MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Store Open Tonight until 11 p. m.

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, - - - ST. JOHN, N. B.,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Our New Suits

are, without exception, the best that can be had for our price. They are all extra well trimmed, and cut in the very latest style. Our prices range from—

$6.90 to $20.00

See our new Spring line of Men's and Youths' Black and Blue Cheviot Suits—they are swell.

Men's New Soft Bosom Shirts

Our special line of 98c. each beats them all. Come, see them, they are dandies. Others at 50c. to $2.00.

Another new arrival of Linen Collars, latest wing styles—our price 2 for 25c.

Get ahead of others—have the best yourself.

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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)

The men were too intent on their task to reply to her question, but Mrs. Grey turned to her friend with a little gasping cry—

"That is what we think—what we are afraid of—that Molly, my Molly, is in that hideous place. We thought we heard her cry for help—but we have called—and called—and no sound has come since, but we can see—her hand—"

"Her hand?" Lady Connell's voice rang with horror; she in her turn leant against the railing and peered into the darkness below, made darker for the moment by the many lights that were now flashing round the dungeon.

But after long and close scrutiny of the black mouth that yawned below her, Lady Connell drew back with a shudder.

"I see it," she said, "I see something white—is it—do you mean it is—a hand?"

But this time no one found voice to answer her. It may even be doubted whether anybody heard her question, for the attention of every living soul in the dungeon was fixed upon the men who were preparing to lower a rope into the abyss.

"Some one must be lowered with it," Sir Ralph exclaimed suddenly; "if she is there—within reach at all—she must be unconscious, or she would have heard us call to her. Some one must go down on the rope."

"I will go—gladly," Jack Digby answered, as he spoke fastening one end of the rope securely round his own person; "only—be careful—be very careful how you lower me," he added; "spin out the rope as slowly as possible, lest I should strike against Miss Hume and push her down—if—if she is still there," he added under his breath.

In a silence so tense that it could almost be felt, the rope was made fast to a huge iron ring in one of the walls, and held by the rest of the men in the vault, whilst Digby, slowly and with extreme caution, dropped over the edge of the black oubliette, and in a still more profound stillness those surrounding the railing watched him slide gradually down the dark shaft and disappear from view. Lanterns were held over the pit, but their light did not penetrate far enough down it to be of any practical use to the watchers above, and excepting for the continuous movement of the rope, as the men who held it paid it slowly out, there was no mark of Digby's progress. Again to those who watched in that long tension of doubt and horror, it seemed as though centuries must have passed, before a muffled sound that was neither shout nor cry, but a weird mingling of both, floated up to them from the bowels of the earth; and at the same moment the rope remained still after receiving a sharp jerk that nearly shook it from the hands of those who held it.

Once more, from far below came the subdued sound that might have been a shout, and then the rope was suddenly pulled upon with a suddenness that upset the balance of one of the men who steadied, and it next became evident that an increased weight hung upon its farther end. At the same time the sound of the voice from the abyss became increasingly insistent, and Anstruther, leaning far over the railing, caught the faintly uttered words—

"Pull—up—quickly."

The order was sharply repeated, the men by the ring in the wall worked with a will, the rope was wound rapidly upwards, and in few moments the spectators, craning forward, caught sight of Jack Digby's smooth brown head and broad shoulders, and then the light gleamed upon ruddy masses of hair, and an unrepressible cheer broke out, when it was seen that against the young man's arm rested the white, unconscious face of Molly Hume.

Digby's own face was ashen and bedewed with sweat, black lines lay beneath his eyes, he was panting for breath, and as soon as he had reached the surface, and eager hands had lifted the inanimate girl from his arms, he sank upon the stone floor in a swoon of utter exhaustion. Tender arms bore Molly upstairs to her own room, and placed her on the bed, where she lay for hours motionless and unconscious, apparently without breath or life.

Digby, once carried into the open air, rapidly recovered himself, and was able to give a terse explanation of what had taken place when he found himself in the mouth of the oubliette; but the explanation was a very terse one, and it seemed as though the mere thought of those awful moments was almost more than he could endure.

"Don't ask me to say much," he answered, in response to the eager questions with which he was assailed; "I can't talk about the ghastly place; it is beyond words. All I know is that when I got some way down into the blackness, I felt there was someone there—close to the wall, and—took her into my arms—and signalled to be pulled up. That is all—that is really all. For Heaven's sake don't speak of it again."

Seeing that a strong man shrank from talking of what had taken place in that black and gruesome shaft, it was not surprising that when Molly at last awoke, after long hours of blank unconsciousness the should refuse to mention the subject of her terrible accident at all.

Mrs. Grey's face was the first upon which her eyes fell, as they slowly opened, and the little widow will never, to her dying day, forget the expression of horror that lingered in those eyes.

"You?" the girl murmured; "Is—it—you? I thought—death——" she shivered uncontrollably, and her eyes closed again, whilst Mrs. Grey bent tenderly over her, and stroked back the masses of her hair.

Story 3 A

"I am here, dear child" she said, her quiet voice seeming to have a soothing effect upon the girl's fears; "you are in no danger. You are in your own bed, and I am beside you."

"My own bed?" Molly's eyes opened again, she pulled herself up in a sitting position, and stared round the room, with a bewildered glance. "I thought——the stream was getting nearer. The darkness — oh, take me out of the darkness.—— Pressing one hand to her eyes, she shuddered back upon the pillows, grasping feverishly at Mrs. Grey with her other hand, and clinging to her as a frightened child clings to its mother.

Throughout the night she was overwhelmed by similar paroxysms of fear, and only towards morning did she sink into a troubled sleep, from which she did not wake until the sun was pouring into the room. Mrs. Grey, still watching beside her, was relieved to notice that the girl's eyes were now free of the horror with which they had been filled before, and her manner was quieter and more normal.

"Why are you sitting here?" was her first question, and then memory came back to her in a flood, and she whispered huskily—

"Oh! I remember—I remember, but don't ask me about it: don't let anybody ask me about it.. I cannot tell you—what—who—I mean, I cannot talk of it," she ended abruptly, her eyes looking uneasily round the room, as though she half dreaded upon what sight they might light.

Exactly the same thing occurred when, later on in the day, she went downstairs, to receive a hearty welcome from her fellow-guests. At the first hint of a question about the adventure of the preceding day, her face blanched, her eyes grew wide with dismay, and she said quickly—

"Please—please don't ask me anything—I—cannot speak of it: do not ask me."

To Jack Digby she expressed her gratitude simply and quietly, but even to him she said no more; the incident was plainly one of which she could not bear to talk, and every member of the household respected her wishes, and forbore to pester her with questions. But Mrs. Grey, observant as always of everything that concerned her much-loved ward, noticed that in spite of this forbearance on the part of the guests, Molly was still uneasy, and that in whatever room they were, the girl's glance wandered restlessly round it as though in search of something or somebody. She saw also that Molly watched the door with a half-nervous, half-defiant gaze, and that each time it opened, her ward started slightly; but whether the start was one of relief or no, Mrs. Grey could not quite determine, only at bedtime did the widow obtain a clue to Molly's conduct.

Before going into her own room which opened from her guardian's, Molly lingered by Mrs. Grey's dressing table, absently fingering the objects upon it, and moving them in an uncertain way indicating that her mind was occupied elsewhere. For a long time she did not speak, then, without glancing at Mrs. Grey, she said slowly—

"I—I did not see Mrs. Bedsworth this evening; is she—has she——"

"She has gone away," the elder lady answered, more abruptly than Molly had ever heard her speak; "she went away this morning before you were up. She was ill."

"Ill?" Molly turned sharply round from her mechanical fingering of the silver-backed brushes and looked full at her guardian. "Ill?—what was the matter with her?"

"She was in a state of the most extraordinary excitement," Mrs. Grey answered, with some hesitation; "in fact—I should almost be inclined to say that her mental balance was gravely disturbed. The smile that hovered over Molly's lips was a very strange one. There was no amusement in it, but only sarcasm that almost amounted to scorn.

"Yes," the girl said slowly, "I should think it very possible that her mental balance is disturbed, very seriously disturbed." the scornful smile spread, a curious gleam shot into her brown eyes; "she went through enough yesterday to disturb the mental balance of an ostrich, if ostriches have minds."

Mrs. Grey's eyes looked curiously and fearfully at Molly's face, transfigured by that scornful smile it wore into something very unlike itself.

"Why do you speak in this way, dear?" she asked gently, moving nearer to the girl, and laying a hand on her arm; "do you mean that Mrs. Bedsworth was actually upset by seeing that terrible accident happen to you yesterday?"

Molly laughed, a short hard laugh, the gleam in her eyes grew brighter, and at the same time harder.

"I think—she was upset by—what happened yesterday—but—there was no accident."

(To be continued.)

Catarrh

This Deep-seated Disease Can't be Reached Through the Stomach.

Cure can come only from cleansing the air passages with the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone which cured ex-Mayor S. L. McKay, of Kingsville, Ont., who says:

"As the season for Colds and Catarrh is again on, I wish to be prepared with the right remedy. Send me Catarrhozone — which is without doubt the best remedy I have ever tried—and I have used not a few. I strongly recommend Catarrhozone."

Actual size.

Large $1.00 size is guaranteed. Small (trial) size, 25c. All dealers—or N. C. Polson Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S., A.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

SUIT FOR LITTLE BOY.

A stylish model for a little boy's suit, which would be suitable for either linen or cloth material, is shown in the accompanying cut. The model from which the sketch was taken was of dark blue serge, with braid applied in military style, two widths of braid being used, a flat braid of black mohair, three-quarters of an inch wide, and a narrower cord braid. The vest was of pique.

No Self Control, Start at "Trifles."

No Control of Your Nerves.

The nerves are the great controlling force of the body.

They govern every action, every function. Upon their vitality hinge your energy, your power to think and act.

But alas, your nerves are weak!

You have burnt up your nerve force, used up that reserve you so badly need today.

Just one way to win it back.

Build up with Ferrozone.

It restores worn out nerves, because it supplies them with nutriment and building material.

Ferrozone gives you "grip" and courage—makes the blood tingle through your veins—fills you with the feeling that a powerful and strengthening medicine is winning you back to health.

Mr. C. R. Zink, a prominent citizen of Lunenburg, N. S., proved Ferrozone was a marvelous tonic and says: "Nothing I ever used gave such prompt, strengthening effect as Ferrozone. I was run down, quite nervous, no appetite and in a generally used-up condition. Ferrozone gave me a wonderful amount of new strength, quite restored my nerves and made me well. I can recommend Ferrozone to every man who works hard and needs a tonic."

By supplying nourishment and vital force to the nerves, by enriching the blood, strengthening the heart,—Ferrozone is sure to help any man, woman or chidl in ill-health; try it—50c. per box at all druggists.

WEAKENED BY LA GRIPPE

Health and Strength Regained Through Dr. Williams Pink Pills

The after effects of la grippe are more serious than the disease itself. Its victims are left low spirited and depressed; they are tortured with headaches and backaches; fever and chills. It leaves the sufferer an easy prey to bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism and often that most dreaded of all diseases, consumption. For the after effects of la grippe there is absolutely no medicine can equal Dr. Williams Pink Pills. Every dose helps make new, rich, red blood that drives disease from the system, and makes weak despondent men and women bright, cheerful and strong. Miss Eugenie Donaldson, of St. Jerome, Que., found a cure through these pills after other remedies had failed to help her. She says: "I took la grippe and did not seem able to shake it off. It developed into bronchitis; I coughed day and night and grew so weak that I could hardly move about. I tried remedy after remedy but as nothing seemed to help me I began to dread that consumption was developing and that my case was incurable. A friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and following that advice I got a supply. For two months I took the pills faithfully, following the directions given for their use. I am thankful I did so for they fully restored my strength and I have since enjoyed perfect health. I will always advise sick and ailing people to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial for I firmly believe that they will find great benefit from their use."

Rich, red blood is the one thing needed to maintain health and strength. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make rich, red blood. That is the reason of their great popularity in every country in the world. That is why they cure anaemia, general weakness, rheumatism, neuralgia, indigestion, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis and the ills of girlhood and womanhood, with all its distressing headaches, sideaches and backaches. See that you get the genuine pills with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OBITUARY

J. C. Murray

George Murray, yesterday afternoon received word of the death of his brother, Councillor John Campbell Murray, at Kingsclear, York county. Councillor Murray was about 76 years of age and had been ill for some time. He was born at Kingsclear and was one of the Murray family of Springhill. He was a successful farmer, and represented Kingsclear parish in the York county council for many years. His wife died several years ago. He leaves six daughters, one son, three brothers and two sisters. Charles, of Kingsclear, is the son. The daughters are Misses Bessie, Mary and Minnie, all trained nurses; Miss Mabel, at present teaching in the Boys' Industrial Home here; Miss Alice and Mrs. Zebedee Estey, of Kingsclear. George, of St. John; Thomas, of Kingsclear, and Christopher, of the Isle of Wight, are brothers. Mrs. Geo. Stratton, of Springhill, and Miss Elizabeth Murray are the sisters.

Mr. Murray was probably the oldest municipal politician in the province both in years and length of service. He was first elected to the York municipal council in 1875 and with the exception of one year sat in that body continuously up to the time of his death. He was a man of broad views and was held in the highest esteem by all who enjoyed his acquaintance. In politics he was a staunch Conservative and was an active worker for his party. The late W. S. Murray, of St. John, was a cousin of the deceased.

Mrs. Katherine Lilley

Mrs. Katherine Lilley died yesterday at her home, 65 Middle street, West End, death coming soon after a stroke of paralysis. Mrs. Lilley had been an invalid since a similar attack about a year ago. There will be sincere sympathy for those left to mourn. She was the widow of John Lilley, a well known resident of Carleton, and a daughter the late Thomas Dunlavey, and sister of the late Wm. Dunlavey, of the Furness line. She is survived by two sons and three sisters. The sons are William T. and Fred A., both of Manchester Robertson Allison, Ltd., staff, and the sisters are Mrs. John Kerr, wife of the chief of the fire department; Mrs. Isabella Brittain, of West End, and Mrs. George Thomas, of Newton (Mass.) The funeral will be held at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, service at 2.30.

Michael O'Connor

Michael O'Connor, butcher, of Brussels street, died late Thursday night after a week's illness, from pleuro pneumonia. Mr. O'Connor was a highly respected member of the Irish Literary and Benevolent Society, and was a good citizen. He is survived by his wife and mother.

Get Rid of Scrofula

Bunches, eruptions, inflammations, soreness of the eyelids and ears, diseases of the bones, rickets, dyspepsia, catarrh, wasting, are only some of the troubles it causes.

It is a very active evil, making havoc of the whole system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Eradicates it, cures all its manifestations, and builds up the whole system.

Accept no substitute.

THEY WILL TAKE ST. JOHN ROUTE

Cabinet Ministers Will Sail From St. John When They go to the Colonial Conference.

Ottawa, Feb. 22—It is understood that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Sir Frederick Borden have engaged their passage by the Empress of Britain, which sails from St. John (N. B.), on April 5—They go to attend the colonial conference. Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Brodeur and Paterson will go by the same steamer if the session is over to permit them doing so.

If the house is still sitting it is not likely that they will be able to get away. At any rate all three cannot go away so their accommodation is said to be conditional.

A WINDSOR LADY APPEAL

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions, my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or growths, also Hot Flashes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser" also sent free on request. Write today. Address, Mrs. M. Summers, Box H. 71, Windsor, Ont.

HE SAYS IT'S BOSH

(New Glasgow Chronicle.)

The Lieut.-Governor was received by a military guard of honor and the usual booming of cannon. We have not learned that the concussion in the air on account of the sound of the guns shivered his honor's democratic timbers, but probably not or something would have been written about it. However, we beg to remark that this military guard and gun firing on the opening of a provincial parliament which has not power to create even a Falstaffian regiment is an incongruous anachronism that should be abandoned. Even a "speech from the throne" is a survival of the days when kings commanded and it therefore should, also, be abandoned. This noisy ceremony connected with the meeting of a legislature confined by the constitution to dealing with civil matters is really bosh.

AN EDITOR'S RESOLVE

(New Glasgow Chronicle.)

To correspondents: We are catching up with our correspondents as fast as we can find room. Now that both parliaments are in session we ask our friends to make communications short as possible. Another thing we must insist on in future, viz., that manuscript must be legibly written. If there is anything more provoking than having to pore over manuscript for an hour or more, as we often do, we would like to hear of it. Write so that the writing can be easily read; however, correspondents need not do so if they don't care to do so; but we have made our head ache for the last time trying to read carelessly written manuscript.

HYMAN WILL NOT TAKE PART

London, Ont., Feb. 22—(Special)—A big convention of Liberals at London nominated Hon. C. S. Hyman for the commons last night.

It was announced that Mr. Hyman's health would not allow him to take part in the elections.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial." 92

FREE SAMPLE and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address THE SAMARIA REMEDY CO. 36 Jordan Chambers, 23 Jordan Street, Toronto.

The Allan line steamship Pretorian is now at her berth at the I. C. R. wharf. She landed here eleven second-class and eighteen steerage passengers.

SUPREME COURT GRANTS NEW TRIAL TO COLLINS

Full Bench Concurs That Judge Gregory's Charge Against the Prisoner Was Too Strong --- Judge Tuck Will Probably Try Collins on June 25th.

Fredericton, Feb. 22—Thomas Collins, now under sentence of death at Hopewell Cape for the murder of Mary Ann McAulay at New Ireland in August last, will not go to the gallows on April 25, the supreme court having this afternoon granted him a new trial. Judgment was delivered on points reserved by Judge Gregory, the trial judge, and was unanimous.

The judgment of the court was delivered by Chief Justice Tuck, who explained that the case has been argued on only one of the three points reserved by the trial judge: "Was there error in assuming it proven that the prisoner had the axe in his hands at the committing of the theft and generally directing the jury from that standpoint?" After making some quotations from the judge's charge, the chief justice said: "There was no direct evidence that Collins committed the crime. It depended wholly upon circumstantial evidence from which the jury might have been asked to say whether the prisoner was guilty or not guilty."

"In answer to the second question I say that there was error; that the learned judge directed the jury that certain alleged facts were absolutely proved, which should have been left to the jury to decide. These points were material and really vital as bearing on the innocence or guilt of the prisoner. Anyone who read the judge's charge, as I have, can come to no other conclusion that it shows marked ability on his part; that he had given all the circumstance of the case careful thought with an earnest desire that the jury should arrive at a correct conclusion. Looking at the charge in its entirety one may reasonably conclude that it is a powerful one on the crown side as to the prisoner's guilt. But the question here under consideration is not whether or not the prisoner is guilty but rather was he found so on a proper charge.

"Of one thing there can be no possible doubt—that on the 20th day of August, 1906, Mary Ann MacAulay was cruelly and foully murdered. There is no doubt also that the prisoner was guilty of theft, that he stole goods in Father MacAulay's house on that same Monday morning, the 20th of August. The goods were seen or found on him and it is admitted by his counsel that he stole them.

"The learned judge gives a detailed statement of what was proved at the trial and to my mind assumes as proved certain matters of which there is no positive proof but from which such an inference might be drawn if properly left to the jury."

The chief justice regarded the trial judge's language in reference to Collins using the axe to break down the door as very strong "and not the proper way to leave a question of fact to a jury."

Continuing, his honor said: "The learned judge assumes that certain things were proved which were not proved at all. There is no evidence by any testimony that Collins had the axe in his own hands nor that he broke down the closet door. If in an ordinary case of larceny the facts are for the jury, how careful should a judge be that they are left when a man's life is at stake."

The chief justice, in conclusion, said that the trial judge was clearly all wrong in assuming that the axe found behind the commode was the one used in battering down the door of the closet, as nothing of that nature had been established by the evidence. The judgment of the court, he said, was that the case should go down for new trial.

Judge Hanington said that with the guilt or innocence of the prisoner the court had nothing to do. It was their duty to determine whether or not the case had been presented to the jury according to the principles of law governing such cases. The jury alone are to judge on questions of fact where the evidence is circumstantial. From the statements made by the trial judge in his charge the inference to be drawn by the jury was irresistible that the prisoner was guilty of murder. It was clearly the duty of the court, in his opinion, to order a new trial so that all the facts could be left to the jury.

Judge Barker said that he concurred in the judgment.

Judge McLeod said that it was clear to his mind that the trial judge had drawn conclusions from the evidence that were clearly within the province of the jury alone. A judge, in leaving a case such as this to a jury, must not assume that certain facts will prove other facts. The trial judge in this case certainly went too far in assuming that the facts had been proven. He should have given the necessary instruction in law to the jury and allow them to decide on the facts.

The chief justice stated that Judge Landry was prevented by illness from being present but he fully concurred in the judgment. In regard to Judge Gregory, he was confined to his home from injuries sustained a short time ago. He also agrees with the conclusion of the court in reference to his charge to the jury and thinks the case should go down for a new trial.

Collins will probably be re-tried before Chief Justice Tuck at the next Albert circuit court, which opens June 25.

Dollar Package Free

Man Medicine Free

You can now obtain a large dollar-size free package of Man Medicine—free on request.

Man Medicine has cured thousands upon thousands of weak men. Man Medicine will cure you; restore you to full strength.

Man Medicine cures vital weakness, nervous debility, early decay, discouraged manhood, blood poison, brain fag, backache, prostatitis, kidney and bladder trouble and nervousness.

You can cure yourself at home by man Medicine, and the full-size dollar package will be delivered to you free, plain wrapper, with full directions how to use it. The full-size dollar package free, no payments of any kind; no receipts; no promises; no papers to sign. It is free.

All we want to know is that you are not sending for it out of idle curiosity, but that you want to be well, and become your strong natural self once more. Man Medicine will do what you want it to do—make you a real man.

Your name and address will bring it; all you have to do is to send and get it. We send it free to every discouraged man. Interstate Remedy Co., 524 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Old Gentleman (amiably)—My boy never had a nice red sled like you when I—

The Kid—Well, if you're hintin' fer me to give you mine, dere's nuthin' doin.'

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Feb. 21—Mrs. Alfred Blackmore, a respected resident of this town, passed away yesterday after a brief illness of pneumonia. A husband, two sons, Joseph and Alfred, and one daughter, Mrs. Joseph Kail, of Springhill, N. S., mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother. Funeral was held this afternoon. Rev. J. L. Dawson conducted the service. The pallbearers were J. T. Faulkner, C. W. Cahill, W. J. Goodwin and Chas. McKenzie. Interment took place at the rural cemetery.

Colonel Harper returned yesterday from Campbellton.

Senator Harper of Port Townshend is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harper.

Mrs. M. G. Siddall, Port Elgin, was the hostess at a delightful at home yesterday from 4 to 6.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Carter and son have returned to their home at Brandon, Man., after a pleasant visit at Point de Bute.

Rev. E. F. Savage, of Moncton, paid a visit to his native place, Malden, N. B. recently previous to his departure for Europe.

Mrs. D. Cameron and son Angus, are visiting friends at Stewiacke, N. S.

Mrs. P. Dolton, Shemogue, is critically ill with pneumonia.

"TO WHAT BASE USES"

(New Glasgow Chronicle.)

The old French River church building passed through New Glasgod on Saturday loaded up on five large sleds on its way to Trenton to be erected into a store for Mr. Brown.

SMALLPOX ON ALLAN LINER

Pomeranian at Halifax Has One Case - - - All Steerage Passengers Will be Quarantined.

Halifax, N. S., Feb. 22.—Allan steamer Pomeranian is in port from London and Havre with twenty-eight cabin, and 160 steerage passengers and cargo, and anchored at quarantine. When Health Officer McKay boarded the steamer he found a mild case of smallpox on board. As the smallpox patient was a steerage passenger all the other steerage passengers will have to remain at the quarantine station for eighteen days before they will be allowed to land at Halifax.

If any of the other passengers show any signs of having contracted the disease they will have to remain a longer period.

The disease was first discovered on Monday and the patient was immediately separated from the other passengers. The cabin passengers were examined by the port physician and as they had had no communication with the steerage passengers it was decided to allow them to land.

ARE YOU SUBJECT TO HEADACHE?

If you are, and have never tried Burdock Blood Bitters it will pay you to profit by the experience of others and give it a trial.

A healthy stomach, right acting liver and bowels that properly perform their important duties, will render anyone free from headache. If these organs are not in perfect condition, headache must follow. The proper course is obvious—restore the stomach, liver and bowels, to health, and headache cannot exist. For this purpose no medicine equals

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

It removes the cause of the headache by its splendid cleansing, strengthening and tonic properties, whereby the entire system is brought into healthy action. Miss Celina Dubal, Letellier, Man., writes: "I suffered for fifteen years from sick headache. To the advice of a friend I owe my complete cure, and it is with great pleasure that I testify to you that I have not suffered since using your wonderful remedy, Burdock Blood Bitters. I can recommend it as an efficacious remedy for sick headache, which caused me so much misery.

Price $1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.00 at all dealers."

PARISIAN TYPE OF TROTTOIR GOWN.

The accepted type of walking skirt is an inch or two longer than that which prevails on this side of the water and is likely to be more trimmed than we deem essential for such purpose. The pretty one shown in a deep prune broadcloth relies upon folds of stitched black satin for its trimming scheme, with a dainty embroidery of old blues and violets upon the white collar. The little wrap shows the favored cape sleeve, and a loose bolero-like affair with inserted pleats below the bust line, outlined with braid trimmings at the top. The skirt fulness is adjusted with close knife pleats over the hips and then left to hang free and smooth to the feet. Two graduated box pleats fill the front gore, and four rows of stitched black satin head the hem.

A very enjoyable time was spent by the Klondyke Club of Fairville last evening when, in Worden's big sleigh Starlight, they drove to Torryburn and back. On their return to Fairville a dance and supper were held in the Orange Hall.