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

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.) Society treated Molly with the indulgent kindness it is wont to bestow on the rich and bizarre, but she was neither rich enough to have more than mere kindness bestowed upon her, nor sufficiently odd and attractive to be bowed down to for her own sake. She made no startling debut, nor did she produce any overpowering sensation, but one person was dimly aware that there were latent possibilities in the girl which time might develop, and that unless her own schemes were matured rapidly, it might fall out that they would not mature at all. The person who realized things was Mrs. Bedworth, and she spent many anxious moments in revolving the chances in favor of those schemes, which, before her closer acquaintance with Miriam's home, had seemed so workable, so easy. With the girl like clay in her hands she was certain that she could, without the slightest difficulty, rouse her feelings and her sympathies into an active desire to do something substantial for the benefit of the poor. It had even crossed her mind that if the girl could not be persuaded to marry within the specified three-year state of mind in which the quiet idea of sedition should lead to the execution of some of her schemes, perhaps Stella and Mrs. Bedworth would have been by no means above accepting such a gift. Molly showed the slightest inclination to offer it. But merriment, as Mrs. Bedworth construed the meaning of the word, was not one of Molly's characteristics. She had her own goal in view and very definite ideas of the methods by which she intended to reach it, and her extreme youthfulness did not hinder her from understanding the main trend of Mrs. Bedworth's aims even if she was not acquainted with their details. The schemes of that lady were therefore in imminent danger of non-fulfillment, and she herself was dimly conscious of the fact, when, on a certain morning in May, fate or the devil, or a combination of the two powers put a new weapon in her hands.

CHAPTER VIII

Mrs. Bedworth, as Nature had originally intended her to be, was not a bad woman, though perhaps like the rest of the human race she had within her the makings of one, but the circumstances of her life and her own use of those circumstances had developed the evil in her at the expense of the good. In her world the best ideas were scoffed at, and the highest measure of men and women was taken rather by what they possessed, and the length of their genealogy than by what they themselves were in their lives, and it was not wonderful that Marion Noble's outlook on life was as it was. She had been a beauty and a great marriage was not only expected of her, it was her own intention to make that marriage; and when at nineteen she threw over an honest man who loved her and married Hugh Bedworth, a handsome captain in the Engineers, she worked said she had done very well for herself, having contrived to find not only a handsome and charming husband, but also one

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St. John, N. B., Feb. 16, 1906. Inclosed please find for two boxes of your "Gin Pills" as I am nearly out. Drug store at St. John, N. B., where I got my supply, was burned down a couple of weeks ago and I do not know where to get them except by writing to you. Hoping you will send me some more as I am nearly out and can't do without them. Yours truly, JOHN BLAZEKOS, Postmaster. Don't put it off. Write us today and let us send you the free sample of GIN PILLS to try. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 50c box—6 for \$2.50.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A smart little design for a street hat is shown in the cut, the model being of light red felt trimmed with a bow of soft shaded red panne velvet where the toque was turned up at the left side. The felt costume with which it is worn.



SMALL HAT OF SOFT FELT.

whose expectations put him in the first rank of eligibles. Who could have foreseen on the day on which Marion Bedworth had been the most brilliant and beautiful bride of the season, that the old Earl, to whom her husband was heir presumptive, should, as she afterwards expressed it with great bitterness, have played them such a trick? There were people unkind enough to say that the Earl, fond as he was of his nephew and heir, Hugh Bedworth, did not extend his affection to Hugh Bedworth's wife, and that sheer disapproval of that nephew's marriage, and a wish to dispossess Marion, led the old man to take a step which he would never otherwise have contemplated. Be that as it may, the Earl, to the surprise of the whole world, took himself a wife in the same month that Stella Bedworth opened her blue eyes upon the same world, an heir was born to the Earl of Dundasdale, and Hugh Bedworth found himself in the unpleasant position of having his nose permanently out of joint by a stalwart and vigorous baby.

Marion took her disappointment very hardly. It meant the downfall of a terrible number of hopes and ambitions, and it transformed her at one blow from a young lady, but into an impecunious nobody. The Earl, smitten by compunction for the havoc he had wrought in his nephew's fortunes, offered the young man an allowance, which, in spite of his wife's remonstrances, Hugh Bedworth civilly but firmly declined to accept. "The old man had a perfect right to marry if he chose and when he chose," he said to the irate Marion, "and I am not going to take his money as compensation for his sin. I fear him no grudge, and we are quite well enough off to get along very well. We don't want money to make us happy."

He might not want it, his wife replied bitterly, when she found him impervious to reproaches, pleadings, arguments, even tears, but she wanted it, and wanted it intensely to satisfy what was her highest ambition to be a smart society leader, the best dressed woman in London, and in the head and front of smart life. She never really forgave her husband for his refusal to accept that allowance from his uncle; and she never ceased to reproach him for what she termed his cold disregard of his wife and her interests. Real love for her husband she had never experienced, and she entirely failed to appreciate the noble character of the man who called her wife, succeeding finally by her increasing hardness and coldness towards him, in alienating his deep love for her, and in breaking his heart. Both before and since her husband's death, Marion Bedworth had done her utmost to achieve, to a limited income, the ambitions that had been hers from girlhood, and to a very large extent she had succeeded. She was a power and an ornament in the small world: she was one of those about whom paragraphs and photographs appear in the weekly papers, her house was the centre of some of the smartest and best-known people of the day, and in spite of her limited income she always contrived that her frills and Stella's shawl, the talked of, envied and written about. Years first of contempt and bitterness towards the man whose shoe strings she was unbravely to tie, and then of struggling to keep up the appearance after which her soul hankered had not a softening effect upon a character already inclined to hardness, and her ambitions for Stella, which amounted almost to an obsession, did not derive its strength from love for the girl, but from a passionate desire to achieve for her daughter what she had failed to achieve for herself. Alan Dayre's expectations had made her bend all the force of her strong will towards obtaining him for a son-in-law, and the baffling of her hopes by Godfrey Haine's will had simply roused her determination to fighting pitch. To be baffled by that man of all other men made her metaphorically clench her teeth and long to thwart him even though that thwarting could only come after he was in the grave; and to feel herself confronted by a mere girl the people, with determination and cleverness that were no mean rival of her own, only added fuel to the fire. Mrs. Bedworth's soul was very ready for that seed which fate or the devil, or both, saw fit to drop into it on that morning in May when Molly had been an inmate of her house for a month.

She was sitting in her drawing-room when her parquetry came in to announce that Mr. Bray had called to see Miss Hume on business, and that she had shown him into the library. The maid had evidently expected to find the girl with Mrs. Bedworth, and was retreating in search of her when her mistress said quickly—"I will find Miss Hume, Annie; you need not trouble," and with an instinctive anxiety to know upon what business the solicitor had come to see her charge, the mistress of the house went upstairs to Molly's room. The two girls were there together, wholly occupied in a talk concerning the make of a gown, and Mol-

ly's face clouded a little when she heard after packet of papers, again murmuring under her breath—"I am glad I remembered to come and look for Jakkyn's bill." The dining-room was very quiet, and no sounds from the street disturbed the silence within, a silence across which the voices from next door struck with almost startling clearness. Mr. Bray was speaking every word to be distinctly heard. "I thought it best to call upon you, Miss Hume, and to ask you whether you would give me instructions here, and now about your will. I feel it my duty to urge you to make it."

"You said that in your letter," came the answer in Molly's voice, girlish and impatient; "why ever have I got to bother about a will? I shouldn't think I'd die just yet, you know."

"I suppose," Mrs. Bedworth said, in accents of becoming gravity, "that the future disposition of such an enormous sum of money as you have in those little hands of yours, Molly?"

"You see—you are a very important person—a great heiress," she added affectionately, with a smile.

Molly laughed, that laugh which was so frank and so pleasant to hear. "Isn't it funny my being an heiress?" she said, "and I'm sure I don't know why I've got to leave all that money to you, if that's what Mr. Bray wants to know. Him and his wills," she added disjunctively, with a little smile.

"Perhaps you have some relations?" Mrs. Bedworth asked tentatively, putting her arms through the girl's, as they walked together down the passage. "No, no, no, Mr. Bray wishes to remind you that they—"

"I haven't any relations, not so far as I know," Molly interrupted hastily; "my father and mother lived in the place where Mr. Haines lived when they were young, but they never went back there afterwards, and I never heard them talk of any one belonging to them."

"When we go and see your house perhaps we shall find that you have some relations there after all," Mrs. Bedworth said gently; "you said you would like to go and look after your property."

"And so I should," came the prompt answer; "Mr. Bray said something in that same letter about letting the house, but I'd like to see it first, and you'll take me, won't you?" she ended, as they reached the door of the library.

"Of course I will, if Mr. Bray consents," she said with an affectionate pressure of the girl's arm. Mrs. Bedworth withdrew, leaving Molly to enter the room alone. "He will see a little quiet talk with you, as it is on such an important matter," she whispered, smiling her most fascinating smile into Molly's face, before shutting the door softly, and going on along the hall to the dining room which was divided from the library only by a folding door.

A small sideboard stood with its back to these doors, but just beyond the sideboard was a tiny davenport, used by Mrs. Bedworth as a receptacle for old bills and other unimportant papers. "I will just look out that bill of Jakkyn's," she said, half aloud, with the instinct of self-justification pressed upon her by a conscience whose voice was scarcely audible; "now that I am down here, it will be an opportunity for looking through some of those papers."

Her tread was almost cat-like in softness, as she stole across the room, and sat down by the little davenport, observing with a satisfaction which there was no need to conceal how very large was the crack in the folding door, and how very audible the voices of the speakers in the library. Yet even to herself she kept the pleasing fancy that it was necessary to hunt for bills in the davenport, as with a business-like air she noiselessly opened the drawers and drew out packet



THE DIZZIEST HEIGHT VALOR.

No laurel wreath entwines for me; My very name posterity Shall praise me, and yet without The slightest shadow of a doubt, A hero brave, triumphant, true, I've this day proved myself to be! —T. E. M.

Smith of this city. Mrs. John Walsh of Hampton, and Miss Jane, of Eastport. The brothers are Samuel E., of the National Military Home, Dayton (O.), and William M., of Eastport.

Mrs. John Patterson Kintore, Jan. 22—Many people will regret to hear of the death of Mrs. John Patterson, only daughter of James F. Kintore, post master of Upper Kintore, which took place January 15, in a hospital in New York. An infant daughter was born on December 21, and survives, being cared for at present at the hospital. The body accompanied by her sorrowing husband and three boys, arrived here on Saturday and was interred in Upper Kintore graveyard on Sunday afternoon. After an impressive service was held in the church conducted by the Rev. Gordon C. Pringle.

Mrs. Patterson was a native of Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and was 41 years of age, a bright kindly woman and respected by a large number of friends. Much sympathy is expressed for the parents and advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got two boxes and within two weeks I had improved wonderfully and after finishing the fourth box I was completely cured. They are the greatest pills I ever used and I can recommend them to all sufferers."

Rev. F. W. Ritchie Word of the death of Rev. Frank William Ritchie at Ottawa has been received. He was the second son of the late Sir William J. Ritchie, chief justice of Canada, and a brother of Sheriff H. B. Ritchie, who will leave for Ottawa this evening. Rev. Mr. Ritchie succumbed to an attack of typhoid fever. He was about forty-six years of age and his death was the first break in a family of twelve children. He leaves a wife and three children.

WEDDINGS Young-Strang A very pretty event took place on Jan. 23 in St. Joseph's convent, west side, when Thomas Young, late of Cork (Ire.), was united in marriage to Mary Christina Strang, of Tabernaish (N. B.). Rev. J. O'Donnovan officiated.

The bride was a very becoming suit of brown broadcloth with white trimmings and hat to match and was supported by Miss Agnes McGivney, who was also dressed in brown. J. F. Stevens supervised the room. After the ceremony the happy couple returned to their home, 126 City Line, where a dainty supper was served. The very many useful and hand-

some presents received gave evidence of the popularity of the happy couple.

Campbell-Black A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of the bride's parents, Window street, West End, Thursday, when Miss Ethel Black, only daughter of William Campbell, Both are of the West End. The bride was attired in grey silk hat with a match. The groom's present to the bride was a handsome gold brooch with diamond setting. The bride's presents were many and pretty. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will leave on Monday for Niagara to spend a couple of weeks.

F. C. Smith, secretary-treasurer of Seville Bros. & Co., Ltd., entertained the company's staff Wednesday evening at his residence, Rockland Road. The party numbered about twenty-five. What was played with keen interest and at midnight a turkey supper was served. Then came music and in all it was a very happy time.

Why Have a Silent Piano or Organ? —or any other unplayed instrument in your home, when, by just turning a key, you can have every sort of music, faultlessly played by finished artists? The Boston Symphony Quartet will play Schumann's "Traumerli" with a beauty of expression rarely heard—the greatest of sopranos, Sembrich, will sing for you. You can even hear the famous Westminster Chimes ringing out "Auld Lang Syne" or "Rock of Ages."

Once you hear the smooth, clear, true reproductions of the Victor or Berliner Gram-ophone you will no longer enjoy listening to the stumbling, pounding playing or singing of beginners or mediocre musicians.

With a Victor or Berliner, you can have Caruso singing wherever you like (this wonderful Tenor gets thousands of dollars a year for singing in the Metropolitan Opera House, New York)—or you can have Sousa's Band play—or a Concert Song gurgled out—or a funny story. Ask for the booklet telling all about the 3000 different records.

If you hear the Victor or Berliner, we shan't have to ask you to buy. Prices, \$12.50 to \$110.00. Records from 35c. up.

For Sale by JOHN FRODSHAM, Royal Hotel Billiard Parlors.

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Obituary Harry H. Fairweather Harry H. Fairweather, of Hall & Fairweather, Limited, died at his home, 248 King street, Thursday night, in his thirty-eight year. He was the son of the late C. H. Fairweather, who was one of the founders of Hall & Fairweather, a leading grocery house, who were succeeded by the present firm. Mr. Fairweather had been associated with the firm for more than twenty-one years and for more than ten years of that time represented them on the road throughout New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Since the incorporation of the company in 1897 he had held the position of vice-president but during the last year and a half, while retaining his interest in the business, took no active part in the management of the concern.

A few years ago he contracted tuberculosis and in the past eighteen months had been in declining health. He sought improvement at various health resorts and last winter paid a visit to the West. In last winter he was unable to stay in the winter to leave his home. Mr. Fairweather possessed in a marked degree the faculty of making and holding friendships and in his work on the road as the representative of his firm was one of the most popular men traveling out of St. John.

He was bright and cheerful in his disposition and won the esteem of all who knew him. He was a member of the Masonic Fraternity. He is survived by his mother, two sisters—Miss Fairweather, residing at home, and Mrs. Alfred Morrisey, also of this city—and one brother—Frank R., of Tilley & Fairweather. To all there will be extended the sympathy of many friends in their bereavement.

David S. Buchman David S. Buchman, aged 79 years, died Thursday afternoon at the residence of his brother-in-law, J. S. Smith, 129 Waterloo street. Mr. Buchman had been ill for several months. He was born in Pennsylvania, Charlotte county, and for many years worked as a shipcarpenter in New York. He leaves three sisters and two brothers. The sisters are Mrs. J. E.

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