

UNION CLOTHING CO.

Store closes evenings at 6 p. m. Saturdays 11 p. m. 26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

THE SWELL YOUNG MAN wants LIFE, DASH and GINGER in his suit. He wants more colorful more fashionable curves and kinks than the older and more conservative dresser.

\$10.50, \$11, \$12, \$13, or \$14 We want every man in town to make it his business to see these swagger New Suits.

New Soft Bosom Shirts We are showing one of the very best and newest lines of Men's Soft Bosom Shirts, well made, roomy and thoroughly up-to-date.

Men's All Wool Cashmere Fancy Half-Hose, regular 40c. quality at 25c. a pair.

See Our New Line of Boys' and Children's Clothing IT WILL PAY YOU

...That... Preposterous ..Will.. BY L. C. MOBERLY.

(Continued.) Mrs. Grey smiled, and her hand fell gently and caressingly on Molly's ruddy cheek, but there was a wistfulness in the rosy cheeks she cast at the girl's still flushed face.

the newest literature of the moment, made it a most pleasant resort for guests of every taste and age. The oak paneled walls were hung with many trophies of the chase; some of them the result of Sir Ralph's youthful proclivities for big game hunting, others presented to the Squire of Malford Hall by those of a younger generation, who, following the traditions of their family and race, were excellent shots and keen sportsmen.

A cheerful clatter of voices and laughter ascended the stairs as Mrs. Grey and Molly came down to join their fellow guests, and those who were standing or sitting about in the hall glanced up to call out a gay greeting to the latest arrivals.

"You are both late," Jack Digby cried, going to the foot of the stairs to meet the pair. "I believe you have been enjoying a nap, and hurriedly woke just in time to realize that you were nearly too late. We were preparing to start on our expedition when some one caught sight of your dress, Miss Home!"

"No—we have not had the tiniest little nap, but I confess we have been talking. Mrs. Grey and I always have such quantities to say to each other. But we didn't mean to be late, and we are both longing to join the expedition and see this wonderful old house."

Needless to say Mrs. Bedworth suppressed her language and her sharp speech for the private ear of Miss Stopher and other kindred spirits; but the venomous feelings which she allowed herself against Molly now and then looked out of her eyes, and when she glanced now at the girl's happy face, her own grew dark.

but nature has been responsible for the glory of her hair or the golden brown colouring of her eyes. And Mrs. Bedworth's fabled nerves were irritated afresh every time she realized the difficulty, nay, the impossibility of picking holes in her in the girl's clothing or her personality.

Her thin lips set themselves in a hard line, her eyes followed Molly as the girl moved across the hall to where Stella stood, and she smiled sarcastically when she saw Stella's eyes light up at her friend's approach.

"Who could suppose that Stella could go on being friendly with that girl?" her thoughts ran; "considering that Molly has ousted her from everything she ought to have had, and was mainly instrumental in breaking of her marriage with the man she professed to care for."

"Such a train of thought was characteristic too of the marvellous lengths to which self-deception can be carried, but Mrs. Bedworth was no longer able to see anything concerning Molly in just proportion; her whole attitude towards the girl was distorted and warped beyond the bounds of reason, beyond any justification by facts; and though she would shrink from owning it, even to herself, her feeling for Molly was now one of pure unmitigated hatred."

"The rooms in the west wing received their due meed of praise and interest, but the main curiosity of the exploring party had been aroused by the thought of the dungeons and other gruesome remnants of an age of barbarism, and as they left the historical chambers above mentioned, young Digby said to his host—

Dyspepsia

Don't think you can cure your dyspepsia in any other way than by strengthening and toning your stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

It strengthens and tones the stomach, and permanently cures dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. Accept no substitute.

asked, pursuing the point, and looking beseechingly into the Squire's face with a litany pout, which she considered as a very effective; "do tell us what the dangers are which you are taking us to face? If we did fall down your awful oubliette, what would happen to us?" and she gave a little shudder which was really very convincing.

"Our oubliette is connected with a subterranean stream whose outlet is three miles away," was Sir Ralph's reply, "and if such a ghastly thing happened as that any one should fall down it, the chances of saving him are absolutely nil. The methods of our ancestors were particularly ingenious. The walls of the oubliette are perfectly smooth and slippery, and descend sheer into the stream which can be seen faintly below. It is not a pleasant place, and perhaps—Sir Ralph looked round upon the absorbed, startled faces of his guests—perhaps you would rather I did not show you the oubliette?"

"Oh! we must see it," a dozen voices cried out; "we must certainly see it. Fancy having anything so gruesome in one's house in these enlightened times. But as it is here we must certainly see it."

"(To be continued.)"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



SHIRT WAIST OF PLAID BATISTE. One of the most popular styles among the new blouses is shown in the accompanying sketch. The model was made of white plaid batiste, the centre plait down the middle of the front being a patch pocket at the side on the left.

Yesterday afternoon in their rooms, Douglas avenue, the Y. M. A. of St. Peter's church held their monthly debate. The subject was, Resolved that wealth causes more crime than poverty.

There is some improvement in the condition of Francis L. Carvill, who is ill with pneumonia in New York.

ALL TURN BELIEVERS

Many have aches and pains that for years have defied all treatment. But once "Nerviline" is used, doubt turns into belief that no aches, pains, or bruises exist that Nerviline won't cure.

THE PERSONAL FILE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



MOST CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AND HIS SON

Not only was Abraham Lincoln the greatest story-teller who ever lived, but he was the hero of more good stories than any other man in America's gallery of heroes. Admittedly, nothing so effectively throws the limelight upon the private and public career of any celebrity as the little anecdotes and incidents which record a man's life in a way that is seldom a matter of official or historic record.



A DARE PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

In receiving the thousands of callers who visited the White House Lincoln evinced a remarkable memory. Greeting at a public reception a man named Flood, whom he had met casually 12 years before, the president said: "I am glad to see that the Flood flows on."

Lincoln was appointed a postmaster by President Jackson, and inasmuch as he did not want to be tied down by the duties of the office, he hid upon the novel expedient of conveying himself into a portable postoffice.

Lincoln's fondness for children was repeatedly illustrated, but in no manner more forcibly than by his love for his son Tad. Not even Tad's prank of waving a Confederate flag from a second-story window of the White House while his father was making a speech to Union veterans directly below seriously ruffled the patient president.