

Store open till 8 p. m.

Good Dressers

always keep an eye on this store. They have learned to expect the best from us, because they always get it. Ask any of the city's best dressers where to get the smartest suit—the swellest overcoat—the handsomest pair of trousers—a choice tie or shirt or anything in the toggery line, and the answer will be—"Why, at the UNION, of course."

We are calling special attention to our

New Line of Winter Overcoats
\$8.00 to \$22.00

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

MY TINY NEIGHBOR:

How An Invalid Found Her Life Brightened By An Idyl of the Garden.

July 9—I have never seen my neighbor, but some day I am going to yield to temptation and look at her. Don't tell Janet—it is Janet who has kept me from looking all this time.

I am sure the knothole is just about opposite my eye. Now, to stoop to look through a knothole might hurt one's dignity, or to reach up on one's toes; but to sit quite still, as the Lord made you, properly and dignified in your wheel chair—why would that be a hazard to propriety?

I like Janet and Janet likes me, but Janet's way embarrasses me; I can imagine how Janet feels about my way. She is the older—I don't know how old Janet is, but I should say about the age she was when I had the habit of sleeping in a cradle and she rocked it. Janet's bright life old—they do not grow old in starting ways like other people.

I do. There are 20 grey hairs in my head, and I have stopped letting Janet comb my hair. It has hurt her feelings; she has not hummed today. My neighbor does not hum, but sings jubilantly. She is singing now—she always sings.

July 11—Janet is counting her handkerchiefs at her window. If my neighbor were not singing a little love song I should hear Janet. Why is it nearly always a love song? Then I suppose she is younger and has a lover.

I never had one of my own. Long ago I knew I never should have, and I settled back in my wheel chair and knew I must make the most of other people's lovers. But Janet's was such a short one—it is no more than fair that I should have my neighbor's too. I am glad about his eyes, for mine was to have had blue, blue ones—mine would have loved me like that, "on land or sea." There is surely beginning a close tie between my neighbor and me.

The time is surely near when I shall have to look through the knothole at my neighbor. I am lonely. I want to see my neighbor at her singing. Of course, I know how she looks—sweet and slender and fair, to go with her voice. And her eyes are blue to match his. But the knothole is there, and I shall look. I felt it coming on.

July 14—The blue, blue-eyed lover is on his way "over the sea" to my neighbor. I must hurry or I shall not get there first. I want to see my neighbor alone, at her singing the first time.

Janet is not humming today, and it aches ill. I have more courage always when I can hear Janet hum. I only took one cup of tea at breakfast, and I would not let her put on my shoulder shawl. Janet takes too much care of me. No, I shall not look through the knothole today. The ambition has ebbed out of me. Tomorrow, perhaps—perhaps next week.

Aug. 18—It is pleasant to be out here in the yard again. I am glad to stand against Janet and would stand today. She has come with me and is watching to see that I do not unpin my shawl. A minute ago "Janet," I said, "hark!" For my neighbor was at her singing. "I hear," Janet nodded, "I used to sing that tune." Then to her knitting again.

Aug. 22—The impossible has happened. It happened yesterday out here. If I had not seen it happen, do you think I would believe it? I had been asleep. I opened my eyes. Janet was looking through the knothole. If Janet knew I saw her! But she will never know.

When I opened my eyes she was looking at her knitting. But she was smiling—she was smiling. Janet would not have smiled, never smile.

Then it is well with my neighbor. She is young, and sweet and happy, as I knew she was. Or Janet would not have smiled. So the odd little undertone of sadness we thought we had detected in her singing was not really there. I am glad of that.

Aug. 26—I have not heard my neighbor since I today. She cannot be out there, or she would sing. It worries me. But not Janet, for Janet is humming all day today. There is something underneath that hum—Janet is thinking of what she saw.

I have made one discovery about my neighbor. It was waited over the fence, or through the knothole to me on the fragrant whiff of a cigar. My neighbor's love has come, and he is her husband! I don't know why I know, but I do. He tramps up and down the paths over there with the tramp of a husband. But why does she not come out and tramp with him?

He is uneasy about something—keeps stopping and listening and then plunging on. It is queer how I can tell by his step that he listens; but I can. He is listening now, this minute—now he is plunging on. What does he listen for?

Does Janet know? She keeps coming out here and tormenting one with that inscrutable little smile. I could almost bet that Janet is listening, too. Well, so am I! I sit here holding my breath to hear I know not what. It is a queer little world—Janet's and mine and my neighbor's.

He has never been out there before, Janet and I, and she has always hum. They have changed places, only he does not sing lightly, but he often breaks off suddenly to listen.

"What sound is he listening for?"—Janet listening for?—am I? I have heard it! He—Janet—we have all heard it—a baby's cry! I never heard one like it before, but I know it is the first cry of a little new-born thing. And Janet knows! She is out here. I am looking at Janet's face and Janet is looking at mine. So that was why she sang all day? The "lover" that was coming over the sea to her was this little, little lover who has come!

If Janet's soldier lover had lived—but now we are getting old. Janet's hair is almost white, and I have given up counting my grey ones. I let Janet comb my hair again.

I wish Janet's lover had lived. The little cry might have come closer to me then. I might even have held Janet's baby in my arms! Thick of feeling a warm little head in the hollow of my neck! Oh, why was I made a woman, and stranded like this, in this chair on wheels!

Three S.

Aug. 28—The bitterness lasted all yesterday. I am not not Janet wheel me out here. I would not let her make me toast or hover round me in her dear, bulky way. Poor Janet! I would like to ask her to forgive me, but she is Janet and I am I.

I am not bitter today. I am out here in the sun, thinking of my neighbor. Henceforth my neighbor is tiny and warm and sweet, with little clinging fists—I have changed neighbors.

Something has happened. Janet came out a few moments ago and told me my neighbor was a little girl. "It's a girl," she said, and took my breath away. For Janet to tell me like that! But that was not what happened—Janet kissed me! If I live a hundred years I shall be surprised at that. I did not know Janet could kiss—but, of course, there was her soldier lover long ago.

"I couldn't help it," Janet said—I think she was a little ashamed. "Saying it was a girl carried me back so—they said you were a girl when they put you into my arms. I wanted you to be a boy!"

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THIS LITTLE GIRL CAME IN A MOTOR.

For the small maid who motors to dancing class and party there is provided warm coats of the less expensive furs, loose and roomy enough to slip on over the most elaborate frock without crushing. Frequently the collar and cuffs are of a contrasting fur, the white furs being especially liked for this. A motorizing cap accompanies this coat, provided with a cape

piece that amply protects the head and ears. This cap is of the same fur as the coat trimmings. White canvas is one of the best of the inexpensive furs for this purpose. There are often fur lined carriage boots to match also, so that little miss may go in her satin or kid dancing slippers, merely slipping on the fur boots during the ride.

ONLY
A Common Cold,

but it becomes a serious matter if neglected. Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or Consumption is the result. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often effecting a permanent cure.

Mrs. C. Townsend, Lockport, N.S., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know of my experience with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I was troubled with a cold and severe cough all the time and very severe spells of Asthma. The doctors did all they could for me, but could only give me relief for a short time. I happened to see your medicine advertised and purchased three bottles, and it gave me great relief, and I do not cough at all. I do not know how to express my gratitude for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

BOUNTY ON CROCODILE EGGS

Koch's Plan to Lessen Sleeping Sickness.

BERLIN, Nov. 25—Professor Robert Koch, upon whom Emperor William yesterday conferred the title of excellency in recognition of his services in discovering the origin and treatment of the African disease known as "sleeping sickness," has set forth in an official report the details of his prolonged investigation in the Victoria Nyanza region. He supplements the general results previously cabled by giving a statistical comparison showing that only about eight per cent of the "sleepers" treated with an atoxyl injection died. The professor has had difficulty in making exact comparisons, because he lacks accurate figures. The sufferers brought to the missions were usually in the last stages of the disease. Of those far advanced who were treated by Professor Koch 29.12 per cent died. Professor Koch's investigations showed that the globose palpalis fly, which causes the "sleeping sickness," subsists on the blood of reptiles and animals, and cannot live without it for over three or four days. The microscope showed that the blood sucked by the flies was chiefly that of crocodiles' eggs. The professor therefore recommends a bounty on crocodiles' eggs, in order to encourage the natives to exterminate them. This, it is added, will be comparatively easy, since the crocodiles have certain well-marked breeding grounds in the Nyanza district where eggs can be easily collected. Professor Koch also suggests clearing away the timber around the watering places near the forts and villages, where the natives gather, because the flies cannot endure sunlight, and seek the dark, damp underground. The professor established two permanent stations for the treatment of "sleeping sickness," each in charge of one physician, and has sent a third physician to Tanganyika.

Senator Comeau and daughter, of Meteghan (N. S.), are at the Dufferin.

DELEGATES TO BRITAIN
Three New Brunswick Farmers Will Go to Tell Immigrants of Advantages of This Province.

Ottawa, Nov. 26—W. D. Scott, superintendent of immigration, has made a report to the minister of the interior on his trip to the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Scott points out that there are openings in the Maritime Provinces for farmers, agricultural and other laborers, and domestic help. The provincial governments have agreed to co-operate with the dominion in regard to immigration. The provinces will attend to the work of distribution.

The minister of the interior has decided to send three delegate farmers from New Brunswick and three from Nova Scotia, to Britain to assist in procuring the right class of immigrants. Mr. Scott is well impressed with the outlook of securing a good class of settlers for the Maritime Provinces where there is now a good field for them.

At a meeting of the Portland Y. M. A., held last evening, the imposition of the head tax of \$7.50 was discussed. After an interesting debate it was decided to continue the tax for a while longer. On Thursday evening a committee from the Portland Y. M. A. will meet another from Exmouth street church to arrange a debate between the organizations. The committee are: Portlands, Dr. C. M. Pratt, M. E. Grass and Frank Whelpley; Exmouth street, D. Humphreys, Roy Daltell and Mr. Goodrich.

FOR GOOD ROADS

Public Meeting Will be Held in Board of Trade Rooms Tomorrow Evening to Consider Question.

There will be a public meeting under the auspices of the Good Roads Association in the Board of Trade rooms tomorrow evening at which various facts bearing upon the street and highway problem will be presented in intelligible form.

The Association, in preparation for the meeting has issued a circular of which this is part: "We are spending \$800,000 a year on the streets and highways within the city limits. The aggregate expenditure on account of street department during the past ten years has amounted to upwards of \$800,000. Are we getting any adequate return for this expenditure? The question is of vital interest, not alone to the owner of a horse or automobile, but to every citizen. Every one benefits by improved facilities for transportation, among the most important of which are well paved and clean streets, good roads, smooth highways. Every one suffers where the conditions are reversed. If methods are wasteful and extravagant every taxpayer's pocket is affected."

Looked Like Intended Suicide

The citizen who was seen brandishing a razor looking razor, says it wasn't suicide, but corns that he was thinking about. Needless to say his wife bought him Putnam's Corn Extractor and hid the razor—very wise, because Putnam's cures in twenty-four hours. Try it.

MONCTON NEWS

Bounded Warehouse Entered and Cases of Liquor Stolen
---Prohibition Commission.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26—Another serious accident occurred this morning in the Builders' Woodworking factory at Sunny Brae, when Michael Pellerin, while working at a saw, got his left foot caught and the whole five toes were so badly mutilated they had to be amputated. Pellerin is a married man living at Sunny Brae.

The bonded warehouse on the Hotel Brunswick premises was broken into last night and some five or six cases of liquor stolen. The burglary was discovered about noon today. The lock had been broken off the door. Several parties had liquor in bond in the building and as it was in charge of the customs department the government will be called upon to stand the loss.

The Scott act commission opened its sessions at the Brunswick Hotel this morning. Citizens heard by the commissioners today included Police Magistrate Kay, J. S. Boyd, editor of the Times; S. J. Sturges, Rev. H. E. Thomas, F. A. McCully, Geo. H. Trueman and Wm. Perry, I. C. R. policeman.

Chief of Police Rideout, Scott Act Inspector Dickson and probably Mayor White will be examined tomorrow. The commission expects to conclude its sessions here tomorrow and move on to Newcastle. The inquiry is private.

John Edington, city engineer, met with a severe accident this morning while inspecting work at the new fire station on Bonaccord street. He fell through the floor to the basement, a distance of nine or ten feet, striking on his side on a piece of corrugated iron. He was badly bruised and will be laid up for some time.

Mrs. John Platen received a bad fright this afternoon as a result of her infant child taking convulsions on Main street. The child was left in a carriage outside a shop door and when the mother returned her child was to all appearances dead. The little one was hurried to a physician who worked fifteen minutes on it before it revived.

The Young People's Society of Century church was organized for the winter's work last evening. There was a large attendance. A great deal of enthusiasm was displayed by the members. Election of officers was not completed as Roy McKendrick declined to serve as president when chosen. Percy Leonard was appointed secretary. The society will meet fortnightly.

C. W. Elderkin and Miss Nellie Elderkin, of Advocate (N. S.), were registered at the Dufferin yesterday.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS. I am a woman. I know women's sufferings. I have found the cure. I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—your mother, your sister, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the aid of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White discharge, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feelings up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weakness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your cure, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the ten day treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71. WINDSOR, Ont.

LOST

Send your lost ad. to THE TIMES. A TIMES reader will doubtless be THE FINDER, because THE TIMES REACHES NEARLY EVERYBODY. An ad. like this costs 28c. for two days.

LOST—Pocketbook on King street Saturday morning. Reward for return to Times office.

TIMES WANTS cost 1c. a word per day, 4c. a word per week. Phone main 705 AND SAVE STEPS. DON'T WORRY--USE A TIMES WANT

A Name That Fits

With good reason we call the woman's shoe illustrated here



THE
TRU-FIT
SHOE

Every part—ankle and instep, heel and toe—is carefully cut and shaped to fit the natural foot—comfortably, yet snug and close.

The result is a neat, dressy shoe, that feels good the first day and every other day you wear it. Prices from \$2.75 to \$3.50.

Look for this label when you buy your next pair of Shoes.

Ames-Holden Limited, St. John, N.B.

Times Want Ads.

ARE WILLING WORKERS.

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 OUT. One price to all. Telephone main 705 for The Advertising Dept.

COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

It is an extract of fresh cod livers, containing all the virtues of pure Cod Liver Oil without the nauseous grease, combined with Phosphorus in the form of the Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, nutritious Extract of Malt and the Fluid Extract of Wild Cherry Bark.

It will promptly relieve, and if its use is continued, permanently cure chronic bronchitis, all pulmonary affections, croup, hoarseness, nervous disorders due to an exhausted condition of the system, prostration following fevers, debility at change of life, or constitutional weakness at any age, and all blood disorders.

We positively guarantee "Brick's Tasteless" to do exactly what we claim it will do as printed on the label of the bottle, or any advertising matter, and every druggist who sells "Brick's Tasteless" is authorized to refund to his customer the full purchase price if one bottle does not show a decided improvement, which improvement will result in a complete cure if additional bottles are taken.

We therefore request you to try a bottle of "Brick's Tasteless" on our recommendation, and if no improvement is shown after taking it, return the empty bottle to the druggist from whom you purchased it and he will refund your money. Can we be fairer?

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

