GREAT VALUES IN

Men's AND Boys' Overcoats

Men's Black and Grey Overcoats regular price $7.50, sale price **$4.69**

Men's Overcoats, assorted patterns, reg. $9 value, sale price **6.90**

Boys' Overcoats, sizes 28 to 32, sale price **3.29**

English Worsted One-Finger Gloves 12 1-2c. a pair or two pairs for 25c.

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market. ALEX. CORBET, Manager

LITTLE ANNIE, THE HELPFUL

BY HELENA DAVIS.

"I just can't make it do! No, there isn't half—not HALF enough of it. You see, there's so much of it threadbare and other parts so full of seams, that to do it over, and decently, is out of the question."

So spoke Helen Boise to her younger sister, Anne, as she spread before them on Helen's bed a partly-worn grey silk gown, one that had done good service to an aunt of the two girls who were now examining it.

"But with a little new material, say some lace and mousseline, can't it be made to do?" eagerly asked Anne.

"Ah, my dear little sister! It would be out of the question to talk about lace and mousseline. No, it would take at least 10 dollars' worth of new material to fix the frock. "You see, I'd have to take it to Miss Bartell to have it cut and fitted, for I'd never—NEVER—try to cut and fix a silk evening frock by a pattern. Besides, dearie, I should not care to attend the party unless—unless—I looked quite as presentable as the other girls." And Helen batted her blue eyes to keep two tears that had come so suddenly to the surface from falling.

"But you have wanted so much to go," persisted Anne. "And when I wrote Aunt Agnes about it, and hinted that if she had any old silk gowns that she could not use any more she might send one to you to be made over, I had no idea that she'd send a—a—rag! She is a stingy old thing."

"Hush dearie!" And Helen put her hand over her impetuous sister's mouth. "Do not speak so of Papa's only sister. She may have her faults, of course; but we must be charitable."

"Yes, and so ought she, with her poor brother's daughters; especially, since papa did so much for her before she was married to rich Uncle Tom," insisted Anne. "After Papa and Mama were married Aunt Agnes made her home with them; and Mama, being so clever with her needle, while Aunt Agnes couldn't sew up a straight seam, helped to make all Aunt Agnes' clothes. Why, you have heard Mama tell of how she—Mama—sewed day and night making pretty things for Aunt Agnes' trosseau, haven't you?" And Anne looked the indignation she felt against the distant rich city aunt who had almost forgotten her poor relatives in the small western town.

"I know, dearie, mine," agreed Helen, kissing the pout off her little sister's mouth. "But let us never mind about those who prove themselves ungrateful. The world is full of such people. The question now before this committee of two is, 'How is Miss Helen Boise, sister of the cleverest and bestest little Anne Boise in the world, to make herself presentable to attend the very grand function that is to be given by Miss Sadie Brown in honor of said Sadie Brown's elegant cousin Ralph, lately hailing from Cornell?' Here is the only apparent answer." And Helen held up to view the much worn grey silk gown that had seen better days.

"Well, there are three or four breadths—or gores, rather—that are in good condition,' said Anne, closely examining the old evening gown. "And just look at the train! There must be seven or eight yards of silk in it. And it is scarcely soiled, except at the very bottom. How immaculately clean must be the polished floors and rich carpets over which our fine aunt trails her splendid robes."

And Anne threw up her hands and raised her sparkling eyes to the ceiling. "If only Mama were here she'd make it do," sighed Helen. "Mama can do the miraculous, you know."

"Yes, dearie, but Mama can't leave old Grandmama till she is better," said Anne. "But if she knew the dilemma we are now in she would be so worried over it. She'd want so much to come home to fix her elder daughter gloriously for the promised grand occasion. And yet her heart would hold her with dear old Granny."

"Oh, I wouldn't have Mama bothered over this party affair for the world. I shall not even mention the fact to her that I have been invited to attend. She'd want to fix me up like a fairy right off, for dear Mama is so anxious to give us what advantages and pleasures she can," said Helen. "But to return to this gown—Do you think there'd be enough silk in the good widths and the train to make a frock, supposing I had the lace and mousseline?"

"Oh, yes, and a gorgeous affair, too," declared Anne. "You see, the yoke and sleeves would be of the lace and mousseline, and only the lower part of the bodice, the girdle and the skirt would be of the silk."

"But the lace and the mousseline." Helen shook her head. "No, little planner, it's out of the question. Papa really cannot afford to give me the extra money just now. My vocal and violin, and your drawing and painting lessons, besides our school expenses ,are all that he can well afford this winter. I shall just forget the party. There is plenty of time after our school days to attend such pleasures. So, dearie, let us wrap the old silk gown of our very generous aunt in lavender leaves and put it away as a remembrance of the time when I was so silly as to want to afford a luxury that was beyond my reach." And Helen folded up the gown, placed it in the box it had just arrived in that morning and set the box in her closet.

"Now, dearie, you run like a good girl and get at your lessons. I've kept you from them all morning."

It was a Saturday morning and Anne felt free to take a little time from her drawing and water colors to think. So with paper and pencils on the drawing table in front of her she sat deeply meditating, never drawing a line, nor, in fact, even giving her drawing a thought.

After half an hour spent in contemplation she quickly rose and put on her jacket and hat, going down the back stairs and out at a side door so that her sister might not hear her leaving the house. If I'm asked no questions, I'll tell no fibs," she said mentally.

She was soon in a side street, going at a good gait, her head up, a happy smile of triumph in her blue eyes. "I feel so sure it will be all right," she kept whispering to herself. After a few minutes she turned into a well-kept yard, mounted the steps leading to the door of a pretty cottage and rang the bell.

A pleasant-faced woman opened the door, smiling when she saw Anne there. "Why, it's Anne," said the woman. "Come right in my dear, I am so glad to see you. I've been planning to run in and look after you and Helen a bit during your mother's absence. But how is your dear grandmama?"

After a few minutes friendly conversation Anne plunged into the object of her call. And after about a half an hour's stay she said good-bye to her genial hostess and departed, carrying a little piece of paper in her hand which she kept referring to every few minutes.

She did not return home at once, but went to the house of Miss Bartell, a dressmaker, and had a chat with her. Then she hurried home and found on entering the house that Helen was engaged with her vocal teacher. So she crept on upstairs, slipped the box containing the old grey gown from the closet, took the gown out, wrapped it in paper, set the box back in its place on the shelf, and departed, carrying the paper parcel in her arms.

Again she hurried to the house of Miss Bartell.

There the old gown was gone over by the dressmaker; measurements of its good parts taken and calculations made. And once more Anne set out with a little piece of paper in her hand, a paper on which was written a number of articles she was to procure at a department store. The list began with lace and ended with thread.

At the store Anne called for the proprietor, who was the husband of the pleasant-faced woman upon whom she had called only an hour or so before. Into the proprietor's hands she placed the little slip of paper which had been given to her by his wife, saying:

"I hope, Mr. Smith, that you'll approve of the arrangement entered into by your wife and me."

Mr. Smith read the contents of the paper, which was apparently a note from his wife, smiled, folded the paper and placed it in his pocket, and nodded his head approvingly. "Yes, indeed," he said. "It's all right. Bessie's been dropping behind in her classes ever since she had to remain out of school on account of the whooping cough. So it's absolutely necessary that she be assisted to catch up. And I think Mrs. Smith has chosen the right helper, too. I know all about Helen and Anne Boise. You two girls have always run off with the class honors. All I have to say is this: Get my girl as interested in her school as you have always been, and present your bill to me."

Then Mr. Smith gave a clerk instructions to wait upon Miss Anne, and to have her account handed to him.

In another hour Miss Bartell was busy ripping up the old grey silk gown of Aunt Agnes', and in front of her on a table lay spread enough grey mousseline and lace to combine with the silk in forming a frock.

The following weeks were busy ones for Anne. Besides her lessons in drawing and water colors she spent an hour each day at the home of Mrs. Smith, assisting little Bessie with her arithmetic and history, studies in which the little girl was behind in her grade.

And very tactful was Anne, too, for she chose the hour when her sister Helen was engaged in taking her violin and vocal lessons, so that Helen would not "smell a mouse," as Anne put it.

And during the two weeks which passed prior to the great event of winter for the young folks—the party given by Sadie Brown in honor of her visiting cousin Ralph—neither Helen nor Sadie spoke one word about the approaching festivity. Helen had made up her mind that she could not attend, and two days before the date of the party wrote her note of regrets, sending it to be posted by Anne. Of course Anne dropped the "regrets" in her pocket instead of in the mail box.

The afternoon of the day on which the party was to be given arrived, and also arrived a great box from the dress-maker to Helen. Helen was busy in her room when the messenger carried in the box. Anne, as a matter of course, was there chatting with her sister.

"What can it be?" questioned Helen, wondering at the size of the box.

"Open and see," suggested Anne, all a flutter with excitement and joy.

Helen did as bidden. She stood with eyes sparkling on the most exquisite frock, rich with lace, ribbons and mousseline. Picking it up she held it in her hands, a question on her lips.

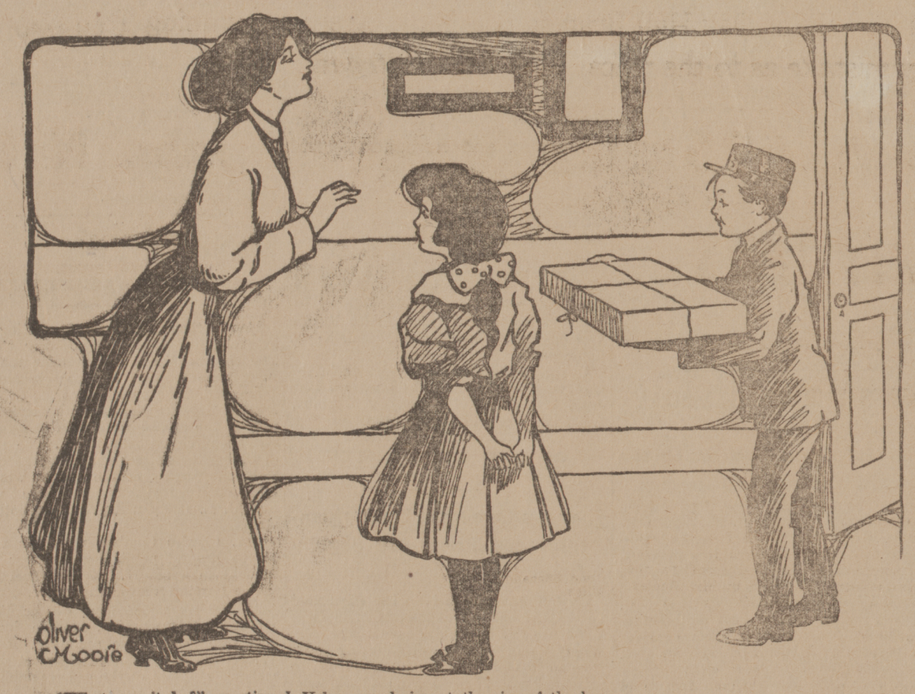
"Anne, darling, you—you—have—managed this." That was all she could say, for her voice was thick with tears, tears that were prompted by love and thankfulness.

"Oh, it was so easy, sister," whispered Anne. "I paid for it all by coaching little Bessie Smith. And what's more, I am to continue her lessons all winter. Isn't that great?"

But Helen could say not a word. She folded her dear loving sister to her heart and wept for very joy. At last she found voice:

"You are a little jewel—a regualr brick, Anne, darling."

And that night she went to the party, as daintily frocked as any of the girls, thanks to her little Anne, The Helpful.



"What can it be?" questioned Helen, wondering at the size of the box.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



ULTRA-FASHIONABLE OPERA ATTIRE.

Decollete costume of rich silk or satin, brocade, chiffon or lace, faultlessly arranged and ornamented coiffure, a profusion of beautiful jewels, and we have a picture of the fashionable box patron of grand opera. This beautiful creation which comes from a Paris salon for one night at grand opera is of white chiffon with printed velvet borders in pompadour design and colorings, medallions of lace and pailletted net dividing the two borders of different widths. The medallions also trim the square necked bodice. A sash of the velvet border starts at the waistline in front beneath an oval buckle of rhinestones, is draped over the shoulder to give added width to this part of the figure and apparently diminish the size of the waist, and brought down to the top of the high white satin girdle and secured there with another jewelled buckle. This sash is lined with chiffon and the ends finished with medallions. The sleeves are very short and simple. The coiffure and its ornament are fashionable and artistic.

A COUGH COLD IS DANGEROUS.

There are different kinds of colds, and various ways in which they affect different people. Some constitutions will throw off a light cold, while to others it will stick tenaciously. There is one kind—the kind accompanied by a cough, the kind that turns to bronchitis, the kind that ends in consumption — that should never be neglected.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

This syrup contains all the virtues of the "Norway Pine Tree," combined with Wild Cherry Bark, and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other excellent herbs and barks.

Mrs. E. S. Akerly, Akerly, N.B., writes: "My little boy had such a bad cough he could not sleep at nights. I tried several remedies but nothing seemed to relieve him until I got Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. From the first few doses he commenced to improve, and when he had taken one bottle he was completely cured."

Be careful in purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark. Price 25 cts.

Catarrh

Whether it is of the nose, throat, stomach, bowels, or more delicate organs, catarrh is always debilitating and should have attention.

The discharge from the mucous membrane is because this is kept in a state of inflammation by an impure condition of the blood. Therefore, to cure, take the best blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists everywhere.
100 Doses One Dollar.

SPENDS TWENTY-FOUR HOURS IN A TREE

Well Known Yukon Prospector Has Unpleasant Experience With Big Bear.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Nov. 14—John McCormack, a well-known Yukon prospector, who has been working in the vicinity of Ogilvie, about forty-five miles south of Dawson city, was forced to recline in the branches of a big cottonwood tree for upwards of twenty-two hours as the result of the disposiion of a big she bear which he encountered on the trail.

Mr. McCormack was journeying from one quartz ledge to another about fourteen miles distant, but neglected to take his gun as a means of protection. It was about 11 o'clock in the morning, and he was trudging along, fully unconscious of the approach of a large she bear. The animal was accompanied by a couple of cubs, and this rendered her all the more antagonistic. Mr. McCormack was only forty feet distant when he saw the bear making for him through the muskeg. He realized that there was no time to lose. There was only one tree near at hand, and that was a cottonwood which stood between him and the bear. But the bear could reach the tree as quickly as he could, thought McCormack. Grabbing his cap, he threw it at the bear's head. The animal was blinded for the moment. In the meantime Mr. McCormack had reached the tree and was swinging up on one o fthe branches. The bear saw him, and charged viciously. With a ferocious swing of its paw it caught the bottom of one of McCormack's trouser legs, tearing it into shreds and also cutting up the boot just at the instep. Fortunately McCormack's foot was not injured. He reached a point of safety in the tree and the bear took up a position below.

After several hours McCormack made an effort to come down, but had to return, the bear being conscious of his movements. Several other attempts also proved fruitless, and it was not until nine o'clock the following morning that he was allowed to get down and continue his journey unmolested.



Stanfield's
Unshrinkable
Underwear
for Women

is cut by hand and each garment is tested on models ranging from 22 to 70 inch bust measure —so that its exact size is determined.

3 winter weights, too— to suit every climate in Canada.

Stanfield's Underwear is absolutely unshrinkable.

At your dealer's. 147

In the province of Pampanga, Philippine Islands, Bishop Oldnam (Methodist) has made a record this summer by dedicating eight mission chapels within six days.

Leigh, Scotland, school board have given instructions to make arrangements for providing free meals to school children during the winter, "if necessity arises."

THE LATE DR. McINNIS

(Toronto News.)

Although born in eastern Canada nearly all the life of the late Dr. Stanley W. McInnis, provincial secretary of Manitoba, was lived in that province. Thus, as one who only recently entered public life, his career is comparatively little known in the east. Yet there is in the life of Dr. McInnis an inspiration and a call to duty to every young man in Canada. Like many another young man he possessed the talent of genial leadership of his fellows, and the power of making and holding friends and the love of good companionship. With many these powers are allowed to degenerate into the making of what is termed a "good fellow." Dr. McInnis might readily have fallen into that way of life and frittered away his powers in a very small circle of acquaintances. But at the right time he realized that such talents were given him for higher purposes, and having once seen his ideal, he was true to it to the end. The development of those talents which had made him the leader of a group of young men in Brandon made him a leader of the people of Manitoba. Happy in his family life with a wide circle of staunch friends, and with every incentive to a useful career his death at the age of forty-three seems like the breaking of the column near the base. But has given to hundreds of young men in the west a new conception of their powers, and of what they can and should for their country, and if this lesson is learned by the young men of Canada, both east and west, who shall say that ,even though cut off on the threshold of what seemed to be a brilliant career, he has lived in vain.

WHY PIPERS WALK.

(New York Globe.)

Thomas F. Ryan was talking about music. "I like all music," he said, "except such native and special sorts as the tom-tom, the bagpipes or the Indian hufaa give off. Did you ever notice how a piper prances up and down as he pipes? He never sits, he never stands still, but up and down, round and round, to and fro, he struts continually. A little boy, listening to the weird skirl of the bagpipes of a street performer, once said to his father: 'Father, why does the piper keep on the move all the time he plays?'

"'I can't say, my boy,' the father answered, 'unless it is to prevent any one getting the range with a cobblestone.'"

After paying rates in the same house in Euston road for 40 years, a photographed has died in Brixton prison, where he was sent because he failed to pay the rate in the last instance.

Money Saving Sale

—AT—

HATTY, LAHOOD & HATTY'S

Everything in the store hasbeen thrown in, in this decidedly genuine sale, and wearables and home necessities can now be had at a very substantial saving.

Rubbers Reduced.

Only a few more pairs of rubbers remain. Remember regular prices, 60c, to 75c.; now 39c.

RIBBONS GALORE AT ONEHALF REGULAR PRICES. SEE THE ITEMS BELOW.

SMALLWARES, TOILET SOAPS, NECKTIES, COLLARS, ETC., AT UNHEARD OF FIGURES.

Boots and Shoes 25c on the Dollar.

TWO HUNDERED GOOD FLANNELETTE WAISTS, in pretty patterns and nice styles. Former price, 60c., to $1.00, now 38c. to 70c. each.

MEN'S FINE WOOLLEN FLEECED UNDERWEAR, good wearing qualities. Now only 43c, a garment.

MEN'S HEAVY BEST UNSHRINKABLE SHIRTS AND DRAWERS, Now going at 67c. garment.

50 DOZEN BRACES of all kinds, the most reliable makes. Now 10 to 25c. pair.

MEN'S HEAVY WORKING TOP SHIRTS for the laboring man, now only 42c. to 75c. each.

SWEATERS for the men and for the boys, now selling at from 40c. to 98c.

MEN'S PANTS, good sensible qualities, strongly made, now only $1.00 to $2.50 a pair.

MEN'S DRESS SHIRTS, regular price from 50c. to $1.00. now only 38c. to 68c. each.

LADIES' WRAPPERS, with lots of material in them. Now only 75c. to $1.25.

LADIES' UNDERWEAR, also Children's to be sold at one-third the regular prices.

MEN'S FUR-LINED CAPS, regular prices from 75c. to $1.25, now only 38c. to 69c.

5,000 yards FANCY FLANNELETTE also Shaker Flannel, regular prices from 10c. to 15c.., now only 7c. to 10c. a yard.

TABLE CLOTHS, TOWELS, BUREAU COVERS, ETC., to be sold at Half Price.

SHAKER TRIMMED CORSET COVERS, good winter weights. Regular price 40c., now only 20c. each.

50 DOZ. MEN'S AND BOYS' HOME-KNIT MITTS. Regular price, 25c. now only 15c.

MEN'S ALL-WOOL SOCKS, assorted colors. Regular prices 25c. to 35c., now only 15c. to 20c. a pair.

SALE NOW OPEN. CALL EARLY.

HATTY, LAHOOD & HATTY, 282 Brussels St.

Sale of 15 Days Only. Don't Forget the Place.

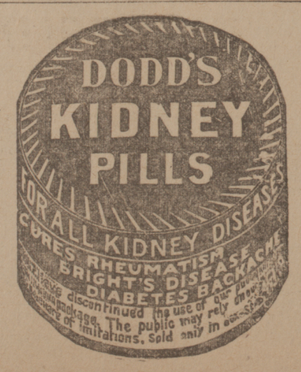
282 BRUSSELS STREET.

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

Renovates the entire system.
Is palatable and can be easily assimilated.
Cod liver oil is nauseous —
Knocks out the stomach,
So that very few persons can take it.

Take a dose of "Brick's Tasteless"
And note how pleasant it is —
Starts you eating at once — relieves
That tired feeling which
Every one speaks of from time to time, and the
Languid feeling disappears immediately.
Every bottle taken is guaranteed to show improvement;
So why should you hesitate to take it?
See your druggist today about "Brick's Tasteless."

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



HOME PAPERS

THE TELEGRAPH AND TIMES

THESE PAPERS are delivered to St. John residences BY CARRIER. They are taken into the homes of responsible and desirable people who pay for the privilege of reading them.

An advertisement in The Big Papers will place you in company with the most prominent local and general advertisers in Canada.

THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

RATES ARE NEVER CUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000