

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1907.

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

"Well—then," the old man replied in a whisper, glancing cautiously round the room, as though he feared eavesdroppers; "my girl, she went away to Lunnon, and Muster Gorge—the Squire's own brother—name—same as old Squire—Haines—Mrs. Grey expressed a start, and though her voice shook with eagerness, she contrived to say quite quietly—

"And when Master George took Joan to Lunnon, did he marry her?"

The cunning look came again into Daddy's face; he bent towards his visitor, and touched her hand with his twisted, rheumatic old fingers.

"Nobody didn't know naught about that," he said, "some says one thing, some says another; but I know the truth, and 'twas writ in the papers too."

"Written in what papers?" Mrs. Grey asked quickly.

"In the papers what Joan brought back when she came home with her husband and her little girl—for mind she come back to the village with a husband from Lunnon—a respectable workin' man he was—and she'd got a little girl with her too, Joan had. But I know what was in them papers."

The cunning deepened on his face, he laughed softly.

"Where are the papers?" was his visitor's next question—and once more he gave vent to an amused chuckle.

"Joan—she kept 'em in her pocket till she was pretty nigh to death, and she didn't die not till her girl was grown up, and married—married my cousin Joe Hume, Joan's gal did. And when Joan was dyin'—she sent for me."

"Sent for you?" Mrs. Grey repeated gently, as he paused.

"Yes, sent for me, Joan did; come back to her old love, as you might say, on her death-bed, and before she died she gave me an envelope with a bit of paper in it."

"Gave you the papers?" Mrs. Grey, in her excitement interrupted his slow speech.

"Gave 'em to me, she did."

"But what did you do with them?" The visitor's patience was sorely tried, and she feared every moment lest the old man's mind, growing so suddenly lucid, should sink back once more into vacancy.

"What did I do with 'em? Why I did what Joan bid me do, Joan, she says, keep 'em a bit, she says, and then send 'em to the Squire. He'll be the Squire will right the wrong; the child was his brother's child. That was all what Joan said to me, and I kept that envelope, years ago, when the moment was right to give it to Squire. And then one day I heard as he was growin' old, and some said he'd soon be took, and I ups and leaves the paper at the Manor House, thinkin' of Joan's child what she'd said to me about rightin' the wrong."

Mrs. Grey's thoughts flew back over the past years. Had those papers reached Squire Hume at the time he altered his will? she wondered. Had the bequeathing of his money in so apparently strange a fashion been really done of deliberate intention and with a wish to do tardy justice? If the curious story she had just heard was true, then Molly—Molly, who was the grandchild of Daddy Hume's Joan, must have been Geoffrey Haines' great niece, and in that case the will was fully accounted for. Only—why, she speculated further, why had Mr. Haines in his will made no allusion to the relationship, or given any one the slightest reason to suppose that he had bequeathed his money to his godchild, Miranda Hume, for any reason more important than the gratification of a whim? Whilst these reflections hurried through her brain, she turned again to question Daddy, but the blank look of bewilderment had again settled down upon his face, and he murmured dreamily—

"My girl Joan—there warn't never an-

other gal like her. Eyes she had as brown as wallflowers in spring, always shining they was too, and her hair—some folks 'ud call it red, but Daddy Dan'd don't hold with them; not unless they were to match the red that shines out of gold sometimes. Joan, she thought a lot o' my bit o' garden too," he went on, his eyes turning toward the sundown, standing tall and stately in the sunlight, "she and me, we'd a' bin happy in this here garden, if she hadn't gone away wi' Muster Gorge."

His mind had travelled back to his own past, and Mrs. Grey could elicit no more information from him, so, after a few words of admiration for his sundown and Michaelmas daisies, and above all for the dahlia by the fence, she left the cottage and walked slowly back to the Manor House, revolving in her own mind what she had just heard, and meditating on her next step. She resolved to write to Molly's solicitor, Mr. Bray, and this resolve she acted upon the same evening, her letter having the unexpected result of bringing Mr. Bray to the Manor House next day in a state of great excitement.

Mrs. Grey had by this time informed Molly of her expedition to Daddy Hume, and the strange information she had extracted from him, and not uncharitably the girl was keenly interested in all that the little widow told her.

"If I am really Mr. Haines' relation, it would seem to make me having the money more just and right," she said simply. "I have often felt that I was doing—Mr. Daywell an injustice in keeping the money which should have been his. But if my grandmother was Mrs. George Haines' wife, then—perhaps it is right that I should have the money."

"Right—to be sure it is right, my dear," Mr. Bray answered, rubbing his hands together briskly. "I am inclined to think that old Hume's story is true; for, though my late client, Mr. Geoffrey Haines, was eccentric, he was also shrewd, and he was more likely to leave his money to some one whom he considered had a claim to it than to leave it at hazard. But we may possibly discover something more by seeing the solicitor who drew up his last will. He may remember some incident that will throw some light on this newest development."

The solicitor who had drawn up Mr. Haines' latest will was a certain Mr. Dawe, a meek little individual living at Crookborough, the nearest town to Simey, and Mr. Bray proved right in his surmise, for Mr. Dawe would help their investigation.

"Yes," he said, on being questioned in the library of the Manor House, "he had come in response to a summons from Mr. Bray, 'yes—as I mentioned to you at the time of Mr. Haines' death, I did draw up his last will, and he gave me no explanation for the alteration in it. I think I also mentioned that to you at the time."

Mr. Bray nodded and said curtly—

"Quite true, quite true; but did Mr. Haines never allude to any important paper or information he had received? Did he say nothing to lead you to suppose he was anxious to right an old wrong? or to do long delayed justice?"

The meek Mr. Dawe shook his head.

"Not precisely that," he answered slowly. "Mr. Haines gave me no actual reason for the change in his intentions, but he led me to understand that Mr. Alan Dayrell said vexed him by insisting upon marrying a young lady of whom Mr. Haines strongly disapproved."

"Stella," Molly murmured under her breath.

"And," Mr. Dawe went on, "he told me he had found an heiress who had in her the seeds of a great character. I remember the words well, they struck me at the time. The seeds of a great character were the very words he used."

And after drawing up the will you had no further dealings with Mr. Haines?"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BLOUSE DRESS FOR LITTLE GIRL.

A simple and becoming little model is shown in the illustration, the design being suitable for flannel or cloth, linen, or any of the heavier cotton materials. The frock from which the sketch was taken was of dark blue serge, the edge of the surplus circular collar being buttonholed and embroidered in raised dots, in old blue silk. The shield collar also showed an embroidered device done in old blue silk. The sleeves had shallow tumbuck cuffs, which were also embroidered.

HAD THIRTY-TWO BOILS AT ONE TIME

Two Bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters Cured Him.

Imperfect organic action makes bad blood, no, too, bad blood, in turn, makes imperfect action of every bodily organ. If the blood becomes impure, poisoned or contaminated in any way from constipation, biliousness or any other cause, some especially weak organ must soon become diseased thereby, or the whole system may suffer in consequence.

Finger, boils, blotches, ulcers, festering sores, abscesses, tumors, rashes or some serious and perhaps incurable blood disease may result. There is no medicine on the market to-day to equal the old and well-known remedy,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

for all cases of bad blood.

Mr. Robert B. Tupper, Round Hill, N.S., says: "I thank Burdock Blood Bitters a great medicine for boils. I had them so bad I could not work. I had thirty-two on my back at one time. I used only two bottles of B.B.B. and they completely cured me. I cannot recommend it too highly." Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

FAST LINE VIA NEWFOUNDLAND

Premier Bond Proposes to Bonus Such a Company at \$75,000 a Year.

St. John's, Nfld., Feb. 27.—In the legislative session tonight Premier Bond proposed the adoption of a contract between the Newfoundland government and Messrs. Ochs, capitalists of London and Paris, providing for the establishment of a short line of trans-Atlantic steamers between the west coast of Ireland, and Green Bay, on the east coast of Newfoundland.

The plan provides for a two hours' railway trip across the colony to Port au Basque, whence a twenty knot ferry steamer would convey mails and passengers to Green (P. Q.) in summer and Sydney (C. B.) in winter.

The promoters of the project claim that there would be a saving of thirty-two hours over any other trans-Atlantic route. The Newfoundland government stipulates that the project must take shape within two years else all liability on the part of the colony will cease.

Should the capitalists carry out their announced plan the Newfoundland government proposes to pay them \$75,000 annually for twenty-five years. It is said that the British, American and Canadian governments will be asked to assist in establishing the proposed line.

In the contract submitted by Premier Bond to the assembly, the Messrs. Ochs are given the right to construct a tunnel under the Strait of Bellefleur, which separates Newfoundland from the mainland, within eight years and establish railway connections between a proposed line through Labrador and the Newfoundland railway. The legislature will act on the contract within a few days.

RECURRING HEADACHES.

Do They Bother You?

You find life a miserable affair because you have headaches, but you have neither nausea nor any other unpleasant symptoms which you could only prevent by taking Ferrone's. Such headaches indicate a general lowered condition, because they arise from a general decay of the nervous system. This depressed condition of the nervous system has its origin in the reduction of the quality and quantity of the blood. The blood is thin—its red coloring is reduced—it contains no nourishment. The digestive organs are not supplying it with sufficient nutritive matter. The result—nervous weakness, nerve debility, ill-health.

If you had used Ferrone's you would know how powerfully all the digestive and assimilative functions of the body are stimulated.

Ferrone's does more—it supplies all the elements that are essential to the rebuilding of the body—supplies the reconstructive forces that contribute to the formation of rich, red blood.

You see, Ferrone's doesn't treat a symptom—it remedies a cause—and that's why a month's treatment will absolutely remove every vestige of recurring nervous headaches.

Nothing like Ferrone's to build you up, to give the reserve of force, that happy health that contributes so much to happiness and contentment.

Ferrone's will make you feel like new, try it—sold by all druggists in 50c. boxes.

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A Word to the Trade:

We have everything you require.

Drugs, Patent Medicines.

Toilet Articles, Druggists' Sundries

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

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70-72 PRINCE WM. ST., P. O. Box 187, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Seasonable Weather



Lines under seasonable weather. Cheer up! We've murmured 'gainst the cold. But such is mortal lot, Eye long we'll prattle loud and bold Because it is too hot.

THE SUPERIORITY OF MAN.

Wife (to husband after his long session in the cellar)—were the pipes frozen, dear?

Hubby—No, the water in the pipes was frozen. That was all.

A LATER-DAY FABLE.

One time, when a very dry season prevailed, a Peasant found a Frog by the roadside and took pity on him and carried him home and deposited him in a pond near his house. That night, as the Peasant went to bed the Frog began to croak and kept it up so vigorously and so long that the Peasant finally arose and went out and began throwing rocks.

"Here—how is this?" demanded the Frog.

"Your croaking keeps me awake."

"But I was only showing my gratitude."

"Then show it by keeping quiet."

The Frog had no more croaks to croak, but in the course of half an hour the Peasant came out again to throw more rocks.

"What is it now?" asked the Frog, as he bobbed up.

"It is the incongruity of the situation. What is a Frog in a frog pond for but to croak? The night has become so quiet that I cannot sleep."

"Since you throw stones if I croak, and show others if I do not, what am I to do about it?" asked the Frog.

"Well, come to think it over, your question strikes me as a very prudent one, and here's a tip for you."

KIDNEY DISEASE COMES ON QUIETLY

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of Kidney Complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust deposits in the urine, highly colored scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or suppressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong

Doan's Kidney Pills

SHOULD BE TAKEN.

They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and find all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Pettit, Massey, Ont., writes: "After I arrived in Canada from New Zealand, a couple of years ago, I suffered very much from kidney trouble. I tried several remedies, but they did me no good. Finally my back became so lame I could scarcely walk. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking them I felt like a new man."

Price 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., Tecumseh, Ont.

CLOSE TO THE PEOPLE

(Lower Wakefield letter in Woodstock Sentinel)

One of our young men, Ray Ebbett, broke his leg very badly by a log rolling on it, and will not be able to be out for weeks.

Dr. Prescott's patients, Miss Annie Melvin and E. R. Shaw, are recovering.

A certain young man is travelling to a Camp, I wonder if he is hunting. Look out! Young man, the fine is on.

The recent snow made the roads quite bad.

The gray horse drives in quite often to the yellow house.

One of our young men does not go over the river so often as he used to, but goes up to the house quite near the green one.

Justice is just what the unjust are anxious to avoid.

A nobody is a man who is always boasting of his ancestors.

BRONCHITIS DESTROYS THE VOICE

Gradually Creeps Into the Lungs and Then It's CONSUMPTION

say it is the only rational cure for bronchitis.

It cures by inhalation. You breathe in its healing balsams, inhale its soothing antiseptic vapor, and relief is immediate.

Simple to use, delightful and pleasant—nothing compares with Catarrhose, which is the cure of the day for all bronchial and throat troubles.

Mr. H. B. McLaughlin, the well known representative of Parke & Blackwell, Toronto, says:

"I have used Catarrhose for years and can honestly say it is the only remedy that relieves me from a painful attack of bronchial catarrh. The inhaler for Catarrhose is always in my pocket and I simply couldn't get along without it. I firmly believe Catarrhose is a wonderful remedy."

And so does everyone that uses it. Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, \$1; small (trial) size, 25c., at dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.