Here's Your Chance

MEN'S TROUSERS

89c, $1.10, 1.19, 1.69, 1.98, 2.29

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market. ALEX. CORBET, Manager

Was She a Woman?

Gabriel Deschamps, captain of the dragons, in garrison at Compiegne, was of a romantic nature. He easily persuaded himself that all the women adored him, and when he had imbibed a little too much absinthe, which happened quite often, no one was more tender. A perfect conqueror! Physically, he would be called a handsome man, having vivid coloring, thick moustache, red lips, well-shaped nose and a bright eye.

This is the story he told his messmates in the barrack room at Compiegne:

I have a charming friend, with whom I am quite seriously in love, I acknowledge, three days ago, being at liberty and ont knowing how to kill time, I left the barracks with one of my friends—the first lieutenant of our regiment—to take a walk along the river bank. Night commenced to fall, and a villainous fog which you could have cut with a knife rose over the Oise, and threatened quickly to spread over the city.

"I say, Gabriel," exclaimed my friend Dulaurier, slightly ruffled by the cold and the north wind which was blowing, "are you so heated that an hour's walking along the river is necessary to cool you off? For my part, I don't enjoy it very much, and if you like, we will go to the Cafe Chapins and have a glass of punch."

"In faith, no," I replied; "I prefer to go and see Julie (need not tell you that is my friend's name). Will you come with me?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dulaurier; "an hour spent with a pretty woman is always agreeable."

We proceeded towards the Faubourg Hurtebize, where my friend lives. The distance was quite long, but the expectation of warming ourselves at the blaze of a comfortable hearth was enough to abridge it. Unfortunately we were mistaken in our calculation. Julie was out. The servant told us that madame would probably dine out, and that she intended to spend the evening at the theatre.

"By my faith," exclaimed Dulaurier at this bad news, "we are not in luck, and I am going straight to the Cafe Chapins."

"Let's go by the avenues. It's as short as the Rue de Pierrefonds."

That is what we did. Scarcely had we advanced fifteen steps in the cursed avenues, black as coal, thanks to the fog, which was thicker than ever, when I lost sight and sound of my friend Dulaurier. I don't know whether he turned to the right or the left, or the reverse, but it is certain that we were separated. I called him. No reply. Without thinking any more about him, and knowing that I would find him again at the cafe, I continued my dangerous walk. All at once I hit my foot against something strange which had not apparent form, and I stooped down to look at it closer. Was it a dog, a stone, or a human bing. It moved, I examined it, apening my eyes wide. It was a woman. She was seated at the foot of a tree, cowering like a beggar, seeming not to feel the cold, nor to fear the solitude, nor to notice my presence and scrutiny.

"What are you doing there, madame?" I said. "Are you ill?"

"No," she replied in a faint voice.

"This is not the weather for sleeping in the open air."

"Here or anywhere else, what does it matter?"

"Nevertheless, if you will permit me, madame," I replied with a certain warmth, "to accompany you home; I will offer you my arm."

"Willingly," she said.

She rose immediately. I offered her my arm, but she did not accept it and walked by my side. This first part of the adventure already puzzled me somewhat. Impressed by the strange encounter, my mind was confused and unsettled. What was this woman? Would I enjoy an agreeable surprise when I should see her face? Would it not probably be as sweet as her voice.

At the end of five minutes she stopped. "This is my house," she said. "Will it please you to enter?"

Although I was far from expecting such a proposition, nevertheless I accepted with alacrity, determined not to leave her before I had seen her face.

The stranger advanced toward her house. The ringing of a bell resounded within, and the door flew open. On each side of the door stod a servant in mourning livery, holding a torch of lighted wax. Haughty as a queen she entered before me and beckoned me to follow her. By the light of the torches I observed that she was completely clothed in black, and that a black veil covered her face.

You know me, my friends, and you know that the devil himself could not frighten me. Well, I confess to you, with all due humility, that I felt a slight shudder run through me. But I took courage and entered. The apartment into which I was introduced was magnificently furnished. Rugs covered the inlaid floor, and prevented the sound of footsteps from being heard. Casting my eyes on the clock, I noticed that it was about to strike twelve. At a sign from their mistress the servants went out as quiet as ghosts, after having lighted several wax candles as large as those of churches, the dull flame of which, however, sent forth only a faint light around us.

I was alone with her. After motioning me to sit down beside her on the sofa, she raised her veil. I was dazzled at the sight of her face, and all my uneasiness and fears before that brilliant apparition scattered in a moment. An angel, a demon, if you will, but a superb woman. I lost my senses. Now do you want me to tell you what passed between us? I know nothing about it, on my honor. I only remember that in pressing her hand in mine I felt the same sensation as in touching marble. I remember that her eyes, so soft, were fixed and motionless, and yet she looked at me with such an air of interest that I fell at her feet. All at once I heard the clock strike twelve. This sharp noise seemed funereal in the silence.

I quickly rose, without knowing why. Turning my eyes toward the fireless chimney, I saw the mirrors becoming opaque as if covered with black cloth, the hangings being darkened like the mirrors and the candles gradually going out. Dazed by this phantasmagoria, I looked for my unknown companion. Gone! The servants—gone! I sprang forward. The street door opened before me, and I rushed out of that diabolical den without being able to explain to myself how I entered it, nor why I had just left it.

I was perspiring profusely, and wanted to wipe my forehead, but could not find my handkerchief. The fresh air having restored me to my senses, and being anxious to investigate this affair, which was beyond my comprehension, I drew my sword and cut a deep notch in the mysterious house, which is situated on the Rue de Pierrefonds, as I made sure.

You can imagine how much I needed rest and quietness, after such an adventure, so I returned to my room. The next day, when I related this singular story to Dulaurier, he shrugged his shoulders, and when I offered to show him the house he treated me as if I were crazy. However, he ended by agreeing to accompany me in my search. Nothing was easier than to find the house again, as I had marked it with an ineffaceable sign. We were greatly astonished at seeing the window shutters fastened tight, the rusted hinges of the door, and all the appearances of a deserted house. I rang the bell. No answer. Impatient at this failure, I rang again so violently that a neighbor opened his window.

"What do you want?"

"The lady who lives in this house," I replied.

"She died two years ago," said the neighbor, "and since then the house has been empty."

"Impossible!"

"If you have come to buy it," continued the neighbor, "apply at No. 12. There is a gentleman there who will give you the information you want."

I thanked the obliging neighbor, who shut his window again, and I went immediately to No. 12, with the hope that this person to whom I was directed could help me to unravel the affair, which seemed to become more puzzling since I had determined on solving it. My friend and I presented ourselves at No. 12, and M. Bourdon was wonderfully polite to us as soon as I told him I wanted to buy the property he had for sale.

"It's a good bargain," he said, "and when you have looked at the house—"

"I know the house," I replied.

"You know it?" said he, turning toward me the most astonished look in the world. "Impossible! It is more than six months since I myself have put foot in it, and as I have the keys of the house in my desk— Ah! I beg your pardon, he quickly added; "you were there before the owner's death."

"I was there yesterday evening," I replied, "and I stayed there about two hours in the company of a charming young lady."

M. Bourdon suddenly looked at my friend, as if to ask whether I was insane. I understood his meaning, and without being offended I continued, hoping to make him change his mind about me, and wishing to furnish him with the most ample details of my visit.

"I know," said I, in conclusion, "that you place little faith in my words, since I cannot give you an exact account of the truth. But there is an unanswerable way of verifying my assertions. On leaving the house in question, I could not find my handkerchief, and I think I remember having left it on the sofa in the salon. Will you come with us and prove it. If we find my handkerchief, what will you say?"

"My dear captain," said M. Bourdon, "I shall say nothing, but I shall sell you the house at your own price."

"I would not have it at any price," I said in a low tone to Dulaurier.

M. Bourdon did not hesitate to accept my proposition, and on reaching the door, triumphantly pointed out to me the cobwebs in the dock.

"Do you give in?"

"Not yet."

"But this door has not been opened for six months."

"I tell you I crossed this threshold yesterday morning."

We entered. Everything about the mournful house expressed desertion, neglect, solitude. The walls were mouldy, a thick dust covered the floor, the ceilings were cracked and cobwebs overran the staircase. On entering the salon, the first object that struck my eye was my handkerchief lying on the sofa.

He paused. After a time he spoke:—"There's my story, my dear friends; what do you think of it?"

There was the usual variety of comment from his friends, most of it bantering. Gabriel Deschamps shook his head.

Capt. Deschamps was killed six months afterward in battle.—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Charles Valois.

To check a cold quickly, get from your druggist some little Candy Cold Tablets called Preventics. Druggists everywhere are now dispensing Preventics, for they are not only safe, but decidedly certain and prompt. Preventics contain no quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Taken at the "sneeze state" Preventics will prevent Pneumonia, Bronchitis, La Grippe, etc. Hence the name, Preventics. Good for feverish children. 48 Preventics 25 cents. Trial Boxes 5 cts. Sold by all druggists.

ST. DAVID'S Y. P. A.

The Y. P. A. of St. David's church had a pleasant time last evening, when a programme was given under auspices of the musical committee. J. McMurray Reid presided and opened the programme with devotional exercises. Then followed: Piano duet, Innis Ogilvy and Hazel Campbell; song, Hilda Galley; song and chorus, several little girls; Angel's Serenade, by the Mandolin Club; song, Sweetie Cookson; piano solo, Innis Ogilvy; song, Dorothy Fraser; song and chorus, a number of little girls; song, Annie Vanwart; song, Marion Campbell; selection, Mandolin Club; God Save the King.

On motion of T. H. Somerville, seconded by S. R. Jack, votes of thanks were passed to Mrs. J. M. Barnes, convenor of the musical committee; Mrs. C. Wilford Campbell and others who assisted, and trained the children.

IT MIGHT BE SO.

"Now be careful, Mr. Gibbons! You were I believe, an old friend of the prisoner's. Did you ever notice that he behaved strangely when he was alone?"

"Well, sir, yer see I were'nt never wiv 'im when he was alone, sir."—The Tatler.

"Brick's Tasteless"

REGISTERED

IT
- is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of fresh cod liver oil without the nauseous grease, the compound syrup of hypophosphites, nutritious extract of malt and the fluid extract of wild cherry bark.
- purifies the blood.
- makes the weak strong.
- is a specific in sore throat and lung diseases.
- is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort.
- is sold under the positive guarantee that a decided improvement will be felt after taking one bottle, or your money will be refunded by the druggist from whom you purchased it.

Can we be fairer?

Two Sizes—8 ounce bottle 50c; 20 ounce bottle $1.00

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A BALCONY TOILETTE.

The evening costume of a woman who sits in the balcony at the opera may or may not be decollete. As a matter of fact, is is very often the latter, but in all cases it is dressy and worn with as many jewels as she can afford. White and light, delicate colors prevail in the toning of such costumes, rich laces and exquisite hand embroideries running riot over satiny surfaces of body and skirt. One material which will be seen very much at the opera this season is pompadour silk. Of such is the pictured costume, a white taffeta silk, soft and lustrous, scattered with pink pompadour roses and foliage in soft grey shades. The bodice and skirt are built in one, shirred the depth of a girdle at the waistline. An overskirt effect is wrought with white satin embroidered in white and silver threads, this trimming corresponding with that on the bodice in the form of turnover collar and revers which extend almost to the waistline and edge a vest of white duchess lace. The sleeves are novel in shaping and are made of silk, lace applique and printed chiffon of the same design as the silk. They are very short and met by the long suede gloves several inches above the elbow. A broad brimmed chapeau with trimmings of gold lace, ostrich plumes, and malinette is a pretty accessory to this costume.

AN EATING ULCER.

Ulcers are a skin disease, and are more or less directly occasioned by a bad state of the blood, which produces acrid humors and corrupts the secretions.

No one can expect to have a skin free from disease when the blood is in a disordered condition and the stomach and bowels acting feebly in consequence.

Through its wonderful cleansing, purifying powers on the blood, and its renovating action on the entire system, Burdock Blood Bitters has made thousands of cures of different skin diseases during the past thirty years it has been on the market.

Mrs. Joseph Robinson, Hallerton, Que., writes: "I had an eating ulcer on my ankle. I took two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and it worked like a charm, cleaning out all the impurities from my system and improving my appetite. While taking the B.B.B. internally I used it externally to cleanse the sore, and it helped a lot."

A FINE CONCERT

St. John Concert Co. Delight Large Audience in Trinity School House.

The last concert of the St. John Concert Company was given in Trinity church school house last evening before a large and delighted audience. The organization of the company, besides affording to many evenings of pleasure in enjoyment of musical and literary numbers by the accomplished members, served to give many in New Brunswick opportunity to hear Misses Winifred and Nellie Lugrin, of Victoria (B. C.), young ladies possessing very fine voices, and talented as musicians. They have been visiting relatives here for some months, and they will leave for their home tomorrow. They have won many friends and also have taken high place among the vocalists heard here.

At last evening's entertainment Miss Winifred Lugrin, soprano, sang two numbers, and was particularly pleasing in the aria from Roberto Il Diavolo. Miss Nellie Lugrin, contralto, sang the Flower Song from Faust, and two songs by Dvorak and Nevin. They had to respond to hearty encores and this is true of all who took part. Mrs. S. K. Scovil's piano solos were played with great skill and taste, Miss Mildred Isaacs' recitations again won her golden opinions, and J. A. Kelly sang excellently two taking selections, one of them the aria, How So Fair, from Martha. There were also duets and trios and in all the concert was a delightful entertainment of superior merit both in the selections and their rendering. All who have heard the company will regret the departure of the Misses Lugrin and the consequent disbanding of the organization.

Persian Lamb Coats.

We have a few Persian Lamb Coats on hand—Canadian Mink trimmed, made of fine, bright whole skins of Persian Lamb. These are our Traveller's Samples, and in order to clear them out we are prepared to offer them individually at the low price of

$155.

Made in the Rusian Blouse style, lined with heavy brocaded silk.

We will alter them to fit purchasers, free of charge.

A. J. ALEXANDOR,

Manufacture of Fine Furs,

504-506 St. Paul Street,

Montreal.

ST. PETERS HIGH TEA

High Tea and Sale by St. Peters Church Ladies Successfully Opened Last Night.

The annual high tea and sale in connection with St. Peter's church was opened last evening in the Elm street hall, and in point of preparations made and decorations of the tables, eclipsed those of former years. The attendance was large and the interest displayed in the various games and contests was well sustained.

Rev. Father Duke, rector of St. Peter's, opened the proceedings with a short address. Ald. McGoldrick followed, and Mayor Sears formally opened the high tea.

There were two long tables, one on each side of the room, the color schemes being green and white, and pink and green.

The green and white table is in charge of Mrs. J. P. Quinn, assisted by Mrs. A. Delaney, Mrs. Thos. Phillips, Mrs. P. Mahoney, Mrs. H. Lyons, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. John Lloyd, Mrs. W. J. Savage, Mrs. T. James, Mrs. John McCarthy, Mrs. Jas. Welsh and Mrs. John Owens.

The staff of young ladies in connection with this table consists of Misses Bird McCormick, Josephine Connor, Maggie McPeake, Laura Burns, Ethyl Delaney, Annie Gosnell, Nora Lannen, Annie Roden, Minnie Coholan, Kate Coholan, Grace Clarke, Nellie Harrington, Jennie Burns, Kathleen Delaney, May Downey, Maggie McCarthy, Agnes Maher.

Mrs. D. J. Doherty is in charge of the pink and green table. She is assisted by Mesdames W. Doherty, T. Burke, R. Kiervan, C. Bradley, M. Sweeney, J. Jenkins, D. Owens, T. Lloyd, T. Hurley McAnutly and J. Gallagher.

The young lady waitresses are Mary Carlyn, Annie Carlyn, Josephine Durick, Mary Doherty, Margaret McCluskey, Margaret McMullin, Minnie McGuire, Nellie Gosnell, Greta Coll, Alice Mahoney, Genevieve Creary, Gertrude Maloney, Mary Lang, Ida Keegan, Julia McCarthy, Evelyn Kiervan, Florence Bradley, Maggie McGarrigle, Katie Moriarity, Mary Crowley, Mary Connely, and Zata McDonald.

The doll table is a very attractive feature. Misses Lena McMennamin, Nellie Driscoll and Mary Kelley have charge.

The staff at the other tables consists of: Fancy work—Miss Margaret Tierney, Minnie Keenan, Mary Murphy, Stella McMann, Mary Kelley, Gertrude Elliott, Mary Kane, Minnie O'Brien, Sarah Lynch, Beatrice Hillis and Josephine Elliott.

Ice cream booth—Mrs. T. J. Buckley, assisted by Misses Mary McInnis, Etta Kelley, Katie Tighe, Nellie Kiervan, Eva Doherty, Rose McGowan, Josephine Murphy, Norah Sheehan and Maggie Driscoll.

A new game, known as "nawks," called for considerable skill and was well patronized. Edward O'Hara had charge.

Miss May Mullin and Miss Nellie Dever had charge of the fish pond.

The high tea and sale will run until Thursday night.

Teachers Pensions

Principal McLean, of the Aberdeen school, chairman of the committee of the St. John Teachers' Association having in charge the forwarding of the teachers' pension scheme appointed at a recent meeting, is now conducting correspondence with teachers all over the province.

He has received many letters and reports that all have expressed favorable opinions with regard to the scheme. The committee have, in deference to the opinion of these correspondents, reduced the age limit for ladies from sixty to fifty-five, with thirty years' service. Strong efforts will be made to have all preliminary work on the matter completed before January, when a meeting of the executive of the New Brunswick Teachers' Association will be held in Fredericton. The scheme will be submitted to them for ratification and it is likely that a deputation will be named to wait on the government at the opening of the session, probably in February.

One of the oldest London clergymen, Rev. J. H. Snowden, prebendary of St. Paul's cathedral and rector of St. Vedast, is dead.

DYKEMAN'S.

Ladies' and Children's Coats at Less than the Cost of the Bare Material.

We have just **200 Ladies' 1907 Jackets,** which will be sold at about one-half their worth. They are jackets that are thoroughly well made from dependable materials. Every care taken in the details. The fit, finish and general effect is considered. The price range and the size range makes it possible for everyone to get fitted here.

Ladies' Jackets from $2.00 to 15.50, all of them this year's make.

A lot of exceptionally **Attractive Coats** that were $15.00, 18.00 and 20.00 are now priced **$10.00.**

Children's Coats---The largest stock to be found in St. John. Every garment at a price that will just about cover the material. Nothing included for the taking or the pains taken in putting together these worthy garments.

Prices from **$1.50 to $7.00.**

F. A. DYKEMAN, - - 59 Charlotte Street.

The Elixir of Longevity

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(à la quina du Pérou)

—A BIG BRACING TONIC

postpones indefinitely the encroaching frigidity of advancing years, and makes all the enjoyments of life possible.

If you are run down in health or strength, ask your druggist for a bottle.

It will give you buoyancy of spirit, the firm step of an athlete, and make you feel young again—*That's the point.*

BIG BOTTLE

ALL DRUGGISTS *EVERYWHERE* 72

389½ COLUMNS

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296½ COLUMNS

The advertiser who desires the greatest return on advertising money invested, NOTE THE HEADLINE. 389½ represents the number of columns of advertising carried last week by The Telegraph and Times.

201 1-4 FOR THE TELEGRAPH
188 1-4 FOR THE TIMES

296½ is the number of columns of advertising carried last week by The Sun and Star.

130 3-4 FOR THE SUN
165 3-4 FOR THE STAR

Not only do The Telegraph and Times carry more advertising than any two other papers in the city but they also reach MORE desirable buyers than any two other papers in St. John. DIRECT to the homes by carrier IS A REASON.

Telegraph and Times advertising means highly profitable advertising for the Holiday Season.

THINK IT OVER

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