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PRAISES MONTREAL'S HARBOR COMMISSION

Three Young and Able Business Men—Some Facts Concerning Their Career --- Witness Declares Political Influence Must Cease.

(Montreal Witness.)
The new Harbor Commission of the port of Montreal, in the person of G. W. Stephens, chairman, and C. C. Ballantyne and L. E. Geoffrion, will take charge of the harbor interests on Canada's chief seaport with the New Year.
All three commission men are business men of the highest standing in Montreal. Under the law that passed in parliament last session they will have full control of all matters connected with the administration and improvement of the harbor, subject, as the old board has been, in all important expenditures to the approval of the federal government.

For the important duties devolving upon them Mr. Stephens, as chairman, will receive a salary of \$7,000, and his two fellow commissioners salaries of \$5,000 each. They will replace the old board of eleven members in the oversight of the harbor works now in progress.
Each of the three new commissioners has made conspicuous success in the realm of business, and all of them are in the very prime of their mental and physical manhood. Mr. Stephens is a man of very large means. To his two colleagues the acceptance of this position means a financial crisis, and a despatch from Ottawa says that in going to the board they have but yielded to the insistent pressure of the cabinet ministers from Montreal who were most desirous of having men of proven ability to face the problems that confront the waterway of the great national port of the Dominion.

G. W. STEPHENS.
George Washington Stephens, M. P. P., who is named as president of the new Harbor Commission, is one of the best known of the younger generation of Canadian capitalists and business men. He is a son of the late George Washington Stephens, who was a prominent figure in the business and public life in Montreal. The president-elect of the Harbor Board is only thirty-eight years of age, and is a man of high degree of popularity and enjoys great public confidence. In business he is president of the Canadian Rubber Company of Montreal, Limited, and in politics, the election of St. Lawrence division gave proof of their confidence in him. His election by making him their representative in the legislative assembly by acclamation. Mr. Stephens is also a member of the Protestant School Commission. In military circles there is no more popular man than Major Stephens, and this was shown in marked degree while he was commanding officer of the 3rd Montreal Field Battery. He passed the qualifying examination at Kingston with honor and holds a first-class artillery certificate. Royal School Canadian Artillery. He has passed through several camps of instruction at Deseronto, being employed as intelligence officer by Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. Stone during the brigade camp, 1898-1900. In 1901 he was promoted to major and succeeded Major F. C. O'Connell as major in command.

L. E. GEOFFRION.
L. E. Geoffrion was born at Valence thirty-three years ago, and belongs to a family whose members have served the country well as ministers, deputies, and in other walks of life. The member of the new Harbor Commission was formerly a member of the existing board, having represented the Chamber of Commerce for four years. In business he has been for many years at the head of the firm of Chaput, Ellis, wholesale grocery and provision merchants. He is president of the Reform Club, a director of the Canada newspaper, an ex-president of the Chamber of Commerce and a member of the Council of the Board of Trade. He is one of the best known men in the city, and is very popular. News of his appointment has been well received on all sides.

C. C. BALLANTYNE.
C. C. Ballantyne was born at Cobourg, near Morrisburg, Ont., and he is now thirty-nine years of age. He is associated with several large concerns, among others the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company, of which he is the Canadian manager, the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Company, of which he is one of the directors. He was president from September, 1905, to September, 1906, of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association.

TEMPERANCE BODIES WILL ASK FOR PROHIBITION

The St. John county branch of the N. B. Temperance Federation decided last night to rally all the temperance bodies in New Brunswick to call on the government of the province for prohibition. Failing the securing of this they will ask for important changes in the liquor license law, including a radical difference from the present make up of the liquor license commission in St. John. It was also agreed to ask the local government to investigate the Moncton committee matter.

It was the regular meeting of the St. John branch of the Federation. President S. F. McAvoy was in the chair. The number present was large and the discussion general.
Temperance Smith, the temperance lecturer, made a verbal report of his work in Moncton. The trend of his remarks was the same as has appeared in print already. The condition of affairs in Moncton and Amherst, he said, surprised him. If a man stole a coat he was promptly arrested and put in jail, but a man convicted of selling liquor was allowed to walk the streets. He referred to what he termed the indifference of the authorities in enforcing the prohibitory law.
As an Englishman, he said, he was surprised at this. He also referred to the difficulty between himself and Magistrate Kay, of Moncton, and expressed it as his opinion that the cause of the whole trouble lay between the magistrate and the police. He thought that the government should take the matter in hand and sit it to the bottom. He added that he was prepared to carry out this plan himself, but thought that coming from the federation, it would carry more weight.
At the conclusion of Mr. Smith's remarks a resolution was adopted to the effect that the federation go ahead and ask

the provincial government to take up the Moncton trouble and sit it to the bottom so as to place the blame on the proper shoulders.
A resolution was moved by Rev. Thos. Marshall and adopted, asking that all the temperance bodies in New Brunswick join hands and ask the provincial government to pass a prohibitory law for the whole province.
Failing this it was decided to ask that some important changes be made in the present liquor law. The first was that the provincial government be requested to appoint the mayor, the county court judge and the police magistrate the liquor license commissioners for St. John and, if this be not done, to have the commissioners elected by popular vote. It was also decided, if prohibition was not granted, to try to have the law in St. John amended so that before an applicant for a liquor license shall obtain one, he shall secure a majority vote of the ratepayers in the ward wherein he proposes to do business.
The federation expresses its approval of the proposal to open a men's club in the Mission Hall, Waterloo street and urges the committee in charge to do so as soon as possible.
The question of holding a public temperance meeting in Union Hall was left in the hands of the committee previously appointed.
Failing this the W. C. T. U. announced that they would hold their usual Sunday afternoon temperance lectures starting immediately after the New Year. They asked the federation to assist them in getting chairs, speakers and music.
The president, vice-president, and secretary were appointed to represent the local branch at the meeting of the provincial federation in the W. C. T. U. hall on the afternoon of Friday, Jan. 4.

Your Liver
You cannot possibly enjoy good health when the liver is inactive and the bowels constipated. You must keep the liver active. You must have daily action of the bowels. Ask your doctor if this is not true. Ask him at the same time if he knows a better laxative than Ayer's Pills. All vegetable, sugar-coated. Dose, only one pill, at bedtime.

THE INGLE NOOK PHILOSOPHER OF KENNEBECAS BAY

"We have hash tomorrow," said Pollard.
"But tomorrow will be Christmas day," said I.
"That's why we have hash," said Pollard. "We're not millionaires, and we don't have hash on our table seven times a week."
"Her ladyship," continued Pollard, "tells me to ask your honor to dignify our dinner by your presence, and to impress upon you the advisability of coming early and staying late."
"Tell the empress, with my compliments, that I am her slave," said I, "and am at obedience."
Accordingly the next day I put on my crumpled trousers and starched collar and went down to Pollard's.
Pollard met me at the gate. Said he: "We might as well pass over much that is said on Christmas morning. Those old stereotyped phrases are born on the lip and die in the ear. Life is too short to be wasted in compliments that everybody knows are in a majority of instances as hollow as a pumpkin. Come out and look at the stock."

We went out and looked at the stock; the cows, the horse, the sheep, the pigs and the poultry, and I decided that if the agent of the S. P. C. A. were in my place he and Pollard would become fast friends.
"Then we went into the 'lower field' and inspected a hundred rods of ditch that extended only in Pollard's imagination, and later wandered into Mrs. Pollard's kitchen."
The empress extended a floury hand, and after some complimentary remarks which my extreme diffidence forbade me to repeat, she told me to seat myself in the Morris chair in the corner, and Pollard, to rest himself on the woodbox.
"Then," said she, "you will attend to your business and I will attend to mine, neither of us will interrupt the other."
Obediently Pollard and I loaded and lit our pipes.

The world owes a big debt to William Morris, who gave it the Morris chair. It is the chair of the sick man, the tired man and the lazy man. A woman looks and feels better in it than on any other chair or couch that was ever invented. William Morris was a greater man than President Roosevelt, the spelling reformer, than John D. Rockefeller, the Christian philanthropist, than Chesney Dewey (who is he?) than the publisher of "Topics" or any of our known or unknown "financiers," native or foreign. Green be his memory and the turf above his grave.
The chair was sitting in was made out of a four barrel and upholstered by the empress herself. If it was not a Morris chair it was the best substitute for one that the world has ever seen.

All three of us were as mute as oysters. Pollard and I smoking our pipes and Mrs. Pollard wringing with the vicende and cooking utensils.
Mentally Pollard knelt the ashes of his pipe and, exclaiming "et cetera," appeared followed by example, and strolled into the sitting room, where I found a copy of Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature," in the pages of which I soon lost myself.
"Your honor, the table waits," said I.
"It was the empress who said and I was astonished by her youthfulness and grace."
"Your majesty," said I, "You are like the empress in that you are a board of directors, but are forever beautiful and good—in our dreams."
Said Mrs. Pollard, "Were I really youthful I might be flattered by such a compliment from a gay young fellow like you, but as it is, 'Tut!'"
And yet I knew she was really pleased.

Then she led the way into the dining room, where Pollard sat at the head of the table, with a napkin under his chin, carving knife and fork in hand.
Now Pollard and I are vegetarians, except on special occasions. We had secured his shoulders for the occasion, and he looked like a turkey, that in the oven, had taken on the color of a Crawford peach, he said.
"I picked that turkey from a tree in the orchard one night a week ago; there were no presents in it; and those sausages with which the platter is garnished, they look like sweet potatoes, and perhaps they are; we will assume that they are vegetables, say so."
Then our Christmas dinner began in earnest, but during its progress I observed that the table was laid for five persons, and only three persons were present.
"Who is the dietary guest?" I asked.
"That plate was laid for Miss Primrose," answered Mrs. Pollard. "I intended her to be present, and she answered that she was too tired to risk herself on the uncertain subterranean of the season of the year, but she said she would be here in spirit, and asked me to say a prayer for her between myself and the philosopher."
"Shrewd girl!" said Pollard.
"But sometimes provoking!" said the empress.

"We are all here," said I, "Miss Primrose as well as the rest of us. Sometimes I visit London, Paris or New York with out seeing her, and she is here. Miss Primrose can do the same. My mind to me a kingdom is," said Sir Philip Sydney, aside from his mind, man is nothing more than a turnip or a mango. Miss Primrose is here; she sees us with her spiritual eyes and hears us with her spiritual ears, just the same as I see her sitting in that chair and hear her rejoinders to our remarks."
Pollard spoke of his boys, who drifted away to the Pacific coast many years ago. "I see them," he said, "just as I saw them last; young, strong and full of ambition. Time weakens his wrath on me, but they are unsmothered. To me they are forever young, be they living or dead. In the eyes of memory time is a myth; he changes no landscape, no feature of a dead or absent friend. Alive or dead, maybe my boys are here tonight; at any rate, I see them just as they were, just as they were many years ago."
"I am reminded," said I, "of a widow lady that I knew, 'way off yonder, as Uncle Remus would say, in the past. She was middle aged, though when I knew her I thought her old, with the sweet face and low voiced and lived alone in the house in which she and her husband had spent their married life. Some of the neighbors said she was eccentric and others said she was crazy, but she was inoffensive as a child and was always kind to me. She often invited me to take tea with her, and when I did, I noticed that though she lived alone there were always plates laid for three and that a big easy chair occupied a place by the fire and a pair of slippers were warming in the chimney corner. She probably noticed that these things excited my curiosity, so one evening (I think it was a Christmas evening), she volunteered an explanation. 'My husband,' she remarked, 'as you say, died

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many years ago, but the spirit never dies. Would his spirit go away from where it discarded its mantle of dust? I think not. It, or more properly, he, is here continually, though I seldom see him. I lay his plate at the table, keep his chair where he used to sit and his slippers ready for use, not because I think he will ever need them, but to show him that I recognize his presence, and await the time when we shall be together in the spirit world. Poor old lady! She died nearly half a hundred years ago, and on her death bed I hope she saw him waiting to take her in his arms.
"I hope so," said the empress, "but we all do grope in the dark, and the way is rough."
"That reminds me," I answered, "that it is time for children and old people to be under their own roofs."
We parted as friends always part, and at the door Mrs. Pollard handed me a little parcel: "From Miss Primrose," she said.
White Head, Kings county, Dec. 20.

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NOTICE
THE annual general meeting of the Shareholders of the Saint John Opera House Company will be held in the Opera House on Thursday, January 2nd, at 8.30 p. m.
J. FRED PAYNE, Secretary.
A. O. SKINNER, President.