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The usual problem confronts you--same old trouble as last year. It's hard to find just the right thing for MEN, YOUTHS or BOYS. If you find it so, a visit to our store will help you to decide and afford you relief. Our store is full of articles for ***Useful Christmas Gifts.*** Run your eyes down this list. You will certainly strike something he would be delighted to have :--

Overcoat,	*Suit,*
Smoking Jacket,	*Neckwear,*
Gloves,	*Suspenders,*
Night Robe,	*Bath Robe,*
Shirts,	*Collars, Cuffs,*
Hosiery,	*Cap,*
Muffler,	*Umbrella,*
Raincoat,	*Fancy Vest,*
Handkerchiefs,	*Housecoat,*
Sweater,	*Etc., Etc.*

When CHRISTMAS SHOPPING we would be pleased to have you come here with your troubles, and we'll fix 'em.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.
Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg. ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BLOUSE OF SILK OR FRENCH MUSLIN.

An effective method of using lace insertion is shown in this design for a blouse, the model being equally good for silk or white wash material. If silk is used, narrow Irish lace insertion, Cluny or Mechlin would make the garment more elaborate than would the ordinary Valenciennes, although the Val. lace is correct for a washable waist. The middle of each square formed of the lace is embroidered with a dainty flower spray, or if the blouse is made of silk, ribbon embroidery could be used.



A NOVEL MODE.

Of a distinctively evening cast of character, this charming coat—an importation from the famous Beer, Place Vendome, Paris—presents some extremely novel features that are sure to be cleverly incorporated in garments of less formal intent later on in the season. The material of which it is in part composed is one of those novel satin cloths that present a surface of satin soleil of high and rich lustre, while the reverse side is of dull-finished broadcloth. The material thus presents the appearance of an ordinary satin of high quality, while possessing all of the weight and warmth of a broadcloth of firm weave and weighty texture, and so meets the double requirements of the mode that demands sheer and silky surfaces combined with warmth and weight suitable to winter weather. There is no seam whatsoever on the shoulder, fronts and backs being just the full width of the cloth, seemingly flung at random over the figure, broad pleats serving to hold it into shape around the neck and at no other point. There is a yoke of white satin to which these same pleats are attached, and this yoke also serves as a point to which the sleeves are sewn, the cloth being draped loosely to fall over this arm covering of tucked chiffon ruffled with narrow Valenciennes. All around the garment, bordering its very edge, there is a broad band of real Cluny with irregular edges, and this is in turn edged with a pale-blue velvet ribbon that accurately follows the hems of the coat all the way around.

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THE

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

These chests were not locked or protected in any way, and Cressingham found no difficulty in removing their lids. Three of the largest were filled with golden coins of every nation of the value of perhaps two hundred thousand pounds English; two more with bars of solid specie, and the sixth was a quarter full of English sovereigns. The last and smallest chest of all, which looked like a tobacco box, was lined with zinc and crammed with jewellery and precious stones worth perhaps as much as the contents of the other cases put together.

Cressingham felt a little dazed, and there flashed into his mind a recollection of Dumas' Count of Monte Cristo, and all the other stories of treasure trove that he had ever read or heard of. He surveyed the vast wealth about him for some time with a sentiment of absolute awe, bue he belonged to a commercial race, and although a rich man himself, and their to greater riches still, he appreciated the value of money too keenly to remain undecided for long. From the largest case he abstracted about a thousand pounds an gold, more he did not feel strong enough to carry, and from the jewel case he selected as well as he was able a score or two of rings and brooches, a splendid diamond necklace and about fifty of the best loose diamonds, emeralds and rubies that he could find. These he tied up in his handkerchief and secured within the bosom of his shirt. So great, however, was the store that remained that no one might tell the treasures had been tampered with.

It required a positive physical effort to draw himself away from the chamber, but conscious of the flight of time he rearranged the lids and removed all traces of his visit, then departing locked the doors behind him. In another moment he was hurying backwards to the staircase. Descending the steps as rapidly as possible, a close and careful search at last discovered the end of the twine which he had broken, and following the cord he soon found himself within his sleeping cavern once again, utterly wearied from his excitement and exertions. First hiding the gold and jewels, he doused the glim and wrapped himself closely in Desire's rugs to sleep presently like the dead, although wishful to think of what he had seen and heard, and anxious to plan some course of action for escape.

Desire woke him—a bashful, blushing Desire now, no longer a pretty, self-confident boy, but a girl in boy's clothes, shy and shame-faced with resolutely downcast eyes.

Cressingham yawned, stretched himself and languidly arose.

"What's the time, Desire?"

"Eleven o'clock, my Lord."

"Ah, so late! How is Miss Elliott?"

"Conscious now, but very weak and ill."

Cressingham stared at the girl and observed her altered manner with a rush of recollection.

"You have seen your mother, Desire?" he muttered.

"I—I—yes, my Lord, I have seen her."

"Ah, and you are convinced?"

"Yes." Desire's cheeks were burning.

"You will help me now then?" said the man joyfully.

She sighed. "I scarcely know, I cannot tell. Everything seems so strange yet. But I have brought your breakfast, my Lord." She took from her pockets a small flask of wine, some meat and bread, and laid them on the stone, also a bottle of oil for the lamp.

Cressingham watched her gravely as at last, all arranged, she stood before him nervous and ill at ease, unable to meet his eyes.

"Mother kissed me this morning," she whispered presently.

He frowned, trying vainly to fathom by guessing at the workings of her woman's heart. "Kissed you, did she?" he said coldly. "Rather unexpected on your part, wasn't it?"

"Yes, my Lord, it was."

"Did you kiss her too?"

"She—she is so beautiful," stammered Desire apologetically.

The man gave a little groan.

"So you are ready to forgive her years of neglect for a single tardy kiss?" he sneered.

The girl glanced up at him half defiantly. "She is my mother!" she replied.

"Ah, your mother! you said that, Desire, as though you loved her."

"She is my mother!" repeated Desire tremulously. "I am sure she would love me if it wasn't for grandfather!"

"Great Heavens!" cried Cressingham. "Do you mean to say you love her?"

"She is my mother!" said the girl a third time with a rebellious little sob.

"She has never been a mother to you, though."

"Wouldn't—wouldn't you—wouldn't you love your mother, no matter how she—how she treated you?" sobbed Desire, who was now in tears.

But Cressingham was angry and desperate.

"I would not," he snapped, "not if she had treated me as yours has done."

"But gr—gr—gran'father made her—I'm sure he did; he's so cruel!" sobbed Desire. "I'm sure mother loves me; her—her eyes are always kind."

"Why do you suppose then that she has allowed you to be brought up in this fashion like a boy?" growled Cressingham.

"P'r'aps—p'r'aps she didn't know!"

This absurd suggestion put the cap on the man's temper. With a muttered curse he strode up and down the cavern, stamping savagely on the floor, and Desire, in very surprise, ceased crying to observe him.

He stopped after a moment and faced her.

"Tell me," he demanded, "does not all this mean that you have decided not to help us?"

"I d—don't know," she stammered, then eagerly; "There's plenty of time, my Lord, Miss Elliott cannot be moved for days and days. She's too ill; the doctor says she's not out of danger yet!"

"Ah!" A sharp pain struck at the man's heart, for he had suddenly remembered what he had heard the previous night, and he knew that in order to save King Humbert's life it was his bounden duty to escape from the island without delay. His duty warred strongly with his inclination, for it caused him agony to even think of leaving without his sweetheart, but Miss Elliott was ill and could not be moved. Further torture was contained in the reflection that her sickness might be unto death, that she might die, and he far away unable to aid or see her or comfort her last hours. With a groan he buried his face in his hands and gave himself up to bitter thoughts. For long he rested thus, and his reflections must have aged him, for when with mind at length resolved he again looked up, Desire shuddered to see his face, so wan and lined it was.

"How sad you look!" she cried.

"I am sad, Desire," he answered gravely, "sad as death, for I have a cruel task to do, and am helpless, almost hopeless."

"Not helpless," she whispered.

"You have refused to help me," he said. She averted her face, and whispered:

"I would help you, my Lord, but—but I don't want to leave mother. You see," she went on quickly, "this morning mother was just beautiful to me. She said that as soon as father and the Prince have gone we will have a lovely time together, and she was so kind, so sweet, my Lord. I couldn't leave her, could I?"

Cressingham conceived a sudden hope. "But if I don't ask you to come with me, Desire, would you help me to away at once?"

She looked up at him eagerly. "Oh, yes, my Lord—but——"

"But what, dear?"

"You would promise me if you escape not ever to do anything to hurt mother, wouldn't you?"

The man smiled and prepared to lie. "My dear Desire, certainly. You help me off, and I'll tell you what I shall do. I shall return secretly and take you, your mother, and Miss Elliott away with me. Then we shall all go to England and live there happily together."

"Oh, how lovely!" cried the girl; "if it could be done."

(To be continuel.)

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 Liniment Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B., and Chelmsford, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Dr. Herner's Dyspepsia Cure. $1 bottle cures. Write for pamphlet.

TO PREVENT BRONCHITIS or CONSUMPTION

Do not neglect a cold or cough no matter how slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages sooner or later will lead to fatal results.

If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

you would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other pectoral remedies.

It stimulates the weakened bronchial organs, allays irritation and subdues inflammation, soothes and heals the irritated parts, loosens the phlegm and mucous, and aids nature to easily dislodge the morbid accumulations.

Miss Belle Campbell, Long River, P.E.I., writes: "For some time I was troubled with bronchitis. A friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. So I procured three bottles but it only took two to cure me."

Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark and the price 25 cents at all dealers.

BAD FIRE IN NEW GLASGOW

New Glasgow, Dec. 9—New Glasgow was visited this morning by the most disastrous fire in the past ten years of its history. The fire started in the basement, where the furnace is situated, under the building on the corner of McLean and Provost streets. In less than an hour and a half Grant Bros.' drug store, Geo. Carew's drug store, the dry goods establishment of A. F. McCulloch & Co., covering two stores; Dr. Garfield McDonald's dental office, and the quarters of the City Club, on the second floor, were reduced to ashes.

The fire alarm system was out of order, caused by Friday's sleet storm, and valuable time was lost by those who first noticed the blaze. The fire gained so much headway that nothing could be saved from Grant Bros.' or Carew's; but it was possible to remove to safe quarters a large lot of McCulloch's stock.

The firemen had ten streams playing on the fire, and succeeded in arresting its progress at James McArthur's grocery store, which was damaged considerably by water.

The heaviest losers are A. F. McCulloch & Co. They were the largest dry goods and ladies' tailoring establishment in town. Their stock is estimated to have been worth at least $70,000, and they carried insurance amounting to only $13,000. Probably $5,000 worth of goods were saved, and also their books. Their loss can be put down at $50,000.

Grant Bros. had a large drug store, and did a successful business. They lost everything, including their books, and have $2,500 insurance.

The Carew drug store has been closed for the past month, owing to the death of the senior partner, and nothing was saved. The loss on the stock is probably $2,000.

The City Club carried no insurance; loss, $600.

The building embracing the two drug stores and part of McCulloch's, was owned by A. Johnstone Chisholm, with the Nova Scotia Steel Company at Sydney Mines.

Among Dr. McDonald's losses were a large collection of medals and cups which he won in amateur athletic contests both here and in the United States while attending college there.

The police made three arrests during the progress of the fire of parties supposed to have been pilfering goods carried to places of safety.

The Dufferin Hotel liquor license has been transferred from Mr. Campbell, manager under the late proprietor, to F. H. Foster.

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

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