

GREAT GIGANTIC SALE

CONTINUES ALL THIS WEEK

LARGE CROWDS WERE IN ATTENDANCE AT THIS GREAT SALE

The doors had to be locked to allow the clerks to wait on the hundreds of people inside, while many hundreds more outside were awaiting their chance to get in.

It will pay you to be here this week---and early at that.

The lever of low prices---cut prices---is putting this stock out of our store.

Call and see the wreck we have made in prices.

THIS GIGANTIC SALE IS THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Come back as often as you please for changes or corrections.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street
Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

St. John, N. B.
Alex. Corbet, Mgr.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

This Coupon Counts

ONE VOTE

For the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Madame advancing rapidly on the door with as much sang froid as though she were making an afternoon call on some Park Lane acquaintance. It opened wide, and Cressingham stood amazed to see a small more grand and splendid than that of any European palace he had ever visited. Stately classic columns of dazzling alabaster ran in double rows down each side to the farthest end, full sixty yards away, where a wide white marble staircase rose, mounted gently for twenty feet, then descended, each fork leading to a cavernous marble balustraded gallery supported by the columns underneath. The floor was composed of innumerable small solid sheet glass mirrors inset into flowery patterns which, reflecting in all directions the many colored electric lights above, filled the great chamber with a flashing radiance indescribably magnificent.

Immediately opposite the doorway in middle distance stood a band of gorgeously upholstered negro servants, each a marvel of physical perfection, their black and shining faces being in keeping, intelligent and, although the faces of negroes, comely, featured. In the centre of this group, reclining on a many pillowed lounge, was a figure that once depicted arrested and irrevocably held the glance, however much inclined to rove. A long lean figure it was, the figure of a tall and thin but shapely gentleman, and it was the manner of a bygone age. A coat of black velvet and rich embroidered doublet of white satin encased his body. His legs were clad in black velvet trunks and black silk stockings, and on his feet he wore a pair of high-heeled, pointed toes and diamond buckled shoes. He was old, that one might tell, but nothing of his age, for his head was covered with an old-world powdered wig carefully coiffured with its queue resting between his shoulders at the back. At first glance his face appeared supremely beautiful. The eye observed with delight that rare combination of perfect countenance and individual perfection of feature. But a long gaze inspired both doubt and fear mingled with aversion. The brow, so lofty and intelligent, was deeply scored with frowning furrows straight above the eyes. The long and delicately pencilled eyebrows took a satanic upward sweep beyond the temples. The eyes so large and beautifully shaped were of a light shifty color, like nothing so much as burnished steel, and their regard was hard as iron, cold and cynical as death. The long straight nose with its arched and quivering nostrils seemed to speak of strength, indeed, commanding strength, but strength combined with supernatural pride. The arched and clearly chiselled lips were red, but thin and cruel, and their corners

ver ill-use a man whom I intend to kill."

Cressingham felt a shuddering coldness at his heart, but he answered with calm indifference: "Your Lordship is a man of great mind who is satisfied with the supreme. Meaner natures and lesser intellects seek to improve on the punishment of death, unable to realize or understand that what is absolute is best."

"You mean?"

"That in the hearts of the multitude hope springs perennially so strong that pain with life prolonged is ever preferable to an instant painless death."

"My dear Lord Francis, you speak of ordinary pain. I have known men pray for death."

"While in agony?"

"True, but for the moment, of your goodness, let that question pass. Supper has been long spread and I doubt not you are both hungry."

Offering his arm with a courtly bow to his daughter, the old gentleman, always assisted by the dumb slaves, led the way to a little dining-room beyond the staircase, and there Cressingham beheld a small square table set for four in the most modern Parisian style.

The seated themselves to find a printed menu before the plate of each; and this card was so replete and promiscuous of all good things that it was hard to choose a dish among them.

A negro footman stood silently beside each chair waiting commands with stiff formality, and a fourth stood by the door. The manacled slaves took up a position one on each side the Count, the chain that bound them passing behind his back. The Count d'Attala ordered caviare, Cressingham this grass, Madame macaroni, tomato sauce and cheese.

The Count d'Attala then beckoned to the fourth negro.

"Miss Elliott is dressing?" he demanded.

The negro bowed low, and Madame glanced quickly at Cressingham, whose heart had been profoundly moved on mention of that name.

"Did her husband?" said the Count sharply.

The negro bowed again and prepared to depart, but on that instant the door opened and there entered the room appalled by a shimmering satin empire gown, whose jewelled dampings spoke of bygone courts and queenly gatherings—Miss Fawcett Elliott.

CHAPTER XIII.

CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Cressingham sprang to his feet; the Count remained seated. Miss Elliott, seated, gracefully across the room to the unoccupied chair; she nodded to the Count, bowed to Madame and gave Cressingham her hand, starting and calling a little to mark his startled face. "An accident?" she asked tremulously.

He nodded, unable for a second to answer, but his eyes told her how glad he was to see her once again.

The Count beckoned to the fourth negro, who immediately came forward and stood beside Miss Elliott's chair. "See that she is hurried out and turned again to Cressingham. "You are not seriously hurt, I hope?"

"No, a few days should recover me. But you are you well?"

"In health, yes." Her glance spoke volumes.

The Count d'Attala frowned and spoke to Cressingham: "To resume our conversation, my Lord—"

"A sad theme to discuss before ladies," interrupted Cressingham.

"That depends on the manner in which it is discussed. Death is of itself not an incident to stir a single tremor in a sane and well regulated mind. Do you fear death, Kate?"

"No, father, not I," said Madame. "Not that I want to die, but when the old Captain comes my way recruiting, he'll find me ready to enlist."

"And you, Miss Elliott?"

"The girl smiled a little sadly, then answered: "I don't think I fear death, very much. Count. It is really not so very terrible a thing; indeed, at times its very contemplation is a comfort, since it offers a refuge to the hopeless where whose portals all the stings of life are forced to pass."

"You see, my Lord," said the Count grimly, "your fears were needless." He turned to Miss Elliott: "Lord Cressingham and I were disputing a certain point. He contended that death is of itself the best punishment one man may inflict upon another."

"A sane man, sir," cried Cressingham. "While I," went on the Count, unmoved, "declared and still declare that certain pains may make a victim look for death as the best and kindest gift left in the lap of life."

(To be continued.)

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers



WAIST TO ACCOMPANY BROADCLOTH SUIT.

The sketch shows a good model for a cloth bodice. The trimming was contrived of straight bands of the cloth braided with narrow souches of the same shade. These bands outlined the square yoke, and edges of the corsage, which was on the

"skeleton" order, and was worn over an under bodice of accordion plaited crepe to match. The sleeves of the plaited crepe were trimmed with bands of braided cloth and frills of plaited lace. The yoke was of lace, and had an inner fold of velvet. The buttons used were of cloth and braided.



WHITE VELVET, WHITE PLUMES AND ERMINE.

There is absolutely no prospect that white will be replaced in fashionable favor by any other color, whether for fur, millinery or gowns. Of course it argues a liberal dose of allowance and an indifference to elements' bills when one follows the fad for white clothing the year around. But in the winter time it really seems more dressy, more luxurious than ever; and the combination of white cloth, white furs and white velvet is one that many of the wealthy debutantes of the present season are carrying out, and in every section of the wardrobe too. Just what Paris elects to wear in this effective combination is cleverly set forth in the charming hat and coat, of which but a glimpse of the latter is afforded in the picture. The chapeau is a clever combination of the sailor and Charlotte Corday shapes, and is altogether in white pan velvet, this finish being far more approved for millinery purposes than the chiffon velvet that is so modish in other departments of dress. Soft, loose and easy in the manner in which the velvet folds are handled, the three plumes starting from the left side well towards the back and falling over the brim that is lifted by a cache-peigne to give it that projecting line at this point, which is one of the approved items in the new millinery modes. A band of ermine is loosely draped around the hat; and the cache-peigne in the back covered with white velvet, too, is trimmed with a stiff little cravat of the ermine, tied in a double bow with two pendant ends that barely reach the hair, and afford a very quaint effect.

PATRICK WILL ESCAPE CHAIR

New York, Nov. 24.—The World to-morrow will say:

"Lawyer Albert T. Patrick, under sentence of death for the murder of Wm. Marsh Rice, has won his fight for life. His end will not be in the electric chair. Before Governor Higgins gives up his office as chief executive of the state, he will sign a commutation of the death sentence. Life imprisonment will be Patrick's fate."

"Whether the commutation of death sentence will be brought about without the further hearing of witnesses, or if a commission will be appointed by the governor to investigate the case, has not been fully determined. Governor Higgins, however, will not permit the sentence of the law in Patrick's case to be carried out."

"Patrick's fight for life is the most remarkable of its kind ever made in this country. No other person has ever been confined as long in a death house waiting execution as has Patrick. For more than four years and seven months he has been living within the shadow of the electric chair. During that time he has been present when seventeen unfortunates were taken from their cells and marched along the narrow passage which separates the condemned cell block from the execution chamber."

Some men never accomplish anything without a passerby. A man's idea of an ideal wife is one who thinks she has an ideal husband.

VERY LARGE AUDIENCES

Were Stirred by the Addresses of E. Tennyson Smith

Drunkards Worth Saving---Using the Flag for a Brewer's Trade Mark---The Traffic is a Corrupting Influence---Address to Men.

Tennyson Smith is beyond question a man who grows upon his hearers. Perhaps in none of his other addresses last week was he so effective as in that of Saturday evening. He began by frankly declaring that he did not expect his hearers to entirely agree with his views and his methods in all things, and he only asked that if they discovered in the chaff any grains of wheat—that they retain the wheat. He did not wish his purpose to be misunderstood. He had come to St. John to arouse public sentiment, and he believed he had succeeded. People were certainly talking and taking notice; and so was the press. Even if any of the papers criticised him they went on reporting his meetings fairly, and showed no disposition to criticise the temperance federation because of anything he said. For that and their fairness he liked them. The Telegram had said a true thing when it observed that the temperance question was a great question, ever present, and Tennyson Smith was only an incident. After he had gone it would be for the people to continue the work and take advantage of the feeling aroused. Tennyson Smith was nothing; the cause was everything. He was the dynamite to do the blasting; the rest of the work remained for the people to carry on.

Dr. Smith then took up a statement once made by the London Times to the effect that drunkards were a worthless lot who could not in any case be made to anything. With this statement the realistic power of the speaker delineated the struggle and later work of John B. Gough, onetime drunkard, who twice lived after signing the pledge, but who lived to thrill two continents by his eloquence. He cited other striking instances, to enforce the statement that in the ranks of the drunkards going down to death are many noble men, capable of magnificent work for humanity if divorced from the fatal habit of drinking to excess.

The saddest of all his (Mr. Smith's) experiences was that when a drunkard told of some terrible result of his conduct, in the death of wife or child or friend, and the awful realization had to be faced that the tragedy could not be undone. All that could be said to such a man was that he should pray to God for pardon and atone by devoting the rest of his life to the service of God and humanity. Mr. Smith stirred his audience to deep emotion when he dealt with this phase of his subject.

Dealing with his experiences in the United States, he told of making the discovery in various towns that officers of the law, even judges, sometimes had a financial interest in breweries or the liquor traffic, and it was thus a corrupting influence. Doubtless it was the same in Canada. He repeated what he had said at former meetings of the men in the United Kingdom, from members of parliament down, who owned shares in breweries, and how as a result of exposure many made haste to sell out. He regretted that he could not make similar exposures in St. John. In Newcastle, Pennsylvania, he had discovered a brewery company that used the national flag as part of its trade mark. He got a large picture of it, showed it on the public platform and denounced the desecration of the flag, with the result that the people forced the company to call in the trade mark. While telling the story Mr. Smith unfolded the picture of the Stars and Stripes and beer cask placed together, and his stirring words about reverence for the national emblem evoked great applause.

The speaker ridiculed the idea that law could not be enforced.

"If you hire a man to do a job and he does not do it—what do you do?" queried Mr. Smith, leaning confidentially toward the front row.

"Discharge him," was the reply.

"That's what I expected them to say in the States," smiled Mr. Smith. "But they said 'Fire him'. And that's the thing to do. If the men who should enforce the law are afraid to do it—or won't do it—fire them."

The concluding portion of the meeting on Saturday evening was particularly pleasing and effective. Mr. Smith, as he slowly unfolded an American flag, told of his regard for the people of the United States, and how this particular flag had been a part of the decorations at the great Christian Endeavor convention at Baltimore, and under it fifteen thousand Endeavorers had passed. The audience heartily cheered the flag, and when he called for a show of hands from American citizens present a number were raised in various parts of the house.

Then Mr. Smith unfolded the Union Jack, and when the cheering had subsided he sang a verse of Rule Britannia. Then as he waved the flag a lady sang the verses and the orchestra and audience joined in the chorus. But there was another flag—the Canadian—which was first waved by Mr. Smith and then in turn by a tiny Canadian boy and girl and a young lady, while the soloist sang and the orchestra and audience joined in the chorus of The Maple Leaf. It was a pretty and a moving scene, and as the last notes died away Mr. Smith in a final word exhorted the people to free the flag from the stain of the liquor traffic.

The York Theatre was crowded as on previous evenings. W. Frank Hatheway presided, and Rev. Tennyson Smith made the announcements, and urged the people to join the temperance federation. Mr. Smith urged the people to connect themselves with temperance organizations at once, and keep up the agitation until they got better law enforcement and final prohibition. The mixed quartette and the orchestra provided a very pleasing musical programme.

A more impressive temperance meeting has seldom been held in St. John. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Smith spoke to about 1,200 men in the York Theatre. E.R. Chapman was chairman and announced that the object in having a men's meeting was to ensure a large attendance of voters.

Mr. Smith said that he was amazed at the liquor sellers. He had called their business a vile, mean, contemptible, devilish, damnable one and yet no one had denied it. If he should speak so of the dry goods business he would be brought to task at once.

Drunkards talked of the liberty of the

subject, yet every one of them was a miserable, abject, crawling slave. A poor negro, bleeding from a cruel scourging, had said: "I'm satisfied, my body, flesh and bone belongs to massa but my soul, tank the Lord, belongs to the Lord Jesus."

"Not one man who turns his elbow at the bar can say that," thundered the speaker.

"Drink is my curse," comes the cry from out prisons and from poor houses and from the thin white lips of pale faced women and children and the black lips of the dying drunkard gasp out, "drink is my curse."

Mr. Smith here spoke on the danger of moderate drinking. "Many a young man has been plunged into hell by the example of a church deacon."

He then gave an almost terrifying representation of a drunkard in delirium tremens, which had a powerful effect on the audience.

On closing, the speaker made a strong plea to the business men to reconsecrate themselves to Christ and to let principle enter into their business.

The meeting last night in the York Theatre was great success. Hundreds were turned away, and hundreds more were glad to find standing room in the aisles of the galleries and auditorium. The speaker confined himself largely to urging the necessity of total abstinence. He made an earnest appeal for funds for the N. B. Temperance Federation. He took a \$10 bill from his pocket and announced it as his contribution. He then asked how many in the audience were willing to give \$25. He waited for some time, but there was no response and he reduced the sum by \$5 till he reached \$5. There was still no one who volunteered.

"Well," said the speaker, "I am not going to ask you for \$1 bills because I presume you will place these on the tables. It was noticeable, however, that while the ushers had reached the back of the auditorium that there were no bills of any denomination whatever on at least one of the tables. Most of the coins, too, were of the copper denomination.

J. G. Trider

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 25.—(Special)—The death occurred on Saturday of J. G. Trider, one of the oldest residents and a former business man of Halifax.

TO PREVENT BRONCHITIS or CONSUMPTION

Do not neglect a cold or cough no matter how slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages sooner or later will lead to fatal results.

If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies.

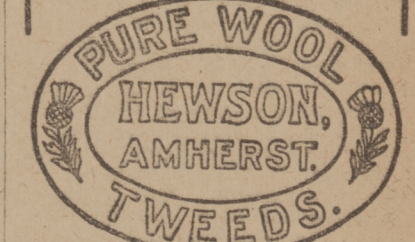
It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucus, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations.

Miss Belle Campbell, Long River, P.E.I., writes: "For some time I was troubled with bronchitis. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. So I procured three bottles but it only took two to cure me."

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers.

Nothing wears like tweed and no tweed like



The College Girl

—buried in her studies—is too often the victim of mental and physical over-strain—becoming pale, hollow-cheeked—the wreck of her former sweet self. The wise student takes

Wilson's Invalids' Port

—a glass three times a day—and so retains the springing step—the clear brain—the happy heart—which result from pure, rich, red blood.

This bracing tonic gives her perfect health and energy to carry her successfully through the months of wearing study.

All Druggists