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Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, (Old Y. M. C. A. Building) ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMEROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Debut, Billionaire"

"I mean that you will become Jibloff's sixth or seventh wife, I don't quite know the extent of his domestic arrangements. Perhaps, however, the usual may reserve you for his master, in which case you will have a royal husband. Does not the prospect please you?"

"I would kill myself first!" cried the girl.

The Count laughed and answered brutally: "At least live until I have Jibloff's money. I have no objection to your cheating the Turk of his bargain, but wait till then, if you love me, wait till then."

He made a sign at that moment, and his two dumb attendants at once hurried forward, and lifting the old man to his feet, guided him with the utmost care from the apartment. Francine immediately arose, and disdaining to glance at Madame also hastened from the room.

Madame turned to Desire. "Well, girl, you look displeased. What is the matter with you?"

"I hate it all!" replied Desire passionately. "How I would love to go away, and never see grandfather or father again; they are horrible."

Madame sighed. "My poor child, so should I. But what chance have we? Come and kiss me, Desire."

"The girl threw her arms around the woman and tenderly caressed her. "Why can't we, mother mine? Why cannot we leave this dreadful place?"

Madame patted her daughter's head. "Because we haven't wings," she answered dreamily, "and because no other part of France is safe for me just now; there are men who want my life."

"Mother, did you care for that Englishman, Lord Francis Cunningham?"

Madame arose and put the girl from her. "I liked him well enough," she said. "But he is dead."

"Did he care for you?"

"When I wished him to care, he cared."

"You tried to help him away didn't you?"

"No; I knew he could not escape, but I did not want to see him die, so I pretended to assist him, knowing that your grandfather would shoot him immediately he was caught."

"Do you think he was drowned, mother?"

"I am sure of it, but why?"

"I dreamed last night that he came here in a yacht and took you and me and Miss Elliott away with him."

"I would, I tell you, it is talking me. But you had better go to your work, or you will catch it from your grandfather."

She kissed the girl, and forced her from the room, then alone betook herself to Miss Elliott's bed-chamber, where excited she knocked sharply on the door. Francine's voice bade her enter, but when Francine, who had expected Desire, saw the person of her visitor, she started back in disgust.

"You!" she cried.

"Yes, it is I," said Madame. "I, Kate Veyl, and I can tell you, my lady, you had better be a little amiable if you want my help."

"You help! I would rather die than accept your help."

"There are worse fates than death!" said Madame coolly, closing the door behind her as she spoke, and placing her hand against it.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. You need not assume airs and graces with me; there is no one by to admire your pretty disdain, my dear."

"I do not wish to speak to you. I shall be obliged if you will go."

"Would you my angel? Well, that is not my intention. Je m'en va, and I wish little excitement, so I have come to you."

"You will be disappointed then," Miss Elliott shut her lips tightly.

"Oh, you'd maintain silence, would you? Well, do so. You must listen to me though for you can't escape. I have the door and the window barred."

Francine sat down on a chair and took up a book, which she opened and pretended to read.

Madame laughed. "How would you like to escape?" she demanded.

The girl glanced up, unable to suppress a sudden interest.

"Ha, ha, I touched you there!" rippled Madame. "I repeat, how would you like to escape?"

"You know it is impossible."

"Ha, nothing is impossible. Listen to me."

ever I bid him, so long as I use him properly. What do you say?"

"I think you are a devil!" gasped Miss Elliott.

"That's just it, is it not?"

"I shall tell the Count everything you have said to me, that is my answer."

Madame laughed mockingly. "You fool, do you think that such a course would help you? Father would probably believe you, he might shoot me on suspicion, but that would alter your fate."

"It will give me my revenge, though. You murdered my father — fend that you are! Thank you for giving me such a chance."

Madame rippled with laughter and opened the door. "Go to him at once, my dear; do not waste a minute. You will see how he will receive you."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, ha! I have been amusing myself, that is all!" and Madame departed laughing so heartily that Miss Elliott was entirely deceived into thinking her words true.

As a fact, Madame had been quite serious, and in a reckless mood would have tried to accomplish one or other of her designs, and was so bitterly angry with her. Indeed, as it was she did not abandon her schemes completely, but she had felt the need of some companionship in her designs, and was so bitterly angry with the girl that she there and then determined to destroy her.

That night, she had a plate of fruit and a plate containing tea and fresh made coffee were taken to Francine's room. Miss Elliott, however, was suspicious of such unwonted attention and, as to the thing, she was wise, for the provisions had all been subtly poisoned by Madame.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



ADVANCE MODEL FOR SERGE OR LINEN. The gown depicted was of cream-white serge, the gimpes and undersleeves being of white embroidery and Irish lace. The bodice had the back and front joined at the shoulders by straps of the cloth, edged with a row of narrow soutache, a silk brochet button being placed at the end of each strap.



THE VOGUE OF FUR PLUSHES. These fur plushes that originally were imported from Russia are now made on this side of the ocean, and find an enthusiastic acceptance at the hands of the fashionables. Many are the designs and wide the range of colorings presented in these smart fabrics; but for children uses white is considered far and away the smartest. The dainty effect in the picture is worked out in white plush dotted with tiny spots of black, thus making for a piquant contrast in the material that makes much trimming superfluous. The garment follows the usual sacque shape, the fitting being accomplished by means of the shoulder and under-arm seams and the fastening, double-breasted, down the fronts. A pale blue velvet collar and cuffs serve to harmonize the coat with the gray Siberian squirrel chapeau, the latter item of the Napoleon order and decorated with a military braided cord and pompon, the shape setting well off the face and displaying the hair ribbon that ties the "top-knot" to one side over the ear—a style of hairdressing much affected by the little folks just now.

Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum Cures Coughs. GRAY'S SYRUP does that one thing, and does it well. It's no "cure-all," but a CURE for all throat and lung troubles. GRAY'S SYRUP OF RED SPRUCE GUM stops the irritating tickle — takes away the soreness — soothes and heals the throat — and CURES COUGHS to stay cured. Note the less effective because it is pleasant to take. 25 cts. bottle.

John H. McRobbie, the president of the board of trade, has issued a tasteful card bearing seasonable greetings to his friends. On the front appears the appropriate legend: "St. John (N. B.) The Liverpool of Canada; Unexcelled Progress, Unlimited Development."

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

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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 871 St. John, N. B.

A SERIOUS FIRE AT FREDERICTON Business Building Practically Destroyed — Hat Morrison & Co. Suffer.

Frederickton, N. B., Dec. 25.—The two and one-half story wooden building on Campbell street, owned by Fred S. Williams, of Maryville, was badly damaged by fire between 12 and 1 o'clock this morning. The flames originated in the upper part of the building and made great headway before being discovered. A strong northeasterly wind prevailed at the time and sent showers of sparks flying over a block but fortunately it had been raining during the evening and they did no damage. The firemen kept two streams of water playing upon the building for over two hours and succeeded in extinguishing the flames after the roof had been burned off and the second story badly gutted. The lower portion of the building is under lease to Hat, Morrison & Co. and was filled with heavy groceries, which suffered considerable damage from water. Their loss is covered by insurance. Frank Mason used the second story for a blacksmith shop and lost most of his tools and stock. The damage to the building is between \$60 and \$1,000 and is covered by insurance. The same building was gutted by fire a few years ago. The intention of the owner is to have repairs made at once.

CHAPTER XXII. A GAME OF DICE AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The 1st of August, contrary to Miss Elliott's expectations, passed in absolute tranquillity. She saw neither the Count, nor Jibloff, nor yet Madame. Desire came to her in the evening, and they dined together in solitary state. The girl had done a hard day's work and was taken in care, for father had determined to sell you to him. If we act together, we could kill him on the voyage quite easily, and get the captain to hand us where we please. The fellow is an old flame of mine, and will do what

George Olynck made a plucky capture of a runaway horse on Queen street today. The animal started near the lower end of the city and Olynck made an attempt to leap into the pump as it was passing the post office. Although the animal was traveling at a breakneck pace Olynck suc-