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Another Two Hours' Sale of Ladies' Wrappers, Thursday Morning from Ten Until Twelve O'clock. Two Hundred Wrappers Made From a Fine Quality of Wrapperette in Very Neat Patterns to Be Sold at

59 Cents Each.

They are the regular $1.25 quality. The bodies of these wrappers are lined, wide flounce on bottom of skirt. Wrappers are prettily trimmed and perfect fitting. The sizes run from 32 to 44. Large assortment of colorings. **No Wrappers Will be Sold at This Price After the Hours Are Past.**

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YOUR AD. HERE

Would be read by thousands every evening

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NEW YORK

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COMFORT is easily found when you stop at the HOTEL ALBERT. Largest and most magnificent Hotel in New York city, and the only **Absolutely Fire Proof** one below 23rd street. Three hundred rooms at $1.00 per day and upward. Two hundred rooms with private bath at $2.00 a day and upward. **FIRST CLASS RESTAURANT** at moderate charges. Write for guide of New York City, sent free to any address.

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ABERDEEN HOTEL. Home-like and attractive. A temperance house. Newly furnished and thoroughly renovated. Centrally located. Electric cars pass the door to and from all parts of the city. Coach in attendance at all trains and boats. Rates $1 to $1.50 per day. 18-30-52 Queen St., near Prince Wm. A. C. NORTHORP, Proprietor.

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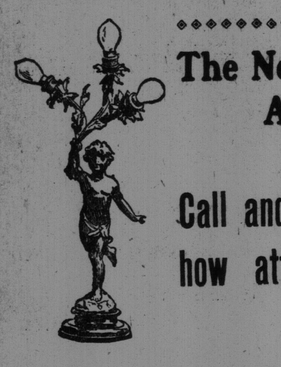

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Call and let us show you how attractive they are,

—AND—

how much less it costs than you imagine to beautify your home.

R. E. T. Pringle Co. Ltd.

A REVERSE FOR MAYOR DUNNE

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 28. — The franchise extension ordinances for the Chicago Traction Company have been completed and the local transportation committee last night recommended them to the city council for passage. This will be after the compensation to be paid the city was raised from an average of 7.42 to 8.50 per cent. of the gross receipts.

The committee refused to commend Mayor Dunne's Muller certificate ordinance, which provided for the sale of the $30,000,000 in certificates, the money to be used for the street railways should they be taken over by the city.

A FATAL DUEL

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Nov. 28.—Two white men, named Edwards and Elise Luttrell, each with a grudge to settle, met in an east side saloon here last night and squared accounts. Edwards, with an open knife in hand, advanced on Luttrell, and before the latter could shoot him down had inflicted six serious wounds on Luttrell. After the second shot from Luttrell's pistol, Edwards fell dead. Luttrell will also die. Both men were married.

JAPANESE LOAN

LONDON, Nov. 28—The British allotment ($31,250,000) of the Japanese loan, ($125,000,000) was so largely oversubscribed today that the lists were closed three hours after they were opened.

ALL THIN, PALE WOMEN

Can Learn the Cause of Their Nervous, Used-up Condition.

With women, ill-health is usually traceable to nerve exhaustion. Feeling run-down and tired most of the time is nature's warning that more nerve-force is required.

You must build up, nourish the body, vitalize the nerves, get more flesh and blood.

It's the abundant nutriment and building material in Ferrozone that enables it to cure so many sick women. It increases the appetite, adds weight and strength, restores lost color and develops a surplus of energy and nerve force that defies sickness of any kind. There is living proof in Mrs. Daniel Ferguson, Jr., of Prescott, Ont. Read her statement:—

"A year ago my health failed. I grew thin and exceedingly pale. At times I was prostrated with nervous and sick headache. All day I was tired. At night it was difficult to obtain restful sleep. My appetite was variable and indigestion bothered me considerably. I became morose and suffered from heart palpitation. You could scarcely believe the benefit I derived in one week from Ferrozone. Color came back to my cheeks. My vitality and appetite increased, renewed nerve force and better spirits came also. Ferrozone did a world of good and made me well."

Remember this:— No alcoholic stimulant can nourish and build up like Ferrozone. Fifty cents per box or six boxes for $2.50. At all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

UNCLE REMUS

The Popular Author is One of the Most Modest of Men.

When President Roosevelt visited Atlanta, the home of the genial creator of Uncle Remus, Mrs. Roosevelt requested that Mr. Harris should ride to the ceremonies at the state house with her in her carriage, an invitation which Mr. Harris could not be persuaded to accept. The fact is, that of all our leading writers today Mr. Harris is the most retiring and the more modest. There was probably much truth in President Roosevelt's remark about "ungratefully requiting a kindness" with which he prefaced his enthusiastic praise of Georgia's great author. Mr. Harris was probably quite uncomfortable during the oration. He lives very quietly and very simply indeed, in his little home in the outskirts of Atlanta, and sees very few people. He is more often seen at the office of the Atlanta Constitution than anywhere else, for the editor and the members of the staff of that paper are his closest intimates, with the exception of James Whitcomb Riley, whom Mr. Harris has known for many years. Mr. Riley frequently comes to Atlanta, and Harris declares that the best times of his life have been spent swopping tales with the Hoosier poet. Nothing could indicate Mr. Harris's real modesty more than his answer to his publishers when they asked if he would write more Uncle Remus stories:—"Do you realy think that people are interested in Uncle Remus any more?" he replied.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

BOLD BURGLARS

LONDON, Ont. Nov. 28—(Special)—Miss Lena Kelly aged 23, niece of George Kelly, a Dorchester farmer, was found by her uncle bound hand and foot at his home yesterday. She keeps house for Kelly, and during the latter's absence an unknown man entered, seized and bound her, and then ransacked the house, carrying off valuables.

Dr. A. S. Merrison, of Montreal, is in the city, being called home because of the death of his brother Charles in Carleton.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

(Continued.)

The host, Antoine Sebastian, played the part well enough when he remembered that he had a part to play. He listened with a kind attention to the story of a very old lady, who, it seemed, had been married herself, but it was so long ago that the human interest of it all was lost in a bottle of petty detail which was all she could recal. Before the story was half finished Sebastian's attention had strayed elsewhere though his spare figure remained in its attitude of attention and polite forbearance. His mind had, it would seem, a trick of thus wandering away and leaving his body rigid in the last attitude that it had dictated.

Sebastian did not notice that the door was open and all the guests were waiting for him to lead the way.

"Now, old dreamer" whispered Desiree with a quick pinch on his arm "take Grafin upstairs to the dining-room and give her wine. You are to drink our healths, remember."

"Is there wine?" he asked with a vague smile. "Where has it come from?"

"Like other good things, my father-in-law," replied Charles, with his easy laugh "it comes from France."

They spoke together thus in confidence, in the language of that same sunny land. But when Sebastian turned again to the old lady, still recalling the details of that other wedding, he addressed her in German, offered his arm with a sudden stiffness of gesture which he seemed to put on with the change of tongue.

They passed up the low, time-worn steps arm in arm, and beneath the high carved doorway, whereon some pious Hanseatic merchant had inscribed his belief that if God be in the house there is no need of a watchman, emphasizing his creed by bolts and locks of enormous strength, and bars to every window.

The servant, in her Samland Sunday dress, having shaken her fist at the children, closed the door behind the last guest and, so far as Frauengasse was concerned, the exciting incident was over. From the open window came only the murmur of quiet voices, the clink of glasses at the drinking of a toast, or a laugh in the clear voice of the bride herself. For Desiree persisted in her optimistic view of these proceedings though her husband scarcely helped her now at all, and seemed a different man since the passage through the Pfaffengasse of that dusty travelling carriage which had played the part of the stormy petrel from end to end of Europe.

CHAPTER II.

A Campaigner.

Not what I am, but what I Do is my kingdom.

Desiree had made all her own wedding clothes "Her poor little marriage basket," she called it. She had even made the cake which was now cut with some ceremony by her father.

"I tremble," she exclaimed, aloud, "to think what it may be like in the middle."

And Mathilde was the only person there who did not smile at the unconscious admission. The cake was still under discussion, and the Grafin had just admitted that it was almost as good as that other cake which had been consumed in the days of Frederick the Great, when the servant called Desiree from the room.

"It is a soldier," she said, in a whisper, at the head of the stairs. "He has a paper in his hand. I know what that means. He is quartered on us."

Desiree hurried down stairs. In the narrow entrance hall, a broad-built little man stood awaiting her. He was stout and red, with hair all ragged at the temples, almost white. His eyes were lost behind shaggy eyebrows. His face was made broader by little whiskers stopping short at the level of his ear. He had a snuff-blown complexion, and in the wrinkles of his face the dust of a dozen campaigns seemed to have accumulated.

"Barlasch," he said, curtly, holding out a long strip of blue paper. "Of the Guard. Once a sergeant. Italy, Egypt, the Danube."

He frowned at Desiree while she read the paper in the dim light that filtered through the twisted bars of the fan-light above the door.

Then he turned to the servant, who stood, comely and breathless, looking him up and down.

"Papa Barlasch," he added, for her edification, and he drew down his left eyebrow with a jerk, so that it almost touched his cheek. His right eye, grey and piercing, returned her astonished gaze with a fierce steadfastness.

"Does this mean that you are quartered upon us?" asked Desiree, without seeking to hide her disgust. She spoke in her own tongue.

"French!" said the soldier, looking at her. "Good. Yes. I am quartered here. Thirty-Six, Frauengasse Sebastian, musician. You are lucky to get me. I always give satisfaction—ha!"

He gave a curt laugh in one syllable only. His left arm was curved round a bundle of wood bound together by a red pocket-handerchief not innocent of snuff. He held out his bundle to Desiree, as Solomon may have held out some great gift to the Queen of Sheba to smooth the first doubtful steps of friendship.

Desiree accepted the gift and stood in her wedding-dress holding the bundle of wood against her breast. Then a gleam of the one gray eye that was visible conveyed to her the fact that this walnut-faced warrior was smiling. She laughed gaily.

"It is well," said Barlasch. "We are friends. You are lucky to get me. You may not think so now. Would this woman like me to speak to her in Polish or German?"

"Do you speak so many languages?"

He shrugged his shoulders and spread out his arms as far as his many burdens allowed. For he was hung round with a hundred parcels and packages.

"The Old Guard," he said, "can always make itself understood."

He rubbed his hands together with the air of a brisk man ready for any sort of work.

"Now, where shall I sleep?" he asked. "One is not particular, you understand. A few minutes and one is at home—perhaps peeling the potatoes. It is only a civilian who is ashamed of using his knife on a potato. Papa Barlasch, they call me."

Without waiting an invitation he went forward toward the kitchen. He seemed to know the house by instinct. His progress was accompanied by a clatter of utensils like that which heralds the coming of a carrier's cart.

At the kitchen-door he stopped and sniffed loudly. There certainly was a slight odor of burning fat. Papa Barlasch turned and shook an admonitory finger at the servant, but he said nothing. He looked round at the polished utensils, at the table and floor, both alike scrubbed clean by a vigorous northern arm. And he was kind enough to nod approval.

"On a campaign," he said, to no one in particular, "a little bit of horse thrust into the cinders on the end of a bayonet—but in times of peace——"

He broke off and made a gesture toward the saucepans which indicated quite clearly that he was—between campaigns—inclined to good living.

"I am a rude fork," he jerked to Desiree over his shoulder in the dialect of the Cotes du Nord.

"How long will you be here?" asked Desiree, who, was eminently practical. A billet was a misfortune which Charles Dar ragon had hitherto succeeded in warding off. He had some small influence as an officer of the head-quarters staff.

Barlasch held up a reproving hand. The question, he seemed to think, was not quite delicate.

"I pay my own," he said. "Give and take—that is my motto. When you have nothing to give, offer a smile."

With a gesture he indicated the bundle of firewood, which Desiree still absentmindedly carried against her white dress. He turned and opened a cupboard low down on the floor at the left-hand side of the fireplace. He seemed to know by an instinct usually possessed by charwomen and other domesticated persons of experience where the firewood was kept. Lisa gave a little exclamation of surprise at his impertinence, and his perspicacity. He took the firewood, unknotted his handkerchief, and threw his offering into the cupboard. Then he turned, and perceived for the first time that Desiree had a bright ribbon at her waist and on her shoulders; that a thin chain of gold was round her throat and that there were flowers at her breast.

"A fete?" he inquired, curtly.

"My marriage fete," she answered. "I was married half an hour ago."

He looked at her beneath his grizzled brows. His face was only capable of producing one expression—a shaggy weather-beaten fierceness. But, like a dog, which can express more than many human beings, by a hundred instinctive gestures he could, it seemed, dispense with words on occasion and get on quite as well without them.

He clearly disapproved of Desiree's marriage, and drew her attention to the fact that she was no more than a school-girl, with an inconsequent brain, and little limbs too slight to fight a successful war in a world full of cruelty and danger.

Then he made a gesture full of apology, as if recognizing that it was no business of his, and turned away thoughtfully.

"I had troubles of that sort myself," he explained, putting together the embers on the hearth with the point of a twisted, rusty bayonet, "but that was long ago. Well, I can drink your health all the same, mademoiselle."

He turned to Lisa with a friendly nod and put out his tongue, in the manner of the people, to indicate that his lips were dry.

Desiree had always been the housekeeper. It was to her that Lisa naturally turned in her extremity at the invasion of her kitchen by Papa Barlasch. And when that warrior had been supplied with beer, it was with Desiree, in an agitated whisper in the great dark dining-room with its gloomy old pictures and heavy carvings, that she took counsel as to where he should be quartered.

The object of their solitude himself interrupted their hurried consultation by opening the door and putting his shaggy head round the corner of it.

"It is not worth while to consult long about it," he said. "There is a little room behind the kitchen, that opens into the yard. It is full o. boxes. But we can move them—a little straw—and there!"

With a gesture he described a condition of domestic peace and comfort which far exceeded his humble requirements.

"The black beetles and I are old friends," he concluded cheerfully.

"There are no black beetles in the house, monsieur," said Desiree, hesitating to accept his proposal.

"Then I shall resign myself to my solitude," he answered. "It is quiet. I shall not hear the patron touching on his violin. It is that which occupies his leisure, is it not?"

"Yes," answered Desiree, still considering the question.

"I too am a musician," said Papa Barlasch, turning toward the kitchen again. "I played a drum at Marengo."

And as he led the way to the little room in the yard at the back of the kitchen, he expressed, by a shake of the head a fellow-feeling for the gentleman upstairs, whose acquaintance he had not yet made, who occupied his leisure by touching the violin.

They stood together in the small apartment which Barlasch, with the promptitude of an experienced conqueror, had set apart for his own accommodation.

"Those trunks," he observed, casually, "were made in France"—a mental note which he happened to make aloud, as some do for better remembrance. "This solid girl and I will soon move them. And you, mademoiselle, go back to your wedding."

"The good God be merciful to you," he added, under his breath, when Desiree had gone. She laughed as she mounted the stairs, a slim white figure amid the heavy woodwork long since blackened by time. The stairs made no sound beneath her light step. How many weary feet had climbed them since they were built! For the Dantzigers have been a people of sorrow, torn by wars, starved by siege, tossed from one conqueror to another from the beginning until now.

(To be Continued.)

Strictly private and confidential is all correspondence in reference to our most marvellous treatment for cancer and tumors. Our remedy is pleasant to use and even the members of your own family need not know your are using it. Many severe cases of CANCER have been permanently cured. Let us send you the names of some of these persons so that you can investigate this truly wonderful treatment. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

ORDERED HOME

LONDON, Nov. 28—The United States cruiser Minneapolis, now at Gravesend, has been ordered to return home. She sails at midnight for Hampton Roads, calling at the Azores on her way there.

1-30th of the entire Quinine production of the World is consumed every year by the makers of **Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets** "Cure a Cold in One Day." E. W. GROVE'S signature on box. 25c

ASK FOR

Labatt's India Pale Ale

The standard to which other brewers endeavor to work.

Taken by Nervous People at night it acts as a very effective and harmless hypnotic.

It Is Undoubtedly Better for the sick and convalescent than patent medicines or tonics, of which no one knows the composition.

Ask your wine merchant for a sample order.

Bottling Vaults, 51-53-55 Dock St. Phone 596

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

From Liverpool.		From St. John, N.B.
Nov. 21 ..	LAKE CHAMPLAIN	Dec. 2
Dec. 5 ..	LAKE ERIE	Dec. 23
Dec. 19 ..	LAKE MANITOBA	Jan. 6
Jan. 2 ..	LAKE CHAMPLAIN	Jan. 20
Jan. 16 ..	LAKE ERIE	Feb. 3
Jan. 30 ..	LAKE MANITOBA	Feb. 17
Feb. 13 ..	LAKE CHAMPLAIN	Mar. 3
Feb. 27 ..	LAKE ERIE	Mar. 17
Mar. 13 ..	LAKE MANITOBA	Mar. 31
Mar. 27 ..	LAKE CHAMPLAIN	Apr. 14
Apr. 10 ..	LAKE ERIE	Apr. 28

FIRST CABIN—To Liverpool, $47.50 and $50 and upwards, according to steamer.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

SECOND CABIN—To Liverpool, $40. London, $42.50.

THIRD CLASS. — To Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry, and Queenstown, $28.20 From Liverpool, London or Londonderry to St. John, $27.50. To and from all other points at equally low rates.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.

S. S. Mount Temple, Dec. 19. Third Cabin only.

S. S. Lake Michigan, Jan. 16. Third Cabin only.

Rates same as via Liverpool.

For tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N. B., or write F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Short Line TO Montreal. Through Fast Express leaving Halifax at 8.30 a. m., St. John 5.05 p. m. daily except Sunday. First and Second Class Coaches and Sleepers Halifax to Montreal.

TWO Express Trains Each Way Every Day FROM Montreal. The Western Express Leaves Montreal Daily 9.40 a. m. First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Calgary. Tourist Sleepers on Sunday Montreal to Calgary. The Pacific Express Leaves Montreal Daily 9.40 p. m. First and Second Class Coaches and Palace Sleepers through to Vancouver. Tourist Sleepers Thursday and Sunday Montreal to Vancouver.

These Trains reach all points in Canadian North West and British Columbia for particulars and tickets call on W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B. or write to F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCT. 15th, 1905, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 3	Express for Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton	7.00
No. 5	Mixed train to Moncton	7.20
No. 26	Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12.25
No. 9	Express for Sussex	17.10
No. 134	Express for Quebec and Montreal	18.00
No. 10	Express for Moncton, Sydney and Halifax	23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9	From Halifax and Sydney	8.20
No. 7	Express from Sussex	9.00
No. 133	Express from Montreal and Quebec	12.45
No. 6	Mixed from Moncton	16.00
No. 25	Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton	17.40
No. 1	Express from Moncton	21.20
No. 11	Mixed from Moncton (daily)	4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 24.00 o'clock is Midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12, 1905.

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(Signed) M. C. HARRISON.

Harrison's Salve

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Wood's Phosphodine, *The Great English Remedy.* A positive cure for all forms of Sexual Weakness, Mental and Brain Worry, *Emissions, Spermatorrhœa, Impotency,* Effects of Abuse or Excess, all of which lead to Consumption, Infirmity, Insanity and an early grave. Price $1 per pkg., six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain package on receipt of price. Write for Pamphlet. The Wood Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario.

DR. SCOTT'S WHITE LINIMENT

Is Perfection in a Family Remedy, combining Strength and Unparalleled Healing Qualities. For external use it is superior for Bruises, Burns, Canker, Neuralgia, Lame Back or Side, Muscular Rheumatism, Sprains, Strains, Chilblain, Stings and Frost Bites.

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Price 25 Cents.

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ONE WEEK, Commencing **Nov. 27.**

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Matinees—Wednesday and Saturday afternoon at 2.30.

Prices 15, 25, 35, 50 cents.

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LANDING:

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delivered in bags and put in your bin at $4.50 per ton, delivered in bulk at $4.00 per ton, or at $2.80 per half chaldron load, $5.60 per chaldron.

Sample lots 25c. a bag.

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MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request.

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Cure because it comes from a depth of 268 feet.

It cures RHEUMATISM, GOUT, KIDNEY and Intestinal Disorders.

Mah-pu Mineral Water is sold by all druggists.

See that the bottle has our label and capsule.

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Champagnes, Clarets, Sauternes, Burgundies, Ports, Sherries, Madeiras, Tarragonas.

Scotch, Irish, Rye and Bourbon Whiskies; Brandies, Rums, Gins, etc., etc.

English Ales, Irish Stouts.

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