

Smoking Jackets.

If there is one thing more than another, etc.—You know the rest.

We have a line of beautiful SMOKING JACKETS. Come in and see them—can't describe them on paper. We'll just mention a style or two, BUT COME AND SEE THEM.

COVERT CLOTHS in colors, Lined and Unlined, Silk Corded.
DOUBLE-FACE CLOTHS, Handsome Plaid Inside; BLUE TRICOT, Etc.

Don't think of buying him a SMOKING JACKET or HOUSE COAT for Christmas without seeing our line. Any price you would like to pay.

\$3.50 TO \$8.40.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

St. John, N. B.
ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOYING CONTEST

THE COMPETITION

ONE

For as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

"What is that?"

"That you finish those engines for me. It's not so fast, think before you speak, and understand if you refuse your hours are numbered. I'll not be balked for nothing by a whining girl."

"I'll do them, grandfather, but I want to dress like a woman."

"See your mother about that. I don't care, though I'd prefer you to continue as you are. Come on now and get me the jewels at once. Damnation, here's half a morning wasted, and not a thing done. Ah, the way some of these women are."

His voice became gradually thinner and fainter, and Cressingham realized that he was being abandoned in the cavern without a lamp and without chance of escape from his position, as Desire had surrendered to the Count, the key of the tunnel door, and he knew that he could never find his way through the maze of passages to the other exit without assistance, for his store of matches was almost gone. Scarcely a minute later he heard the distant clang of the iron door as it was shut and locked, barring him in a green house of dreadful gloom. Reluctantly lighting one of his precious vestas he scrambled back into the cavern and stretching himself upon the spongy fungus sought as best he could against the despair that knocked tumultuously at the threshold of his soul, his one remaining hope being that Desire would find a means of helping him. But hours passed, slow forms of agony, each one drawing out and twisted into an eternity of pain, each stealing from him a portion of his slender store of hope, until bankrupt at last he stared into the impenetrable darkness meditating ways and means of death.

CHAPTER XVII.
ESCAPE.

Lord Francis Cressingham was an Englishman and he came of a stock which for ten successive generations had gallantly provided food for steel and powder in the service of England. He was not an exceptionally courageous man, as Englishmen go, and physically rather delicate and nervous than robust, but he had in his composition that essentially British characteristic which ever prevents its possessors from long giving way to despair, and which has earned for British soldiers the superlative distinction of being recognized by all other nations as tenacious as bull-dog adversaries who, though possibly beaten, fight on while life lasts; a

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 Linctament Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B., and Chelmsford, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Dr. Hemen's Dyspepsia Cure. 5¢ bottle cures. Write for pamphlet.

it couldn't know where his bad workman's ship would land me!"

He tried to take the middle path without investigation and trust to luck. He did badly, for he had scarcely gone ten paces when he tripped, and instead of falling upon an ascending incline as he had anticipated, he toppled over a small stone coping and rolled headlong down a steep and slippery passage until he thought he should never stop. He did at last, however, and without mishap, although brought up rather sharply against a mound of mud.

Standing up he found that he could feel no wall or ceiling within reach of his arms, and was constrained to strike his feet match. Seeking a dry patch of attractive quest, he drew the vestas across the tweed with a reckless laugh. "Might as well laugh as cry," he reflected.

The match flickered and sputtered fitfully, but to his joy caught, and he saw he stood within a vast circular cavern which seemed two hundred feet wide, his roof so high as to be invisible behind the dark. He lost himself in gazing, and the match burned his fingers and went out before he could light another.

"I think I'll have a rest," he said aloud, and was surprised to hear his voice reverberated through the chamber, filling it with a million hissing sounds that grew in volume instantly as though caught up by mocking sprites who clanged and hissed and crashed about and back at him with ghoul-like glees. It was a horrid happening, and he thought the noise would never stop. It seemed to abate and then commenced again, each time louder and louder. Suddenly something clattered with a hollow bang in the darkness opposite and there followed pandemonium itself. So deafening grew the noises that he put up his hands to his ears in very pain and shut his eyes, all his nerves on edge, waiting until he thought the nuisance gone, he opened his eyes again to find that with wild abandon a figure of a huge man, full ten feet high, standing in the centre of the cavern holding an enormous lantern in his hand.

Cressingham's heart leaped violently, and he stood almost still, so great was the shock, and he observed with positive fear that the figure was approaching him. But with every step the monstrous creature and everything about him diminished in size, until ten paces off he recognized Desire. The girl had seen him staring after the figure of a huge man, full ten feet high, standing in the centre of the cavern holding an enormous lantern in his hand.

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Desire took his arm and they hurried off together in the direction she had come. It took them, however, though straining every nerve, a full five minutes to cross the cavern, and not till they had penetrated the tunnel which they next entered for sixty paces, did the first creaks break the silence. Then she stopped, and demanded: "How is it found you there?"

(To be continued.)

One of the newest ideas in evening wraps is shown in the drawing, the design of which, however, would not be difficult for the home dressmaker to copy. The wrap was made with a circular underpart, which was lined with white satin, and was without sleeves, slits being cut in the cloth for the arms to pass through. The upper case was cut in points in the middle of the front and back and on each side, the points at the sides being laid in at the shoulders, so that they fell as shown in the drawing. The edge

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



Evening wrap of apricot broadcloth.

of this cape was simply turned once and stitched, and was unlined. The collar was the most effective feature of the cost. It was cut in military style, the straight turnover being faced with black velvet. A narrow band of the broadcloth edged the collar, the band being turned an inch or so from the front part of the collar, which was of velvet ornamented with two gold stars. A stitched strap of the broadcloth, finished on the ends with a heavy gold tassel, fell down each side of the cloak.



A French model for carriage use.

Although this charming model was originally imported for automobile purposes, its graceful lines will lend themselves delightfully to other uses of out-door life. Fashioned from one of those lightweight but extremely warm Irish tweeds that the peasants of that "most disastrous country" weave on old-time hand looms, it presents the double charm of warmth with a commendable lack of weight. A brown heather mixture, one in which glints of scarlet and green assert themselves makes a charming ground upon which the slight trimming touches that are attempted show up to the uttermost advantage. A heavy ribbed silk that presents the same scheme of color—brown with glints of scarlet and green—is cut on the bias and applied in flat folds, machine stitched on either edge. The coat is of circular cut, almost that of a cape effect, and this is cleverly draped to a shallow round yoke of the silk. The sleeve is of do-main size, cut extremely full, and filling an arm-size that is cut to extend well-nigh to the wrist line. The full circular sweep of the garment is prettily emphasized in the centre back, where the excess of fullness is draped to form a singular fold. The front fastening is of a double-breasted order, the same loose fullness falling into draped lines as is seen in the back view presented. Whether for street, carriage or automobile use, this charming model, of French origin, is bound to attract favorable attention and admiring comment wherever shown.

Keep Your Liver

working. It's a lazy organ and needs to be stimulated occasionally, or it shirks its function. That coated tongue, sallow complexion, sick headache and pain under the shoulder blade are caused by an indolent liver. Liven it up by taking a short course of

Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere. In boxes 25 cents.

OBITUARY

Moses D. Smith

Smithtown, Kings County, N. B., Dec. 9.—On Tuesday the 4th instant, this community received such a shock as it has not felt for years, when the death of Moses D. Smith was made known to the people of the town. Mr. Smith was a native of the town of Smithtown, and was a member of the Methodist church. He was a man of high character and a devoted member of his church. He was a man of high character and a devoted member of his church. He was a man of high character and a devoted member of his church.

O. A. Barberie

Campbellton, N. B., Dec. 11.—O. A. Barberie, station agent here, died this evening at 7:30 after an illness of about four months. Mr. Barberie was the oldest station master on the I. C. R., having entered the service in 1869. He was 74 years of age and was very popular and widely known with the travelling public, particularly the stationer and being an ardent sportsman did much to make known northern New Brunswick as a sportsman's resort.

James McLoon

James McLoon, one of the oldest residents of Carleton, died suddenly yesterday afternoon at his home, 97 Market Place, aged 83 years. He had been in poor health for a year but not confined to his bed until recently. Yesterday he was in his usual health and ate quite a hearty dinner. About 3 o'clock, as he sat in bed talking to his wife, he fell back and passed peacefully away.

Mr. McLoon's parents came here from Ireland long years ago and settled at Sheffield, Sunbury county, where James McLoon was born. Some years afterwards they removed to St. John and the father conducted a thriving business in what was then Cooper's Alley, now Church street.

When quite a young man James McLoon took up the business of lumber merchant and he carried it on successfully for 35 years, retiring from active labor only three years ago. He was an ardent member of St. George's church and a member of the Masonic fraternity, being one of the oldest of these connected with Carleton.

Gentle Laxative Needed for the Aged and Feeble

With the advance of years the vital functions of the body slow down. The organs of secretion grow weak, the peristaltic action of the bowels is perceptibly lessened and dangerous constipation develops.

What is the result?

Poisonous substances over-run the system, the circulation is enorged with wastes, the brain is filled with blood, the hands and feet grow numb with cold, the whole body twitches and trembles.

A drastic cathartic is dangerous. Nothing will cure but a gentle laxative like Dr. Hamilton's Pills; their action not only extends to the stomach, liver and kidneys, but is directed to the secretory glands, and increases their fluidity and volume.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills are different from other pills. Their activity in moving the secretory apparatus is profound, but their action is so mild, so free from gripes that it seems scarcely possible you have taken medicine at all. Yet they do the work efficiently, and this is why they are so widely prescribed for old folks who need a laxative and system tonic.

Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

Headache
Biliousness
Dizziness
Vertigo
Stomach
Bad Dreams
A Guarantee in Each Case

For your own sake, keep Dr. Hamilton's Pills in your reach. Take them whenever you feel unwell; they clean out the entire system, keep it pure and in working order. Purely vegetable in composition, made from the most reliable materials, compare with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00, at all druggists.

The loss on the Lordly building by last Friday night's fire has been appraised at \$25,000.

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.

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THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

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