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This is OVERCOAT day at our store. We can supply your needs with a Progress Brand Overcoat at a price less than you will have to pay for a Coat not as good.

Then come in and get this advantage.

DON'T MISS OUR SPECIAL SALE OF
HEAVY SOCKS TODAY

UNION CLOTHING CO.

26 and 28 Charlotte Street,

Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

This Coupon Counts

ONE VOTE

For.....

as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

It might have been that pique which induced him to approach his dressing-room and there to don fresh and immaculate apparel, to spend a long hour at his toilet table, and finally emerge a spotless and very handsome dandy.

But when about to speak the lady's name, he was arrested by a gesture too expressive to be misunderstood, and walking slowly to the room door stood with his back against it. Then he lifted both his hands and commenced to use the deaf and dumb alphabet, which fortunately Lord Francis understood.

"Madame listens," he telegraphed on his fingers. "I heard what you told her. Keep it up. Ask me questions."

Cressingham nodded. "What the devil do you mean by fooling round that way, sir?" he demanded sharply.

Bellaire answered impatiently: "I know my duty, sir. I am not responsible to you."

"No matter; I shall not allow that sort of practice here. Madame has no wings, therefore she cannot fly. You have no need to cry on her in that fashion."

"Don't! Don't! grieved the man. "I was told to keep an eye on her, and must obey instructions."

"Who gave you such orders, you insolent dog. Not Monsieur Kaputsky?" he asked.

"What—you know?"

"Yes, I know, and shall presently inform him of your insolence."

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur. I had no intention to offend—I—I—"

"Keep silent then, and let me try to forget your presence here."

Bellaire smiled his approbation, and took a chair some distance off. Cressingham frowned and buried his face in a book.

At last Madame wanted tea; it was after four and she was so thirsty. Bellaire was called into the room, and after some by-play, which involved the acceptance of a heavy bribe, he was induced to go out for tea and also to order dinner, provided that he was allowed to lock Monsieur de la Roche during his absence.

Naturally Madame was at first terribly shocked at the mere suggestion of such a thing, but she was hungry, and Cressingham's specious words were not effused? Madame blushed divinely and consented.

She had effected quite a toilette during her lonely hours. The man marvelled at her appearance and complimented her quite extensively.

Madame blushed (really she appeared under twenty).

No recollection of Miss Elliott came to disturb him. He (pardon him, Fidelity, Constancy, forgive!) approached the chair, and kneeling by Madame implored a kiss.

Madame held up a rosy forefinger to admonish him.

"Frank, dear, be generous; am I not at your mercy? I trust you, Frank!" she whispered.

Her affectation baffled him. A few short hours before had she not begged him to accompany her abroad, had she not nestled in his arms, a passionate world-forgetting creature, anxious only for his love. And now—He could not understand her, therefore quite humanly became offended at her coldness.

"And Madame! She was in her element. All her life and bright intelligence had been devoted to the exploration of the hearts of men. What wonder then that she knew them thoroughly; her knowledge had been bought dearly enough, as Madame in infrequent moments of self-questioning reflection had sometimes recognized remorsefully. Luckily for her peace of mind, she did not often think. She was not all a bad woman, and she still possessed the remnant of a heart which in her girlhood had been so powerful a means of government, that had her fortune been to meet and love a proper man, it would have resolved her life into a path just as far removed from evil as now it was remote from good.

She loved Cressingham, partly because of the many manly virtues which she could not help discerning in his nature. But years of evil had printed their indelible stamp upon her mind.

"You have ceased to love me," said Lord Francis reproachfully.

Madame smiled to remember how many men had said the same thing to her when treated similarly. "Would you care?" she whispered.

He hid his lip in sheer vexation. Yesterday he had despised her proffered love; today it seemed desirable because withheld.

"How can you ask me such a thing?" he cried; "you know how I love you, Kate!"

Madame found his words very sweet to listen to; she had not heard many words from him of latter days, therefore they ministered a comforting income to her vanity.

She gave him a languishing glance. "How should I remember, dear, you have not told me for—oh, so many days."

"With all my heart!" he answered, and Madame sighed and fell to musing, well content to be wooed thus, her mood of the moment being peaceful and composed. Cressingham watched her as she dreamed, speculating idly on the subject of her thoughts, drinking in her strange wild beauty and almost loving her. It seemed to him that nature had made a terrible mistake in the forming of this woman. Why had a shell so beautiful been fashioned to be deprived of that crown of beauty, a perfect soul? There came to his mind the thought of other women whose names still shone like stars in the shadowy annals of the world. He wondered half-doubtingly, if their charms could easily have eclipsed Madame's, and wondered more to remember and realize how comparatively few were those women, cherished by history whose supreme beauty had been equalled by their virtues. "Is there not something evil in beauty?" he asked himself, and he found the question impossible to answer.

"Do you know what I am thinking?" asked Madame suddenly.

"No—tell me, dear."

"I am wishing I had met you years ago, that we had married, that I was—ah, do not laugh at me, Frank—that I was a mother, the mother of your child!"

"Kate!" He stared at her in swift dismay, but Madame was serious.

She continued dreamily: "Really, dear, I have always longed to have a child; every woman does, I think. Do you know, when I see babies with their nurses in the street I often stop to speak to them and kiss their hands. Their little hands appeal to me, so small and crumpled-up they are, when they stretch out to me they make me feel that here; she put her hand to her heart."

Cressingham felt strangely shocked, just as shocked as he would have listened to a better woman uttering a blasphemy. And yet, somehow, he was compelled to sympathize, for Madame was a good woman, just then, these eyes were dreamy and bright with dew; her lips parted in an ecstasy of meditation. It was as though she dreamed indeed, and believing herself a mother clasped her infant to her heart.

But what a douche on his imaginations! He found something actually revolting in the idea of Madame as a mother. Getting to his feet he paced the floor in silence until Bellaire returned with Madame's tea.

The man vouchsafed a piece of information as he entered. "At midnight, Monsieur, Monsieur, will come for Madame."

Cressingham nodded. Madame smiled, and when Bellaire had gone grew quite hilarious, for she was pleased that a term had been placed on her incarceration even in so soft a prison, so intolerant was her nature of restraint. Cressingham, feeling the need of exercise, continued his walk until dinner had arrived, keeping up, the while, a running fire of chaffing conversation.

After an excellent dinner, Madame puffed a cigarette. She called her lover to her.

"Kiss me," she commanded.

He brushed her forehead with his lips. (To be continued.)

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EACH MEAL AN AGONY.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cure
Obstinate Indigestion After
Other Medicines Fail.

"When I was first troubled with indigestion I did not bother with it. I thought it would pass away naturally. But instead of doing so it developed into a painful chronic affection, which in spite of all I did grew worse and worse until I had abandoned all hopes of ever getting relief."

These words of Mrs. Chas. McKay, of Norwood, N. S., should serve as a warning to all who suffer from indigestion, with palpitations, drowsiness, and loss of appetite—early warning of more serious trouble to follow.

"I used to rise in the morning," said Mrs. McKay, "feeling no better for a night's rest. I rapidly lost flesh and after even the most frugal meal I always suffered severe pains in my stomach. I cut my meals down to a few mouthfuls, but even then every morsel of food caused agony. My digestion was so weak. Some days I could scarcely drag myself about the house, and I was never free from sharp, piercing pains in the back and chest. I grew so bad that I had to limit my diet to milk and soda water, and even this caused severe suffering. In vain I sought relief—all medicines I took seemed useless. But in the darkest hour of my suffering help came. While reading a newspaper I came across a cure that was quite similar to my own case, wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I thought if another person had been cured by these pills of such suffering as I was experiencing, surely there was hope for me, and I at once sent to the druggist for a supply of these pills. The first indication that the pills were helping me was the disappearance of the stomachic oppression. Then I began to take solid food with but little feeling of distress. I still continue taking the pills with an improvement every day, until I could digest all kinds of food without the least trouble or distress. I am in splendid health today and all the credit is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills go right to the root of indigestion and other troubles by making rich, red blood which tones and strengthens every organ of the body. That is why they cure anaemia, with all its headaches, and backaches, and rheumatism, and neuralgia, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of all ages. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at \$0.25 a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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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 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.

CONDITIONS IN KINGS COUNTY

The Farmers' Advocate of Nov. 1, has the following correspondence from Kings County, N. B.:

We are enjoying the ideal weather which has ruled throughout the entire summer and fall. It has been rather a hard season on the farmers generally, and a fair crop, prove more so before the spring, as crops did not come up to our expectations. It was a dry season, and the soil was too dry to grow an average, and many with poor farms have very little grain with which to face the winter, and it is great pity that it is so.

Grain also proved a light crop with some; where land was moist and did not dry up, the crop was better, but it was not a better crop. Potatoes seemed to do rather better, and now we are in the season. But for the season, and though thin in the hill were of good size and sound. Turnips were showing rather poor from the dry weather and lice, which were very bad this year, but have grown well lately, and are now being harvested and giving a fair crop. Pastures have been poor and feeds high, but milk has paid very well this season. Butter has been and continues a good price, also cheese, which, with the dealers in St. John, is selling at a profit. The quantity of milk from this county, gives the farmer courage to stick to the business, and to the dairy.

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RULES OF COURTSHIP

Young Women of a Quebec Parish Will Not Receive Young Men Who Drink.

(Montreal Witness.)

The November issue of Temperance, the official organ of the crusade inaugurated by Archbishop Bouches, contains the report of several recent successful temperance campaigns in different parts of the province.

The Franciscan missionary who preached the temperance "retreat" in the parish of St. Theodose, county of Vercheres, reports that the young girls of the locality have decided to refuse the attentions of any young man who drinks, and the young men, on the other hand, propose to make the "temperance cross" one of their wedding gifts on the day of their marriage.

The sudden death of an inveterate drunkard, the result of an orgy in the parish of Theodose, on the very day of the arrival of the missionary, was taken advantage of by the latter as an illustration of drink's doings, and its effect helped very materially in the success of the special effort.

The secretary of the temperance society in the parish of St. Sulpice writes: "A great obstacle to the progress of temperance in our parish, in the opinion of the board, is the existence of a tavern license, and we have resolved to take the necessary steps and request the municipal council to do away with that tavern."

RECENT DEATHS

The death of W. H. Couillard in Boston, where he had been receiving treatment, is announced. Mr. Couillard was well known here.

Chester B. Flowering, whose death is recorded in this issue, was a young man beloved by all who knew him for his amiable and engaging qualities. He was a member of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood, and of another fraternal society. In both these his early death will be heard with much sorrow. Three months ago, for the benefit of his health, he left St. John for Prince Albert (Sask.), and had hardly entered upon his new field of duty when he was taken with typhoid fever, which soon terminated fatally.

He was a son of Joseph Flowering, of Kingston, Kings county, and will be well remembered in this city. Until August he worked for Manchester Robertson Allison, Ltd., and was a trusted employee.

The death of Thomas Sheehan occurred at the General Public Hospital on Thursday from typhoid fever, after an illness of two or three weeks. Mr. Sheehan, who was fifty-four years of age, had been a resident of St. John nearly all his life. He was at a camp in the woods when taken ill. He leaves three sons—Edward, Thomas and Charles, of this city, and three daughters—Misses Gertrude and Kate, of St. John, and a married daughter (May) in Florida. He is also survived by two brothers—Cornelius Sheehan, of St. John, and William, of Rimford Falls, and one sister—Miss Kate Sheehan, of St. James street. The funeral will take place today from the hospital at 2:30 p. m.

Joseph Irvine, formerly of Lepeaux, but more recently of this city, died yesterday morning at his home, 92 Elliott row, aged eighty-two years. Mr. Irvine had been ailing for the past year. For many years he had been in the employ of Alex. Gibson at Point Lepeaux, in the lumbering business. Born in Ireland, he came to this country when a mere lad. He is survived by his wife and six daughters and four sons. The sons are Mr. Charles, of St. John, of Stillwater (Maine); Mrs. John Foster, of Springfield (Mass.); Mrs. C. M. Quinlan, of Marionette (Wis.); and Mrs. Jeremiah Quinlan and Miss Margaret and Miss Julia at home. The sons are J. E. Irvine, of Superior (Wis.); J. A. Irvine, of Stillwater; W. H. Irvine, of Houston, Texas, and E. A. Irvine, of Seattle. The funeral will take place on Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, from 92 Elliott row to the cathedral.

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