

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1906.

Thursday—Our offering to the buyers of Clothing will be Men's Reefers at \$3.50 worth \$5.50

Union Clothing Co.

26 and 28 Charlotte St.

Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg. ALEX. CORDET, Mgr.

Don't miss this snap

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

This Coupon Counts

ONE VOTE

For as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

CHAPTER I.

THE ACADEMY OF EX-AMBASSADORS.

At a late hour on a certain cold night in February, in the year 1900, three gentlemen stood near an old padlocked iron gate, away at the northern end of Finchley Road, London. They had arrived at that common point by separate conveyances, and it was easy to discover that they were strangers to each other, for although all stood within a circle whose diameter did not exceed three yards, and although the night was dark and the road otherwise utterly deserted, the face of each, dimly discernible by the light of a neighboring street lamp, wore an air of blank unconsciousness of all companionship.

The gentleman nearest the gate, and the tallest of the three, was wrapped in a heavy fur greatcoat. His clear-shaven face—strong, impressive, and good to look upon—was of a type unmistakably English, and he wore an eye-glass that appeared to have become cemented into its position.

The second gentleman was of a short, but sturdy build, and his bristling mustache, whose yellow and stiff-waxed points turned fiercely upwards, proclaimed him of Teutonic origin. He wore an imposing military cloak of foreign cut and manufacture, and his attitude was that of a soldier mounting guard.

The third gentleman, whose tightly-fitting black frock coat was shiny and shrewdness to the verge of seclusiveness, seemed to be of excessively nervous disposition; he stood about incessantly swivelled about at the darkness with his cane, and sent a fire of impatient glances in all directions from a pair of large and piercing black eyes. He was slightly bowed and lithe, active as a panther, never still. His face was tiny-fetured, pallid, and almost featureless, its plainness intensified by the few struggling black hairs that apologized for the lack of a proper moustache and imperial, but relieved from absolute ugliness by the beauty of his eyes. No man might confidently predicate his place of origin, but he resembled most an Austrian, and perhaps a Jew, for his nose was long and slightly hooked.

A wearisome half-hour passed by in absolute silence; the relative positions of the three gentlemen remained unchanged, but the impatience of the Austrian appeared to have communicated to his companions, for the German often consulted his watch and the Englishman was swearing softly under his breath.

"An hour past the appointed time," he muttered at last, half-aloed.

The German turned to him. "Less five minutes, my Lord; it is five minutes to twelve," he observed in excellent English.

"What, you know me?" cried the Englishman, black eyes.

"I saw you once, not long ago, at the Court of the Czar; you are Lord Francis Crossingham."

"You have me at a disadvantage then?"

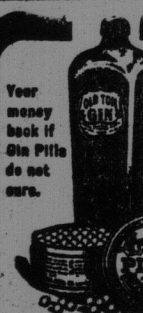
The German bowed. "My name is Oeljen, Ludwig Oeljen, chief attaché to the German Ambassador in London."

"Not now, my Lord; I have retired."

"Ah, that fatal—oh, my tongue! I beg your pardon, Count."

"No need, my Lord. But it surprises me that you had not already heard; unfortunately the affair was kept but half a secret."

The third gentleman here broke in, speaking in English quaintly accented.



Why Gin Pills?

Gin Pills are called Gin Pills because each pill possesses all the curative qualities of one and a half ounces of the best Holland Gin. As a cure for Kidney trouble however, they have all of the good qualities of Gin, with none of its bad.

50 cents per box, 6 boxes for \$2.50.

Trial box free if you mention this paper.

The Sole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

contained, however, twenty gas jets and which hovered immediately above the circle of chairs.

The master of the house observed the surprise with which his guests surveyed his arrangements. "Here we shall be free to converse unobscuredly," he explained, pointing to the chairs; "the world may see us, for aught I care, but I do not wish the world to overhear us."

The three visitors regarded him with curiosity. They beheld a man neither old nor young, a man of heavy mask-like countenance, with big fleshy nose and swollen jaw over which a puffy skin was so loosely drawn that puffy bags fell away at intervals from eyes and cheeks and jaws. The face, although superficially ugly, was nevertheless enlivened by a broad and splendid brow, and enlivened by a pair of twinkling black eyes that shone with humor and keen intelligence.

He suffered the glances of his guests with a certain calm and dignified composure, staring straight before him and allowing them to look their fill upon him. The examination lasted a few seconds only, for no conclusion could be drawn by the most penetrating of the world's eyes, and this fact was quickly recognized by all.

The Austrian was the first to turn away. "You—I don't know you name, sir," he said affectedly, "have kept us standing in the cold an hour."

"By Jove, yes, Lord Francis."

"An hour exactly," said Lord Oeljen.

The master of the house slightly smiled. "Time is for the present Perigord. It is true that by an accident I have kept you waiting sixty minutes; well—the more reason that you get business at once: eat yourselves, gentlemen, if you please!"

Mr. Perigord, who was over six feet in height and of great bulk, forthwith crossed the apartment in a few ponderous strides and seated himself with perfect sang froid in the largest divan.

"Indeed!" muttered the Austrian.

Lord Francis readjusted his monocle, which had become displaced through sheer surprise. Count von Oeljen coughed. No one appeared the least inclined to follow the direction or example of his host.

Mr. Perigord, observing their disposition, and his own gesture with his hands, holding them aloft in an attitude of admiration; thereafter he placed three fingers of his right hand upon his lips. His guests each, immediately fell upon one knee, the left, their arms uplifted to heaven, their hands inclined to the "right about!" "Shibboleth! Shibboleth!" said Mr. Perigord.

"Toh!" murmured Lord Francis.

"Banal!" whispered Count von Oeljen.

"Amalabel!" said the Austrian, his voice growing strangely husky.

Mr. Perigord stood erect. "Heimlich!" he said impressively.

On a common impulse the others rose to their feet, then fell on both knees, their heads bent in an attitude of adoration.

"Gibulum!" said Lord Francis.

"Gibulum!" muttered Count von Oeljen.

"Zobulus!" said the Austrian.

Mr. Perigord raised his arms above his head, holding his left elbow with the finger and thumb of his right hand. "Mahak-Makara-bak," he said, intoning the words slowly in the manner of a priest making sacrifice. The three men humbly bent themselves before him, touching their foreheads and their open palms.

"Arie, gentlemen, and seat yourselves," said Mr. Perigord. This time he heaved without question and in the deepest silence, the silence of speechless astonishment. It was as though the huge, flabby-faced man had suddenly become a plumed knight in armor, for all traces of comeliness had disappeared from the faces of the three, leaving them stricken dumb with awe and reverence, like Brahmins before a sacred idol's shrine.

Mr. Perigord surveyed his guests with a keen scrutinizing gaze, for a period so extended that the stillness became almost insupportable. He appeared to be endeavoring to read all their thoughts and with such a measure of success that all three were plainly suffering much mental disquietude. Lord Francis clutched the arms of his chair with a grip of iron. Count von Oeljen dug his hands heavily at his moustache, while the Austrian simply writhed in his seat unable to meet, much less return, his host's searching and compelling gaze.

Finally Mr. Perigord appeared to have satisfied himself. He smiled lightly, and addressed them in low, even tones, his voice nevertheless occasionally expressive of satire and tinged with subtle malice.

"Most worshipful Knights of the Ninth Arch, in this encounter, whether you be counts, belted knights, acrobats, or even princes of the blood royal, you meet as brothers and subjects of the Order. Is it not so?"

"Aye," returned the three, shooting questioning and hesitating glances at each other.

"It is well. You were summoned hither to this evening for a solemn purpose which I shall presently disclose to you. It is better first, however, that as brothers you be made acquainted with each other."

Here the Austrian rose abruptly from his chair, his lip parted as if to speak, but Mr. Perigord frowned him down.

"Fear not, sir, names are as nothing save as symbols; yours shall be respected. Well then, you first. Uncle of a most arch, heir perhaps to a crown, you shall be called Prince Carlos; are you content?"

(A cynical smile flashed for a second across his lips.) "You have an enemy, fearless, remorseless, implacable, who has already twice narrowly failed in accomplishing your destruction. Once death essayed to clutch you lurking in the green depth of a pond. A trespasser whose providential presence in the Royal Park was unsuspected by your enemy, hearing your drowning scream, plunged in, rescued you at the risk of his own life, since he could not swim. Once again death, daunted by his enemy, in your face, this time hid in the honey poison of a woman's scented lips. You received a warning, and for the moment escaped. But you are foolish, Prince, to nurse your danger still. Had you disobeyed the summons which explains your presence here tonight, tomorrow would have seen Europe in mourning, Madame Viyella a murderess!"

On mention of that name Lord Francis and Count von Oeljen uttered cries of dismay, but the effect on the prince was more startling—he fell back on his chair limp and nerveless, his cheeks livid, his eyes glowing like coal. "False! false!" he muttered, or rather groaned.

(To be continued.)

rather than broken. "May I offer you of my cigarettes, messieurs?"

Lord Francis curiously shook his head. Count Oeljen shrugged his shoulders. "No, I thank you, sir."

The eyes of the Austrian swept a burning glance over the pair who had disdained his advance, but he proceeded with tranquil voice: "It was that I might beg from you a match, I wish very much to smoke."

Lord Crossingham handed him a box from his waistcoat pocket, and, although the Austrian struck a light and returned the box with a low bow.

During a deep silence, some clock near by tolled midnight, and a second after the last stroke the iron gate before which they had waited so long opened with a clanking crunch.

"Enter!" commanded a voice from the dark beyond. The three men glanced at each other and each made a courteous inclination of invitation and stood motionless.

"You, my Lord."

"After you, Count."

"But perhaps this gentleman?"

The Austrian bowed to the ground: "An accident, my lord, not count," he responded, his tone suggestive of subdued satire.

"Ah, well," muttered the Englishman, and he strode forward squaring his shoulders as he walked. He was closely followed by the other two. The gate changed behind them and an elderly gentleman in evening dress emerged from the shadow of the wall. "This way," he said laconically, and without turning his head stalked up the path towards the dark porch of a gloomy stone house removed some twenty paces from the pavement.

The figure of a man was vaguely perceptible standing in the open doorway silhouetted against an artificial twilight within.

"Have all arrived?" he demanded, his voice grave and richly sonorous.

"Three," replied the man in evening dress.

"Their names?"

"Lord Francis Crossingham, Count Karl von Oeljen, and the Archduke of —"

"Silence!" cried the Austrian, interrupting suddenly.

Lord Francis and the Count, thrilled with surprise, searched for each other's eyes in the darkness.

The man in the doorway stepped aside, disclosing the entrance to a wide and spacious, but dimly lighted hall. "Welcome to my house, gentlemen," may I please you, enter!" he said politely.

The Austrian was the first to obey. The Englishman and the German followed, exchanging questioning glances immediately as they had crossed the threshold. The master of the house entered last, after muttering something in an undertone to the gentleman in evening dress who thereupon disappeared. He carefully fastened the door behind him, then strode down the hall to an archway defended with heavy velvet curtains. These he threw aside, and the visitors were dazzled by a sudden shaft of brilliant light. Behind the arch stretched a stately and magnificent apartment full thirty feet square, which was, however, poorly furnished, indeed tenanted solely by five arm chairs arranged to face each other in a small circle in the very centre of the thickly carpeted floor. The room had evidently been originally designed as the auditorium of a small private theatre, for at one end was a platform intended for a stage. It was illumined by a single chandelier, which

The Most Important Household Item

Armour's Solid Extract of Beef

(Prepared in Canada)

not only supplies color and flavor to soups, sauces and gravies—but a quarter teaspoonful in a cup of hot water makes a bracing cup to the invalid or convalescent.

Armour's Extract of Beef is more economical than others because it goes four times as far. Write for free Booklet "Culinary Winkles" which tells how to use Armour's Extract.

ARMOUR LIMITED TORONTO

CANADIAN FACTORY—77 FRONT STREET EAST

NOTHING WRONG IN SUN LIFE CO.

SAYS MACAULAY

Montreal, Oct. 24.—From the quiet contemplation of the masses of nature and a rather dull—even if important search into the mysteries of ledger accounts, the insurance commission burst into quick life today, when Robertson Macaulay, of the Sun life, rose to his feet, waving one hand towards the members of the commission and rather pointedly objected to the particular line of investigation then being carried on. To give strength to his objection Mr. Macaulay said that while Mr. Shepley might indeed be a very brilliant lawyer, it was evident that he was not a good bookkeeper and hinted rather broadly that the counsel's method would give rise to wrong impressions. Personally, he was not seriously affected, he was quite positive of the position of the company, but he did not want such ideas to grow abroad.

"What will the newspapers say of this tomorrow?" he asked. "Why the public is likely to get it into their heads that there is something wrong," he continued. "There is nothing of the sort, not a thing is wrong and this case may be an effort to make a big thing out of a little thing, out of nothing at all."

Mr. Shepley was in the witness box at Mr. Macaulay's standing beside T. B. Macaulay leaning over the company's ledger. He had been trying to find out why when stocks were secured with bonds as a bonus, the fact was not recorded in one account with the bonds. Mr. Macaulay had concluded that these stocks cost nothing but that Mr. Shepley held otherwise and it was at this stage that Robertson Macaulay broke in.

GIRLS OF TODAY ARE WEAKLINGS!

Now Possess the Vitality and Girlish Beauty of the Olden Times.

Never before was physical health and vigor so highly prized and so eagerly sought for as today.

No man finds happiness in a sickly wife, and the woman who wishes to enjoy the pleasures of life should spare no effort to maintain perfect health.

Is your daughter growing up strong and sturdy? Has she strength to drink in greedily all the pleasures that youth so zealously seeks—or is she compelled to use the street car instead of enjoying the delightful exercise of walking—does she after the ball arise refreshed and vigorous, or is she exhausted, indifferent, and perhaps irritable?

When strength and vigor can be so easily maintained by Ferrone's, when the glow of health is so quickly brought to the cheeks and elasticity to the step, it is plainly a modern medicine that youth so zealously seeks—or is she compelled to use the street car instead of enjoying the delightful exercise of walking—does she after the ball arise refreshed and vigorous, or is she exhausted, indifferent, and perhaps irritable?

Upon the wake of Ferrone's quickly flows a stream of rich, nourishing blood, which imparts that power and surplus energy so earnestly desired by those in ill-health.

Stop and think what this means for your daughter—certainly a great deal, and it can be accomplished by Ferrone's.

Every growing girl and young woman derives enormous benefit in many ways from this nutritive, vitalizing tonic.

It is especially suited for young women and is guaranteed of health and regularity as long as it is used.

Ferrone's is free from alcohol and perfectly safe to use. Prepared in the form of a chocolate-coated tablet and sold in 50c boxes or six for \$2.50, at all dealers.

CUBAN REBELS' GUNS THROWN INTO THE SEA

Havana, Oct. 24.—The statement made by Secretary of War Taft on the eve of his departure from Cuba that he would put all the arms surrendered by the insurgents where they would go to further harm, was verified today when a company of the Cuban auxiliary sent the afternoon throwing these weapons into the sea from the outer bastion of Morro Castle. Thousands of rifles and cartridges were sunk in thirty fathoms of water. Some unmet continue to prevail in the provinces of Puerto Principe and Santa Clara where small armed bands are roving and committing minor depredations. The residents of Holguin requested Protection of troops against a considerable body of rebels who are reported not to have disbanded and a battalion of the auxiliary reached Holguin this afternoon.

The Mayor of the town of Augustina, in the province of Havana, who was ousted from office, was restored to the position Tuesday, and organized an armed escort of 25 men, alleging that he feared an attack by the moderate Governor Magón tonight ordered Governor Mance to proceed to Aguacate and compel the mayor to surrender the arms of his escort and bring the weapons to Havana.

UNCLE SAM'S NEW BATTLESHIP FAST

Rockland, Me., Oct. 24.—The first class battleship Minnesota, designed as an 18 knot craft, exceeded the best expectations of her builders the Newport News Ship Building & Dry Dock Company and the government today by averaging 18.87 knots an hour in her standardization trial over the Rockland course. Her best mile with the tide was at the rate of 19.42 knots, which is nearly fifty points better than the best mile made by the battleship Louisiana, the only other ship of this type which has yet been tried.

Mrs. H. T. Walshe, of Boston Highlands, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Burns, Sydney street, left on Wednesday for the Cuban Archipelago, accompanied by her sister, Miss Annie Burns, and her niece, Miss Dorothy Burns, of Lanesboro (N. B.).

DROPPED CASES AGAINST SANDFORD SHILOH LEADER

Lawston, Me., Oct. 24.—All the cases in the Androscoggin County Supreme Court against Rev. Frank W. Sandford, of Shiloh, leader of the "Holy Ghost and Us" Society, including one charge of manslaughter and four of cruelty to children, have been not pressed. Against each of the charges on the record of the clerk of the court has been written the memorandum: "Not pressed on advice of the court."

Sandford has been tried three times on an indictment for manslaughter, alleging that the death of Leander Bartlett, a fourteen year old boy who was one of the Shiloh colony, resulted from undue punishment inflicted for disobedience of the rules of the colony. It was alleged that the boy was deprived of nourishment and that weakened by hunger he was attacked with a sickness which resulted fatally.

On motion of Sandford's counsel, who thought the state of public opinion in the county prejudicial to their client's interests, a change of venue was secured and the second trial was held in the Franklin County Court in Framingham in May, 1904. The jury, after less than an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. Counsel for Sandford, however, appealed to the full bench of the supreme court and the verdict was set aside and a new trial

CONVICT PREFERRED CANADA TO PRISON

London, Oct. 22.—Gerald Morgan, the young man who obtained money by posing as the nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, had his trial today and was convicted. Police evidence showed that he had served four terms of imprisonment. He handed the judge a letter containing an offer to take him to Canada after his trouble was over. "Might I point out," he said, "that imprisonment has been a failure with me with respect to reformation. I have no energy left when I come out." But the judge thought prison was a better place for him than Canada, and sentenced him to twenty months' hard labor.

Babies Thrive

on Nestlé's Food, because it contains all the food properties of rich, creamy cow's milk—in a form that tiny babies can assimilate.

Ready for the bottle by adding water—no milk required to prepare it.

Nestlé's Food

makes sturdy, healthy babies. FREE SAMPLE (sufficient for 8 meals) sent to mothers on request.

THE NESTLÉ CO., LTD., MONTREAL.



No Baker Can Make Good Bread

with a flour which is not uniform in strength. A brand which necessitates every batch of dough being treated differently will result in the loss of time and money, to say nothing of being the cause of much spoiled bread.

Our "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" brands are the most uniform flours on the market. They are made by a process which guarantees uniformity, and every bag and barrel of flour which leaves our mills is tested thoroughly, in order that its uniformity may be maintained.

Users of these brands may rely upon getting flour which gives uniform results—the best—every day. Send us a trial order today, or let us quote you. We want to please you, and we know we can do so with "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN."

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

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 Druggist's Sundries, Etc.

Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 817. St. John, N. B.