

BIG SALE OF OVERCOATS TONIGHT

at the Union.

\$5, \$6.19, \$7.89

\$8.19 to \$18.00

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

THE SECRET CABINET

BY GISELA DITTRICK BRITT.

There was a quick step in the hall, Mollie looked inquiringly across her silver basket at Jack. The Girl in Pink sat up erect and hastily smoothed her rumpled locks. Then the door opened and Townsend peeped in.

"Thought you people would be taking an inventory—computing the ravages. That was an awfully jolly little dinner. Mrs. Clafin." He followed her cheery voice into the pretty room. "I saw the lights were still on, so I didn't ring up the factotum. Can't tell how much I enjoyed it. Four o'clock, Tuesday, Miss Van Allen. Good night, again."

The door had almost closed behind him when Mollie Clafin sprang forward, the silver dropping with a crash into the basket.

"Oh, Mr. Townsend, come back!" Her soft, southern voice had in it a note of distress. "Come right back this minute!" He turned his six feet three quickly about, and looked down at her expectantly as she stood in the doorway. She smiled up, and the flash on the fair, laughing face deepened a bit as she went on her pretty, impulsive way.

"Don't you know, foolish man, that you must not go off that way! It's such bad luck to come back! Come right in here and turn around three times. One—two—three—that's it. Now, sit down!" She gave the great coat a gentle little push toward the sleepy-hollow chair. He went down; she breathed a sigh of relief.

"There, you can go now," she held the door invitingly open.

He sat quite still in the big, comfortable chair and looked sternly at the other man, who was leaning negligently against the piano.

"Take her back south, Jack, before the commonwealth finds out. We burn witches up here."

She made a little moue, and the other man shrugged his shoulders.

"I used to be a believer in heredity. I'm not now. I give you my word. Townsend, she has sensible ancestors. I know two of them—and look at her," he pointed scornfully at the dainty figure in the pale blue crepe. "Stepped in superstition! Wears a fetish of some sort round her neck, and has for her high priestess the wrinkled, blackest old—"

A blue cloud swept across the room, a soft hand covered his lips and a voice was raised in indignant protest.

"It isn't it's only my—rabbit foot. And you shan't make fun of dear old Aunt Liza; and who was it that wouldn't pull with the 'varsity crew last year because they had lost their mascot? And—"

"And who was it—?" The Girl in Pink had risen and was pointing an accusing finger at the man in the great coat, "that only last week, at Bobby Fair's mess, wouldn't sit down until the steward was brought in—because there were—thirteen!"

He gave one look at Jack; then, without a word, the two men bolted, pursued by little, delicious, mocking gibes.

Mollie turned suddenly and looked searchingly at the girl who had thrown herself down upon the rug. "Elizabeth Van Allen, I believe I'll tell you—something. The strangest thing!" She came slowly toward the fire.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

What it is

It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

What it does

It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

What we do

We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money.

Can we be fairer?

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

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE MORNING-GLORY HAT.

The shape of this morning-glory hat is one which is becoming to a great majority of womankind. The brim, though quite wide in front, turns up at the edge so that it is really quite narrow at this point, and in the back the high crown slopes so gradually into the brim that one cannot see where the crown ends and the brim begins. The hat is a mouse grey velvet, finished at the edge with a fine silk cord and a velvet roll. Soft loops of grey

lousine ribbon encircle the crown, against which are banded the glorious colored velvet blossoms in all the shades of their natural beauty, from a soft pink to a rich purple. And intermingled with these glories, twice the size of the largest natural flower, are a few soft green leaves and tiny tendrils. Sometimes the wreath encircles the hat completely, being equally as full in the back as front, but the effect is prettier when it diminishes to but a single flower at each end.

was settling over the pretty china and silver, over the polished tables and chairs, over the blue and the pink Paris gowns, over the black and the golden heads.

"One!" rang the tall cathedral clock. Down fell the tools with a clatter upon the floor. Mollie sprang forward with a startled cry.

"Look!" the whisper sounded hoarsely through the silence. "Oh—look!"

There was a glitter of silver, a gleam of gold in the opening. The girl in pink felt a shiver creep down her back; her heart throbbed wildly. And Mollie was right! Her dream was true!

Then Mollie's eyes grew starry, the color came flying back into the white cheeks.

"The Girl in Pink held her breath. 'Jack! Quick! it's heavy! Quick!'

Mollie had her hand thrust through the rude opening. In a dazed way he stretched out his hand and raised the bundle that lay there. Carefully he lifted it out. Mollie held out her white arms. The Girl in Pink came nearer.

It was silver—heavy, solid silver—wrapped in soft, old, yellowed paper that plainly told of the passing of the years.

Slowly, reverently, Mollie unwrapped them piece by piece. The blue eyes were luminous, the sweet mouth tremulous.

"Now hurry! See what else there is—it seems to be a small secret cabinet. Oh, Jack! What will Aunt Liza say? Aren't you glad I dreamed?"

The man with dust-covered shirt and begrimed hands pushed her gently aside. "Get back out of this mess, Mollie, and let me see what is here. It must have been great-grandfather Clafin's. He been great-grandfather to this mansion. Jove! I'd like to give the old gentleman a handshake! Here take these," he handed her another bundle of silver spoons, a pitcher, a silver sugar and creamer, a pair of sugar tongs, a half-dozen plates of fine china, two gold-plated goblets, and a queer low dish of silver flagstones.

Then he, too, went suddenly ruddy. Seizing Mollie about her slender waist, he spun her round, and round the room. The Girl in Pink gathered up the tail of her gown; she was going to join the revel. Suddenly everyone stood still. There was a confusion of voices, a trampling of heavy feet in the hall, and the next moment the door was flung violently open, and two brawny policemen stood on the threshold.

"Just keep your place, partner. Pro-ma-nadin' ain't the ticket just now."

The big policeman smiled pleasantly. The man in the dust-covered clothes grew pale.

"Don't lose your temper, old man," sang out a cheery voice from the hall, "they've run me in, too. I think—it's going to be a funny." The Girl in Pink gave a little involuntary cry. The man in the great coat smiled at her reassuringly.

Strange, she had never known before what a splendid-looking fellow he was! Any girl might be proud—perhaps after a while—Then she retreated toward the library door hastily.

A man, a small man, with a very red face and angry eyes, had pushed his way past the two policemen across the hall, where the treasure glittered and gleamed under the electric lights.

"There it is—every bit of it!" He pointed excitedly to the heap of silver stuff, then to the unsightly hole in the wall. "Don't you see that! What further proof do you want? I don't care who he is—a Clafin or anybody else, or whether he owns the universe! He's a blasted thief—he and his partner there! Haven't I been watching him skulking about the place for the last two hours! They knew I was away from home! The thief! Stenling my silver right out of—!" his rage fairly choked him, he could not say more.

Mollie caught her breath. For one brief moment she looked at the group before her. Then with a queer little sound, a curious mixture of laughter and sobs, she sank helplessly down upon the floor, a little limp, blue thing that gasped faintly: "Oh, Jack! Jack! It's—Mr. Crosby—and—we've dug—into—his—silver closet!"

PANIC BOOMS MATCH TRADE

(N. Y. World.)

"Financial panics are profitable for one American industry," remarked the cigar dealer. The match factories are working overtime to supply the demand. In times of trouble the average citizen doubles his consumption of matches.

"Did you ever watch a New Yorker strike a light? When he has money in his pocket and no worries he uses only one match, striking carefully and deliberately. But these days he is doubly nervous, his mind is distracted and his movements uncertain. He breaks the first match, lets the second go out and requires at least a third to obtain the required light."

THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT

Report of the G.T.P. Commissioners Submitted Yesterday
---Line is Shorter Than Estimated.

Ottawa, Nov. 29—The house met for a few minutes today and after some formalities in the way of presenting reports and petitions, adjourned until Monday, when the debate on the address will begin.

The national transcontinental commissioners report for the nine months fiscal period was presented to the house today. The total expenditure was \$5,037,807, of which the purchasing department expended \$24,880 for supplies.

Guy C. Dunn, engineer of division A, expresses the opinion that the route selected will reduce the passenger time between Quebec and Montreal by one hour and all freight delivery by two hours, when compared with the other route.

A. E. Doucet, engineer of division B, which extends from the New Brunswick boundary to Weymouth, 400 miles, reports that construction is making good progress. At the end of March the contractors had 3,287 men at work.

A. N. Molesworth, district C, reports good progress with the surveys as far as the German River.

S. R. Poulin, district D, states that surveys were nearly completed. Two of his staff were killed.

Major A. E. Hodgins, until recently in charge of district F, says that work was delayed by the scarcity of labor but that the sub-letting of McArthur's contract has had beneficial results. He states that there has been considerable trouble with illicit liquor sellers and that there were seventeen men killed and twenty-six injured, due to the carelessness of the men themselves in handling dynamite, "and to some extent on account of liquor in the camps."

Hugh D. Lumsden, chief engineer, lays stress upon the difficulty of obtaining time in northwestern Ontario and Manitoba, and lays the blame upon "the action of the Ontario government in declining to issue permits to cut trees."

He estimates the total distance of the N. T. R. from Montreal to St. Joan Chrysostom at 433 miles, as against 488 by the Intercolonial and the through distance from Montreal to Winnipeg at 1,818 miles, as against 1,890 miles originally estimated.

The expenses at headquarters in Ottawa totalled \$108,191.

The total expenditure from September, 1904, to March 31, 1907, was \$8,148,584. Of the \$24,880 expended on supplies all was spent in Canada, except \$1,833 for goods from Great Britain and \$444 for purchases from the United States.

Ralph Smith has given notice of a resolution declaring that "in the opinion of this house steps should be taken to restrict the influx of Oriental immigrants to Canada and inasmuch as the policy of the government concerning Chinese immigration has proved entirely satisfactory, a definite policy should be immediately put into operation looking to the accomplishment of equally satisfactory results with regard to the other Oriental immigrants."

Col. Worthington asks for the production of correspondence that has taken place between the government and the Ross Rifle Company.

PROHIBITION COMMISSION

It Had a Session in Fredericton Yesterday and Heard Several Witnesses.

Fredericton, N. B., Nov. 29—The prohibition commission composed of A. O. Skinner, Rev. Thomas Marshall and W. D. Carter with Secretary John B. Jones, arrived from Newcastle today and registered at the Queen Hotel. They are here to inquire into the working of the Scott act and this afternoon interview a number of leading temperance workers at the hotel.

Among those who testified were Rev. Dr. McLeod, Rev. J. C. Berry, John J. Weddall and Scott Act Inspector Colter. These gentlemen are all believers in the Scott act but believe that a prohibitory law enacted by the legislature would be more effective.

VICTORIAN DUE TONIGHT

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 29—The Allan line steamer Victorian, with mails, arrived this evening from Liverpool. She had 500 passengers for the west. Rough weather is reported. She sails for St. John in the morning.

SHE KILLED HIM.

"I promised my husband on his death-bed not to marry again."

"I wouldn't have done that if I had been in your place."

"Ah, but then, he wouldn't have died."

Fligende Blätter.

Ostrich feathers can be taken every eight months. The plumes are not, as some suppose, pulled out, but are cut with a sharp knife. The stumps wither and fall out.

Raccoon Coats.

We have made more Raccoon Coats than we require. If you need one drop us a line and we will be pleased to send you a few to choose from.

Distance Makes No Difference.

This offer is open to anyone, from Halifax to Vancouver.

Being the actual manufacturers of the goods, we can save you at least 50 per cent., and guarantee the quality as well.

When writing kindly state about what price you want to pay, and we will ship accordingly, as we have over 100 coats in stock, from \$40 each upwards.

The sooner you write the better the selection.

A. J. ALEXANDOR,

Manufacturer of Fine Furs.

504-506 St. Paul Street, Montreal.

CATARRH Is a Constitutional Disease HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA Is a Constitutional Remedy

By its searching effect upon the blood it reaches every part of the system. It purifies, vitalizes and enriches the vital fluid, expelling all germs, impure particles and poisons.

Cures Catarrh, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Scrofula, Eczema, all Humors and all other troubles originating in or promoted by an impure state of the blood or low condition of the system.

These statements are not mere theory.

They are facts based upon thousands of cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 doses or more.

Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

For Catarrh in the Head antiseptic tablets. They cleanse, heal and purify the air passages. Price 50c. Of druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Antiseptics or Catarrhlets, our new

antiseptic tablets. They cleanse, heal and purify the air passages. Price 50c. Of druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Just try a blended flour once and see for yourself that it does make WHITER and tastier Bread and Biscuits—LIGHTER Pastry—MORE DELICIOUS Cake.

And there's good reason for it, too.

Blended Flours

combine the rich nutriment, the whiteness, lightness and delicate flavor of Ontario wheat with the strong qualities of Manitoba wheat.

For all home baking—no flour, milled only from spring wheat, can compare with a BLENDED FLOUR.

Look for this trademark on every bag or barrel of flour you buy.

Take no other.

"Made in Ontario"

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YOUR AD. HERE

Would be read by thousands every evening

The story of the Kansas, if told in the newspapers, would have aroused the interest of the world.

The story of the Kansas, as told in the new novel

The CAPTAIN of the KANSAS

by Louis Tracy, is an inspiration, a masterpiece of characterization, enveloped in a great story. You will search long for a more enchanting evening's entertainment than is furnished by Tracy's account of what happened on the Kansas!

EDWARD J. CLODE, PUBLISHER, NEW YORK

See Monday's Times for First Installment.