

Friday, Oct. 26, 1906

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**THE EVENING TIMES**

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**THE COUNTERSTROKE**

By **AMBROSE PRATT**

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Mr. Perigord went on unheeding, "You, Lord Francis Cressingham, three months ago secretary to the Ambassador at the Court of the Czar, were obliged to resign your position and abandon a career which your energy and brilliant talents must have rendered glorious because of the solicitation of a woman, for whose smile you had already forgotten the duty which bound you in all honor to a woman of greater beauty and queenly worth you carried a letter to one high in office but a traitor to his salt, a letter which but for the vigilance of my agents might have accomplished its nefarious object, shall I state that object?"

Lord Francis Cressingham, who was nervously biting at lips turned absolutely bloodless, stammered hoarsely, "No!"

Mr. Perigord smiled satirically. "The Czar still rules," he said, adding with marked coldness, "but unhappy Madam Yvella has succeeded in persuading you that she was an innocent agent and unaware of the contents of that letter?"

A pause succeeded, during which the falling of a pin to the floor would have appeared a loud and startling noise.

"You, Count Ludewig von Oeltjen," said Mr. Perigord, suddenly breaking the silence, "were chief attaché to the Kaiser's embassy in London until three weeks ago. You were then compelled to resign, and the reason officially assigned for your retirement was the misplacing of an important dispatch entrusted to your charge, which through some mishap was said to have reached its destination too late to be of service. The real cause of your dismissal was somewhat different. A certain reigning monarch was at that time paying a visit to Her Majesty the Queen of England. You were induced to undertake the presentation to that king of a petition from his majesty's subjects resident in England, which purported to be an address of welcome. I believe, praying for some favors specifically put forward as a means for your decision. It was written on parchment, ably perfumed by a scent which inhale meant death. Your mission happily failed of its intention. Your honesty was not questioned, but you were required to name the person who had so befooled you. You persistently refused, and, in consequence of your obstinacy, Germany lost a faithful servant, and Madame Yvella, Countess of Hohenstein, still reigns a sovereign beauty and petted favorite at the Court of Europe."

The Count von Oeltjen drew his breath sharply through tightly clenched teeth. Bending forward he demanded hoarsely, "Who the devil, sir, are you, who know so much?"

Mr. Perigord for answer threw back the left lapel of his coat, his action displaying the presence of a large brooch fastened to his breast, whereupon was traced a strange device, wrought with diamonds of great size and brilliancy. "Prince, peer or peasant," he said with grave solemnity, his manner of malice entirely gone, "what matters it? I am he to whom all true Masons owe allegiance. And yet your question is not impertinent

## CONSTIPATION!

Is caused by a weak stomach that will not properly digest food. **HERNER'S DYSPEPSIA CURE** corrects the stomach, and positively cures constipation. Constipation causes pain. When you cure it you will also cure piles. Sold under a guarantee. Price 35c. and \$1.00 at all druggists.

entertaining long of such a proposition. I had read pamphlets, the handwork of the mysterious leaders of the society, whose specious and brilliant contents could only have emanated from powerful and enlightened minds. Irresistibly, therefore, was the conviction forced upon me that the society of which I had been a member, was controlled by men whom either madness, revenge or personal ambition excited to the planning and perpetration of such monstrous crimes, and who for their own wicked ends played upon the ignorance and noble but misdirected enthusiasm of the following. This terrible conviction grew stronger through the weary, slaving days, but I was tortured by the vanity of knowledge come too late. Having lost hope of ever walking the earth a free man again, I dared to make one night a solemn pact with God. Kneeling on the stone floor of my cell I vowed to the Most High that if He saw fit to accomplish my release, I would devote my life, my fortune, my very soul to abolish Nihilism and its hand by any means and at any cost or hazard that small but dangerous coterie of men whose objects are, avowedly, ideal in grand, but whose methods are so atrociously inhuman. Gentlemen, God heard, and took me at my word. His answer was swift and sure. After I had sworn my vow I fell into a deep dreamless sleep; I was awakened at dawn by a soldier who struck off my chains and informed me that I was free. Overcome, I fell upon my knees and gratefully renewed my covenant, but the soldier thought I returned thanks for my good fortune, and an unbeliever, he kicked me brutally upon the face. At another time I should have strangled him, for I was starving and quick-tempered in those days, but I felt that I had become God's servant, and I humbly followed the ruffian without attempting to revenge his coward act. Since that day, my life has been moulded.

In the pause that followed, silence reigned supreme; the faces of all had grown profoundly grave, passionately attentive.

Mr. Perigord gazed intently at his guests, and presently continued, "My work was of necessity infinitely tedious. From my short acquaintance with Nihilism, I knew something of its laws and secrets, but nothing of the organization of its chiefs. With gold I purchased much knowledge, with patience more, but it cost me five years of ceaseless effort to acquire the groundwork of the system. These five years taught me that the society is composed of three circles. The outermost comprises no less than half a million neophytes scattered throughout the poor and proscribed not only of Russia but of all the other nations of Europe. These neophytes, who are generally uneducated and illiterate creatures drawn from the lowest classes of humanity, are captained by members of the second circle, men of a slightly better type, intelligent and ambitious, and forced by the secrets of the order kept that it cost me a further eight years of unremitting inquiry and night thirty thousand pounds before I was able to penetrate one simple little thing—namely, the number of the chiefs who constitute the innermost circle.

At last I succeeded, and the day of my triumph dawned. My work had been long and arduous, but I journeyed to Cairo to hear the news. The traitor whom I had bought having murdered his wife, I was able to purchase a new set of disguises, when a bullet fired at him point blank from across the street in which we stood, took his life, and a second bullet cut off the leg of my left ear. That day, gentlemen, President Sadi Carnot was stabbed to death in France. I did not recall my discovery until Providence assisted me; a month since I discovered much of that which I had sought for so long and often so hopelessly. I had closed my eyes, but I was not to be deceived, for the fact that I had, gentlemen, I have acquired power to name in a breath the three creatures who now rule the machinery of Nihilism.

The listeners neither murmured nor moved; they appeared to be frozen and stupefied, so pale and still were they. Mr. Perigord waited a moment, looking at them expectantly; then with a shrug of his huge shoulders once more resumed.

(To be continued.)

### WEDDINGS

Wright-Hamilton.

A very pretty wedding took place Wednesday evening, Oct. 17, at the mansion, Dalhousie, when Madam May Hamilton, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, of Shannon Vale, was united in marriage to W. Wayne Wright, of the same place. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. J. H. Kirk. The couple were unattended. The bride was beautifully attired in a suit of grey, with white tulle-trimmed veil. After the ceremony the happy couple, accompanied by the relatives who were present at the ceremony, drove to the home of the bride's parents, where a tempting supper was served. The bride was the recipient of a number of pretty and useful presents, the groom's present to the bride being a gold bracelet.

Ayer-Road.

Seckville, Oct. 25.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Frink, captain of No. 1 Salvage Corps, yesterday received the cup won by his corps as second prize in the Salvage Corps race at the recent Charlottetown sports. The cup is a fine example of the silversmith's art, standing about fifteen inches high, with an ebony base. On the bowl is the inscription: "Firemen's Tournament, Charlottetown, P. E. I., Aug., 1906. Second prize, Salvage Corps race."

**DODD'S**

**KIDNEY PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

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GRAVEL  
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NEURALGIA  
HEADACHE  
TOOTHACHE  
SICK HEADACHE  
BLINDNESS  
DEAFNESS  
EYE BRUISES  
HAIR FALLOUT  
GOUT  
IMPOTENCE  
LIMP  
PARALYSIS  
PNEUMONIA  
SCURVY  
SHRILLO VOICE  
SPEECH  
TUBERCULOSIS  
WIND  
ZYTIUM  
LIVER COMPLAINT  
OBSTRUCTION OF THE URINARY PASSAGE  
SAND IN THE URINE  
URINARY CALCULI  
URINARY DYSMETABOLISM  
URINARY DISCRETION

# M. R. A. OVERCOATS FOR STYLE and QUALITY

**INSIDE OF A FORTNIGHT ST. JOHN MEN AND BOYS** will be possessors of new overcoats or thinking about donning that of last winter or the season before. Let us say right here and now we are Overcoat Specialists. Catering to the peculiar needs of the masculine gender in outer garments is our particular hobby. We have the goods to back up everything we say, too. There's nothing on this season's authentic fashion plates for men we have not got in stock, as far as overcoats are concerned. That's saying a good deal, 'tis true, but the coats carry out the assertion most handsomely.

Ours is Not an Exclusive Trade. It is Inclusive, Taking in all Men.

- How is This For a Price List?**
- \$7.50** Dark Grey Cheviot with Grey Stripes. Full length with Velvet Collar.
  - \$8.50** Plain Grey Vicuna also in Fancy Tweeds. Full Length with Velvet Collar.
  - \$10.00** Black Meltons, Chevots, Vicunas and Beavers, full length and with Velvet Collars. Several smart patterns, including Fancy Tweeds in long coats and dark coats with indistinct stripes.
  - \$12.00** Black Meltons, Chevots, Vicunas. Full and Knee lengths, Velvet Collars, all having Vents at back; in fact all our coats have these. Also D. E. Coat in "Fancy Cheviot."
  - \$13.00** Black Meltons in Knee-length with Velvet Collar and Vent. Very shapely garment.
  - \$13.50** Black Meltons, Chevots and Vicunas in Knee and Full lengths, also a Black Coat in the Bannerman shape, with Pressed Side Seams. A Double breasted Coat in Black at this price also.
  - \$15.00** Our Bannerman Coat in Fancy Cheviot, Black Beaver, Dark Brown Cheviot, etc. In Single and Double-breasted styles.
  - \$16.50** Black Vicuna in full length cut, also in Dark Grey Cheviot. Velvet Collar, etc.
  - \$17.00** A Black Melton knee-length coat with all the style marks. Scrupulously tailored and trimmed in best materials.
  - \$17.50** Dark Grey Cheviot in full-length coat, a garment suited to nearly every man. Very stylish.
  - \$18.00** Black Vicuna with Self-striping. In the Bannerman cut with flaring sides and deep vent at back. One of our leaders.
  - \$18.50** Black Melton in Knee-length, made of high quality English cloth, with Venetian finished Italian linings and mohair sleeve linings. Velvet collar, etc.
  - \$22.00** Black English Beaver with Skinner satin linings throughout body and sleeves. A highly superior item of mannish apparel.
  - \$24.00** Black Vicuna in Paleot style, highly modish. This is a close-fitted coat at the waist with flowing skirt and deep vent.
  - \$26.00** An extra quality Black Melton with Skinner satin linings to the waist. Faultlessly tailored in every particular.



## OVERCOATS FOR BOYS, BIG AND LITTLE.

**SMART LITTLE RUSSIANS, \$3.00 TO \$8.00.**

ONE OF THE VERY FINEST ASSORTMENTS TO BE HAD in any clothing store in Canada. The cloths include: Fancy Tweeds, Fancy Chevots, Plain Blues in Beaver, Naps and Vicunas; Royal Blue Beavers and Vicunas, Brown Vicunas and Friezes; and Beavers; Light Grey Vicunas; Fancy Grey and Green Homespun and Vicunas, etc. Every snug little coat is tastefully decked out in either Gilt Buttons, or Cord and Frog Fastenings. The smartest outer garment a parent can buy for a small boy.

**MANNISH ORDINARY COATS, \$3.75 TO \$10.00.**

FOR THE BOY GROWING UP TO THE STATION OF YOUTH, chaps from 10 to 17, we cater with an eye single to their comfort in coldest weather and to their dressty appearance, for at these ages there's a big bump of personal pride in the lads. Ordinary-length coats with Velvet Collars and all that sort of fine tailoring in such lasting and tasty materials as: Dark Grey Friezes and Vicunas; Fancy Tweeds, Chevots and Vicunas; in Black Meltons, etc. Made largely on the same lines as the coats for father or big brother.

## MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON.

### ALL THE STORED-UP FIREARMS IN CUBA TO BE DESTROYED

Havana, Oct. 25.—Carrying out the policy under which the arms surrendered by the insurgents have been destroyed, orders have been given that a great quantity of arms, the accumulation of the last forty years, now stored in the casemates of Morro Castle here, be thrown from the battlements of the castle into the sea. This work is being done by the present garrison of Morro Castle, under the supervision of American officers. Most of the guns are obsolete. About 10,000 stands of arms are thus to be rendered useless. It is intended to do away with similar accumulations of arms in all the other fortresses of the island. This destruction of weapons is entirely a precautionary measure. Governor Magoon has accepted the resignation of Gaston Mora, under secretary of government, and has appointed Manuel Sobrado to his place. Sobrado is a former member of congress, and an independent. No action has yet been taken in the matter of the tender of the resignation of General Rafael Montalvo, warden of the penitentiary.

### REFRACTORY INDIANS DEFY THE UNITED STATES TROOPS

Cheyenne, Wyo., Oct. 25.—The Utes Indians, who are to be rounded up by the United States cavalry and escorted back to their reservation, are now on Little Powder River, about forty miles north of Gillette (Wyo.), and are temporarily camped there on account of the storm.

Major C. H. Grierson, in command of troop M, tenth cavalry, which was sent to escort the Indians back to their reservation, decided after they refused to surrender to await reinforcements before rounding them up and orders have been issued by Major-General Greeley for the dispatching of two more troops of the tenth cavalry from Fort Robinson (Neb.). As soon as these troops arrive at the military camp north of Gillette (Wyo.) the entire battalion will move forward and surround the Indian camp on Powder River and demand the surrender of the Utes, who are 300 strong. If they still refuse to accompany the troops on a task will probably follow. The troops today were ordered from Fort Meade (S. D.) to join those north of Gillette (Wyo.).

### THE PRICE OF "WOMAN" IS TEN CENTS A COPY, and the magazine is a very big one—192 pages.

By the way, two rattling good serial stories begin in this first number and it contains a big lot of other good things. You would do well to ask your dealer for it before his supply is exhausted.

**THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, New York.**

# WOMAN

"Woman" is the name of a new magazine for women. The first number is just issued. Your newsdealer has it. You can get it from him, and it is worth your while getting it. There is nothing startling about this magazine. There should be nothing startling about a decent magazine for women and the home. But this particular magazine is unique among all the so-called publications for women. You might not like it a little bit, and then, again, it might hit your fancy good and hard.

If you like fiction—good, wide-awake, snappy stories—both serials and short stories—you will like "Woman." In fact, fiction is the big feature of the magazine.

All the other magazines for women are cast on the same model—a little bit of fiction, a few articles, more or less chit chat, some wise advice, a fashion department and a smattering of general miscellany. "WOMAN" doesn't look any more like this conventional model than a yellow dog looks like a race horse. It is built on new lines for a strictly woman's publication. To know what it is like you will have to get a copy of it. It would cost too much to tell you all about it in this advertisement.

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