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POOR DOCUMENT

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Sox Proposition

MOST MEN

would rather wear whole socks than torn ones. More men WOULD wear WHOLE socks if they were bought here. OUR SOCKS ARE BETTER. Men want good durable Hosiery—when they buy here, that's what they get. We handle only the best makes.

We have men's hose—that ***don't fade, don't shrink, don't stretch*** and that ***fit perfectly***—heavy, medium and light weight.

19c. to 50c. a pair

Fine Cashmere and Wool for the cold-footed men,

Union Clothing Co.'s

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Old Y. M. C. A. Building. **ALEX CORBET, Mgr**

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"We are poor compared not only to people like Miranda Hume, but even to moderately well-to-do people, dear. I have always tried"—here she introduced a very effective sigh—"I have always tried not to spoil your bright young life by talking of sordid attempts to make two ends meet, but sometimes their meeting has been very hard work."

Stella's mother did not, even now, consider it necessary to reveal to her daughter what a heavy load of debt loomed before her, over and above the ordinary expenses of every day.

"Poor mother," the girl said gently, stooping quickly to kiss the troubled frown from Mrs. Bedsworth's forehead; "I didn't know—I never thought you had bothers like that. But will Miss Hume—make it better? Will she help—

An indulgent smile crossed Mrs. Bedsworth's face.

"She will make it a great deal better, and help very materially. Both she and Mr. Bray insist upon my accepting a very substantial sum for chaperoning her—and in our circumstances I had no choice but—"

"You are going to take money from her?" Stella drew herself away from her mother again with a sharp indignant movement. All her mother's worldly training had not quite sufficed to obliterate the character she had inherited from her father—the most honorable and upright of men—"you are going to be paid?" The ring of scorn in the young voice would have made some women wince, but Mrs. Bedsworth was too case-hardened to be affected by such a trifling matter as her daughter's scorn. Her voice was very frigid as she answered—

"I wish you would try not to be high-falutin' and ridiculous, Stella. I hoped I had taught you not to exaggerate and take absurd views of things. My reason for asking this girl to come and stay with us was quite unconnected with a question of payment."—This was true enough, for Mrs. Bedsworth's schemes included something far more important and far-reaching than any mere hope of obtaining a satisfactory paying guest.—"It is not necessary for me to enter into exact explanations of the advantages I thought might be gained by having Miranda with us, and it must be sufficient for you to understand that I do consider it advantageous. The question of taking payment for the very arduous duties I shall have to perform in chaperoning this girl is one which I have already settled with her lawyer, Mr. Bray."

"Then you mean to take her money?"

"I had not suggested doing so either to Miranda or to Mr. Bray," was the cold rejoinder; "I simply invited her here as my guest. But Mr. Bray insisted upon my taking a suitable sum for her maintenance, and she herself, low though her origin is, had the good taste to say that she could not accept my hospitality without a return."

"That was nice of her," Stella owned, but there was still a frown on her forehead, and she kept herself just out of reach of her mother's hand. The idea of taking money from a girl in Miranda Hume's position revolted all the instincts of good breeding which Stella's father had unwittingly planted in his infant daughter.

"It showed far more right feeling than I should have dreamt of finding in such a girl," Mrs. Bedsworth said quickly, "and the very least I could do was to respond to that feeling. Besides which I see no reason to pretend that I am rich enough to despise such an offer. I made my suggestion to Mr. Bray and the girl without any ulterior thoughts of payment" (surely long habit must have made Mrs. Bedsworth's tongue impervious to blisters, otherwise she could not have dallied so glibly with the truth); "as I say, I see advantages in her coming to us, but as to payment—"

The dear lady did not find it necessary to end her impressive sentence. She waved her hands with a sufficiently emphatic gesture, and rose from her chair.

"This ends our discussion," she said emphatically; 'I am sorry that you disagree with me, but I do not intend to withdraw my offer to Miss Hume to satisfy your foolish romantic ideas. We cannot live on romance, we need bread and butter as well. Miranda Hume will, for the next two months, help to supply it," with which trenchant utterance Mrs. Bedsworth trailed gracefully across the room to her writing table, showing no further sign of irritation than was apparent in a rather sharp jerking open of her ink bottle.

Stella, feeling herself defeated, and knowing that further opposition to her mother's designs was worse than useless, slowly left the room, dimly aware of an unexpressed, almost unformed wish, that Mrs. Bedsworth had refrained from speaking the concluding words of her sentence. In spite of her unbounded faith in and admiration for her mother, the girl intuitively, rather than consciously, realized their inherent sordidness and vulgarity.

Mrs. Bedsworth, left alone, laid down the pen she had picked up from its tray and looked long and fixedly across the room, without seeing any of the objects immediately before her eyes. It would be difficult to say what it really was that she did see, for confused dreams of a possible future, built up out of those schemes on which her heart was set, loomed before her mental vision. But the frown that had darkened her face slowly passed away and an enigmatical smile took its place.

"I have never been a fool,' she reflected; "surely I shall be able to work one thing or the other. It should not need any very wonderful cleverness to do that."

The days that elapsed between Mrs. Bedsworth's first visit to Islington and the moment at which Miranda came to take up her abode in Mayfair were busy ones both for the little servant girl and her chaperone. That indefatigable lady put Miranda into the hands of a capable dressmaker, bidding her supply the girl with suitable and presentable clothing; and the dressmaker, having a really artistic eye and an enthusiastic soul, threw herself into the task with real interest and unflagging energy. The results were far more effectual than Mrs. Bedsworth had ever dared to hope. Miranda certainly looked passable in the simple but well-cut garments made for her by Madame Laura; and to the dressmaker's no small delight the girl seemed to possess those elements of aesthetic taste which would enable her in the future to study what was most becoming to her.

"If you will take my advice, madam," Madame Laura said to Miranda at her last fitting, "you will be very particular about color, always pay great attention to color," and the dressmaker looked with friendly eyes into her very novel client's interested face. To the girl it was a never ending source of wonder that this very grand lady in her soft silken robes, should address her, Miranda Hume, as "Madam;" it was all part of the extraordinary change that had come into her life, but each new indication of that change struck her afresh as very marvellous.

"To color?" she repeated the words after Madame Laura; "I've mostly had pink thinks before."

An amused, but kindly smile flitted over the dressmaker's sallow face; her dark eyes gleamed humorously.

"You must never wear pink, madam," she said, with that decision for which her clients liked her; "it is a fatal color for ladies with your beautiful auburn hair."

"Lor!" Miranda exclaimed, her wide good-humored smile flashing out instantaneously, "call my hair auburn? More like red, ain't it? They useter call me carrots up our way."

"Your hair is a very beautiful color, whatever any one calls it," madam responded warmly, "and if I may venture to say so, madam, you should always consider it and your eyes in choosing your gowns."

"My eyes?" The girl opened her golden brown eyes very widely. "Why ever should I think of them?"

"Your dress should either match them or contrast with them. Now you would look quite charming in a bright brown with tinges of orange or yellow."

"Me—charming?" The girl laughed, an odd little laugh, in which there was some half-pathetic note that touched Madame Laura's heart.

"Yes—madam—charming," the dressmaker repeated firmly, "when you have learnt—what all ladies as young as you are have to learn—how to put on your gowns tastefully and how to wear them, then you will look quite charming. But you must never wear pink or red, no, no, browns and yellows, and above all white and pale pale yellow; and dead black. When madame is married, I hope she will allow me to help her with her trousse

"When I'm married, oh! that ain't goin' to be yet while," the poor little heiress exclaimed with another of those odd laughs, half amused, half pathetic; "if anybody ever thinks they'd like to marry me, I'll come and get my clothes orf o' you, that I'll safely promise. And I won't wear pink," she added, "not but what I'm partial to pink roses too."

Madame smiled again.

"Your flowers must always be white or the palest green and mauve," she answered; "come to me whenever you want advice, I shall be so pleased to give it you."

Miranda looked long and gratefully into her new friend's face.

"It ain't very easy, what I'm doing," she said suddenly, putting out her hand to the tall elegant woman; "I'm goin' to try to be a lady, and I don't seem to know the way to start at it."

Madame took the girl's hand in hers, and pressed it cordially.

"You have found the way to start," she answered gently; "a real lady is always simple and natural, and if you add to that a constant thought for other people and forgetting of self, you will come very near the mark."

Miranda's eyes looked earnestly and wistfully into the older woman's face.

"There's a lot o' little things to learn, ain't there?" she said.

"Yes, there are a great many little things, but I believe you will soon learn them all; and the big things are what really matter most. To be true hearted, and pure minded; be simple in word and deed, and to live for other people, those are things that matter, and that make a real lady."

Perhaps at the moment the words rather went over Miranda's head, but in days to come they returned to memory, and in a distant future they helped to mould her life.

By one of those strokes of ill luck which the blind goddess will occasionally bestow upon unfortunate mortals, it chanced that Alan Dayrell had selected the very day and hour of Miranda's arrival at Mrs. Bedsworth's to pay an afternoon call. His visit was an unexpected one, and as he explained to Mrs. Bedsworth, who was sitting alone in the drawing-room, he had only come to bring some theatre tickets which had been sent to him for that same evening. His face fell considerably when he learnt that Stella was having tea with friends, and his chagrin would certainly not have diminished had Mrs. Bedsworth found an opportunity to inform him that his supplanter in Mr. Haines' will was to arrive almost immediately. But an inroad of visitors prevented his hostess from imparting this item of news to him, and he remained chatting to the other guests in the hope that Stella would presently return.

The clock on the mantelpiece was striking five, when Mrs. Bedsworth's sharp ears caught the sound of cab wheels at the door and though at the same moment her visitors rose to go, no time was allowed her in which to prepare Alan for what was coming. As the visitors went out of the drawing-room door, the parlour maid announced in clear tones, "Miss Miranda Hume," and Dayrell turned, with a violent start, from the table on which he had been replacing cups, to find himself face to face with the girl whom he regarded as an interloper.

(To be continued.)

THAT COUGH

that troubles you causing sleepless nights can be cured in a short time with

Dr. White's

Honey Balm!

Pleasant, soothing and healing, warms up the throat and lungs and in a little while the cough is gone.

Dr. Scott's White Liniment Co.,

LIMITED.

Proprietors of Herner's Dyspepsia Cure.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

NEW MODEL FOR LINGERIE BLOUSE.

In the accompanying cut is shown one of the new blouse models, the little plaited frill down the box plait in the centre front and on the cuffs and stiff turnover collar being one of the newest fancies among the new blouses. The model from which the sketch was drawn was of very sheer handkerchief linen, the detachable collar and cuffs being lined and stiffly starched, the plaitings being of thin lawn edged with narrow Val. lace.

IMPOSSIBLE TO STOOP OR BEND

SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO NO GOOD.

PAIN IN BACK AND KIDNEYS.

People often say, "How are we to know when the kidneys are out of order?"

The location of the kidneys, close as it is to the small of the back, which is not affected materially by other organs, renders the detection of kidney trouble a simple matter.

The note of warning comes from the back. Backache is the signal sent out by the kidneys the minute they become overtaxed. Those who heed the warning when it first comes, usually have but little trouble. The danger lies in delay. A few doses of

Doan's Kidney Pills

taken in time, often saves years of suffering, and in many cases life itself.

They stimulate the action of the kidneys, enabling them to perform their duty perfectly.

Miss S. C. Pye, Econm Secum, N.S., writes; "For the past three years I have been troubled with a very bad pain in my back and kidneys. It was so bad it was impossible for me to stoop or bend. I had several doctors attend me, but found no relief until I picked up one of your Egyptian Dream Books, and found out about your remarkable remedy, Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured two boxes and their action surprised me, for they completely cured me. I don't think they have an equal for kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for $1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

SYDNEY HAS A SENSATION

Cora McKinnon Who Charged Sydney Doctor With Serious Offence Fled to Montreal.

Sydney, Jan. 21—Provincial Constable C. W. Edwards left for Montreal Saturday morning to bring back Cora McKinnon, who has been wanted in Sydney as an important witness in a case that may develop into one of the most sensational ever tried in Sydney.

Information charging a most serious offence against a Sydney doctor was laid by Miss McKinnon some weeks ago. The accused was arrested but on the day of the preliminary hearing the informant was missing and could not be located. She had been employed as a domestic in a Sydney hotel, and so hurriedly did she leave that she did not call for her clothing and other belongings, which remained in the hotel up to a few days ago, when she sent for them from Montreal.

Ever since they allowed her to slip through their fingers the authorities have been engaged in a persistent search which has been rewarded by the apprehension of the girl in Montreal last Saturday.

When the girl is brought back disclosures of a startling nature are expected that will involve many persons in no way connected with the present case. A warrant has been issued and the doctor will probably be re-arrested tomorrow. In this connection it may be said that for some two or three years there have flourished in this city an institution conducted on the same lines as that of the Mrs. Bishop resort in Boston which acquired such notoriety last year in connection with the famous "dress suit murder case." The house is in a respectable part of the city, the woman gives herself out as widow with means, and her story is that her husband died and left her considerable money. Few if any of the neighbors suspected the real purpose of the woman's retirement in their midst. The man who was responsible for the MacKinnon girl being there is a well known resident and occupies a good position.

The woman is said to have been formerly a resident of Halifax.

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM

Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about a friend who was in just that condition and who was cured by GIN PILLS.

Mr. Whellam tried them. And you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face is gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him.

Broad Cove, C.B., July 6 1906.

I received a sample of your Gin Pills last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your Gin Pills have been to me. JOHN WHELLAM.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 84

GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—or 6 boxes for $2.50.

HAMILTON MacCARTHY

Will Address Every Day Club Tonight --- Active Organization Meeting Last Night.

At the Every Day Club last evening Edwin Bonnell sang, his brother playing the accompaniments; Mr. Stokes played flute solos, and there were several very interesting impromptu numbers, but the most important business was the formation of a very strong room committee, of more than twenty-five men, to assist the chairman in getting the club down to a good working basis.

There was a general expression of opinion among the members of this committee as to avenues of helpfulness, and one gentleman volunteered to aid, if classes were formed among the young fellows, to be one of the teachers. The rooms were crowded for a good part of the evening, and the chairman's appeal for active support in organizing for definite work met with a gratifying response.

The committee will doubtless be enlarged, but it now includes W. H. McGorman, chairman; J. W. McCosh, Peter C. Sharkey, Daniel Daley, G. H. McLaughlin, W. C. Goldsworthy, J. Quinlan, Thos. Phillips, John Gridley, J. E. Flewelling, F. Cromwell, J. F. Brown, D. H. Melvin, R. H. Cother, F. S. Bonnell, A. B. McIntosh, John Peters, William Stanley, J. R. Hamilton, Shirley Flewelling, D. C. Fisher, S. Chisholm, W. Needham, L. Kirkpatrick, Roy Peters, Len Sweeny, and a committee of a dozen youths to look after the boys. A large number of men signed the membership roll, and identified themselves with the work.

Hamilton MacCarthy, the eminent sculptor, will talk to the club for a short time this evening, and there will be some general entertainment. Last evening J. N. Harvey gave a brief but very practical talk to the boys before they were dismissed.

UNIFORM RANK K. OF P. ELECTS OFFICERS

At the annual meeting of Victoria Company No. 1 Uniform Rank, Knights of Pythias, held last evening, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

Captain—W. E. Hopper (re-elected).
1st lieutenant—C. S. Everett.
2nd lieutenant—C. H. Smyth.
Treasurer—Fred L. Tufts.
Recorder—W. H. Golding (re-elected).
Guard—J. F. Brown.
Sentinel—William Smith.

There was quite a discussion on the question of sending a company to Boston in 1908 during the meeting of the supreme lodge, and the biennial encampment of the Uniform Rank, and a committee was appointed to meet with a committee from Cygnet Company and make arrangements for the trip. The local knights expect to send a large company to Boston on that occasion, when it is expected that about 15,000 uniformed members will be on parade.

It is also probable that arrangements will be made for the holding of a public installation here when the knights and their ladies will meet together.

It's a "Traveller"

Not an expensive shoe—but a mighty good one.

Calfskin and Vici Kid.

Made in Patent Leather,

Look for the "Traveller" trade-mark on the sole.

Ames, Holden Limited, St. John, N.B.

28

Good Music Drives Away the Blues

The long evenings sometimes grow monotonous, unless one has unlimited energy, or an endless number of friends—even then—

—But why not make yourself a present of a

Victor-Berliner Gram-o-phone

—which brings the best in music and vaudeville right to your home?

A child can reproduce, from a Victor-Berliner, the best music in the world, both vocal and instrumental. Just turn a key, and Caruso will sing (you'd pay $5 to hear him in New York)—Sousa's Band will play—or a two-step will be run off, to which the youngsters can dance. There's everything, from sacred music to clever monologue. And you can adjust the instrument to give very soft music or to pour out thunders of sweet sound.

The Victor-Berliner charms everyone with its clear, smooth, velvety tone, and its freedom from grating and jerking. Prices, $12.50 to $110. Ask for booklet, illustrating the 3000 different records—and don't be afraid to ask to hear the Victor-Berliner Gram-o-phone.

507

For Sale by

JOHN FRODSHAM, Royal Hotel Billiard Parlors.

Gluten and Cellulose

both enter largely into the composition of a grain of wheat. The object of the scientific miller is to retain as much of the gluten as possible, whilst extracting all the cellulose from the flour.

Gluten is the real strength giver, and is contained in the inner "skin" of each grain of wheat. Cellulose is a hard and almost pure white fibre surrounding the gluten and starch cells. It is absolutely indigestible, but its presence in flour cannot be detected except by special chemical tests.

In the milling of "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR, the flour passes through special purifying processes which, although they remove all the cellulose and waste matter, retain all the gluten and nutriment unharmed. Consequently this brand is more nutritive and more economical than ordinary flours.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

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A Word to the Trade:

We have everything you require,

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Everything you need in the Drug Business. The best articles, the fairest prices, the promptest service,

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