

NEW BRUNSWICK'S GREATEST SHOE HOUSE

MEN'S
Wet Weather Boots!

There is no telling how long this kind of weather will continue. To wear rubbers is to grind them out in quick time.

The proper thing to do is to get a pair of our real good sensible Wet Proof Boots, made for this climate, in every style from thoroughly reliable leathers, some are lined throughout with leather, others are lined with Heavy English Drill, with or without viscolized buttons.

Tan or Black \$3.00 to \$6.50 a Pair.

WATERBURY & RISING

King Street Union Street Mill Street

Fashion Hints for Times Readers



AN EVENING COAT ON PRACTICAL LINES
For the woman who may not always depend on the luxury of a carriage, the evening wrap with sleeves is the best choice, for it is more of a protection when short trips must be made through the street. This charming wrap of pale pink is

The Evening Chit-Chat
By RUTH CAMERON

M. R. B. is decidedly too attentive to his pretty stenographer. That is such a blatant piece of gossip in our neighborhood that it is impossible to be unaware of it.

I think even Mrs. B. knows. I saw her the other day and her eyes looked red, and the lady who lives next door to her says she has several times seen her that way.

The lady who lives next door and who happens to be a person of some discernment and judgment said some other things, too.

"I wasn't surprised," she said, "I have expected something like this ever since she began to work for him."

"Why?" I inquired. "Mr. B. that kind of a man?"

"I would never have thought so," she replied. "Not at all," she responded with spirit, "but Mrs. B. is that kind of a woman. You don't see what that has to do with it? My dear, if you had lived where I do, you would know."

Her home and children so thoroughly did neglect herself and her husband so utterly that when she drove a point for a husband, and likely as not, even then—something is going to happen."

"Every morning when that man went to work he left a slatternly-looking woman in a dressing gown and her hair done in a while-away knot at the back of her neck. Half the time she was what he called 'not on any duty' at night."

She had been so busy polishing the parlor furniture or making every window in the house shine that she hadn't had time to tend to her own person."

"And what did he do when he left her? As pretty a girl as you'd want to see, all fresh and dainty in a clean shirtwaist and her hair shining and her mind concentrated on how to suit him and not on any duty."

"Men are only human. Who's going to say that man is wholly to blame?" she asked. "Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

"Who can say that?" I asked. "Who can say that?" she asked. "Who can say that?" she asked.

MORGAN
GAVE AWAY
\$350,000

There Was, However, Discor-

dant Note in Xmas. Cheer

PRIZE POULTRY STOLEN

Cost of Being Sick Goes up, Too—

Married Life and the Luck of

the Stage—Coal Dust in Brig-

ettes—Invasion of 5th Avenue

Special Correspondence of The

Times-Star

New York, Jan. 1.—There was but one

discordant note in the Christmas cheer of

J. Pierpont Morgan, the financier dis-

tributed to members of his firm and em-

ployees of his banking house on Christmas

day, however equal to a whole year's salary,

amounting to an estimated \$350,000 in the

aggregate. To his personal friends, members of his family,

relatives and a host of pensioners depend-

ent upon his bounty he presented another

\$350,000—making approximately \$700,000 in

all. This should satisfy the craving of the

ordinary multi-millionaire who feels with

Andrew Carnegie that it is a sin to die

rich, but not so Mr. Morgan. Some covetous

ones of the other night under cover of darkness

contrived to invade his burglar-proof

house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

tiful, the general secretary of the Hospital

Association, who is the finest specimen of

his type that ever proudly stalked a

barometer, was the other night under cover of

darkness contrived to invade his burglar-

proof house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

tiful, the general secretary of the Hospital

Association, who is the finest specimen of

his type that ever proudly stalked a

barometer, was the other night under cover of

darkness contrived to invade his burglar-

proof house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

tiful, the general secretary of the Hospital

Association, who is the finest specimen of

his type that ever proudly stalked a

barometer, was the other night under cover of

darkness contrived to invade his burglar-

proof house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

tiful, the general secretary of the Hospital

Association, who is the finest specimen of

his type that ever proudly stalked a

barometer, was the other night under cover of

darkness contrived to invade his burglar-

proof house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

tiful, the general secretary of the Hospital

Association, who is the finest specimen of

his type that ever proudly stalked a

barometer, was the other night under cover of

darkness contrived to invade his burglar-

proof house on his Fifth Avenue estate, and

carried off fourteen prize turkeys, recently

imported by the financier. As a connoisseur of the beau-

burn half as long again. Therefore she

adds that it will be more economical than

coal and save householders a considerable

sum annually on their fuel bills.

The idea of bringing coal dust came to

Miss Grayson several years ago in Lon-

dun during the coal strike.

Sues the Re-Married Widow

Supplementing her matrimonial troubles,

which have commanded more or less public

attention in the last six months or more,

Mrs. Nevada Chapman-Van Valkenberg,

who, as the \$10,000,000 widow of William

Hayes Chapman, was the most love-pur-

sued woman in New York, has been made

a defendant in an action brought in the

Supreme Court by her late husband's cou-

sin, William P. Chapman, who claims \$10-

000 is due him for legal services rendered

the deceased multi-millionaire.

Mrs. Van Valkenberg disputes the claim,

and the case has been referred to a referee

for adjudication. In the meanwhile, Mrs.

Van Valkenberg is wondering when her

action for divorce against Van Valken-

berg will come up for a hearing. Having

won the pretty widow's heart and hand

against a host of foreign noblemen and lo-

cal fortune hunters, he was able to keep

the prize he coveted but six months. The

case is expected to be on the calendar in

the early part of the year.

But, it is said, will not oppose it.

Marion Harland

Surrounded by a host of admiring friends,

"Marion Harland" (Mrs. E. R. Terhune),

and a real old-fashioned birthday celebra-

tion the other day. The writer, sharing

none of the scruples of her sex respecting

the secrets of her age, owned that it was

her eightieth natal anniversary and her

sixty-fifth as a writer.

When she was barely fifteen her first

stories appeared in the early magazines.

In that era it was considered almost as

bold for a woman to write for publication

as it would have been for her to lead a bal-

let. To make an identity that would not

stay masked, the fifteen-year-old au-

thor coined the pen name, "Marion Har-

land," and kept—even from her own fair-

ly—the guilty secret that she could write.

Her first novel, "Alone," written when

she was eighteen, sold 200,000 copies in

less than three years, and made the title,

"Marion Harland," too, familiar to the

reading public for its warner to disregard

it in favor of her own name. It was not

until she had reached middle age that

"Marion Harland" took up the task of

cookbook making, by which she is today

known. A friend, arguing against such

a homely use of her talent, once pro-

tested:

"But household writing is not literature."

"No," answered "Marion Harland," "but

it is something better. It is helpfulness."

Invasion of 5th Avenue

While conceding that it is a difficult

task to keep the trades people from invad-

ing their section of Fifth Avenue in and

around Fifty-seventh street, once recog-

nized as the hub of Gotham's wealth and

fashion, the decision of Harry Payne

AN "ALL
RED" TOUR
OF EMPIRE

British Dominions in Compre-

hensive Form at the

London Festival

A MONORAIL TRIP

Included is a Sight of Canada and

Her People and Occupations

and a Visit to Parliament Build-

ing—All Colonies are Shown

London, Jan. 4.—All who wish to enjoy

a lightning tour of the British empire will

have the opportunity when the Festival of

Empire and Imperial exhibition of 1911 is

opened at the Crystal Palace.

In the All-British section the empires will

be presented on a scale of realism never

before attempted, and by taking a ticket for

the "All-Red Tour" the visitor will be able

to survey Newfoundland, Canada, Ja-

maica, the Malay states, India, Australia,

New Zealand and South Africa. This mono-

railway trip, in a journey of a mile and a

half, will give the traveller realistic glimpses

of colonial life and scenery, and all in

twenty minutes.

The first stopping place is Newfoundland

station. On arrival the visitor will inspect

the exhibition building of the oldest col-

ony, where a wonderful collection of ex-

hibits, working models, sporting trophies,

etc., will be on view. Rejoining the train,

the passenger is whisked through pictur-

esque Newfoundland scenery, with a glimpse

of the town and harbor of St. John's in

the distance, and then before he realizes

it he is in Canada. He beholds a vast

stretch of forest land and groups of men

busily engaged in felling timber and pre-

paring the soil for the plough. Great or-

chard farms are seen in full bloom with

men and women picking and packing the

fruit for export. Wide expanses of wheat

lands unroll before the eye, cattle are graz-

ing right down to the railway track, the

train passes through a deep cutting, cross-

es a trestle bridge with water running be-

low, and pulls up in front of the Ottawa

parliament buildings. In this noble build-

ing—some 350 ft in length and 190 ft

wide—some idea may be had of the won-

derful resources of the Dominion.

Off again, and in a flash the traveller is

in Jamaica, and is being carried through

palm-bearing lands into the very heart of

a sugar plantation with real natives at

work. A Malay village is next sighted,

with natives at work and play, and the

train passes to India. All the romance

and color of our Indian dependency will be

compressed into the space of an exhibition

allotment. The Himalayas will be shown

in perspective, the crowded, mystic moun-

tains of Delhi and an Indian palace ablaze

with gold and jewels will be inspected.

Entering the train again, the travellers

pass through endless varieties of Indian

scenery to the coast, where the second of

the "sea trips" takes place