

It's a thrifty man's opportunity. Cut prices all over the store, and we are determined, fully determined, that winter wearables must go. Come get your share of the good things.

TODAY WILL BE A BIG DAY WITH US.

Young Men's, Boys' and Children's Clothing

YOUTHS' SUITS in great variety—all nobby patterns, latest style. Sale Prices \$3.95 up.

YOUTHS' OVERCOATS in Black and Fancy Designs, well made and up-to-date. Sale Price \$4.50 up.

YOUTHS' GOOD STORM REEFERS, extra well finished and extra values at \$4.50. Sale Price \$2.69.

BOYS' REEFERS, ages from 5 to 10 years, extra heavy, all with Storm Collars. Sale Price \$2.49.

BOYS' SUITS, great variety, extra values. Sale Price \$1.99.

BOYS' 3-PIECE SUITS, regular \$3.50, 4.50 and 5.00 value. Sale Price \$2.98.

BOYS' KNEE PANTS—Greatest values known. Sale Prices 39c. and 46c. a pair.

YOUTHS' TOPPERS, extra well made, latest styles—regular \$4.90 value. Sale Price \$2.60.

BOYS' TOPPERS in great variety, all sizes. Sale Price \$3.90 up.

MEN'S TROUSERS—Nancy Tweeds, regular \$1.25 and \$1.50 values at 89c. a pair.
MEN'S HAIRLINE TROUSERS—excellent quality, well made. Sale Price \$1.89.
MEN'S EXTRA HEAVY WOOL TROUSERS—Sale Price \$1.19.
MEN'S SUPERIOR WORSTED DRESS TROUSERS—regular \$3.50 and \$4.00 values.
Sale Price \$2.69.
MEN'S FINE BLACK WORSTED TROUSERS—Sale Price \$2.15.
MEN'S ODD VESTS—regular \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50 to \$2.50 values. Sale Price 89c.
for your choice.

Don't delay a moment. Come right here and do your shopping.

MEN'S MANICURED WOOL, Unshrinkable, Extra Heavy Weight. Sale Price 69c. per garment.
 MEN'S ALL WOOL FLEECE UNDERWEAR. Sale Price 40c. per garment.
 MEN'S HEAVY WORKING TOP SHIRTS. Sale Price 37c. each.
 MEN'S WOOL UNDERWEAR, good and heavy, regular 75c. quality at 38c. per garment.
 MEN'S WOOL BLACK AND BLUE SWEATERS—regular \$1.00 values. Sale Price 69c. each.
 MEN'S HEAVY HEAVY TOP SHIRTS—regular \$1.00 value. Sale Price 69c.
 MEN'S HEAVY POLICE BRACES, also fine braces—regular 25c. and 30c. values. Sale Price 19c. each.
 MEN'S PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS. Sale Price 38c. a pair.
 MEN'S CAMBRIC WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS. Sale Price 8c. for 25c. value.
 MEN'S CAMBRIC WHITE HANDKERCHIEFS. Sale Price 17c. a pair.
 MEN'S HEAVY WORKING MITTS AND GLOVES. Sale Price 38c. a pair.
 MEN'S REGATTA SHIRTS—regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 values. Sale Price 80c. each.
 MEN'S FANCY NECKWEAR—regular 25c. and 35c. values. Sale at 19c. each.
 MEN'S FANCY NECKWEAR—regular 60c. values at 38c. each.
 BOYS' REGATTA SHIRTS—regular 60c. values at 38c. each.
 BOYS' FLEECE UNDERWEAR. Sale Price 29c. per garment.
 MEN'S WHITE CAMBRIC SHIRTS—regular \$1.00 and \$1.25 values. Sale Price 59c.
 MEN'S FLANNELLETTE NIGHTSHIRTS—regular \$1.00 values. Sale Price 69c.
 MEN'S UNLAUNDERED WHITE SHIRTS—regular 75c. and \$1.00 values. Sale Price 59c.
 SPECIAL MEN'S AND BOYS' CELLULOID COLLARS—Sale Price 2 for 25c.

26-28 Charlotte Street
Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

UNION CLOTHING CO., St. John, N.B.
Alex. Corbet, Mgr.

\$200 IN GOLD	\$200 IN GOLD
\$200 IN GOLD	\$200 IN GOLD
<h1>THE EVENING TIMES</h1> <h2>POPULAR VOTING CONTEST</h2> <p>— This Coupon Counts —</p> <h1>ONE VOTE</h1> <p>For <u>THE EVENING TIMES</u></p> <p>as the most popular organization.</p>	
\$200 IN GOLD	\$200 IN GOLD

By AMBROSE PRATT

had really killed himself in order to form a life for her to live on! Perhaps he was drowned. Each thought filled her heart with a terrible pain. She saw the negro leaning over the board and peering keenly into the dark water, and she knew that he was looking for her. The roof of the boat-house glancing eagerly about him. But Crossingham did not seem to care. He was so utterly and indignantly dreadful to the girl the search was abandoned and she was taken to the house. She was not to be seen again. There was no one apparently having conceived the idea so dark as that Crossingham might have perished. She was not to be seen again swimming under water, for so great a distance to take refuge in the boat-house.

For Crossingham, when he took a dive he entertained no illusions. He was desperately conscious that the almighty God was looking on him, and that he and only hope of salvation, and he swam for dear life itself.

He was not to be seen again for before he had traversed half the distance his breath was almost used, and he combated two forms of death. He felt his lungs he struggled madly on, fortunately in the right direction, but he was struggling at last, unable to move and to breathe without taking breath, and he made his last effort, and he was dead. He did his best; no man might do more. He had failed, and must pay the penalty. He was not to be seen again. Vague pity for Francine; he had not kept his promise to her; he now would never see her again. He was not to be seen again if she should have the courage to take her own life; and then, forgetting her name, he was not to be seen again.

There came into his mind, vivid, real, and flashing pictures that flitted past his mad eyes with phantasmagoric rapidity. He remembered his childhood, the old man who had died, but a strange lassitude held his limbs, he experienced no pain, but that he was not to be seen again.

Suddenly all this went from him. He was really dying now, and nature's struggle with its old arch enemy set in again. He was not to be seen again. He was not to be seen again, and finally he reached the surface. The anguish of it was not to be seen again. He was not to be seen again. His aching lungs discharged the long held poisonous breath, and a deep sigh of relief was accompanied with the transition was accompanied with the torture so great that only weakness kept him from screaming. He was not to be seen again. He was not to be seen again.

he was not already seized and why he heard no shouts of triumph at his appearance. Then he opened his eyes and had closed in his late unconscious a brilliant glare of artificial light. With a gasp of rapture hope returned, and he realized that after all he was not dead. His arms and legs were now moving; strength had unconsciously eluded a stake driven in to the water. This had stayed and saved him. He opened his eyes and looked curiously about him. The boatcase was a single apartment, long and narrow; one half composed of stone, the other half of iron. The iron, wooden work-tables and a score of strig, brigat, many-wheeled engines, covered with crystals, formed a wall of iron, stone, and wood. The other half was all water to the iron portullus at the farther end behind him. Above his head was a platform of plating, and above that a row of iron portullus, and above this platform swung a narrow scum-like boat, whose sides alone like burnished silver in the fierce electric light.

Crescingnam discovered that he could completely conceal himself from observation by slipping under the iron scum platform. He had no desire to land just then, fearing that the Count d'Attaia might accompany Desirée. He waited an hour and a half of waiting, he heard voices, and the lad entered the building, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Do you think his body will soon come up, air?" asked the boy in Italian. His voice was soft and liquid as that of a girl. "I am sorry," answered the scum platform. "The scum platform will not rise until he must have been dead before he touched the water, for he sank like a stone. This bay is full of stones, and he is not the only one who has been carried out to sea—that is, if the sharks let it alone. I can't understand how he got that dagger, though," said the scum platform.

"Ah, boy, you are right. I missed a knife from my room some days since; I thought you had taken it, and intended to kill me."

"No, air, I touched no dagger."

Well, how goes the work?"

"I am sorry," answered the scum platform, and now shaping it into plates, the boy said, "Work, though."

"Bahi you are young."

"I am young, but I am grumbling; I wouldn't shrink anything to earn what you have promised."

"No, no," answered the scum platform.

LITTLE LIVES SAVED

Many a little life is lost because the mother does not have the means at hand to aid her little ones. Wherever Baby's Own Tablets are sold, the mother always feels a sense of security. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, flatulence, and teething troubles, and other minor ailments of babyhood and childhood. Baby's Own Tablets always do good—they cannot possibly do harm. They are sold in every drug store, confectionery store, and grocery store. Write for a free literature to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

RECENT DEATHS

Hopewell Hill, Nov. 29.—The death occurred at Albert on Tuesday of John Baber, a highly respected citizen, and one of the oldest residents of the county. He was 76 years of age, and was a well known and largely had enjoyed remarkable health and vigor for one of his years. He was widely known as a man of exemplary life and habits, and was a man of a very peculiar, and justly deserved the high place he held in the esteem of his fellow citizens. The deceased was a very successful farmer, and in his capacity as a farmer after he was removed to Albert. He is survived by two sons—Geo. W., the well known merchant of Albert, and Ezra O., a prominent farmer of the same place. He was married to Mrs. J. Anderson, of Albert, and Mrs. Valentine Smith, of this village. The funeral took place today and was largely attended. The services were conducted by the Methodist church, conducted the services.

Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 30—(Special)—The funeral of the late Mrs. C. P. Connell took place this afternoon. After a short service in the house the body was

CONSTIPATION CLOGS THE BOWELS

No other cause produces so much sickness as constipation, and therefore it is dangerous to allow the bowels to become clogged up. Bad blood, dyspepsia, headache, neuralgia, indigestion, and piles, are all caused by constipation.

Avoid all of these troubles by the use of

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS,

nature's remedy for all diseases of the stomach, bowels and blood. It acts on the bowels and promotes their free and regular action, curing constipation and all troubles connected with the bowels. It is the only market for over thirty years so you are not using a new and untried remedy. B. B. B. has cured thousands of others and will cure you. Mr. B. Woodcock, Nashville and Bridgeport, Tenn., writes:

"I was troubled with constipation. She tried several physicians but could get no relief. And after taking three bottles of Burdock's Blood Bitters, she is now well and is to-day in good health. My wife and I cannot speak too highly of B. B. B."

BIG MINING DEAL IN NOVA SCOTIA

Torbrook Iron Mine Has Been Sold to a Syndicate for \$250,000.

Halifax, Nov. 30.—A big deal was practically consummated today under which the Torbrook iron mines changed hands, and the sum of \$250,000 will be received by the owners of the property. These are S. M. Brookfield, Halifax; George I. Corbett, Annapolis, and B. F. Pearson, Halifax. These constitute the Annapolis Iron Company, the owners of the property, who have been in possession for several years.

The Canadian Drug Co.

Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines
Toilet Articles
Druggists Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 871 St. John, N. B.

WEDDINGS

Walter H. Carnall, of the firm of J. H. Carnall & Sons, Germain street, and Mrs. Sarah Clark were married in Boston last Wednesday by Rev. Father Blount. Mr. and Mrs. Carnall arrived home yesterday morning and will reside at the corner of City Road and Wall street.

Merryweather-Stears.
George T. Merryweather and Miss Lillian May Stears were united in marriage at 70 Exmouth street Thursday evening by Rev.

S. Howard. Miss Margaret Johnson was bridesmaid and A. Binington, of Toronto, groomsman. The happy couple will reside in Toronto, where the groom is connected with the C. P. R.

The monthly meeting of the St. John Branch of the Evangelical Alliance will be held in the parlor of the St. Andrew's church Monday at 10.30 a. m. Rev. J. F. Floyd will read a paper, The Higher Criticism, and Mayor Sears will give an address, Gathered Thoughts.

Alex. R. Wilson, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is improving.

HE CHEERED ME OFT.

"His words have cheered me off," they said,
As he in peace was lying.
With folded hands, upon his bed,
Beyond the stress of dying.
He had no art to gather gold,—
He loved too well his brother,—
But, "Much I loved him!"—thus they told
Their thought to one another.

My Father, though this life of mine
Lead through the valley lowly;
Though half unwrite's the thought divi-
That Thou hast whispered wholy,
Yet when I die, and rise on soft
Through my wings sleep are press
Let fond hear "He cheered"
I ask no o' "ing."
—Alfred J. in Sup
zine.