

On Friday Next December, 28th, 1906 Our Great Two-week Overcoat Sale WILL BEGIN

This is a great opportunity for any man to get a new overcoat for New Year's. Don't hesitate a moment, for we are going to make a thorough clearance of every overcoat in the store. We have the right kind to suit you and prices to correspond. This will be one of the biggest chances, gentlemen, you have ever had to procure a high grade overcoat at our price.

Look for further particulars in this space tomorrow.

Wait for this Great Two-Week Overcoat Sale---It will be a great money saver. **Sale begins Friday, Dec. 28th, '06.**

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, (Old Y. M. C. A. Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co. Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines Toilet Articles Druggists Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 871 St. John, N. B.

MICHAEL ANSBOROUGH

DIED LAST NIGHT

Michael E. Ansborough, who fell into the hold of the C. P. R. steamer Lake Erie last Saturday, breaking his back, died at the General Public Hospital, where he lingered till last night. Mr. Ansborough was a laborer. His home was in Charlotte street, and he is survived by a brother and two sisters. He was about sixty-two years of age.

The collection taken in St. John the Baptist church on Christmas day for the orphans amounted to \$266.04.

Bruce Malcolm, son of Andrew Malcolm, is home from McGill for the holidays.

Glouce Bay, Dec. 26.—Rufus McEachern, night operator at Hub Junction, was rendered unconscious last night by a heavy blow from a stone thrown by some party unknown. He fell across the track and lay there for over an hour before being picked up, fortunately no trains were running.

A saloon was raided today but only a few bottles of beer were secured.

Herbert Phillips, general freight agent of the New York Central, at Montreal, who was visiting relatives in this city, left by C. P. R. yesterday for Montreal.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



EVENING GOWN OF CREPE AND SATIN.

The model frock was of pale blue dotted gauze, although the design illustrated could also be most successfully carried out in net over a silk and chiffon underbody, or in any of the soft silks or satins. The bodice had pieces of satin which were shaped to have somewhat the effect of a quaint little jacket, the model frock having satin sections embroidered by hand in a rose and butterfly design. The little narrow vine-like pattern along the edges

was an applied trimming in silver applique. Tiny silver beads were used here and there in the embroidery. The tassels were of silk to match the gown. The high draped girde was of the pale blue satin, the underbodice being of the pale blue dotted gauze. The skirt was gathered at the waistband, across the sides and back shoulders and was trimmed with deep curved in-length and slenderness that cannot fail to prove becoming. Chiffon velvet of a slightly darker tint than the cloth—it is



PRESENTING THIS PLAIN TAILORED STYLE.

Plainly and severely tailored in style, this admirable model nevertheless presents in its cut and lines a charm and modishness that is all its own. One of the oyster white shades of cloth—one of those possible to describe in words—is employed to its making, and machine stitching, which is in high vogue just now, appears in judicious quantity. A full ascot cut is adhered to throughout, shoulder and underarm seams determining the fit. Stitched

so slight a difference in tone that it is scarcely detected—is used to form a square tabbed rever collar, two quaint-looking tab straps at the waist line and the up-turned cuff on the full-tailored sleeve. Effective Brandenburg braids afford a fastening in double-breasted style, and the open space at the throat is filled in with a chemise of the same cloth as makes the coat. Smart to a degree, and yet stylishly simple, this model cannot fail to appeal to the fastidious in dress. The black velvet hat has a full Tam O'Shanter crown and a spreading brim. A curvet of pale blue velvet ribbon, broad and supple, is carefully tied around the soft crown, and three ostrich tips are set at the left side, where the shape lifts a trifle.

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

A message was soon afterwards brought to Francine commanding her array herself in her richest costume and dine with the Count in the old man's library that evening.

She guessed by that that the Count's fears had been by some means allayed. She prepared to obey the summons, but her heart told her that the fatal moment of her life had almost arrived, and during her toilet she often fingered the knife which she had stolen, with a feeling of despairing conviction, recognizing it as a last friend whose assistance she must presently rely upon if she wished to save herself from indignity and outrage, worse to her mind a thousand times than death.

She had ceased to fear death itself, but she was a woman, and her soul recoiled before the threshold of the tomb. The brutal means of death at her command terrified her instincts and made her woman's heart recoil in shuddering dread. She wished ardently that she had been provided with some searching, painless poison. Such she would have readily taken without waiting for the compulsion of insult and ignominy, but the cold-bladed knife seemed too hideous, the pain it would bring before the end came too sure and certain. Finally she hid it in her bosom, her mind resolute to use it when the need arose, but shivering at the thought of the dreadful act itself and anxious to postpone that act as long as possible.

She donned an empire gown of pale blue silk that draped her graceful figure with the charm of a caress, and at length when the time came she glided from the room feeling hardly of earth and as though the dark portal had been already passed, for her steps were light as air, and in her fancy she seemed to float above the boards without sense of effort or motion like a disembodied spirit.

Dinner was already served when she entered the library. The host and guests were already seated, but Count, at the head of the table, his two dumb attendants as usual one on each side his chair, the chain that joined them stretched at full extent behind the old man's back. Madame sat on his left hand, gorgeously arrayed, Jiballoff beside her, while Desire was placed directly opposite her father, thus leaving a vacant chair on the Count's right hand. The old man was positively beaming, his eyes sparkled, his whole manner was extremely animated, and he was engaged in chaffing the Turk most genially.

Francine caught a fragment of his words. "When luck turns it turns against me, but with the Prince's message the goddess smiled upon me. This morning you were a mighty winner, now you owe me ten thousand pounds. Tonight I shall beggar you, my friend."

Jiballoff replied with a forced laugh. "We shall see, sir, we shall see. Dame Fortune is ever a fickle mistress to depend upon."

At that moment they became conscious of Miss Elliott's presence and turned to look at her. The girl had never appeared so beautiful. Her large blue eyes stared straight before her, most and glistening like stars; she appeared to be only half-conscious of her immediate environment, for her gaze was rapt, ecstatic and serene; her mouth was like a blazing scarlet flower, the lips parted to show her milk-white teeth. She formed a picture which both men appreciated with a sharply indrawn breath of admiration, but the Count's proprietorial instincts were soon excited by the contemplation of such loveliness and the impression which she had made upon the Turk.

"This," he said in French, recovering himself hastily, "is the lady whom I told

you of. Sit down, Miss Elliott."

The Turk rose, and slipping round the table placed her chair. "I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Elliott," he muttered in her ear.

The Count heard and chuckled softly to himself.

Francine threw back her head with the gesture of a queen, giving the Turk a glance which slightly disconcerted him. She replied with icy calm, "Do not trouble yourself to be polite, sir."

"But, mademoiselle—"

"I pray you resume your seat."

He bowed humbly, and at once fell back.

The girl sat down, and turned to the Count. "Is the bargain completed?" she demanded haughtily. "Am I already the chattel of that man?"

The old man chuckled. "Not yet, not yet. Perhaps you may not ever be, my dear. It will be hard for me to part with a creature so superb as you."

Madame gave utterance to a sudden rippling laugh. "Don't tell me that you intend to present Desire with a new grandmamma," she cried.

The Count broke into a roar of laughter, sinking back in his cushions to indulge his mirth; then, after a draught of wine, replied: "Stranger things have happened, Katherine; I have been too long a celibate—who knows?"

Francine shivered and turned pale. "I should make you a bad wife," she muttered.

The old man gave a sneer. "Who spoke of marriage?" he demanded coarsely. "But there, my dear, calm yourself, I would rather think of you at present as my daughter." He turned to the Turk: "It is strange, Jiballoff, no sign yet of the Argonaut; she should be here by now."

"Hardly, Excellency; you wired for her only this afternoon."

"But it is scarce an eight hours' run; her speed is fifteen knots."

"She might not have been under steam."

"Absurd, she is always ready."

"Pardon, she should perhaps be always ready, but orders are sometimes disregarded."

"If she does not arrive before morning, someone shall suffer. We shall have an execution."

"Four encourager les autres?"

"Precisely."

Madame held up a warning forefinger. "You will presently not have a qualified navigator left in my service, my father. It is not three months since Captain Chino caught the bullet fever."

"Ah, bah!" returned the Count; "the world is wide, it has many children."

The Turk laughed cynically. "True Excellency! most true. If not arise I can give you a captain whom I can personally vouch for, a man young, enthusiastic and ardent, who is at present condemned to death for an indiscretion committed in the Sultan's seraglio. He would regard you as his saviour and would serve you faithfully."

"Timeo Danos et dona ferentes," sneered the Count.

"Pardon, I do not know the tongue you speak in," said the Turk.

The old man smiled. "Then I shall translate my words, dear Yussuf. I said that I should feel a monster to deprive you of so useful a servant, especially as the fact is I do not need his services."

Jiballoff, shrugging his shoulders, applied himself to the pleasures of the board, and thereafter silence reigned until the conclusion of the meal. When all was satisfied, servants carried the table bodily away and substituted a smaller one covered with green cloth and armed with cards and dice.

Francine would have departed, but the Count restrained her with a look, and at

THE LIBERALS MEET TONIGHT

The Liberal convention for the province of New Brunswick called by Hon. H. R. Emmerson, minister of railways and canals, will meet in Berryman's hall tonight at 7 o'clock. After the transaction of some preliminary business, the convention will adjourn to meet Friday morning. At 7.30 tonight the banquet in honor of Hon. Mr. Emmerson will begin in the Union Club.

Among those present will be Sir Frederick Borden, minister of militia, and Charles Marcell M. P. for Bonaventure (Que.) Thos. McAvity will preside. The toast list will be: The King. The Governor-General. Our Guest, proposed by Hon. H. A. McKeown and responded to by Hon. H. R. Emmerson.

The Senate and House of Commons of Canada, proposed by George Robertson, M. P., responded to by Sir Frederick W. Borden, Mr. Marcell and probably some of the New Brunswick representatives in the houses of parliament.

The Local Legislature, proposed by John Keefe, responded to by Attorney-General Pugsley and other members of the local house.

The City of St. John, proposed by Col. H. H. McLean, responded to by Mayor Sears.

It is expected the banquet will be well under way by 8 o'clock.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson will reach here on the early train this morning and Mr. Marcell will probably accompany him. Sir Frederick Borden is expected to arrive in the city on the C. P. R. at noon.

Last night a number of delegates from outside points had arrived for the convention and the corridors of the hotels were thronged with men discussing politics and kindred subjects. Among those noticed were: D. Gilmor, St. George; Hon. L. P. Harris, White's Cove; Dr. H. P. Hay, Chatham; Warren Winslow, Chatham; J. D. Irving, R. A. Irving and E. Cormier, Beaufort; Geo. M. Byron and John F. Calder, Campbell; B. Simpson, Deer Island; Joseph Poirier, Grand Anse.

The business of the convention will commence on Friday morning in Berryman's hall but what matters will come up for consideration it was not possible to learn last night. Leading local Liberals who were asked said all they knew was that the convention was called by the minister of railways, it was provincial in scope and they did not know what form matters would assume. A large number of delegates are expected to arrive today and the convention is likely to be largely attended and representative.

RAILWAY NAVVIES HAVE FATAL CLASH

Parry Sound, Ont. Dec. 26.—A message from Grant's Camp, on Canadian Northern Ontario Railway construction works, reached here today with news of a murder and serious stabbing affray in that vicinity last night. It is said a party of Italians, probably under the influence of liquor, started from the camp and went to the farm house of McCormick. They started to kick up a row there and attempted to assault Mrs. McCormick.

Word had been sent to camp and a party of Swedes, headed by Melodd, nephew of Grant, the contractor, started out. On their arrival at McCormick's a fight took place in which Melodd was fatally stabbed and died shortly afterwards. Three of the Swedes were also stabbed, probably fatally. The Italians got away.

At the close of the services in the Congregational church last evening, the ladies of the congregation presented to the pastor, Rev. W. S. Pritchard, a purse of money. The presentation was made by Mrs. C. H. Dearborn.

(To be continued.)