

Smoking Jackets.

If there is one thing more than another, etc.—You know the rest.

We have a line of beautiful SMOKING JACKETS. Come in and see them—can't describe them on paper. We'll just mention a style or two, BUT COME AND SEE THEM.

COVERT CLOTHS in colors, Lined and Unlined, Silk Corded.

DOUBLE-FACE CLOTHS, Handsome Plaid Inside; BLUE TRICOT, Etc.

Don't think of buying him a SMOKING JACKET or HOUSE COAT for Christmas without seeing our line. Any price you would like to pay.

\$3.50 TO \$8.40.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

St. John, N. B.

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



EVENING WRAP OF APRICOT BROADCLOTH.

One of the newest ideas in evening wraps is shown in the drawing, the design of which, however, would not be difficult for the home dressmaker to copy. The wrap was made with a circular undergarment, which was lined with white satin, and was without sleeves, slits being cut in the cloth for the arms to pass through. The upper cape was cut in points in the middle of the front and back and on each side, the points at the sides being laid in at the shoulders, so that they fell as shown in the drawing. The edge of this cape was simply turned once and stitched, and was unlined. The collar was the most effective feature of the coat. It was cut in military style, the straight turnover being faced with black velvet. A narrow band of the broadcloth edged the collar, the band being turned an inch or so from the front part of the collar, which was of velvet ornamented with two gold stars. A stitched strap of the broadcloth, finished on the ends with a heavy gold tassel, fell down each side of the cloak.



A FRENCH MODEL FOR CARRIAGE USE.

Although this charming model was originally imported for automobile purposes, its graceful lines will lend themselves delightfully to other uses of out-door life. Fashioned from one of those lightweight but extremely warm Irish tweeds that the peasants of that "moor district" country weave on old-time hand looms, it presents the double charm of warmth with a commendable lack of weight. A brown heather mixture, one in which glints of scarlet and green assert themselves makes a charming ground upon which the slight trimming touches that are attempted show up to the utmost advantage. A heavy ribbed silk that presents the same scheme of color—brown with glints of scarlet and green—is cut on the bias and applied in flat folds, machine stitched on either edge. The coat is of circular cut, almost that of a cape effect, and this is cleverly draped to a shallow round yoke of the silk. The sleeve is of doiran size, cut extremely full, and filling an arm-size that is cut to extend well-nigh to the waist line. The full circular sweep of the garment is prettily emphasized in the centre back, where the excess of fullness is draped to form a singular fold. The front fastening is of a double-breasted order, the same loose fullness falling into draped lines as is seen in the back view presented. Whether for street, carriage or automobile use, this charming model, of French origin, is bound to attract favorable attention and admiring comment wherever shown.

Union Lodge. Mr. McLoon married Miss Collins, who, with two sons and four daughters, survives. The sons are Herbert J., of Carleton, and Samuel, of Miramichi, and the daughters are Mrs. Wm. J. Roberts, Misses Belle and Mary, of Boston, and Miss Gussie at home. Mr. McLoon leaves behind him the record of a life well spent and a good name won. The funeral will be Thursday afternoon.

JUDGE FORBES ON UNION
Toronto, Dec. 11.—Judge Forbes, of St. John (N. B.), who is in the city attending a church union committee meeting, says the Methodist and Presbyterians are withholding distance of union.
H. P. Robinson, of Sussex, was in the city yesterday.

\$200 IN GOLD **\$200 IN GOLD**

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

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—ONE VOTE—

For as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD **\$200 IN GOLD**

THE

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

"What is that?"

"That you finish those engines for me. See, not so fast, think before you speak, and understand if you refuse your hours are numbered. I'll not be balked for nothing by a whining girl."

"I'll do them, grandfather, but I want to dress like a woman."

"See your mother about that. I don't care, though I'd prefer you to continue as you are. Come on now and get me the jewels at once." Denatation, here's half a morning wasted and not a thing done. Ah, the lazy swine that women are."

His voice became gradually thinner and fainter, and Cressingham realized that he was being abandoned in the cavern without a lamp and without chance of escape from his position, as Desire had surrendered to the Count her key of the tunnel door, and he knew that he could never find his way through the maze of passages to the other exit without assistance, for his store of matches was almost gone. Scarcely a minute later he heard the distant clang of the iron door as it was shut and locked, barring him in a prison house of dreadful gloom. Reluctantly lighting one of his precious vestas he scrambled back into the cavern and stretching himself upon the sarcophagus fought as best he could against the despair that knocked tumultuously at the threshold of his soul, his one remaining hope being that Desire would find a means of helping him. But hours passed, slow hours of agony, each one drawing out and twisted into an eternity of pain, each stealing from him a portion of his slender store of hope, until bankrupt at last he stared into the impenetrable darkness meditating ways and means of death.

CHAPTER XVII.

ESCAPE.

Lord Francis Cressingham was an Englishman and he came of a stock which for ten successive generations had gallantly provided food for steel and powder in the service of England. He was not an exceptional courageous man, as Englishmen go, and physically rather delicate and nervous than robust, but he had in his composition that essentially British characteristic which ever prevents its possessors from long giving way to despair, and which has earned for British soldiers the superlative distinction of being recognized by all other nations as tenacious as bull-dog adversaries who, though possibly beaten, fight on while life lasts; a

A COUGH SYRUP

that will treat a cold in a satisfactory manner must be soothing,—warming,—loosen the cough, and contain neither opium nor morphine.

Dr. White's Honey Balm

immediately relieves the throat irritation, the tightness across the chest, and makes a quick and perfect cure. It's guaranteed safe for the smallest child. Try it. 25c. at all druggists. Dr. Scott White Lintiment Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B., and Chelmsford, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Dr. Hener's Dyspepsia Cure. \$1 bottle cures. Write for pamphlet.

characteristic from which probably originated that equally essentially English maxim: "While there is life there is hope!"

Cressingham having abandoned hope of outside assistance, for the space of an hour perhaps completely despairing, and even considered the advisability of taking his life at once rather than wait to have it dragged from him by the slower process of starvation.

Thereafter he remembered that he was an Englishman, and with a sharp revulsion of feeling bitterly chided himself for his unmanly inactivity. The English maxim occurred to him, and he sprang to the floor. Carefully counting his matches he found he possessed eleven. Well, he determined, and his jaws snapped together at the thought, to make those matches last him until he should have reached the open exit of the cursed mazes that imprisoned him. Then—well, he would leave the rest to fate, and so strongly had the phoenix hope sprung to life from the ashes of despair that his first care was to regain the jewels which he had abstracted from the Count d'Attila's strong room. The gold he decided to abandon as being too weighty and cumbersome, but he put five-and-twenty vestas in his vest pockets all the same. Lighting number one match he discovered the proper exit and hurried through. Reaching the staircase he turned first to the left, and made his way through the darkness to the tunnel door, not with the hope of finding it open, but so as to leave no means of escape untried. It was securely barred. Retracing his steps he kept on in the straight path until he reached the sloping staircase, which he commenced to ascend in the gloom. After fifty steps came a platform and four branching tunnels. Number two match was applied to an examination of the floor, and by its aid he discovered the proper path. Twenty more steps, then another platform and a divided road. Number three match was a failure; numbers four, five and six were expended, and he still remained undecided, for here marks on the floor were few and faint, the ground being an inch deep in running water. He dared light no more, for he had still a quarter mile to go, so he plunged into the left-hand tunnel and for a hundred yards encountered no difficulty. Then came another maze. Number seven match enabled him to recognize the place from his previous visit.

With a little laugh of triumph he pressed on.

Number eight match gave him a further lease of hope.

Number nine he struck with the greatest caution, but it sputtered and went out. The steps were almost dry here, and he sat down to think, not daring at first to light another. He had been holding the vestas in his hand, but suddenly fearing that they might get damp, and therefore useless, he put them in his pocket, bestowing at the same time a hearty malediction on Messrs. Bryant & May, or whoever the makers might be. "If the boggers only knew the responsibility that is on them!" he mused aloud, "they might give a little more care to the manufacture of the article." He drew at last another from his pocket, and found to his consternation it was headless. "Damn the man that made it!" he cried savagely. Then recognizing the futility of giving way to temper, he uttered a grin laugh and ate his words. "I'm afraid I was a bit rough, likely enough it's my own fault; anyway, the poor beggar that made

it couldn't know where his bad workman's ship would land me!"

He then decided to take the middle path without investigation and trust to luck. He did badly, for he had scarcely gone ten paces when he tripped, and instead of falling upon an ascending incline as he had anticipated, he toppled over a small stone coping and rolled headlong down a steep and slippery passage until he thought he should never stop. He did at last, however, and without mishap, although brought up rather sharply against a mound of mud.

Standing up he found that he could feel no wall or ceiling within reach of his arms, and was constrained to strike his last match. Seeking a dry patch of trousers, a desideratum that required an attentive quest, he drew the vesta across the tweed with a reckless laugh. "Might as well laugh as cry," he reflected.

The match flickered and sputtered fitfully, but to his joy caught, and he saw he stood within a vast circular cavern which seemed two hundred feet wide, its roof so high as to be invisibly beyond his dark. He lost himself in gazing, and the match burned his fingers and went out before he knew.

"I think I'll have a rest," he said aloud, and was surprised to hear how his voice reverberated through the chamber, filling it with a million hissing sounds that grew in volume instantly as though caught up by mocking sprites who clanged and hissed and crashed his words about and back at him with ghoulish glee. It was a horrid happening, and he thought the noise would never stop. It seemed to shatter and then coalesce again, each louder and louder. Suddenly something clattered with a hollow bang in the darkness opposite, and there followed pandemonium itself. So deafening grew the noises that he put up his hands to his ears in very pain and shut his eyes, all his nerves on edge, waiting until he thought the nuisance gone, he opened his eyes again to see with wild amazement the figure of a huge man, full ten feet high, standing in the centre of the cavern holding an enormous lantern in his hand.

Cressingham's heart leaped violently, then stood almost still, so great was the shock, and he observed, with positive fear that the giant was approaching him. But with every step the monstrous creature and everything about him diminished in size, until ten paces off he recognised Desire. The girl had seen him simultaneously. With the speed of thought she motioned him to silence, and beckoned him to go to her. He lost no time, but half mad with joy sprang forward to find that every step he took he sank ankle-deep in thick black slime.

Desire took his arm and they hurried together in the direction she had come. It took them, however, thirty seconds every nerve, a full five minutes to cross the cavern, and not till they had penetrated the tunnel which they next entered for sixty yards, did the girl choose to break the silence. Then she stopped, and demanded: "How is it I found you there?"

(To be continued.)

Gentle Laxative Needed for the Aged and Feeble

With the advance of years the vital functions of the body slow down. The organs of secretion grow weak, the peristaltic action of the bowels is perceptibly lessened and dangerous constipation develops.

What is the result? Poisonous substances, though retained, the brain is filled with blood, the hands and feet grow numb with cold, the whole body twitches and trembles.

A drastic cathartic is dangerous. Nothing will cure but a gentle laxative like Dr. Hamilton's Pills; their action not on any exten to the stomach, liver and kidneys, but is directed to the secretory glands, and inore soe their fluidity and volume.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are different from other pills. Their activity in moving the secretory apparatus is profound, but their action is so mild, so free from gripe that it seems scarcely possible you have taken medicine at all. Yet they do the work efficiently, and this is why they are so widely prescribed for old folks who need a laxative and system tonic.

Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headache	Constipation
Biliousness	Salliness
Dizziness	Colicky Bowels
Vertigo	Dyspepsia
Slow Liver	Bad Breath
Bad Dreams	Poor Appetite

A Guarantee in Each Case

For your own sake, keep Dr. Hamilton's Pills in your reach. Take them whenever you feel unwell; they clean out the entire system, keep it pure and in working order. Purely vegetable in composition, safe for young or old, no system tonic compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00, at all dealers.

The loss on the Lordy building by last Friday night's fire has been appraised at \$225.

Keep Your Liver

working. It's a lazy organ and needs to be stimulated occasionally, or it shirks its function. That coated tongue, sallow complexion, sick headache and pain under the shoulder blade are caused by an indolent liver. Even it up by taking a short course of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

OBITUARY

Moses D. Smith

Smithtown, Kings County, N. B., Dec. 9.—On Tuesday, the 4th instant, this community received a shock as it has not felt for years, when the death of Moses D. Smith was made known. Until Monday night he was apparently in good health and carried on his business as usual, but that evening he was stricken with apoplexy and died in a few hours.

The funeral took place on Thursday, the 6th inst., from his home at Smithtown and was attended by a very large number of people. Rev. E. S. Parker preached from the text, Hebrew iv. 9: "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God," and the hymns "Asleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep, Days and Months Quickly Flying and Abide with Me were sung. Despite the dreadful weather a long procession followed the body to its last resting place at Titusville, everyone being anxious to pay a last tribute of esteem to one who had ever been a true, unselfish friend.

To the community the loss is irreparable. On all sides expressions of deep regret are heard at the death of one so well known, so respected and so beloved, and much sympathy is expressed for the sorrowing sister with whom he had been married for many years made his home. Mr. Smith was the helper of all who were in need, and the supporter of all movements for the welfare of the community. His kind and cheerful disposition made him a general favorite and everywhere it is felt that he has left an example worthy of careful following.

O. A. Barberie

Campbellton, N. B., Dec. 11.—O. A. Barberie, station agent here, died this evening at 7:30 after an illness of about four months. Mr. Barberie was the oldest station master on the I. C. R., having entered the service in 1869. He was 74 years of age and was very popular and widely known with the travelling public, particularly the salmon sportsmen and being an ardent sportsman did much to make known northern New Brunswick as a sportsman's resort.

James McLoon

James McLoon, one of the oldest residents of Carleton, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his home, 97 Market Place, aged 83 years. He had been in poor health for a year but not confined to his bed until recently. Yesterday he was in his usual health and ate quite a hearty dinner. About 3 o'clock, as he sat in bed talking to his wife, he fell back and passed peacefully away.

Mr. McLoon's parents came here from Ireland long years ago and settled at Sheffield, Sunbury county, where James McLoon was born. Some years afterwards they removed to St. John and the father conducted a tailoring business in what was then Cooper's Alley, now Church street.

When quite a young man James McLoon took up the work of lumber surveyor and he carried it on successfully for 55 years, retiring from active labor only three years ago. He was an attendant at St. George's church and a member of the Masonic fraternity, being one of the oldest of those connected with Carleton.

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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.

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