's rich life for some might live in years, and meanwhile a clerk in a government office was not quite the best match to be found for so attractive a girl as Stella.

Then came the death of Mr. Haines, and the Bedworths' friends declared that dear Stella and dear Stella's mother really deserved the good luck that had at last come in their way, because they had batted so bravely with fortune for so many years; whilst their enemies smiled meaningfully and said that Mrs. Bedworth knew very well what she was about in not opposing the engagement, and that she had only continued to sanction it because Mr. Haines had so obligingly died.

The tidings of Alan Dayrell's loss of his so lately obtained fortune had not reached the ears of the world in general, and he had unintentionally given Mrs. Bedworth an opportunity of considering the situation dispassionately, before coming forward to talk over with his betrothed and her mother.

When four o'clock, the hour fixed by Alan for his visit, chimed softly from the silver clock on Mrs. Bedworth's mantelpiece, that lady was sitting in a corner of the Chesterfield sofa on one side of the fireplace, awaiting his arrival.

Stella was not with her. Mrs. Bedworth had gently persuaded the girl to let her in the first place interview Dayrell alone, and Stella, accustomed from infancy to be guided exclusively by her mother's wishes and suggestions, had not required upstairs waiting to be summoned to meet her lover.

As the last chiming tone of the silver clock tinkled softly into the room Alan was announced, and Mrs. Bedworth rose to greet him, with a smile in which chastened sympathy and a cordial assurance of continued friendship were skilfully blended.

"My dear Alan," she said, holding out to him her pretty white hands with an effusively tender gesture, "what can I say to tell you how sorry I am for your disappointment?"

The cloud of depression that had rested on the young man's brow lifted somewhat, a gleam of hopefulness shot into his grey eyes. Mrs. Bedworth invariably laid the effect of making him feel stroked down and comforted, and her gentle, maternal voice soothed his ruffled emotions.

"At the moment, whilst the cordial tones of her greeting sent up his desponding spirits with a bound. Surely, if she welcomed him thus kindly, she did not insist on an immediate rupture of his engagement, and any prospect of delay in this dreadful result of his changed fortunes gave him a renewed sense of energy and courage.

He took a seat close to his hostess, and when he spoke his voice was almost as frank and eager as usual.

"This will have come as an awful blow, and such an unexpected one. Heaven knows what insane notions my godfather had in his brain when he made it!"

"He was quite sane, I suppose?" Mrs. Bedworth's grey-green eyes gleamed over so faintly; "you and your lawyer would, of course, have considered all the possibilities of disputing the will?"

"To dispute it was my first wish, but the solicitor, Mr. Bray, assures me it is absolutely useless. My godfather was as sane as could be when he drew up this ridiculous will!"

"Most extraordinary!" Mrs. Bedworth said gently, "and it is so difficult to understand why he should have altered everything with such extraordinary suddenness. Had you done anything to offend him?"

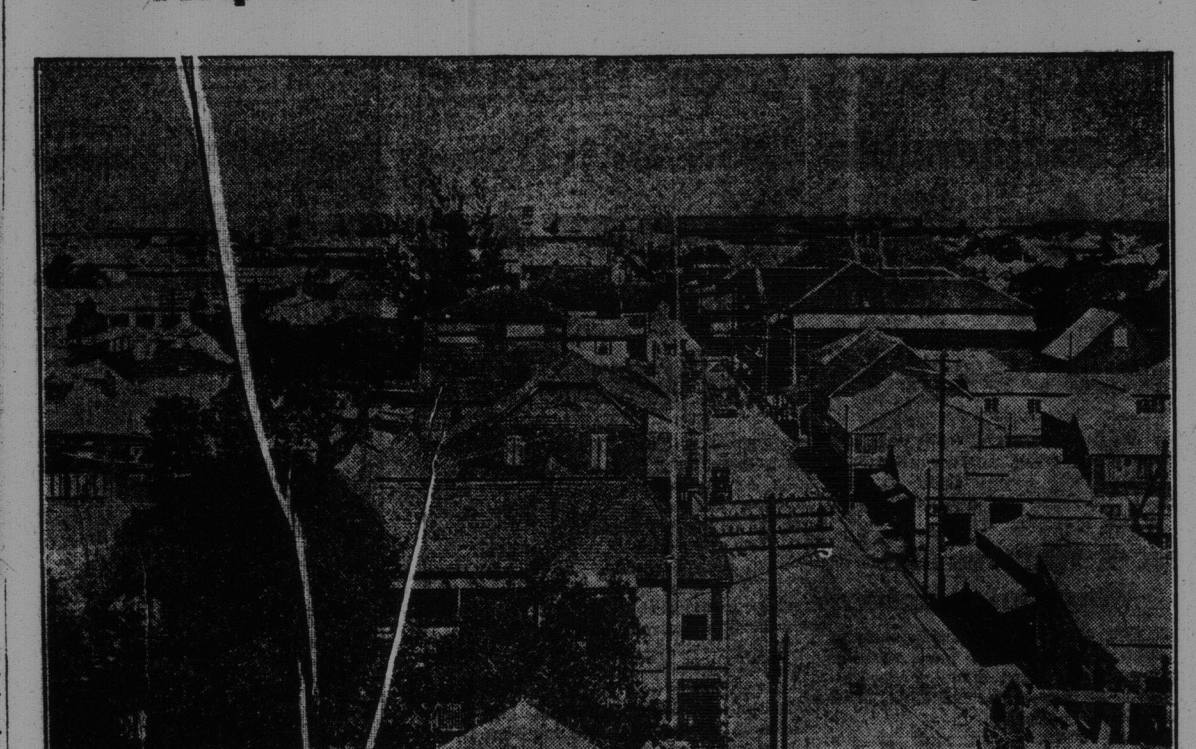
(To be continued.)

Out of sight isn't necessarily out of mind when applied to a pretty girl.

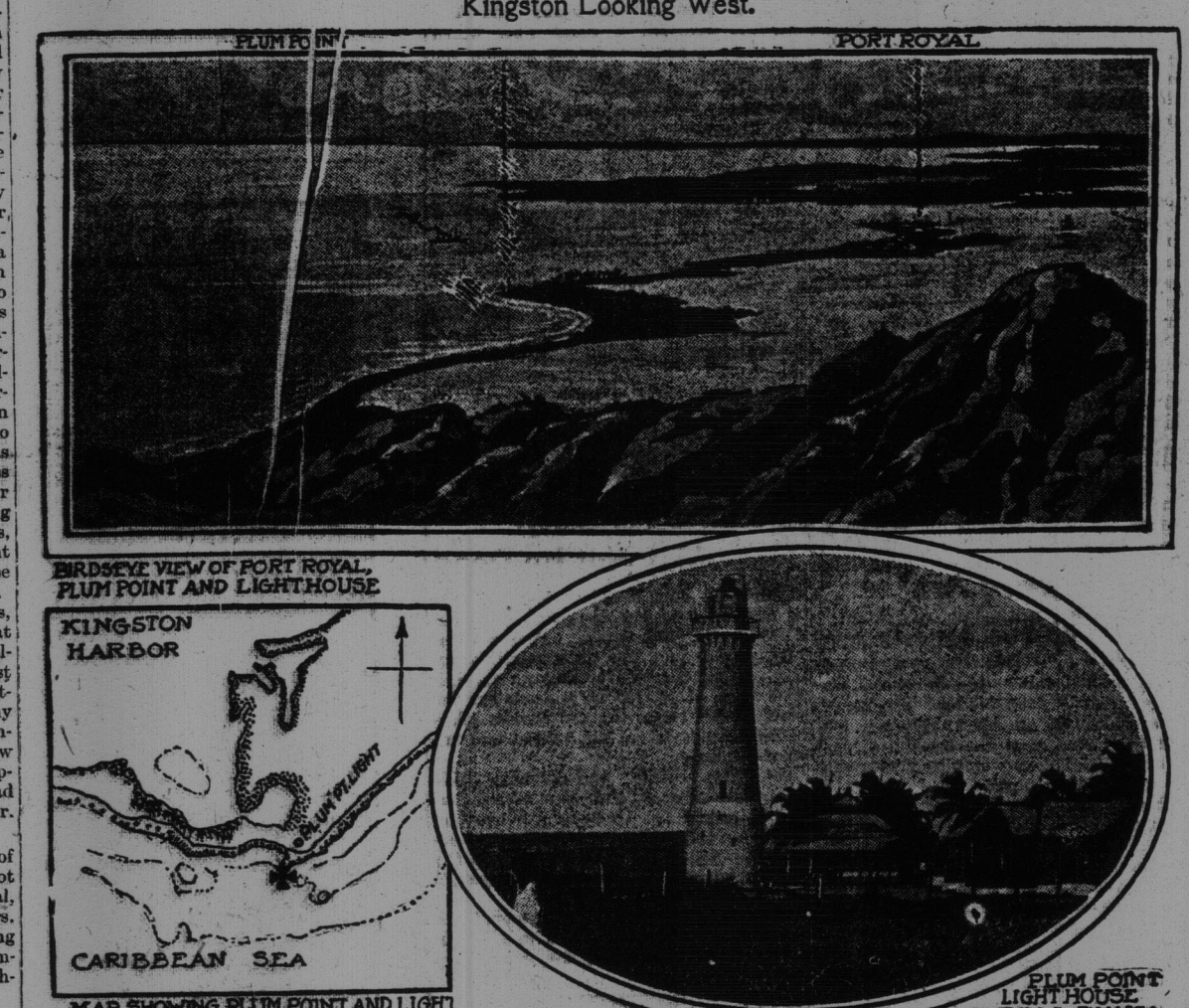
THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1907.

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, PRACTICALLY WIPED OUT BY EARTHQUAKE

Fires Added to Horrors of Earth's Convulsion—Estimates That 100 Are Dead and Hospitals Are Filled With The Injured.



Kingston Looking West.



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PORT ROYAL, JAMAICA, SHOWING PLUM POINT AND LIGHTHOUSE.

London, Jan. 15.—The colonial office tonight received confirmation of the terrible disaster which has overtaken Kingston, Jamaica, in a dispatch from Hamar Greenwood, M. P., sent from Holland Bay, at the east end of the island.

The telegram says that Kingston has been ruined by an earthquake, which occurred without warning Monday afternoon at 3.30. A very great number of buildings and dwellings were destroyed, either by the earthquake or by the consequent fire.

The military hospital was burned, and forty soldiers are reported to have been killed, together with several prominent citizens and many other of the inhabitants of the city.

Sir James Ferguson is reported to have been instantly killed, but no other English, Canadian or Americans are missing.

The city is quiet, but disciplined workers are needed.

The governor of the colony, Sir Alexander Swettenham, assisted by Sir Alfred Jones, is directing affairs.

The steamer Port Kingston will leave Thursday with most of the members of the party who went out with Sir Alfred Jones to attend the agricultural conference.

The Right Honorable Sir James Ferguson, mentioned in the foregoing dispatch, was a man of considerable prominence. He served in the Crimean campaign with the Grenadier Guards, and was present at the battles of Alma and Inkerman, where he was wounded, and at the siege of Sebastopol. He was several times a member of the house of commons. He was under secretary of state for India and the home department in Lord Derby's third, and in Mr. Russell's first administrations. He was made governor of New Zealand in 1883, and governor of Bombay in 1885. He was under secretary of state for foreign affairs in 1888, and from 1891 to 1892 he served as postmaster-general.

London, Jan. 15.—The only news of the earthquake at Kingston (Ja.), thus far received in London, is contained in brief dispatches from New York.

In addition to a great number of Englishmen in business at Kingston, there is at present a party of distinguished persons, headed by Sir Alfred Jones, on a visit there to attend an agricultural conference. There is much uneasiness here on their account.

This party left Bristol (Eng.), on Dec. 30, on board the steamer Port Kingston, for Kingston. It was composed of about

is done with Jamaica from here but that from Halifax a large amount is done. Also, wives are shipped from St. John to Halifax for Jamaica and Halifax does a large business in fish with the island.

Jamaica sends out a large amount of bananas and other fruit to the United States by the steamers of the United Fruit Company and the line between Canada-Jamaica line also brings considerable fruit here.

The Salvation Army are much interested in the Jamaica disaster. Speaking last night Major Phillips said that they have corps at Kingston, Port Antonio, Montego Bay and at Blue Mountains. The headquarters are at Kingston, where the army has considerable property. There are about 2,000 soldiers in the jurisdiction. Brigadier Glover, of Newfoundland, was recently appointed to the command in Jamaica.

Frederickton, Jan. 15.—(Special)—News that Kingston, Jamaica has been wiped out by an earthquake caused considerable excitement here this evening and there were many inquiries in the leading hotels for particulars.

W. E. Rowley, son of Alfred Rowley, of Maryville, is manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Kingston and his relatives are very anxious about him.

Toronto, Jan. 15.—(Special)—Hamar Greenwood, M. P. for York (Eng.), is in Jamaica and is at present touring the island.

Mrs. H. C. McLeod, wife of the general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and her three daughters are wintering on the island. Their residence is outside the city of Kingston.

Toronto people who sailed for Jamaica January 5 and who would be there now are: Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Keple, Mrs. M. Scott, W. H. Parker, R. H. Russell, Lieut. Goldsday, Cecil Conway, A. T. Blackwell, Mrs. Blackwell, Miss Blackwell, Miss Taylor, Lieut. Col. Armstrong, Dr. Murray MacLarn, Judge Barker, W. H. Thorne and Mr. Robertson.

Covers were laid for twelve at a luncheon given by James F. Robertson at the Union Club yesterday to R. Marpole, superintendent of the C. P. R. in British Columbia. Those present were Mr. Marpole, H. A. Holmes, General Superintendent Downie, of the C. P. R., here; James Manchester, J. N. Sutherland, Robert Thomson, J. G. Taylor, Lieut. Col. Armstrong, Dr. Murray MacLarn, Judge Barker, W. H. Thorne and Mr. Robertson.

P. W. D. Campbell went to Amherst yesterday to attend a meeting of the Order of Railroad Telegraphers.

SICK KIDNEYS

Mean Aching Backs and Sharp Stabbing Pains That Make Life Almost Unendurable.

An aching, breaking back, sharp stabs of pain—that is kidney trouble. The kidneys are really a sponge filter—a human filter to take poisons from the blood. But sick, weak kidneys cannot filter the blood properly. The delicate human filters get clogged with impurities, and the poison is left in the system to cause backaches, headaches, rheumatism, dropsy and fatal inflammation. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the one sure cure for sick kidneys. They make new, rich blood, which flushes them clean and gives them strength for their work. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills set the kidneys right, and make lame, aching backs strong and well.

Mr. George Johnson, of the village of Ohio, N. S., says:—"My son, now eighteen years old, suffered from kidney trouble and severe pains in the back, which caused him many a sleepless night. We tried several medicines, but they did not help him, and he grew so weak that he could not do the work that falls to the lot of a young boy on a farm. We were advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this was the first medicine that reached the cause of the trouble. He took the pills for a couple of months, when every symptom of the trouble was gone, and he was as healthy as any boy of his age. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure kidney trouble in its most severe forms."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new rich blood. In that way they strike at the root of anæmia, indigestion, kidney trouble, liver complaint, erysipelas, skin diseases, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, and the special ailments of growing girls and women whose health depends upon the richness and regularity of their blood. The genuine pills have the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around each box, and may be had from all dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

J. Milton Price arrived home from Chicago last evening. He spent Sunday in Montreal.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A FETCHING AFTERNOON FROCK.

A perfect riot of roses, jessamine, forget-me-nots, chrysanthemums and other blossoms are scattered over the delicately tinted backgrounds of the materials that are most in favor for Southern wear. The old-time organdies are back again, with countless weaves of more novel nature to supplement them; but the fancy for flower designs in those summery-looking frocks is one that will not be denied.

A most effective design is presented in the charming picture herewith. It is so simple that even the amateur dressmaker can accomplish it if she have but the patience to make the innumerable tucks and lace insertions that constitute so large a part of its charm. The bodice is composed of alternate grouped tucks and lace insertions, this running lengthwise to make an air of slenderness apparent. Over this is draped a fichu effect, the sheer goods being folded and edged with pleated ruffles of narrow Valenciennes. The deep girle is a separate affair, made on a featherbone foundation and laced invisibly in front. There is a slip foundation skirt, the lower flounce attached to this, while the upper one is fitted by means of the grouped tucks and lace insertion. Deep Valenciennes lace is lavishly used on the skirt to edge the two flounces, and a narrow edge of the same design is used to advantage on part of its charm.

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