MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Great Two-Week Overcoat Sale Now On

PRICES CANNOT BE DUPLICATED. This is the time of year when we give our profit to our customers. OVERCOAT PRICES DOWN TO SKELETON FIGURES.

HERE'S A LITTLE IDEA OF WHAT WE ARE DOING DURING THIS GREAT TWO-WEEK OVERCOAT SALE:

$7.50 Overcoats for - -	$ 5.00
$8 and $8.50 Overcoats for	$ 5.90
$9 and $10 Overcoats for	$ 6.90
$11 Overcoats for - - -	$ 7.90
$12 Overcoats for - - -	$ 8.90
$13 Overcoats for - - -	$ 9.90
$14 Overcoats for - - -	$10.90
$15 and $16 Overcoats for	$11.90

HUNDREDS OF MEN SHOULD BE WEARING OUR OVERCOATS FOR THE NEW YEAR. THE SEASON FOR SAVING IS NOW. COME, see how well we back our ads. with our prices.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY,

26-28 Charlotte St., Old Y, M. C. A. Bldg., St. John. ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

WAIST OF CHIFFON BROADCLOTH AND LACE.

This design shows one of the popular "skeleton" bodices, which are so useful for wear with a broadcloth coat and skirt. The one illustrated was of apricot color cloth, the braiding being done in narrow silk soutache to match. The velvet on the waist was a shade darker than the broadcloth. The underbodice was of cream white all-over lace over a white taffeta, veiled with chiffon. The yoke and collar were made rather transparent, the lace being lined with the thinnest white mousseline.

FUR-LINED COATS ARE SMART FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS.

Those comfortable coats that depend upon a furry lining for their warmth are in high favor for the little maids, who are supposed to spend the greater part of their walking hours out of doors, no matter how cold the weather may be. Even on the bitterest days the parks and squares in New York are filled with children, who run and play and shout, despite the fact that the thermometer is around or even below the freezing point. There is a hint of the fur lining that makes the coat of the picture so comfortable in wear, permitted to appear on the outside. A deep, rich shade of dahlia red broadcloth furnishes the outside, a yoke over the shoulders being elongated in tab fashion in the centre, and handsome buttons used to its adornment. Deep pleats are made either side of this tab affair, those well pressed to the hem, so that the skirt part is sufficiently full to set well. The sleeve is large and puffy to accommodate the warm lining. The present craze for elaboration is met in the smart upstanding collar and tiny yoke that are done in white cloth, trimmed in plain lines with narrow black velvet ribbon of almost bebe width. This same clever touch appears as a cuff top on the sleeve, adding an extra touch of dressiness to what already was a sufficiently handsome model.

THE

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Here ten minutes' labor was conducted swiftly with spade and shovel and presently, had there been light enough, a watcher would have seen a mound of earth and stones removed from the face of the knoll and a cunning door revealed which opened entrance to a cavern hewn out of the solid stone. Into this cavern the negroes plunged, but presently returned, bearing amongst them two long, dark and coffin-shaped objects with which they staggered to the water's edge. The palanquin was now deposited, and the Count's faithful slaves helped him to emerge and tenderly assisted his steps to the narrow line of surf that marked the beach. There he occupied himself for some time stooping over and playing with the long dark coffins, always muttering vaguely to himself in a language which none of his companions could understand, for in the old man's excitement he had reverted to his mother tongue and spoke in Corsican.

At length he seemed satisfied, and at his words the mutes pushed the coffins into the sea, where they rested floating for a moment, their noses pointing to the yacht, whose broadside was presented to the beach. Then with a slight whirring, bubbling sound they started forward of themselves like things of life, heading through the placid water of the bay straight for the unsuspecting vessel, but with an ever increasing speed. The old man uttered a sharp command and two negroes at once caught him in their arms and hurried, followed pell-mell by the rest into the cavern from which they had recently abstracted the strange living coffins.

The last to enter pulled to the door, and they were thus shut in together, as in a sepulchre. Madame only stayed without, but then the Count was not aware of her presence at all. She quietly moved towards the castle steps and commenced the ascent. But she did not go far, she was wondering too fearfully what those living coffins might do when they should reach the Turkish vessel's side.

She had not long to wait before she knew. The torpedoes must have struck the steamer almost simultaneously, for in a moment two terrific explosions that might well have been a single sound, so closely did one follow on the heels of the other, resounded from the bay. Madame saw in a gleam of intense white light that lasted scarce a second, the poor stricken yacht plunge and shudder throughout her length, in the same instant rise amidst a leaping cataract of water and burst into a thousand blazing fragments; then blackness, blackness more deep and horrible than any darkness she had ever known. The silence that followed was broken by the noise of dull and intermittent crashes, the sounds of falling wreck, of falling human bodies. A mass of iron, half a ton in weight, shocked almost at her feet, grinding a pair of steps to pieces, then rolling and rumbling to the sand. Nothing touched her, but with a gasp of horror she fled up the steps, up, up, never stopping until the zone of light was reached, for her soul was sick with terror and even her callous heart was seared with something of remorse, for she knew that her counsel had sent to instant death half a hundred human beings.

She hurried to the Count's library, anxious to drink and drown her fears with wine. There she found Francine who had just awakened from her swoon and was dazedly looking about her. Scarcely regarding the girl she caught up a glass that rested fully charged upon the table and drained it to the dregs.

Sense and memory returned to Francine when she saw her enemy. Starting to her feet, with a cry of almost joy she caught up the knife which had failed of its mission before.

"Stop!" gasped Madame. "Stop, there has been death enough tonight!"

But Francine raised the knife on high. Madame shrieked out: "Stop, you fool; he is dead, dead!"

"Who is dead?" demanded the girl.

"Jibaloff and all his men!"

"My God!" Her hand fell to her side.

Madame hurried forward and seized her by the shoulder. 'Come quickly with me," she cried. "Father will presently return and he will be dangerous, for he has tasted blood. Come, come, I say; there has been death enough tonight. Come, let us hide from him. He is mad at times like this."

Francine, sick and still half-fainting, permitted herself to be dragged from the room, entirely oblivious of the fact that she was supported on the arm of her bitterest enemy, her father's murderess.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Invasion of Attala.

When Desire had been so rudely expelled from the library by her father, the Pasha Jibaloff, sheer physical pain drove for the time all thought from her mind. She limped down the corridor uttering screams which her fortitude was unable to suppress, screams of agony. But when the pain had in a measure subsided, the spirit which she had unconsciously inherited from her maternal stock at last asserted itself, and the long dormant hate with which her father's constant brutal treatment had inspired her awoke to life and sudden vigor. She was a gentle and pure hearted girl, ordinarily of unusually soft and placid disposition, but deep at heart she possessed, in common with all human creatures, the natural instincts of the savage and a determination which once sufficiently aroused was as potent and remorseless as the Count's unnatural lust for blood.

Had Perigord or Cressingham discovered her in such a mood, they would have found a powerful instrument ready to their hands for the instant demolition of the inner circle of the Nihilists. The sweet and tender humor which had ever been her most distinguishing characteristic had entirely disappeared, and she was transferred into a being of fire and passion, no longer a girl, but a woman outraged beyond the bounds of resignation and all decency, her heart alight with anger and burning for revenge.

Desire wandered through the castle, restless as a lost soul, searching feverishly for she knew not what. It is at such moments as this that the Fates delight in assisting the puppets whom their vagaries control. Desire came upon a negro servant lying sleeping at his post. The sight gave her a thrill, and like a flash of lightning a long train of possibilities occurred to her, for the man's pistol had slipped from his belt and lay idly on the floor beside him.

She would take the pistol, make her way into the network of tunnels underneath the island, and thence proceed to the panel that opened on the gallery of books above the library of her grandfather. She knew the secret of the panel; well, she would open it and lying perdu on the floor deliberately shoot her dastard father, and thus avenge herself for the long series of insults which that night had crowned, and also save the friend she loved from shame, for Desire had grown to love Miss Elliott with a passionate devotion.

Swiftly, noiselessly as a phantom, she approached the negro and caught up the pistol without disturbing him, then with the speed of thought she glided from the castle and approached the boathouse. Entering, she suddenly remembered that the tunnel door was locked and she no longer possessed the key to open it. But she had thrown prudence to the winds. She was a skilled chemist and many explosives were in her charge. Choosing a bottle from her laboratory, she quickly and roughly manufactured an open bomb of nitro-glycerine. Placing this at the foot of the iron door, she balanced above it a heavy block of iron with a cord attached which she could release and precipitate its weight upon the fluid. Cautiously retiring for a distance without the shed she pulled the cord and instantly an explosion like the noise of a muffled gun sounded dully through the silence of the night. It was this noise which had startled the Count and Jibaloff as they were about to resume their play.

Careless of the consequences, the excited girl hurried back to the boat-shed and slammed the door behind her. Striking a match, a scene of terrible wreckage met her eyes, but scarcely glancing at the ruin about her she gave a cry of triumph, for the tunnel door was torn and bent inwards like a crumpled sheet of paper and the dark pathway lay open to her desires. She was obliged to content herself with a supply of candles, for the lantern and almost everything else in the shed, including the electric appliances and the silver boat itself, had been wrecked to fragments by the nitro-glycerine.

Scarcely wasting a moment she entered the tunnel and had presently commenced to climb. The way was known to her, but in her perturbation she chose without noticing a wrong passage at the first parting of roads, and some minutes were wasted before she discovered her mistake. Retracing her steps, she found at last the proper route and pressed on, already weary and panting with exertion, but remorseless as death.

She came at last to the final cavern chamber which she knew lay directly underneath the chateau. There her precautions commenced, for she knew that each slightest sound she made would become magnified by resounding echoes and might penetrate to the castle and thus warn her prospective victim. Holding the candle on high, she dimly saw two flights of steps leading spirally upwards from the opposite wall, and with the utmost care she prepared to cross the chamber. She was already almost in the centre of the cavern when a slight grating noise in the darkness far overhead arrested her attention. She glanced up, to catch suddenly a gleam of light a hundred feet above, to hear a man's wild shriek of mortal fear; two fateful seconds afterwards there crashed at her very feet a dark and dreadful substance, the rush of whose fall extinguished the light she carried.

There ensued a repetition of the queer grating sound she had heard at first, then a leaden silence and an awful gloom that weighed upon the senses like a pall.

Desire felt by instinct that she was not alone, and a chill of terror held her spellbound and breathless for a long, frightful moment, during which icy fingers seemed to twine round her body like thin currents of coldest air, clutching at her heart and making her flesh creep, her very soul turn sick and shuddering.

With courage born of desperation, she struck a match at last, and the fitful gleaming of the vesta showed her the form of a mangled corpse lying on the rocky ground scarce a yard away, crushed and battered almost out of human semblance. Desire became conscious of a sentiment of pity. Relighting her candle, she fell on her knees beside the body, and with trembling hands tried to feel if any spark of life remained. A moment's examination asured her that death had irrevocably claimed a victim, and the girl slowly turned to the man's face in order that she might ascertain whom the victim was.

She saw, and saw too that her hands and feet were stained and dabbled with her own father's blood. All thoughts of anger and revenge faded quickly from her soul, and with a sharp revulsion of feeling came horror and remorse. She had intended to kill her father, and had Providence allowed it another few minutes would have made her a parricide, but confronted with her father's corpse, she could only think of the hopelessnes, the unutterable solemnity and terminality of death. This mangled, blood-bespangled, shapeless thing had no later than a minute since been a living, breathing man, a creature powerful for evil, who had robbed many better men of life and only half an hour ago brutally assaulted her.

Now, he was either nothing or elsewhere, for the patch of ensanguine bones and dust which his spirit had once tenanted was not her father—only a mass of matter inert and helpless, but matter before which life was constrained to pause in awestruck silence, and passion involuntarily halted in dismay.

Desire had never fainted in her life and she knew nothing of hysteria, for the island of Attala was visited only by healthgiving breezes, and she was strong almost as a man, but the horrid happenings of the past hour had overstrained her nerves, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she tore herself from the gloomy cavern. Her father's corpse was a thing of mystery whose ghostly stillness and horrible appearance attracted her with a species of compelling fascination.

She stumbled from the chamber, step by step, her glances ever fleeting back against her will, and when at last she reached the tunnel and the cave was left behind she felt as though she had narrowly avoided some monstrous evil, that the thing she had deserted was full of power to work her harm, and that even yet she had not properly escaped.

(To be continued.)

A meeting of the commissioners of the General Public Hospital was held yesterday afternoon. The passing of accounts made up the business of the session. As yet no superintendent has been appointed to fill the new office, and the position will not be filled until the new year.

Sore Lungs We want everybody who has a hard cold in the chest to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Our long experience with it, over sixty years, tells there is nothing its equal for coughs, colds in the chest, bronchitis, hoarseness, sore lungs, weak throats, and weak lungs. Doctors tells us the same. Ask your doctor about it. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines! J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

Of The Metropolitan Life Insurance Co—New Policies for 1907.

What is in many respects the most informing and signficant paper issued by any life insurance company during the present year has just appeared over the signature of John R. Hegeman, President of the Metropolitan Life. While the communication is addressed to the Company's agents and is in the nature of a review and announcement covering matters chiefly interesting to the field force, it deserves attentive reading by every one who holds or intends to secure a life insurance policy.

It appears that the Metropolitan Life has for some time been engaged in the preparation of new "mortality tables" based upon its own experience. By comparison of given periods in recent years with corresponding periods in former years, back to 1890, the fact is established that among the Company's policy-holders there has been sufficient improvement in mortality (that is, a smaller average of deaths at various ages) to warrant certain changes affecting future premiums and benefits, all directly in the interest of those insured in the Company. With characteristic thoroughness and frankness these results and changes are specified in minute detail, not put forth as "estimates" or vague promises.

Their significance to the insuring public is a reduction in the price of insurance in the Industrial Department, and through a readjustment of rates of commissions to agents, a reduction of premiums charged in the Ordinary Department.

Concerning the policies to be issued in 1907 this information is given:

"Our new policies will be found most attractive in form and even more attractive in substance. They contain all of the advantages and concessions which we can afford to give and which the public have the right to expect. The surrender values will be found to be generous and take the optional forms of extended insurance, paid-up insurance and cash. They are the standard forms of the New York Department the work of experts which has legislative approval. They are as plain to the understanding as they can be made. We have discontinued many plans as unnecessary. We shall issue Ordinary Life, Limited Payment, Endowment and Term plans, and we have applied for permission, and hope to issue in addition three plans which the public have stamped with their approval — namely, the Optional Life or Endowment, under a new name, the Modified Endowment with Life Option; the Guaranteed Dividend, also under a new and more descriptive name, the Guaranteed Increased Endowment; and the Reduced Premium Life under its new name, Life with Reduced Premium after 20 years."

One noteworthy passage relates to the Company's liberal policy of distributing dividends and benefits not contemplated in its contracts with policy-holders. President Hegeman asks his agents to note that "This year the Company has been disbursing the enormous sum of about two millions of dollars in voluntary dividends upon non-participating Industrial policies, bringing the total amount of unpromised dividends in twelve years to about ten millions of dollars to Industrial policy-holders in the form of dividends on premiums, dividends on death claims and increases of benefits upon existing policies." He adds: "We have been enabled to accomplish this work all these years by steady improvements in business methods, by steady extensions of business territory, by steady additions to insurance in force, by watchfulness in writing and taking care of business, resulting in a decreasing death rate, decreasing lapse rate and decreasing expense rate. These improvements we have announced to you from year to year, but perhaps from this very fact—their gradual, steady progressiveness—you have failed to grasp their full significance. Yet year by year we have told you our aim—to reduce expenses, to improve the death rate, to better the policies, to distribute the surplus, so that each year a larger proportionate amount could be returned to policy-holders and a smaller proportionate amount used in expenses."

He goes on to say that although the year is not ended, the records show from July 1st to date (December 1st), that the Company's increase of Industrial business exceeded the increase of any previous year with the exception of two, that in the Ordinary Life Department the business of September equalled that of September, 1905, while October and November showed a large increase, and December "promises to be a record-breaker." Further he says:

"Taking the last six months for comparison—June to November, inclusive—you wrote more Ordinary than ever was written by the Company in the corresponding months, and exceeded 1905 by over six millions and a half, and this it must be remembered by more than 3,000 less men."

Other matters discussed in the announcement are no less interesting than those referred to in this brief review. The entire paper is commended as an educational and timely contribution to insurance literature.

The Pure Food Movement

is very strong in Canada today. In no article of diet is purity so important as in flour, for flour is the basis of more than half your food. It is your duty, therefore, to see to it that the flour you use is pure.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures absolute purity. From the time the wheat enters the mill until the flour reaches the cook it is untouched by human hands. The grain itself is thoroughly cleansed before grinding, whilst the flour is sifted, time after time, through the finest silk cloth, in order to remove the smallest impurities.

These processes render "FIVE ROSES" an easy and satisfactory flour to use, and insure better results on Baking Day than can be obtained with any ordinary brands.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

Lake of the Woods Milling Co., Limited.

Montreal. St. John. Winnipeg.

HIS WEALTH COULD NOT PROLONG LIFE

Alex. Cassatt, Multi-Millionaire and President of Pennsylvania Ry. Died Suddenly Yesterday.

Philadelphia, Dec. 28.—Alexander Johnston Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, died suddenly at his residence in this city today. Mr. Cassatt, who was a little more than sixty-seven years of age, was stricken with heart disease shortly before 1 o'clock and died before assistance could be given him. He was a victim of an acute heart attack, known professionally as "the Stokes-Adams-Symdrome."

Though Mr. Cassatt's death was entirely unexpected, he had been in ill health for nearly a year. His condition was aggravated by an attack of whooping cough, which he contracted from his grandchildren while at Bar Harbor in September. He never entirely recovered from the effects of this, and when he returned to Philadelphia, he remained for several weeks at his country home in Haverford before he resumed his duties in connection with the management of the railroad and its allied interests.

"Competition is the life of King Edward VII. Scotch."

Why? Because upon tasting it and comparing it with other brands upon the market it is found to be Superior in Quality.

KING EDWARD VII

SCOTCH

Greenless Brothers

Distillers, Argyleshire.

LORD STRATHCONA COMING TO ST. JOHN

He Sailed From England on Empress of Britain.

Montreal, Dec. 28—The Star's London cable says: Lord Strathcona left London this morning in the best of health to embark on the Empres sof Britain. A fellow voyager is his confidential agent, Mr. Garson.

Lady Strathcona and Dr. and Mrs. Howard bade him farewell at the Eastern station. He expects to return in a month's time. Strong pressure was brought to bear to induce him to await less inclement weather, for England is almost snowbound just now, but Lord Strathcona replied that his Canadian visit was some time overdue, and he must go now when parliament stands prorogued and official business is fairly quiet.

A meeting of the shareholders of the Steamship Nemea Company was held in Rothesay last evening to wind up matters in connection with the vessel which was abandoned and burned at sea. P. W. Thomson said last night the insurance money was divided among those interested.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

is a regular family doctor. When the stomach gets upset—bowels irregular—appetite fickle—sleep broken — headaches frequent—ABBEY'S SALT is the prescription that cures.

At Druggists. 25c. and 60c. a bott'