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A Great Sale of Manufacturers' Stylish New **Sample Overcoats.** We secured them at a great reduction in price---the saving is yours. Hardly any two alike. Every good sort in every popular style is among them.

Men's Black Overcoats, regular $7.50 value, for - **$5.29**
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Men's Overcoats, Fancy Tweed, extra value, regular $14.00 value, for - **$9.90**
Men's Overcoats, finest quality, best of trimmings, hand-felled collars, regular $15.00 value, for - **$11.90**

Being Samples they are superior in FIT, FINISH and STYLE.

DON'T MISS THEM.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY
26-28 Charlotte Street. - - Opp. City Market
ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

INEXPENSIVE NETS MAKE PRETTY EVENING FROCKS.

A very modish evening dress may be made of those white and colored nets, at a comparatively small cost. Some sort of a foundation dress is necessary, of course, and this may be in white or color. Very pretty effects are possible with white net over linings of delicate pink and blue silk. The lining need not be costly; in fact, it were better to choose the softer China or Japanese silks, priced within the range of the average purse. This little dress with its hip and flounce cordings in the skirt is of white net over white China silk. The baby waist with its net yoke embellished with rococo embroidery in delicate pastel tints is joined to the skirt beneath the crush belt of white satin ribbon. The sleeves are full puffs to the elbow, corded crosswise as a means of extension, and over these is a Japanese drapery corded on both edges and trimmed like the yoke.

NERVE!

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT
(À la quina du Pérou)

—A BIG BRACING TONIC

is an excellent nerve fortifier. Every ingredient in it acting directly on the nerve centres—it allays irritability, insures quiet, restoring sleep, cures all forms of nervous prostration, stimulates and strengthens the nerves, and tones up the whole system.

It is a blend of nourishing, building, bracing, palatable ingredients.

BIG BOTTLE
ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE 75

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

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To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics.

Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, night or day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 5c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggists giving you

Preventics

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

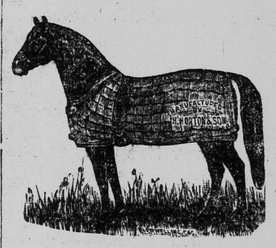
An important fact that every one should know is that

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA
(Maple Leaf Label)

is an absolutely pure Cocoa of the finest quality. It is healthful and nutritious for old and young.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

Horse Clothing.



STABLE BLANKETS.

Unlined, 50c., 60c., 75c., $1.00.

Medium Heavy, made of strong jute and lined with X heavy lining, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.00.

Extra heavy, made of strong jute and lined with X heavy lining, also bound, $1.50, $2.00, $2.25, $2.75, $3.00.

Wool Blankets, shaped, from $3.00 upwards.

One lot of barn blankets, odd lots, to close at very low prices.

Street Blankets, fancy colored plaids, $2.65, $3.00, $3.50, $4.00.

Also, a large assortment of FUR ROBES. The assortment and prices cannot be equalled in St. John.

H. HORTON & SON, LTD.,
7 and 11 Market Square.

EVENING STORY—A PROPHECY

Pekka Takunen stood on a flat rock at the restless sea, which for centuries has thrown itself against Finland's granite shores. Every now and then a wave wet his feet, bue he did not mind it. His thoughts were far away and his eyes stared anxiously across the breakers until he at last discovered a small black point far out. His face cleared, and when he was quite sure it was Lars Ljuster's boat he sought a sheltered spot, where he laid down and awaited its return.

He knew that Martha had gone out with her father, and today he would not let her out of his sight. Not today nor any of the following days, for something strange had happened to him.

Superstition is in the blood of the Fins from their birth, and Pekka was a frequent visitor to the old fortune teller, Aino Hattulan, who lived at the other end of the village.

The day before he had been at her house. She had laughed and talked as usual, but all of a sudden she had become silent, and had sat staring out into the air. Pekka had not dared to interrupt her. Then she looked at him with an expression of unusual sadness in her old eyes, and had taken hold of his shoulder, saying:

"I cannot quite see it, but some misfortune is hanging over the head of Lars Ljuster's Martha. Death is coming to her—through some man. Watch her, watch her."

Pekka turned quite pale and clenched his fists. He arose from the chair.

"Tell me how this man looks," he asked, breathlessly.

"That I cannot tell you. He stood as in a fog, and had his back toward me."

"Did you see it?" he asked in a whisper.

"Yes, I saw it," she replied.

Pekka shuddered. "I thank you, that you warned me," he said, and went away.

All night he had slept in a bundle of straw outside Martha's window, and all day he had followed her like a dog.

When the boat touched the shore Pekka stood up. Lars Ljuster and Martha went ashore, and Pekka helped to run the boat up on the sand. No word was spoken.

As they walked towards the village Lars said: "Tomorrow I am going to Esbo with the calf I killed this morning. Will you help me to carry it?

"That I will," said Pekka.

"We leave at 6," said Lars.

He was leaning heavily on Martha's shoulder, for he was growing old and walking was hard on him, and he was suffering from asthma.

Pekka stood looking after them for a while. Then he turned and started for his own house. He lived behind the doctor's house with a widow from whom he rented a room. Having inherited a little money after his father, an old trapper and hunter, he was quite independent, and did not have to worry over his outcome, or do much work, and was better dressed than most men in the village. When he was in Helsingfors the year before he had bought a grey suit which was his pride, and the like of which had never been seen in the village. It had even created a sensation in Runsala, where there was a minister, an apothecary and two doctors, none of whom could boast of anything better than homespuns.

This grey suit he put on the next morning. It did not fit him very well, and was anything but becoming, but he knew that when he had that on he was as stylish as only a man can be who buys his clothes in the city, and he was very proud as he walked down the street.

Suddenly he stopped. It had occurred to him that Martha might not be going along, and it was not for the sake of the calf that he put on his best clothes.

But Martha was to go along after all. She had to carry the milk. The calf had been bought nearly two weeks before by Johann Djaero, Lars Djuster's wealthy nephew in Esbo.

So the three set out together, Martha in front, carrying the milk, and after her the two men, carrying the calf in a great basket.

They walked along in silence. Then Martha said: "Are you quite sure Johann will be at home."

"If I were not, do you suppose I would cary the calf all that way?" replied Lars.

"I only ask because I have a strange feeling that nothing good will come from this trip," said Martha, wistfully.

Lars did not seem to hear her words, but Pekka did, and an expression of terror came into his eyes.

Johann Djaero received them very cordially. He was always glad to see company. It gave him the opportunity to take an extra glass. He did not like to drink alone, but often did, for he must have his "Braendevin" (whiskey). He did not like to have women around, though an old woman came every day to cook and sweep his rooms.

She had just been there and put the coffee pot over the fire, but now Martha took a hand and soon they were all seated at the table.

As soon as the meal was over, the men began to drink "Braendevin," and while it did not take much of the fiery liquor to make Johann begin to boast and brag, there was no limit to what he could drink. But the most he drank the more bitter and exasperating did he get, and he enjoyed nothing better than to tease others until they did not know what they were doing.

He sat at the end of the table in a great wooden armchair, in which he always remained until he again grew sober, for long before his wits were gone he lost control of his legs, and when he had company he always drank until he fell asleep.

Pekka was silent. He thought of the prophecy while the two old men were quarrelling, and did not even listen to them—Martha had gone to the kitchen. Suddenly Pekka was aroused from his thoughts. The voices of the two grew louder.

"You are a cowardly cur, Lars."

"Say that once more and I—"

"You are a cowardly cur, and have been a coward all your life!"

"Will you shut up, or—"

"Not for a man like you, who are not even the father of your own daughter."

Lars jumped to his feet in an instant. "I will make you pay for those words." Pale as a sheet he picked up the bottle and was about to throw it at Johann's head, when it fell from his grip, and with a groan he sank to the floor.

The noise scared Martha, who came rushing in from the kitchen.

Pekka lifted Lars up and laid him on the long bench near the window.

Johann realized nothing. He picked up the bottle and filled his coffee cup with "Braendevin" and emptied it in one gulp.

"Stay with father, Pekka, while I run for the doctor," sobbed Martha, and before Pekka could protest she was gone.

Pekka looked out. It was nearly midnight and very dark. It was uncanny in the room. Johann sat in his chair, snoring. His eyes were open and glassy, however. On the floor Lars was groaning as if in great pain. His eyes also were open and without any expression, his lips moved, but no articulated sound came from them. Pekka stood looking at him for a moment. Then all at once it was as if an icy hand crushed his breast. The prophecy—Martha was alone outside in the darkness. A deadly terror overcame him.

If he ran across the field he might perhaps overtake her at the grave yard. He rushed out. He must see her and protect her. He ran like a hunted deer.

He reached the graveyard, sprang across the wall and stood a moment listening. His heart was beating violently, a gust of wind tore the hat from his head and carried it off. He could hear nothing. Then he rushed across the graveyard and jumped over the wall on the opposite side. He landed close to Martha, who with a cry of terror fell into the deep ditch on the other side of the road.

"Martha—Martha—Martha!" he cried in despair.

She did not answer.

He tried to lift her up. Her head fell back limp—she had broken her neck.

Then Pekka Takkunen howled like a wounded wolf. He tore his breast with his nails, his clothes from his body, and like a man insane he ran howling into the darkness.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The next day Runsala and Esbo were in a state of terrible excitement. Martha Ljuster had been found with broken neck and wound on the back of her head near the wall of the graveyard. On the stamped dirt of her little hut lay Aino Hattulan with her head crushed. Pekka Takkunen had disappeared.

A few days later when Martha Ljuster was carried to her grave a huge raven was seen circling around the flat rock where Pekka had stood looking for the boat. Then it swooped down upon his body which the sea had washed up.—Philadelphia Evening Record.

MOVE FOR DIRECTOR

Good Roads Association Passes Resolution Asking Council to Appoint Public Works Director at Once.

The meeting of the St. John City and County Good Roads Association, in the board of trade rooms last night, was attended by about sixty men. A good deal of interesting discussion on the state of the streets of the city and the roads leading out of it, took place and the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Resolved, that in the opinion of this meeting it is important that the common council should, as soon as possible, appoint an official to take charge of the public works department. While economy is most desirable, it should not be practiced to the detriment of the public service, and sufficient salary should be paid to secure a thoroughly competent man, a man with a complete knowledge of street making according to modern methods, and possessed of executive ability to direct the work. Even if the salary expense should be larger than in the past it is desirable that such an official be procured in the best interests of the public service."

W. F. Burditt, the president of the association, was in the chair and read an interesting and instructive paper on the subject of good roads.

On the conclusion of the chairman's address Richard O'Brien moved the resolution quoted. He spoke briefly of the pleasurable and instructive paper just listened to. He also commented on the conduct of the street department and spoke of the appropriateness of the resolution.

R. B. Emerson seconded it and it was carried unanimously.

Alderman Lewis and Alderman McGoldrick also spoke.

Following a suggestion made by Mr. O'Brien, Percy W. Thomson then moved that the legislature be asked to appoint an expert road maker to supervise the work of the road commissioners and direct them how best to spend the money, as is done in Ontario and Nova Scotia. This was seconded by R. B. Emerson and carried.

J. J. McGaffigan criticized the block pavement in Dock street and said he thought it would be money well spent to continue the Water street work to the railway station.

Joseph Lee said that since statute labor had been abolished in favor of money assessment farmers had refused to break the roads in winter which they did regularly under the old state of things.

Mr. Thomson here spoke of a danger spot on the Brookville road, near the bridge, and formed by an S turn in the road. The turn, he said, is so sharp that teams going at the rate of ten miles an hour are apt to collide. The trees on each side prevented one seeing another approaching. He moved that the highway board be asked to cut the trees down as there was no good excuse for them being there. The motion was carried.

Mr. O'Brien then moved that a committee of three be appointed to draw up a resolution for presentation at the next meeting, asking the municipality to impress upon the government the necessity of appointing a road expert for the province, as is now the case in Ontario and Nova Scotia. This was carried.

In replying to a vote of thanks at the close, Mr. Burditt suggested that at the next meeting the association be re-organized and a new president appointed as he found that his private business would not allow him to devote the necessary time to it.

The meeting adjourned until the call of the chair.

FAMOUS BALL PLAYER DIES A PAUPER.

UTICA, N. Y., Nov. 27—"Eddie" Burke, a man who was at one time one of the most noted professional baseball players in this country, and for several seasons a member of the New York Giants, passed away at the general hospital in this city today, practically friendless and absolutely penniless.

The former star player had not been in the game for the past seven or eight years and things had not been going so well with him as they were when he was known by reputation in all parts of the country. Burke had been in this vicinity for more than a year past, and for a time had been employed as a cook for one of the section gangs on the New York Central railroad.

Frances McInerney, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. J. P. McInerney, has been taken ill with pneumonia in the Sacred Heart Convent, Halifax, where she is attending school. Mrs. McInerney has been with her since Monday and the doctor left by last night's train. Word yesterday was that she was progressing favorably.

"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.
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is so prepared that it can be assimilated without the least digestive effort.
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Can we be fairer?

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

Sale of 40 Pretty Trimmed Hats. We had success with our last special sale of trimmed hats that our milliners have prepared about forty more very stylish hats for sale, commencing tomorrow. They are just as strictly stylish and the materials are as good as some you would pay *$8 or $10* for elsewhere.

There are a number of particularly pretty, all black hats also. *Sale Prices, $3.25, $3.50, $3.75, $4.00, $4.75.*

HALF-PRICE SALE.

Great Bargains in FEATHERS and FLOWERS.

Fancy Feathers, Wings, Breasts, Birds, will be out on tables for clearance sale, all *Half-price.*

Handsome Velvet Flowers in fall colorings, *Half-price*

London House. **F. W. DANIEL,** Charlotte Street.