

OUR GUARANTEE.

We guarantee to sell any line of Men's Clothing or Furnishings

at a lower price than you can get equal quality of goods at
any of the wonderful sales that are supposed to be
held at so many of the stores TO-DAY.

SEE THE MEN'S SUITS
we will deliver at \$4.50.

Then see the Suits at the cheap sales, and you will
probably come back to us and get ours—seeing is believing.

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

Meanwhile, the meeting between Tolle-
mache and Gray was full of racial sub-
tleties.
Tolle-mache, stepping forward to grasp
Gray's hand, felt it was incumbent on
him to utter the first word.
"Had a pretty rotten time of it, I ex-
pect?" said he.

"Poisonous. And you?"
"Oh, fair. Barely close squeak when
you turned up."

Gray became more explicit when Cour-
tenay met him in the chart-room, where
the table had to be cleared of debris be-
fore some glasses and a couple of bottles
of champagne could be staged.
"When those blackguards cast off from
the ship," he said, "we scudded away in
a sort of ocean mill-race which threatened
to upset us at any moment. In fact, we
gave up hope for a time, but as the boat
kept afloat, Mr. Malcolm and I managed
to stir up the Chileans, and we got them
to steady her with the oars. Some time
before daybreak we ran into smooth water,
and made out land on the port bow. In
a few minutes we were ashore on a peb-
ble beach, in a place alive with seals.
When the sun rose we found we were on
a barren island, and what was more, that
one of the ship's life-boats had been upset
on a reef which we just missed, and had
lost all her stores, though the men had
scrambled into safety. With the aid of
our boat and helped by fine weather, we
raised the life-boat and recovered some of
her fittings. The water-casks and tins of
food were hauled up by a chap who could
dive well. We have been on that lump
of rock until today, when I finally per-
suaded the others that unless we made
for the land which we could see in the
dim distance the weather would break and
our food give out. The trouble with the
Chileans was that they were afraid of the
natives hereabouts, and preferred to wait
on the off chance of a ship showing
up. At last they saw that Malcolm and I
were right, but we missed the full run
of the tide, and were some miles from the
mainland, or whatever it is when night
falls. We pushed along cautiously, found
the entrance to the cove we had made out
before the light failed, and were about to
lay to until dawn, when we saw a rocket
and heard the fog-horn. That woke us
up, you bet. The Chileans pulled like
mad, but when we came near enough to
discover that the ship was being attacked
by Indians, I had a fearful job to get
my heroes to butt in. That fellow Gomez
is a brick. He orated like a politician,
and finally they got a move on. From
what I have seen since I came aboard, I
guess you were hustling about that time."

"Yes," said Courtenay, filling a glass
with wine as he heard Boyle's step with-
out. He handed the glass to the chief
when he entered.
"How many?" he asked.
"Huh! We've slung fifty-three Indians
an' six of the crew overboard. There's
fourteen wounded natives an' a couple of
men in the doctor's hands. Two Alaculofs
died of funk when they set eyes on the
nigger who turned up in the life-boat.
They thought—well, here's chin chin to
everybody. I'm thirsty."

CHAPTER XVI. Christobal's Temptation.

"By the way, what of Monsieur de Poin-
ciliot?" said Courtenay. "I saw him come
aboard with Malcolm, but he dived into
the saloon, and has not reappeared. Is he
ill?"

Gray's mouth set like a steel trap; his
eyes had a glint that seemed to be
unwilling to speak; when words came,
they were cold and measured.

"I haven't any use for that fellow," he
said. "I suppose the unpleasant story must
be told sooner or later, so here goes. In

the first place, Poinciliot forgot that I un-
derstood Spanish, and I heard him yelping
to the Chileans in the jolly-boat that if
we took any more people on board we
should be swamped. It was he who put
the notion in their heads to cast off while
we were lowering Miss Baring's maid into
my arms. I tried to forget that, as he was
blue-white with fear, and some fellows
are not responsible for their actions when
their liver melts. But I can never forget
his action on the island. Yesterday morn-
ing I was just in time to stop him and
four others from sneaking off in the life-
boat with all our provisions."

Courtenay's face hardened too.
"Necessity may have no laws," said he;
"but I fancy I should have found a code
to meet his case."

"I have organized a Vigilance Commit-
tee in my time, and its articles kind of fit-
ted in," was the American's quiet reply.
"That is why I have a few recent knif-
cuts distributed about my skin; I began
to shoot and we were two short on the
muster roll next day. De Poinciliot ran,
and fell on his knees. So did a skunk of
an Italian, and I did not want to waste
cartridges. They were tied back to back
until we sailed today."

"And the fifth?"
"The fifth was a woman."
"Huh!" Boyle reached out for a bottle
of wine and refilled his glass. For a lit-
tle while there was silence. Then Cour-
tenay muttered:
"Poor devil of a Count! She gave me
of the tree and I did eat." Did he blame
the woman?"

"Well, yes. But it was a mean business,
any how."
"Butter sponge it off the slate, eh?"
"I agree heartily. Drink up, Boyle, and
pass the buck. I have a five years' thirst."

They talked until day-break; then Cour-
tenay turned in. He did not appear on deck
again until noon. By that time the Kan-
sas had lost all marks of the fight excepting
the smashed windows, and a sailor
who understood the glazier's craft was re-
placing the broken glass. Making the
round of the ship, the captain found Elsie
sitting with Isobel and Mrs. Somerville
on the promenade deck. She was binding
Joey's foot, and he knew then why the
dog had scampered off on three legs as
soon as the cabin door was opened.

The girl colored very prettily the mo-
ment she set eyes on her lover. Memories
of the previous night became exceedingly
vivid. She was adorably shy, Courtenay
thought. As he approached, he debated
the manner of his greeting; being a sailor,
he did not hesitate.

Lifting his cap with a smile and a gen-
eral "Good morning," he bent over Elsie.
"Well," he said, "surely you owe me at
least one kiss?"

If her cheeks were red before they be-
came scarlet now. But his kindling glance
had warned her that he would adopt no
pretences, so she lifted her face to his,
though she did not dare to look at her
amazed companions. Courtenay explained
matters quite coolly.

"If Elsie has not told you already, it is
my privilege to announce that she and I
have signed articles," he said with a
smile. "That is, we intend to get married
as soon as the ship reaches England."

"Indeed, I congratulate you both most
heartily," said the missionary's wife.
"Events have marched, then, while we
were stranded on that wretched island?"
tittered Isobel. Her voice was rather shrill.
She too, was excited, not quite mistress
of herself. She did not know how far
Gray's statements might have prejudiced
her with the captain; she had already
sent de Poinciliot a note urging him to
deny absolutely all knowledge of the plot
to steal the boat, and attribute the Amer-
ican's summary action to his mistaken
rendering of the Spanish patois used by
the Chilean sailors.

"Yes," laughed Courtenay, ready to put
her at ease. "One crowd the events of a
month into a day, for instance. I had five min-
utes' amusement with a steam-pipe and a
double-barrelled gun which will serve all
my requirements in the way of physical
exercise for a long time to come."

"You feel sure that we shall see no
more of the Indians?" asked Isobel, quick-
ly.

"I think so. One never can tell, but if
they have the grit to attack us again I
shall regard them as first-class fighters."

"Dr. Christobal says they have an as-
tonishing power of bearing pain without
flinching," said Elsie, plunging into the
talk with hot eagerness. "The Alaculofs
in the fore cabin were afraid of him,
thinking he wanted to kill them, but
when they found that he wished only to
dress their wounds, they followed his
actions with a curious interest, as though
he were tending some other person's hurts
and not their own. And that reminds me.
He told me you ought to have that cut
on your forehead washed. Let me look at it."

She stood up, and placed the dog on a
chair. Lifting Courtenay's cap she brush-
ed back his hair with her fingers, and
found that he had covered an ugly scar
with a long strip of skin plaster. The

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



CHIFFON BLOUSE ON LINGERIE LINES.

Dressy waists of chiffon and sheer silks
in white and delicate colors for winter
wear neath warm fur outer garments are
mottled like the summer lingerie blouse
of fine linens and batistes. The waist of

the illustration is in white chiffon cloth
inset with hand-made lace bands and em-
broided with white silk. The sleeves are
medium sized elbow puffs with double
lace edged ruffles. A feature of this waist
is the trimmed back.

Cure That Cough! YOU CAN DO IT BY USING Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

The Most Perfect Throat and Lung
Healer in the World. : : : : :

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup gives
prompt relief from that choked-up, stuffed
up feeling which is so distressing, it loosens
the phlegm, checks the rasping and useless
cough, and soothes the irritated
breathing organs. It is a pleasant prepa-
ration to take and is therefore specially
adapted to the coughs and colds of children
and those who dislike nauseous mixtures.

This is no vain boast, but a fact that
can be backed by unimpeachable testimony.
One 25 cent bottle, indeed, a trial dose,
will prove its merits.

Mr. Frank K. Purdie, Brandon, Man.,
writes: "I have used your Dr. Wood's
Norway Pine Syrup for some years and
have always found it a sure remedy for all
colds, coughs, sore throat, hoarseness, etc.
I cannot too highly recommend it to any-
one suffering from any effect of cold."

tense anxiety in Isobel's face forthwith
yielded to sheer bewilderment. These two
were behaving with the self-possession of
young people who regard the "engage-
ment" stage as a venerable institution.
Of course Courtenay liked to be fondled
in this manner. Elsie alone, who was on a
ministering angel. But he protested
against the need of the doctor's precau-
tion.

"No, no," he cried, "you already have
one patient in Joey. I wonder he did not
wake me earlier so that he might rush
off to you. I never have known him to
play the old soldier before. To see him
curled up there, gazing at you with those
pathetic eyes, who would think that his
teeth met in Alaculof since last night?
Twice, to my knowledge, he saved my life.
And the way he dodged blows aimed at
him was something marvellous. He used
all four paws then, I assure you."

"Ah, yes," agreed Elsie, blushing again
as she recalled the scene in the saloon.
"He could have told me the Indians were
aboard long before I knew it myself. Dr.
Christobal deceived me so admirably that
I am not sure yet if I have forgiven him."

"He is a first-rate chap in an emergen-
cy," said Courtenay, "though I have a
bone to pick with him, too. He promised
to call me at eight o'clock, but I expect
he and Boyle, or Tolle-mache, conspired to
let me sleep on. I was astounded when I
saw the time. What do you think of a
skipper who lies abed all the morning,
Miss Baring?"

"Gray has told him nothing," she de-
cided at once. "That is very nice of Gray.
I must thank him." But she replied in-
stantly, in her piquant way:
"Elsie certainly kept us in the dark about
her fiancé, Captain Courtenay; but he
has not been as silent as to your achieve-
ments. If you were not telling us that
you have actually slept, I should have
cherished the belief that you had not
closed an eyelid since the ship struck."

Isobel meant to be on her best behavior
her part with the Frenchman was dis-
creditable but smooth words might re-
strain tongues from wagging until she
could leave the ship. Moreover, the vicis-
situdes of life in these later days were
not without their effect. She had known
what it was to suffer. She had seen men
lying like cattle in the shambles. The
shadow of eternity lay faint as to your
rude awakening by the shrieking fear
of a too vivid dream. These things
were not the butterfly flutterings of sun-
lit Valparaiso. They were of a more ar-
dent order, and her wings had not yet
recovered from the pinning.

Courtenay, willing to maintain a fiction,
which evidently gave her relief, answered
lightly that he yet had to earn these com-
pliments, but he hoped to be able soon to
fix a date when everybody might bomb-
ard him with the nicest phrases they
could think of, and end the embarrass-
ment once for all.

"I went through something of the sort
last year on board the Florida," he ad-
ded. "People insist on regarding it as
marvellous that a man should strive to do
his simple duty."

Suddenly it occurred to him that the
topic was unpleasantly analogous to the

little French count's cowardly escapades.
If one talks of duty, and recognizes its
prior claim, what of the man who, in his
selfish frenzy, is prepared to leave others
to their fate, whether on a wrecked ship
or a barren island? So he turned to Elsie
again.

"By the way, you have never seen those
letters," he said. "I was hunting for them
when the alarm was raised last night.
Shall I bring them now?"

Elsie gave him a glance of subtle mean-
ing. Her eyes telegraphed "What matters
it whether I see them today or in half
a century? Do I not trust you? But she
only murmured:

"Not now, I am telling Mrs. Somerville
and Isobel all the news."

He squeezed her shoulder. Any excuse
would serve for those slight pettings
which mean so much during early days in
wonderland.

"Then I shall resume my rounds. I ex-
pect to be received reproachfully by Wal-
ker. He made great progress yesterday.
Let me whisper a secret. Then you may
pass it on, in strictest confidence."

He placed his lips to her ear.

"I am dreadfully in love with you this
morning," he breathed.

"That is no secret," she retorted.
"It is. You and I together must daily
find new paths in Eden. But my less poet-
ic tidings should be welcome, also. Walk-
er says he hopes to get steam up to-mor-
row."

"Well, tell us quickly," cried Isobel,
with a show of intense interest, when
Courtenay had gone. She had decided on a
line of conduct, and meant to follow it
carefully. The more sympathy she ex-
tended towards her friend's love idyll, the
less likelihood was there of disagreeable
developments in other respects. That
trick of calculating such was Isobel's chief
failing. She was so wrapped up in self
that her own interests governed every
thought. Courtenay's reference to letters
sent a wave of alarm pulsing through
each nerve. Though his manner betokened
that the affair was something which con-
cerned Elsie alone, she was on fire until
she learnt that his "secret" alluded to the
restored vitality of the ship.

For once, her expressions of gratitude
were heartfelt. Mrs. Somerville even wept
for joy. This poor woman after living
twenty-five years in the oasis of a mission
house, was a strange subject for stom-
achful wandering and fights with can-
nibals. Seldom has fate conspired with
the fickle sea to sport with such helpless hu-
man flotsam, save, perhaps, in that crown-
ing caprice of the waves which once cast
ashore a live baby in a cradle.

But the baby's emotions were crude,
and probably in no wise connected with
the tremors of ship-wreck, whereas Mrs.
Somerville, during these full days, was
constantly asking herself how it could be
possible that she was living at all.
(To be Continued.)

Had Palpitation of The Heart EVER SINCE SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD,

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS
EFFECTED A COMPLETE CURE.

If you find your health failing, your food
apparently doing you no good, your heart
beating irregularly—now slow, now fast—
skipping a beat now and then, palpitations
or throbbings on the slightest excitement
or exertion, pain in the region of the heart,
face pale, dizzy and faint spells, these all
point to heart weakness, to nerve derange-
ment, to a state of health consequent upon
these, which, if not corrected and cured
by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, will
surely end in utter prostration and hope-
less invalidism.

From the depths many have been raised
by this remarkable remedy, as its power is
beyond all question most marvellous; but,
after having tried numerous doctors' medi-
cines, but to no avail, I was induced to try
your pills, and after using several boxes I
began to improve, so kept on taking them
for some time until now I can truthfully
say I am in perfect health."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50 cts. per box or three for \$1.25, at all
dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

WISSE LITTLE BESSIE

"Bessie, what are you handling all that
candy for?"
"Because mamma, you told me I must
eat only the pieces I had touched with
my fingers."—Life.

TOMORROW--SATURDAY Is the Opening Day of the Big Sale at Oak Hall The Savings Are Extraordinary

People are already talking of this sale and the opportunities for saving that are to
be theirs. And why shouldn't they? Over two months' weather left yet during
which you can wear these winter goods and then lay them away and then they will
do for another season. When you buy Oak Hall clothes at our regular prices you
save 25 to 30 per cent. because you buy directly from the makers and have no mid-
dleman's profit to pay. But at this sale you can buy at big reductions from our reg-
ular prices, so you get a double saving on everything you purchase.

Men's Furnishings --- Bargains Indeed

Fleece Lined Underwear, regular price 60c per garment.	Sale price 37c
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Underwear, regular price \$1.25 per garment.	Sale price 79c
Heavy Ribbed All Wool Underwear, regular price \$1.50 per garment.	Sale price 98c
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular prices \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50.	Sale price 79c
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular prices \$1.75, \$2.00.	Sale price \$1.19
Black Sateen Shirts, regular price 75c.	Sale price 59c
Duck Shirts for workmen, regular price 60c.	Sale price 37c
Flannel Topshirts, regular price 60c.	Sale price 39c
Flannelette Night Shirts, regular price 85c.	Sale price 59c
All Wool Sweaters, regular price \$1.25.	Sale price 79c
Heavy Wool Socks, regular price 20c.	Sale price 11c
Black Worsted Socks, regular price 40c.	Sale price 26c
Suspenders, reg. price 35c., sale price 19c Neckwear, reg. price 35c, sale price, 19c	
4-Ply Linen Collars, 63c for half-dozen.	
Entire stock of Hats Reduced.	

Men's Overcoats.

Regular \$6.50 OVERCOATS, Reduced to \$3.85	
Regular 7.50 OVERCOATS, Reduced to 4.85	
Regular 10.00 OVERCOATS, Reduced to 7.35	
Regular 12.00 OVERCOATS, Reduced to 8.65	
Regular 16.50 OVERCOATS, Reduced to 12.50	
Regular 25.00 OVERCOATS, Reduced to 19.60	

Men's Suits.

\$6.50 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to - \$4.95	
12.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to - 8.35	
15.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to - 10.85	
18.00 TWEED SUITS, Reduced to - 10.65	
\$12.00 Blue and Black Worsted Suits, Reduced to \$8.25	
10.00 Black Cheviot Suits, Reduced to - 7.75	

Store Closed Today

The store will be closed all day today to enable us to prepare stock for sale.
Everything will be plainly marked, showing regular and sale prices. No goods on
approval.

Sale Starts Saturday

King Street,
Cor. Germain,

GREATER OAK HALL,
SCOVIL BROS., LIMITED,
Branch Store, 695 Main St.,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Talk of North End

This is the common gossip now amongst the women folks and even the men. It
is about the first thing you will hear now when you meet a friend:—

Have You Been to the Challenge Sale Now Going On?

—well, of course, enough said, and the prices are so low that it is enough to make
the people talk.

HURRY UP! The goods are leaving our store by the car load. Don't wait
for anything, but get here and see what we are doing.

A Few Temptations

Good Cashmere Hose for Ladies, at 19c pair	Children's Sailor Suits at 79c
Flannelette Waists at 58c	Men's Overcoats at \$3.39
Fancy Tweed Dress Goods at 29c yd	Boys' Suits at \$1.89
Fancy Flannelette, 12 to 18c, now 10c yd	Boys' Overcoats at \$2.19
Misses' Skirts, \$1.75 to \$2.15, now \$1.49	

DONT MISS THESE

S. W. McMACKIN

335 Main Street. 'Phone Main 600.

THE INGLENOOK PHILOSOPHER —OF— KENNEBECASIS BAY

It is of no use to rail at Time, the thief,
or at Time the deceiver; he is as inflexible
as adamant and to him human joy and
human sorrow are but meaningless names.
Time is not above pilfering the infant's
toy or the old man's spectacles; he likes
to make the toy unattractive and the spec-
tacles valueless. I say he likes to do this;
but I fancy he has neither likes nor dis-
likes; he heeds us, individually, no
more than we heed the fading of a
daisy or the falling of a leaf. He asks not
and cares not why he shatters this man's
hopes or flatters this man's ambition; in
the end it really matters little to the in-
dividual who, no matter what the out-
come of his life may be, is apt to cry at
the end with the palmist, "Vanity of Vanities,
all is Vanity." The child gets a
painted toy, the boy gets a prize in school,
the young man gets a sweetheart, the
older man gets riches or honor; he even
becomes a St. John alderman and his cup
of happiness seems full, but at night he
rolls over on his sliver couch (he has been
put late) and "vanitas vanitatum" gurgles
from his parched lips, while the younger
fellows plunge madly about in search of
a new diversion, which Time is apt to
snatch out of their way or out of their
grasp, as if he owned the earth. We envy
this man because we do not know any
better, and we pity that man for the
same reason, and it may be for the same
reason they envy each other. It is a lit-
tle knowledge, that nourishes the roots of
our discontent. The potato bug and the
beetle know nothing of the Paris green

that is brewing for them, and are as hap-
py as the day is long, but who would be
a potato bug or a beetle?

"Hello!"
It was Aaron who interrupted my
reverie.

"How is the working superintendent?"
I asked.

"Fine; he got his ears boxed today."

"And he deserved it."

"Of course he did. Mrs. Pollard would
not have boxed them if he hadn't. She
told him he had in him the making of a
good boy, and he told her she was a
peach. Then she boxed his ears good and
hard. What did she do that for?"

"Because it was impudent in a boy to
call a lady a peach. You wanted to
compliment her! You should have said:
I thank you and am glad to be able to
please you." Instead of that you were
impudent."

"She said she boxed me for my imper-
ence," answered Aaron.

Then I impressed upon the boy the ne-
cessity of his becoming a gentlemanly boy,
of performing all his duties thoroughly.
Said I, "When you sweep the stable,
sweep it to your satisfaction if it takes
you a week to do it. Work half done
might better be undone. No matter what
you are doing, remember that nothing
but good work is approved by God, man
or Mrs. Pollard."

Then Aaron went away and in my
dreams that night I saw him wrestling
with the multiplication table, while Mrs.
Pollard, with her feet on the fender,
dozed over her knitting.

Whitehead, K. Co., Jan. 2, '08.

THE PRICE OF GAS

Dentist—My charge for extraction is half
a crown. Five shillings extra if you have
gas.
Farmer Giles (who knows all about the
price of gas)—Good Lor' sir, shall I want
two thousand feet?"

ANEMIA

is caused by poverty
of the blood.
Health and Beauty
quickly fade away
and are replaced by
ashpale, debility,
and nervous excit-
ability.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

(A la quina du Péro)

—A BIG BRACING TONIC

is the best of all blood-
makers. It not only
purifies and enriches
the blood, but
strengthens every
organ in the body,
giving both Health
and Beauty.—That's
the point.

BIG BOTTLE 87

ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

Baby Laugh

It belongs to health for
a baby to eat and sleep,
to laugh and grow fat.

But fat comes first;
don't ask a scrawny
baby to laugh; why
even his smile is pitiful!<