

See Our Special Overcoat

For \$10.00, Worth \$12.00.

Made specially for Union Clothing Co.

Union Clothing Comp'y

26-28 CHARLOTTE STREET,

Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

The Pickpocket's Scarab.

BY CHANNING POLLOCK.

Mrs. Duncan Osgood, being a woman of great presence of mind, did not scream when she felt a hand, probably the hand of the street car passenger sitting beside her, crawl stealthily into her pocket.

Mrs. Osgood was intelligent as well as self-possessed, and she knew that a cry would instantly project the thief to the rear platform, whence he might easily step to the pavement. Considering the emergency, Mrs. Osgood did the very best thing that could have been done under the circumstances. She dropped her own hand to her skirt and clasped the intruding digits as firmly as she was able. Instantly the digits were wrenched free and the young man on her right hurried out of the car.

Mrs. Osgood held her pocket for a few moments while she decided to hold her purse. She could feel that her purse was safe and she realized that by this time the young man must be in the same happy condition. Since nothing had been lost, nothing was to be gained by creating a disturbance. Mrs. Osgood remained on the car until it reached Seventy-second street, where she resided, and then, her self-satisfaction showing in every movement as she walked home.

That night, while she was dressing for dinner her maid remarked: "I put your new ring in the jewel box, madam."

"My new ring?" inquired Mrs. Osgood.

"The one in your pocket," replied the maid. "It wasn't wrapped; just loose like."

"Ah!" quoth Mrs. Osgood. "Let me see it."

It was a curious trinket of the sort known as a burial scarab. Doubtless hundreds of years before it had adorned the hand of some spiced Egyptian gentleman boxed and consigned to a polytheistic paradise. More recently Mrs. Osgood felt certain it had slipped from the finger of another gentleman bound to a place remote from any paradise whatever. In fact the ring, unneeded as it was by the property of the pickpocket, and its present possessor had fished a thief only to become a thief herself.

"The funny part of it," said Mrs. Osgood while the fish was being served, "is that I can't bring myself to hope that our man will ever claim the thing. It's the most extraordinary scarab I ever saw."

"I shouldn't think of wearing it," returned Mrs. Osgood. "It might be infected, or, for all you can tell, it might be a symbol to identify you as a member of some criminal society."

"Oh, that's too good," exclaimed his wife, and attacked the fish.

A few days later she advertised in a paper that the owner of a fine Egyptian scarab lost on a Columbia avenue car might have the same by the simple process of describing his property. The notice also contained the reassuring information that no questions would be asked. Notwithstanding this promise of consideration for a tender conscience, no one ever called to claim the ring, and after a while Mrs. Osgood began wearing it herself.

"I have a strange partiality for things out of place," she commented, "and a 2000-year-old beetle bound to the third finger of one's right hand may certainly be said to be out of place."

"Don't be surprised," her husband admonished, "if some anarchistic-looking ruffian stops you on the street and asks for the countersign."

Mrs. Osgood laughed again. Deep in her heart she did feel a little uneasiness, but, as she wore the ring evening after evening and the prophecy of her husband and master was never fulfilled, even this slight fear left her. On the first night of the Conried season she selected the ornament

from a large number of others and carried it so far into society as D 3 Left in the Metropolitan Opera House. There it excited considerable attention, particularly from a thin, nervous woman in a loud gown and the adjoining seat.

The thin, nervous woman proved to be anything but an agreeable neighbor. She fidgeted restlessly in her chair and expressed her annoyance at the contact of Mrs. Osgood's opera cloak, which had been thrown carelessly over the space of the seat-back between them, by frequently plucking at its soft folds. At first Mrs. Osgood laid these gaudieries to remembrance, an opinion born of her husband's laughing remark: "She goes out after every act and is worse every time she comes back." Subsequently, however, it was agreed that the offender probably was merely an "outsider," who didn't know how to conduct herself.

"There isn't any bar in the foyer, is there?" Mrs. Osgood asked during one of the intermissions.

"Well, then?" returned Mrs. Osgood, adding, "Besides, I noticed that she simply walks about. Perhaps this is the first time she has ever been among really nice people, poor thing!"

Whether the proximity mentioned had an inhibiting effect or whether the vexatious person was merely tired, she came so near to embracing the occupant of D 3 Left, after her last tour, that Mrs. Osgood was much ruffled and ejaculated angrily, "Do be careful!"

"Oh, that's all right," whispered the "outsider" impudently, and Mrs. Osgood turned her attention to the stage and Marguerite, who was in the very act of going to the intermissions.

There was some pushing and crowding on the way out of the theatre, the audience, as usual, quitting the house under the apparent conviction that it would be consumed by fire within the next five minutes. Mrs. Osgood, not being robust, was rather long in reaching the last row of orchestra seats. When she did emerge from the aisle she was confronted by a bulky police officer, who effectually blocked her passage. "Will you step over here, ma'am?" inquired that gentleman. "I'd like to have a word with you."

Mrs. Osgood, who considered members of the force out of place except on Fifth avenue, was about to reply that she entertained no similar sentiment toward him, when her husband, realizing that something was wrong, took her arm and drew her to one side.

"Now," he said, when they got out of the crowd, "what is the matter?"

The tone of authority averted the policeman into an apologetic attitude. "Some kind of a mistake, I guess," he answered, "but this lady's lost her 'brooch' and she says she seen it on that lady."

"This lady" was a stout dowager standing near by with her hand on her hip. "I'll explain that 'that lady' was Mrs. Osgood."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the spouse of the accused. "Why, my wife is Mrs. Duncan Osgood!"

That ought to have settled the matter, but it didn't.

The dowager was persistent in urging her case—a distinct advantage, since Mrs. Osgood, pendulating violently between amazement and indignation, for once in her life was quite deprived of speech.

"When this woman put on her cloak, I saw my brooch pinned to the lining," explained the complainant. "I'm so sure it was my brooch that involuntarily I put my hand to my throat. Sure enough my jewels were gone. I demand that this

"BRICK'S TASTELESS"

REGISTERED

What it is

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.

What it does

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.

What we do

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

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE DEBUTANTE'S GOWN.

Since simplicity is the keynote of the season's fashions, and maid and matron alike are following this latest trend of fashion, there is little difference in the designs of costumes worn by these younger members of society. Practically the only difference in their opera toilettes is the absence of jewelry in that of the debutante. She may wear a string of pearls, a simple neck chain or a pretty pin, but none of the brilliantly attractive jewels with which the matron is privileged by rules of fashion to adorn herself. These fashionable pailletted nets which match such brilliant scintillating trimming for simple costumes, make up in a measure

officer do his duty!" she concluded dramatically, glancing a stony defiance at Mrs. Osgood. Despite the fact that all the persons concerned were some distance from the theatre, an interested crowd had gathered and the affair was becoming more embarrassing every moment. Mr. Osgood was roused to action.

"It is perfect idiocy to accuse my wife of theft," he said with dignity. "Your brooch probably came unfastened and fell to the floor. Doubtless it has already been found and turned in at the box office."

The dowager sniffed, looking in the process, uncommonly like a Japanese pug dog.

"That being true," continued Mrs. Osgood, "and the scene being most humiliating, you will oblige me, officer, by permitting us to pass."

The policeman waved. "There's been a lot of complaints this evening," he objected. "I don't know just what to do."

This was so obvious that immediately everybody began making suggestions. Mrs. Osgood, however, had come to herself in the interval. Her presence of mind returned.

"Wait!" she commanded, the iciness of her tone instantly silencing those about her. "We will put a stop to this foolishness at once. The old lady says she saw her brooch on my cloak. Now she can examine the cloak herself and see her mistake."

With a gesture of superb disdain, she pulled the cloak from her shoulders and held it up for inspection. There was a chorus of gasps. Mrs. Osgood glanced at the cloak and then fell back against her husband. The chiffon interlarding of the wrap was fully ablaze with gems. Not only was the missing brooch visible, fastened near the collar, but there were sunbursts and crescents and Mercury-wings and stick-pins galore. Diamonds shone along the hem, opals clung lovingly to the lace ruffles and emeralds peeped out of the folds.

Mr. Osgood was the first of the astonished group to recover his senses and to realize that this latest development carried the incident beyond him.

"It seems," he observed, "that Mrs. Osgood has been made the scapegoat of a thief. I think we had all better accompany this officer to the station house until some conclusion can be reached."

He struck out determinedly for the door, Mrs. Osgood clinging to his arm, the dowager and her son following after, the dazed policeman close behind, the knot of spectators in the rear.

On the sidewalk Mrs. Osgood felt some one jostle her and turned to look into the face of the thin, nervous woman whose behavior had been so intolerable during the performance. Having secured her attention that individual leaped forward until her lips almost touched Mrs. Osgood's ear.

"You squealer!" she whispered. "If you didn't intend to get away with them, why did you wear the ring?"

An instant later, when Mrs. Osgood, comprehending at last, reached out for her she had disappeared into the night.

PORTLAND 'LONGSHORE CARPENTERS MAY STRIKE

Portland, Me., Nov. 20.—The Portland longshore carpenters have made a demand on the managers of the local agencies of the foreign steamship lines for an increase in wages from \$3 to \$3.50 per day. The agents have answered that the business will not warrant the increase and that furthermore the carpenters are receiving higher wages at this port than at any other place. The carpenters say they will strike if their demands are not granted.

The congregation of Trinity church held a conversation in the school room last night under the auspices of the Young Women's Guild and Young Men's Association. Harrison's orchestra played during the evening and other musical features were a piano solo by Miss Biederman and vocal solos by Miss Louise Knight and Mrs. C. S. E. Robertson. Rev. David Lang of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, delivered a short address. The congregation were received by Mrs. C. P. Clarke, Mrs. James H. McAvity, Mrs. Lee Harrison and Mrs. J. W. B. Stewart. The evening proved thoroughly enjoyable.

A turkey supper and fancy sale held under the auspices of the ladies' sewing circle of the Fairville Baptist church last evening, proved very successful. There was a large attendance and everyone was delighted with the substantial and varied fare. The sale included fancy work, ice cream and candy and a good sum was realized. About twenty ladies acted as waitresses.

for the absence of the jewels in the debutante's toilette. This very simple costume, imported for a single appearance at grand opera, is of gray net over satin of the same shade, trimmed with velvet appliques and sequins in Paquin blue. There is a deep facing of gray satin at the foot of the skirt above which the applique and sequins form a deep border. The sleeves, bodice plastron and skirt panel of the pailletted net are in one piece. Above the sequin décolletage is a guimpe of finest white net top lace, three frills upstanding—on a neat foundation. A band of dark blue velvet with jeweled slides is worn around the neck, and the long gloves are white suede.

MONCTON WANTS A SHOE FACTORY

Ready to Offer Big Bonus to Secure Higgins Industry From Yarmouth.

Moncton, N. B., Nov. 19.—The board of trade tonight, after much discussion, decided to recommend the city council to bonus the Higgins shoe factory in the event of its removal to Moncton from Yarmouth.

The meeting was a representative one and the report of the council of the board of trade in reference to the boot and shoe industry was discussed at some length. The city is asked to grant the promoters of the factory a bonus of \$15,000 in four per cent bonds at par, free water for the factory, exemption of the factory from taxation and a grant of \$1,000 per year for twenty years for light and power.

The promoters of the factory, for \$200,000 in wages. There was some little opposition to such a large cash bonus but an amendment in favor of guaranteeing five per cent bonds for a term of years in lieu of granting cash was voted down and a recommendation in favor of the proposition as outlined above was almost unanimously adopted.

The city council is now asked to get legislation to carry the proposition through.

"Its Only a Cold, A Trifling Cough."

Thousands have said this when they caught cold. Thousands have neglected to cure the cold. Thousands have filled Consumptives grave through neglect. Never neglect a cough or cold. It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It strikes at the very foundation of all colds, coughs, croup, whooping cough, or curing Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup, Sore Throat, and preventing Pneumonia and Consumption.

It has stood the test for many years, and is now more generally used than ever. It contains all the lung healing virtues of the pine tree combined with Wild Cherry Bark and other special 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. Don't be humbugged into accepting an imitation of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents.

Mrs. C. E. Bissette, Lombardy, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with a hard dry cough for a long time, especially in the mornings, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. I can positively say that this remedy is well worth a trial."



Catarrh

Is a Constitutional Disease

It originates in impure blood and requires constitutional treatment, acting through and purifying the blood, for radical and permanent cure. The greatest constitutional remedy is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by druggists everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared by C. I. HOOD CO., Lowell, Mass.

PROMOTERS COMING TO BOOM BLACKSOD PROJECT IN CANADA

They Will Address Meetings Here --- British Paper Has Words of Praise for R. L. Borden.

Montreal, Nov. 19.—The Star's London correspondent cables:

An influential Anglo-Irish deputation will leave on the Carmania on Saturday to interview the Canadian government and address Canadian meetings on behalf of the All-Red and Blacksod-Halifax proposal. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, bart, will head the deputation, which also includes Dr. Ambrose, M. P., representing the Irish Nationalist party in the commons; the Bishop of Sligo, and C. N. Armstrong. They will represent to the Canadian ministers the perfect practicability of their scheme for three twenty-five knot steamers making a weekly service of three and a half days between Blacksod and Halifax, at a cost of £1,500,000.

The delegates will address meetings in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, Halifax and St. John.

Meanwhile Mr. Sifton is busy here pushing the proposals for an independent steamship scheme with himself and Lord Strathcona as leaders. He has visited Bristol, where great expectations of enlarged Canadian business have been awakened by the new King Edward dock. Mr. Sifton, it is understood, will contend that the service should have an English, not Irish port.

The British ministers argue the scheme should include a fast Australian service via Vancouver. The Blacksod promoters have, accordingly, submitted proposals for a service from Vancouver to New Zealand and Australia in conjunction with the Union Pacific line, and say they have the support of the New Zealand and Australian governments, and only now await Canadian adhesion.

Echoes of Mr. Borden's tour are beginning to appear in English journals which, thanks to the recent journalistic tours organized by the Canadian and Ontario governments and the Canadian Pacific, are devoting much generally enlightened attention to Canadian affairs.

The Morning Post, whose editor, Fabian Ware, has just come back from Canada, today forecasts that Mr. Borden will be prime minister within five or six years, even if Sir Wilfrid Laurier wins the next election. It says:

"His solid integrity of character more than compensates for his deficiency in demagogic skill. Picturesque figures like Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Mr. Parkes, Sir George Grey and Mr. Seddon, belong to the infancy rather than to the maturity of the British colony. The political life of the dominion must be preserved from the tyranny of the machine which has been perfected in the United States."

Mr. Borden also seems, according to the Morning Post, fitted to co-operate in carrying on the work of imperial unionism, based on colonial nationalism such as Premier Deakin enunciated at the imperial conference.

POLLY AND DOLLY



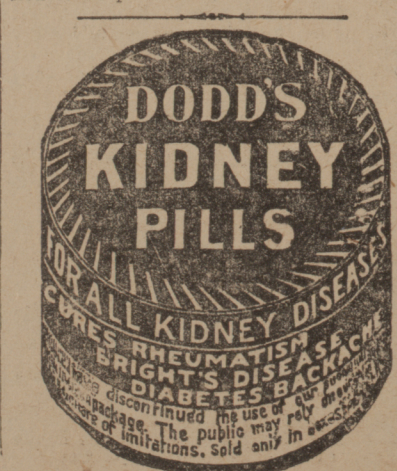
I am little Miss Polly,
I have a new dolly,
A pretty, sweet dolly,
You see.
Her eyes are so blue,
And she is quite new,
And my grandmama gave her
To me.

ELECTION IN COLCHESTER

Tomorrow is Nomination Day and the Proceedings Are Expected to be Interesting.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 19.—Nominations in Colchester for the house of commons will take place on Thursday. It is expected that George W. Fowler will be present to speak on behalf of John Stanfield, the Conservative nominee, at the meetings to be held in the afternoon and evening.

The Liberals will hold no evening meeting on Thursday. It will be held on Friday, when Hon. W. S. Fielding has promised to be present.



Our Underwear Means Comfort.

For Fall and Winter we have again made strong efforts to make our underwear showing unusually interesting. Among the popular makes we are showing the following lines of fine Underwear for Men which are known the country over for their excellent wearing qualities.

STANFIELD'S UNSHRINKABLE UNDERWEAR, 88c., \$1.08, \$1.18, \$1.25.
PENMAN'S, 48c., 58c., 75c., and 98c.
WOOL FLEECE UNDERWEAR, 48c.
WARM TOP SHIRTS, 48c., 68c., 75c., 98c.
CARDIGANS, SWEATERS, GLOVES, AND MITTS AT LOWEST PRICES.

C. B. PIDGEON,

Cor. Main and Bridge Sts., North End.

CLOTHING, TAILORING, BOOTS.

YOUR AD. HERE

Would be read by thousands every evening



The Man Who Works

and wants shoes that stand the roughest work, buys

"Artisan Shoes

In a variety of shapes and leathers

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

389½ COLUMNS

VERSUS

296½ COLUMNS

The advertiser who desires the greatest return on advertising money invested, NOTE THE HEADLINE. 389½ represents the number of columns of advertising carried last week by The Telegraph and Times.

201 1-4 FOR THE TELEGRAPH 188 1-4 FOR THE TIMES

296½ is the number of columns of advertising carried last week by The Sun and Star.

130 3-4 FOR THE SUN 165 3-4 FOR THE STAR

Not only do The Telegraph and Times carry more advertising than any two other papers in the city but they also reach MORE desirable buyers than any two other papers in St. John. DIRECT to the homes by carrier IS A REASON.

Telegraph and Times advertising means highly profitable advertising for the Holiday Season.

THINK IT OVER

'Phone 705.