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POOR DOCUMENT

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Men's $1.25 Negligee Shirts, 98 Cents

$1.25 Negligee Shirts of a standard make, both woven and printed fabrics in light and dark colorings.

All new shirts this season. All sizes, from 14 to 16 1-2.

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Standard, Duplex Pumps, Outside Packed Plunger Pumps, Automatic Feed Pumps and Receivers, Independent Jet Condensers and Air Pumps, Side Suction, Belt Driven Centrifugal Pumps, Steam and Oil Separators.

E. S. STEPHENSON & CO.,

17-19 Nelson street, St. John, N. B.

In the Cause of Freedom,

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and se ven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

He caught both my hands in his agitation. "You'll do this, Robert? For our old friendship's sake? For her sake? If she stays here God alone knows what may happen. You must do it. You must." He was almost hysterical.

"But what I have told you about her and you have implied to me, my position——"

"But what is all that compared to her safety? Do you think I would not trust you? Come to the house with me at once—this instant. Would you leave her in Bremenhoff's power?"

"No, no, I cannot go with you. You ask too much. For her sake, no less than mine, you must find some other means," I protested.

"There is no other way," he cried, impetuously and vehemently. "She shall know the truth. I will tell her that you renounce—that—you know what I mean. For God's sake, don't hesitate or it may be too late. At any cost she must be saved; and her family can do nothing. She shall know that you are acting for me. I will explain everything. It is no time for mere scruples or personal feeling. If I trust you, surely you can trust yourself."

I was dead set against the plan: every impulse and instinct protesting, except the desire to help Volna. But that she would be in grievous danger, should there be a rising in the city, was a fact nothing could explain away; and that Ladislas was about the last man in the world to be able to save her in such a crisis appeared no less certain. If anything was to be done, someone capable of taking a practical view of things must do it; and her friends appeared to be a set of most unpractical theorists.

But if I was to do anything, it must be made absolutely plain to Volna that I was acting for Ladislas—to save her for him. Surely a most awkward situation to explain. But he continued to urge me and declared he would leave no doubt in her mind; and at length I yielded, and we started for the Drakonas' house.

CHAPTER XIX.

Turning the Screw.

Embarrassing as my position must have been in any case, it was made much worse by the manner of my reception at the Drakonas'.

Volna's half sister, Katinka, received us; and the moment my name was mentioned, she left me no room to doubt that so far as she was concerned I was a most unwelcome visitor.

She was a complete contrast in appearance to Volna. A slight, wiry, straight-backed, acid-faced, little woman of about thirty, with a pair of lustrous dark eyes so disproportionately large that the rest of the features, except her thin straight lips, seemed to pass unnoticed. She gave me a very frigid bow. "We have of course heard of you from Volna, Mr. Anstruther," she said; her tone implying that what she heard was by no means to my credit; and before I could reply, she turned to Ladislas. "Has anything happened that you are here?"

It was plain to see that he was not at ease with her. "Where is Volna?" he asked.

"She is out. You have not brought Mr. Anstruther to see her?" That he would be mad to think of such a thing was her meaning.

"I have decided that she cannot safely remain in the city."

"Indeed. Why? Or perhaps I should ask this gentleman. You had no such thought when I saw you last."

"I have had grave news from Petersburg this morning, Katinka."

"Oh, are you going to run away?"

"Of course not."

"Then how can Volna go?" She was a past master in the art of insinuation.

"I have induced my friend here to consent to take her."

Her large eyes opened as if in profound astonishment as she looked first at him and then turned them slowly upon me, and coughed most suggestively. "You have done this?" Had she put the thought in blunt words she could not have expressed more plainly her conviction that I had concocted the plan for my own ends and that Ladislas must be blind and mad to consent to it.

"Yes, I have; Mr. Anstruther understands precisely the relationship that exists between Volna and me."

"You mean which should but does not exist between you," she corrected, significantly.

"Anstruther is my loyal friend, Katinka."

"Have I expressed any doubt on that point?"

"Miss Drakona is prejudiced against the English, Robert," said Ladislas, turning to me. He flushed with vexation and appeared anxious to apologize for my reception.

"That is surely my country's misfortune," said I.

"That is insincere; but being English you of course cannot help it," was the reply, very unpleasantly spoken.

Ladislas very foolishly took this up. "Anstruther is my friend, Katinka," he said warmly.

"I don't see that that affects the sincerity or insincerity of what he says. Mr. Anstruther may as well know that he has caused a great deal of trouble in our family, and that so far as my brother and myself are concerned, we do not thank him for it."

"My remark just now was merely intended as one of common politeness, madam," I said. "I am not glad when I find any one prejudiced against my countrymen. And I am quite sincere in expressing my regret if I have caused trouble to any of your family."

Her large eyes were fixed coldly upon me while I spoke and at the end she paused and said—"Indeed!" with a most disconcerting effect.

An awkward pause followed, broken by the entrance of the brother, to whom she introduced me in these terms: "This is Mr. Anstruther, Paul, who has come with Ladislas to induce Volna to run away from Warsaw at a moment when the flight of any one from this house would be a disgrace to the cause of the Fraternity."

As might be expected, the introduction did not please him. "I am not aware that we need the interference of an outsider, sir."

"That is the word—interference," agreed the sister.

"It is nothing of the sort Katinka," declared Ladislas, brusquely. "I have brought my friend, Paul, to help in getting your mother and Volna into some place of safety until the troubles here are over. He knows all about the Bremenhof entanglement and all about—er Volna and myself. He acts entirely at my suggestion and on my behalf as my friend in this matter. You know that if any violence breaks out, the city will be no safe place for Volna or her mother—or any woman."

"I am not going to run away," said Katinka, with placid malice. "But of course Volna will jump at such a chance. Until this last deplorable affair, she was accustomed to listen to our advice."

"I see no necessity for it, Ladislas," was Paul's verdict.

"We are of no account, Paul. It is not what we think, of course."

"Where is your mother?" asked Ladislas.

The question was answered by the entrance of one of the sweetest old ladies I have ever seen. Just Volna, thirty-five or forty years older; but Volna without the spirit and capacity and plucky resource I had seen her show.

"You are Mr. Anstruther, I am sure," she said, as she gave me her hand with a sweet gracious smile. "I know you by my Volna's description; and thank you from my heart for all you did."

The brother and sister exchanged looks and shrugs.

"I did no more, madame, than any one would have done in a similar case."

"You saved my dearest child, sir; and a mother's heart knows how to be grateful."

"He wishes to do more now, Madame Drakona; and take you and Volna away from the city until these troubles have blown over," said Ladislas.

An expression of perplexity clouded her face and she glanced doubtfully and nervously toward the other two. "I don't think I understand," she said, weakly. "I should like to go, but——" she stopped, and it struck me she was looking for Katinka's sanction.

"These things are to be settled without regard to what we Drakonas think," said Katinka. "Of course I regard it as indecorous, impracticable, unnecessary and cowardly. But my opinion is not even asked;" and she folded her hands and tapped her foot and assumed the air of an injured martyr.

"It is not my suggestion, madame, but that of my friend, Ladislas here." I said to the old lady.

"I am sure I don't know what to do. I wish Volna were here. Could we go?" she replied; and then a long and at times bitter discussion followed in which I took no part. The dear old soul was swayed first one way by Ladislas and then another by Katinka. Paul's part was chiefly that of echo to his sister, who, I noticed, first settled things for herself and then put the responsibility upon him; and held up his opinion as final and decisive.

How long the discussion would have lasted and how many bitter insinuations Katinka would have thrown out about me it is impossible to say; but the end came in a fashion that was both dramatic and startling.

Paul was called away to the telephone and when he returned to the room he was ashen pale and intensely agitated.

"There has been a massacre at Petersburg. The troops have fired on the people and thousands have been killed."

A dead silence fell on all, broken only by a groan of anguish from Ladislas. We looked at one another in silent horror as the realization of what it might mean to all in Warsaw began to force itself upon us.

Even Katinka was awe-stricken and aghast.

We were still under the spell of this strained silence when a maid servant scared and white of face rushed in.

"The police are here, madame, and ask for you," she cried.

An officer followed the girl, and out in the hallway I saw a file of men drawn up.

"Madame Drakona?" he asked.

"I am Madame Drakona. What do you want with me?" asked the old lady, rising.

I noticed that Paul instead of stepping forward to the mother's side remained by his sister.

"I have to ask you to accompany me to the offices of the department, madame," said the agent.

"To ask me? I don't understand," she replied feebly. "Katinka, Paul, what can this mean? When do you wish me to go, sir?"

"My instructions are that you accompany me immediately."

"But there must be a mistake. I am sure there must be. I cannot go until I have seen my daughter. She is out. Can I not wait until she returns?"

"Are you sure there is no mistake?" asked Paul; as Katinka crossed to Madame Drakona.

"My instructions are too precise to admit of that."

"By whose instructions do you act?" I asked.

"I cannot answer that," was the reply.

"Do you mean that any charge is preferred against this lady?"

"I have only to do my duty, sir."

I turned to Paul. "Could you not telephone to Colonel Bremenhof?"

Katinka took this to herseluf. "You hear your orders, Paul," she snapped. Even in that moment her spite predominated.

"I do not need your advice, sir," he said and this perfectly obvious step was not taken, for no reason apparently except that I had suggested it.

(To be continued.)

WATCH THE STOMACH.

HAVE YOU ANY OF THESE SYMPTOMS?

If you have either variable appetite, a faint gnawing feeling at the pit of the stomach, unsatisfied hunger, a loathing of food, rising and souring of food, a painful load at the pit of the stomach, choking sensations in the throat, headache and dullness of spirits, constipated bowels with alternate diarrhœa, are you gloomy and miserable?

THEN YOU ARE A DYSPEPTIC.

The cure is careful diet, slow eating, thoroughly chewing the food; avoid drinking at meals.

Keep regular habits, shun stimulants, tone the digestive powers and regulate the stomach and bowels with Burdock Blood Bitters. It has cured the worst forms of Dyspepsia, even of twenty-five years duration. Mrs. Geo. Parks, Cooper, Ont., writes: "I have used Burdock Bitters and find that few medicines give great relief in dyspepsia and stubbles. I was troubled for a time with dyspepsia and could find I tried B.B.B. It helped me and I think it a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to all dyspeptics.

Druggists and Dealers.

COLDS

Quickly Cured.

Everybody has a cold. Some resort to tablets and powders that contain dangerous drugs, and death from heart-depressing remedies is not infrequent.

It's poor policy to neglect a cold—especially when it can be cured so quickly without medicine.

You can send the soothing vapor of the pine woods, the richest balsams and healing essences right to the cause of your cold by inhaling Catarrhozone.

Little drops of wonderful curative power are distributed through the whole breathing apparatus in two seconds.

Like a miracle, that's how Catarrhozone works in bronchitis, catarrh, colds and irritable throat. You simply breathe its oily fragrant vapor and every trace of congestion and disease flees as before fire.

So safe, infants can use it, so sure to cure doctors prescribe it, so beneficial in preventing winter ills no person can afford to do without Catarrhozone. Used in thousands of cases without failure. Try it yourself!

SPORTING

CARLETON WON FROM THISTLES

The doughty Thistles went down to defeat before the Carleton curlers yesterday, the west side men winning by twenty points. Of the six rinks played, Carleton won four, tied one and lost one. A. G. Stevens, playing on Thistle ice, won the distinction of scoring the only victory for his club. J. M. Barnes and W. Watson came out even in an evening match on Thistle ice. F. W. Wetmore and S. M. Wetmore scored victories over A. W. Sharp and W. J. S. Myles respectively, making 17 of the Carleton total lead. The scores were:

Thistle Ice in Afternoon.

Thistles.	Carleton.
Dr. Warwick,	Rev. G. F. Scovil,
O. F. Price,	J. F. Belyea,
H. C. Olive,	J. M. Belyea,
Rev. W. O. Raymond skip....12	J. A. Kindred, skip....16

Thistle Ice in Evening.

W. J. Currie,	W. H. Estabrooks,
E. M. Smith,	W. S. Jewett,
D. McClelland,	H. Belyea,
A. W. Sharp, skip...10	P. W. Wetmore ...19
R. H. Gibson,	Jas. Mitchell,
A. Comrie,	J. M. Christopher,
J. S. Malcolm,	W. Ruddock,
J. M. Barnes, skip.15	W. Watson, skip...15
H. Tapley,	C. Belyea,
W. A. Shaw,	E. R. Taylor,
H. McAlpine,	C. Coster,
A. G. Stevens skip..15	S. Roxborough, skip..12

Carleton Ice in Evening.

F. E. Williams,	M. Beattey,
Dr. L. A. Langstroth,	W. O. Dunham,
K. G. Barnes,	James Wilson,
W. J. S. Myles, skip.10	S. M. Wetmore, skip.13
A. H. Starkey,	E. Smith,
A. J. Machum,	J. McLennon,
J. R. Thomson,	Jas. Scott,
F. Watson, skip....16	S. Wilson, skip...18
Totals.....78	98

Two rinks of Thistle curlers left by yesterday morning's boat for Yarmouth, where they were to play last evening.

St. Andrew's Defeat St. Stephen.

St. Andrew's curlers administered a severe defeat to four rinks of St. Stephen players yesterday afternoon and last evening. The St. Andrew's skips each scored twenty, making a total of eighty, while the St. Stephen men's score was fifty-two. Two rinks played in the afternoon and two in the evening. The scores were:

Afternoon.

St. Andrew's.	St. Stephen.
J. A. Tillotson,	H. B. Moore,
H. B. Robinson,	F. Douglas,
F. Stewart,	S. Hyslip,
A. Watson, skip....20	B. Stevens, skip...16
A. S. Bowman,	Oscar Wry,
C. N. Ferguson,	G. S. Topping,
G. W. Jones,	Col. J. D. Chipman,
J. U. Thomas, skip..20	W. L. Grant, skip ..11

Evening.

W. A. Lockhart,	S. Webber,
A. G. McBeath,	F. Nicholson,
Geo. A. Kimball,	Dr. Lachlan,
C. S. Robertson, skip....20	F. Murchie, skip....12
F. A. Schofield,	Jas. McAllister,
F. S. White,	D. Bruce,
F. A. Clarke,	F. Holt,
Dr. J. M. Magee, skip....20	J. E. Ganong, skip....13
80	52

FEW OLD PLUNGERS ON AMERICAN TURF

Turf statisticians who have carefully reviewed last season seem to have neglected the plungers, who are supposed to have started the financial stringency by their many coups, which, in startling headlines, added a spice to the game. But, as a matter of fact, isn't the race nearly extinct?

One day at the old Garfield Park track, in Chicago, remarks an exchange, Frank Shaw called the turf scribes together and said: 'I don't mind it when you fellows print a fellow's losses along with a statement of his winnings. That sort of evens things up, you know, and a fellow wouldn't be chased by every creditor, 'cause I'm as likely to have debts as any one else. Now, yesterday, for instance, you said I won $23,000 on the third race. That's true, but I quit the day $22,000 loser."

Shaw was at one time the heaviest plunger in the west and the northwest. He would bet on the number of hairs in your eyebrows. But he's gone like all the rest.

It takes nerve to be a real plunger. In the olden days of open booking at the track it was a custom with many employes to bet $5—half their daily salary—on the first race and continue a parley through the card, betting every dollar back on their choice in every race.

A former judge, now dead, tried this system, and one day picked six winners and was $20,000 to the good. His choice in the seventh race was a one to three shot, but he went to it for his whole pile, and it won. That's nerve. Many with $20,000 would have hiked it back to town and quit the game.

Mike Dwyer was probably the first real plunger to come into public notice. This man of iron never batted an eye-lash, even when on a close head finish there depended a fortune. The chances are that Mike Dwyer had no nerves. Or, if he did have them, his outward show of feeling was so repressed that there was no smoke visible of the fire burning within. There was no time when Mike Dwyer did not present a cheerful, smiling face to his friends.

Even when half of his body was practically dead he spoke cheerfully of the future, and seemed to take enjoyment in the fact that he was existing.

After Mike Dwyer came George E. ("Pittsburg Phil") Smith, a young cork cutter, who made a lucky play in the pool rooms and finally drifted to the race tracks. He reduced racing to a science.

Like Sherlock Holmes, he made observations and drew deductions. "Pittsburg Phil" had a carefully trained corps of assistants. Nothing escaped him. He was not content with the mere watching of the running of a race, but he carefully observed the preliminary gallops, and after a race he could be found carefully watching each horse as he came back to the judges.

Their condition was noted by the plunger for future races.

Smith studied the science of chances. He knew just where smart money was being played. He knew all the commissioners. He knew the connection between bookmakers and owners. It took a cold, patient man to analyze all these things and profit by them. "Pittsburg Phil" was that man, and his vigilance never relaxed. The strain, however, finally broke him down.

Steve L'Hommedieu flashed upon the betting horizon and was a blazing star for a few seasons. L'Hommedieu was a careless, loud-mouthed chap who made big wagers on what appeared to be impossible chances.

There was something peculiar in the accuracy with which L'Hommedieu landed these big wagers as well as the way certain riders performed in the races, so the jockey club quietly instituted an investigation, which resulted in L'Hommedieu being warned off eastern tracks; L'Hommedieu has since frequented the western tracks, sometimes booking, sometimes laying.

He has had his ups and down, but more downs than anything else, and he is now off the turf for good. He was ruled off at Latonia for offering a bribe to a rider.

L'Mommedieu was always very bitter against the Pinkertons, who dug up the evidence which resulted in the plunger being barred in the east. Robert Pinkerton, on a visit to New Orleans some years ago, sat in Morgan's restaurant dining with a friend. L'Hommedieu entered.

He had been drinking. He saw Pinkerton, and swaggered up to the detective's table.

"I've been looking for you," said L'Hommedieu fiercely. "You did me in the east; now I'm going to do you."

He whipped out a gun and pointed it at Pinkerton's head. Pinkerton never flincehd. He looked up at L'Hommedieu and laughed.

He knew his man. L'Hommedieu did not shoot. He permitted friends to lead him away. The man who had the nerve to risk a fortune on a horse race hadn't the nerve to kill the man who was responsible for his downfall.

Riley Grannan is another plunger now a derelict. The tall, thin young man who stood on a bookmaker's box at Gravesend on the occasion of the memorable Henry of Navarre-Domino match and bet the moneyed men of the east to a standstill is now content with a moderate wager now and then. Grannan took in something like $32,000 on that one race.

He laid only against Domino, and the dead heat made him a few thousands winner on the split.

It has been related that Grannan was not wagering all his own money that day. He had with him $50,000 to bet that Henry of Navarre would beat Domino, and a great portion of the money was Byron McClelland's.

Grannan was quite a plunger in his day. He did not last long.

Joe Yeager was another meteor. He is a clever handicapper and a good judge of form. He had one lucky year, but his money soon melted away, and he is up and down like the elevator man.

Of all the plungers "Pittsburg Phil" was the only man to hold on to his winnings. He died a millionaire. Smith was an exception, for he did not depend on luck, but made speculating on races a study and a science.

HOCKEY

Red Rose Tea Team Men vs. J. M. Humphrey & Co.

Considerable interest is now being manifested in the mercantile hockey teams and since the crushing defeat of the septette from the National Drug Co. by the Red Rose Tea hockey team the latter have come very much to the fore. The Red Rose team will try conclusions with J. M. Humphrey & Co. this evening, the 20th inst., at 10 o'clock in the Glacier Rink.

The line up of the teams is:

Red Rose.	J. M. Humphrey & Co.
	Goal.
Titus....	Gamblin
	Point.
Stewart..	Earl
	Cover Point.
Birmingham (Capt.)	Crosby (Capt.)
	Right Wing.
Jones..	Murphy
	Centre.
Harrison..	Cochrane
	Left Wing.
Reade..	Codner
	Rover.
March..	Roberts

The Humphrey Company team do not yet know what defeat means but the Red Rose men have high hopes of teaching the lesson tonight.

Micmacs at Last Meet Defeat.

There were two good games of hockey in the intermediate league in the Glacier rink last evening, when the Portland Y. M. A. team defeated St. Mark's 2 to 1, and the Marathons won from the Micmacs by 2 to 0. The defeat of the Micmacs came as a surprise they having won six straight games and were looked upon as invincible. The Marathons, however, have improved and still stand a chance for the championship.

Wanderers, 8; Montreal, 5.

Montreal, Feb. 19.—(Special)—In the eastern Canadian hockey league the Wanderers defeated Montreal 8 to 5 tonight and now lead Ottawa in the race for the Stanley cup.

BASKET BALL

Want a Game.

The Outcasts, a snappy little basket ball five, would like to arrange a game with the St. Stephen's church team, as they will be able to give the leaders of the church league a good contest.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists price 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

OUTRAM-NASH

St. John Man Wedded in South Africa.

The following from the Eastern Province Herald, Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, under date of Jan. 20, will interest many in St. John:—

A pretty wedding took place at noon on the 18th inst. at Holy Trinity church, when Edmund Darden Outram, eldest son of E. D. Outram, of St. John, New Brunswick, Canada, was married to Miss Beatrice Nash, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Nash, of Port Elizabeth. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, asparagus and daisies by the bride's friends. The service was short and simple, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. W. H. T. White. The bride, who was given away by her father, looked charming and distingue in an empire gown of white face-cloth trimmed with lace, silver embroideries and silk tassels, and a large hat of white velvet raised on a high bandeau and trimmed with long plumes. Instead of a bouquet she carried a white prayer book, and her only ornaments were a ruby pendant, the gift of her mother, and a ruby and diamond crescent, the gift of a cousin. She was attended by her sister, Miss Lily Nash, as bridesmaid, dressed in a graceful empire gown of white mousseline-de-soie and a hat of white crinoline lined with palest pink glace and trimmed with coque feathers and ospreys. She had a spray of malmaison carnations tucked carelessly into her belt, and wore an opal and diamond ring, the gift of the bridegroom. The bride's mother was becomingly gowned in palest gray poplin with black bugle trimmings and a toque of gray tulle trimmed with shaded heliotrope geranium leaves. The duties of best man were ably performed by C. R. Olorenshaw. As the wedding was very quiet, there was no reception, but in the afternoon a number of the happy couple's friends were on the jetty to bid them good-bye and bon voyage, as the honeymoon is to be spent in England, and from there Mr. and Mrs. Outram go on to St. John, Canada. The bride's traveling dress was of navy tweed, and her hat a dark blue straw, tricome in shape, and trimmed with shaded wings.

Lieutenant Governor Tweedie arrived in the city yesterday and is at the Royal.

Opposition Mass Meeting

OPERA HOUSE,

Friday Next, 21st February

ADDRESSES BY

Messrs. J. D. Hazen and J. K. Flemming

All citizens invited. A special welcome to the ladies.
Chair taken at 8 p. m.

J. B. M. BAXTER, Chairman. W. H. HARRISON, Sec.

MR. HAZEN'S POLICY

1. The honest collection of provincial revenues and the management of loans not so much in the special interest of the moment or of the temporary needs of the government, as upon a basis permanently of most advantage to the province.

2. The keeping the ordinary expenditure of the province within the ordinary revenue.

3. The appointment of an auditor-general independent of the government, who shall have power to insist upon the accuracy and honesty of accounts before they are paid.

4. The putting up of all public works to tender, and the giving of the contract to the lowest bidder.

5. The cutting off of all needless extravagances in connection with the administration of the various departments and an absolute rule that public money shall not be paid out unless a proper voucher is first presented.

6. The repeal of the present highway act and the enactment of a law which, while not diminishing the amount of provincial money given to the roads, shall vest the management of the roads and the appointment of all officials in the county councils.

7. The survey and valuation of our crown lands, so that the interests of the province may be conserved, and the lumber operators, both large and small, have encouragement and fair and honest treatment.

8. The inauguration of an agricultural and immigration policy as well as the promotion of the settling of our own lands by our own people.

9. The improvement in quality and reduction in price of our school books, so that our people shall not be robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but shall get the best posible value for their money.

10. The extension and encouragement of local schools, so that every man in the province who has a family may have an opportunity to give his children an elementary education.

11. An increase in the provincial allowance to school teachers.

12. The secrecy of the ballot, and an honest carrying out of the election laws, believing that every citizen of the province entitled to the franchise should be free to vote as his conscience directs.

IS YOUR FACE PIMPLY?

Thousands of young men and women would be handsome and attractive were it not for unsightly pimples, black heads and rough uneven skin. Custom seems to recommend lotions and salves, but unfortunately their effect is but temporary. These disfiguring blemishes do not originate in the skin—Their birth in every case goes further back, to the blood, which must be cleansed of humors before the pimples depart for good. A Montreal physician who has made a careful study of such cases, says that the quickest cure comes from a blood-building medicine like Ferrozone. The minute Ferrozone strikes the blood its good work begins. Poisons and foul matter are expelled. Every trace of humor is driven out, and the whole life current is suppied with nutriment and health giving qualities. You can always tell a Ferrozone complexion when you see it,—the cheeks are clear and rosy, no signs of sallowness — the eyes are bright and expressive because rich, red blood is circulating through the whole system carrying health, energy and strength with it. Not only will all skin eruptions disappear, but an increase in vital strength, an all-round improvement will be apparent. No rebuilding tonic could be more efficient. Get Ferrozone today—Good for young and old, for well folks and sick ones too, 50c. per box or six boxes for $2.50 at all dealers.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A NOVEL OF EVENING GOWN.

Opera toilette of silver gray chiffon cloth. The rather full skirt, finished with two ruffles of gray satin at the foot, is banded with Lunneville lace appliqued with silver sequins, and at the other side of the centre front topping this lace band is a large medallion of gray dyed lace embellished with the silver spangles. The bodice with square decolletage, short puff sleeve and shoulder strappings of the dyed lace shows coat effect accomplished with white Irish crochet elaborated with gray chiffon roses and insets of gray satin at the lower edges. A picture hat of black velvet, with two long black plumes, completes the striking ensemble.

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