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In the Cause of Freedom,

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

CHAPTER XXI A Blank Outlook.

Volna appealed to me. "What shall I do?"

"Let us get away if we can," I said.

"Come then. We can leave this house by the garden. But suppose they do not see us?"

"We can't risk waiting to find out. If not, your maid can call to us."

"We hurried to the door leading to the garden, and as we closed it the servant admitted the police at the front."

"It was quite dark and the heavy snow covered the sound of our footsteps as we hurried through the shrubbery to a small door in the high wall which bounded the garden at the end."

"As we passed a few seconds on the chance of the servant recalling us, I whispered a warning to Volna. "There may be someone posted on the outside. Let me open it."

"She gave me the key and I turned it as softly as the stiff lock would permit. It was opening the door gently when it was pushed quickly, and a man entered and seized Volna by the arm."

"We thought you might—"

"Before he could finish the sentence I grabbed him by the throat. Fortunately for us he was a small man and like a child in my hands. I gave him a pretty rough shaking and then pitched him backwards into the middle of a wide laurel bush where he lay kicking helplessly, struggling to extricate himself, and gasping for breath to call for help."

"Before he succeeded in getting out his first loud cry we were out of the garden, had locked the door upon him and turned at the first corner. We had to run for it, and by good luck there was no one about to notice us in the first two or three streets."

"When we reached the main thoroughfare we abandoned our pace to a quick walk until we got a glimpse of the street in the distance of immediate pursuit."

"Almost like a moment at Brantford, said Volna."

"I wish we were there, or anywhere out of the city. We'll change sleighs in a minute. I stopped the sleigh soon after we reached at the door of an hotel, and held the porter in talk while the driver whipped up and left. Then we hurried away in the opposite direction."

"Now where are we going?" asked Volna.

"An old nurse of mine lives in the Place of St. John, No. 17. I shall be safe there until we decide what to do."

"Is it far?"

"Not too far to walk if you think that safe."

"I do, because a sleigh driver can always be followed and questioned."

"During the walk evidence of the popular unrest was to be seen on all sides."

"The city is not like itself," said Volna, as we crossed the great square of St. Paul. The place was filled with groups of workmen engaged in silent discussion, while numbers of police stood at hand watching. "Sunday evening usually finds every one holiday making."

"We passed a moment near one or two of the groups. Everywhere the subject of talk was the same—the massacre at St. Peterburg."

"Whenever we passed near any group I noticed one or two men leave it, snunter up to us and scrutinize us curiously."

Invalid Ladies This is For You.

There are thousands of females who suffer untold miseries common to their sex. This is largely due to the peculiar habits of life and fashion, and the improper training of girlhood. Then, too, the physical changes that mark the three eras of womanhood (the maiden, the wife, and the mother) have much to do with her sufferings, most of which are endured in silence, unknown by even the family physician and most intimate friends.

To all such whose hollow cheeks, pale faces, sunken eyes, feeble footsteps, indigestion, nervousness, palpitation of the heart, weak, faint and dizzy spells, we would earnestly recommend a course of **Millbern's Heart and Nerve Pills**.

Mrs. Jos. Sharp, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, weak spells and nervous trouble, and found no relief until advised to try **Millbern's Heart and Nerve Pills**. I got one box and that helped me so much I sent and got five more. I am now cured completely."

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 Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is to remind you of its great merits as a blood purifier, appetite-giver, and as a nerve, stomach, and digestive tonic. Nothing else like it, no other has so good a record, no other will do you so much good. It cures.

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"Let me carry a message. He may be some time. On such a night as this the meeting must necessarily be lengthy. I am in his confidence, his private secretary in fact," he added, when I made no reply. "And of course, in full sympathy with him in all."

"I didn't know he had a secretary, but you will probably know my name, Robert Anstruther."

"Oh, are you Mr. Anstruther? Yes, indeed. I am glad to meet you, if you will allow me to say so. You have probably come to see him about—"

"He passed as if inviting me to finish the sentence. Well?"

"He laughed pleasantly. 'You will think it very stupid of me, but in the multiplicity of things which in this crisis in the city have crowded upon me, I have lost the clue. Let me think,' and he put his hand to his forehead as if in perplexity. He was evidently a very sharp, clever fellow, but it struck me that his sudden forgetfulness was a little overcast."

"I am not surprised you can't remember it," I said with a smile intended to be as frank and pleasant as his.

"A quick glance from his keen eyes, not directed me to notice me further upon my guard. 'That is very good of you. But I take it what you have to say is for the Count's own ears' at a moment. 'I am thinking where I have seen you before,' I said, preparing to make a shot. 'I don't remember,' he replied, with another smile, deprecating the time. He had as many different faces as a woman. 'I do not get faces and should instantly recognize such a friend of the Count as Mr. Anstruther, if we had not met before.'"

"I have it," I exclaimed, banging my hand on the table. "You were in the Police Headquarters when I was arrested and taken there from Selden."

"It was a good guess, and his surprise unmasked him for an instant. 'What do you mean, sir?'"

"That you are an agent of the department. Your people arrested me as a conspirator and imprisoned me until my friend, General von Seldenein, explained the mistake. Count Ladislav Tuleski and I are old friends, and as the General has advised me to leave Warsaw, I do not wish to go away without 'bidding my friend good-bye. But I suppose you have raided the house, and made it a trap for anyone you think you should suspect. Not a nice trick perhaps, but then our English methods differ from yours. Now, how do I stand? Do you wish to repeat the face of arresting me?"

In view of the ugly incident with the police agent when helping the Count to escape, I was a great deal more anxious about his reply than my easy smile may have led him to believe.

(To be continued.)

MANY HAVE IT FILLED
 Druggist Says No Sufferer of Kidney Trouble or Rheumatism Should Leave This Simple Home-made Mixture Untried.

That the readers of this paper appreciate advice when given in good faith is plainly demonstrated by the fact that one well-known local pharmacy filled the "vegetable prescription" many times in the last few weeks. Most of these folks naturally bought the ingredients only and mixed them at home. The announcement of this simple harmless mixture has certainly accomplished much in reducing the great many cases of kidney complaint and rheumatism here relieving pain and misery, especially among the older population, who are always suffering more or less with bladder and urinary troubles, backache and particularly rheumatism.

Another well-known druggist asks us to continue the announcement of the prescription. It is doing so much real good here, he continues, that it would be a crime not to do so. It can not be repeated too often, and further states many cases of remarkable cures wrought.

The following is the prescription of simple ingredients making a harmless, inexpensive compound which any person can prepare by shaking well in a bottle: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one half ounce; Compound Kargol, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, one ounce. Any first-class drug store will sell this small amount of each ingredient, and the dose for adults is one teaspoonful to be taken after each meal and again at bedtime. "Close it enough here to last for one week, if taken according to directions. Good results will be apparent from the first few doses."

She paused and then gave me her hand. "I'll try. If any one can give me confidence you can."

"How shall I see you tomorrow? Is there any risk in my coming to the house?"

"It will be better not. One never knows. I will be in the Square of St. Paul—where the strikers' meetings were held eleven o'clock. But remember, my mother must be freed tomorrow at any cost."

"Then I know what I have to do," I answered confidently, "and I repeat, I'll do it somehow."

As I turned away, having watched her go, I could not resist applying the phrase—"brave words, nothing else"—to my own resolve to find some means of bringing Bremenhoff to terms. I could see no way to make it good, to make it more than mere words intended to encourage her. Short of calling the man and shooting him for the old insult to me of forcing fresh quarrel upon him, there was nothing I could do, and the utter futility of any such crude plan was too patent to do more than increase my impotent anger.

I was hurrying to Ladislav's house when I remembered that I had had no food for some hours and had nowhere to sleep. So I went to the hotel, the Vladimir, and had dinner and engaged a room, lest Ladislav should deem it imprudent for me to stay with my dinner brooding, if I appeared to me that the only hope for Volna lay in the success of the popular movement; and after dinner I engaged a room in the street, intensely interested in the progress of affairs.

The excitement of general unrest was certainly increasing fast, and the temper of the people was rising. The groups of strikers were growing larger. In many places the bands were formed, and were openly cheering speakers who no longer took pains to lower their voices. In many places the bands of the Fraternity were busy distributing leaflets embodying the workers' demands. There were many proofs of this growing confidence.

A blind man could have seen that grave trouble was in the making, and I saw abundant proof that, although such leaders as my friend might appear peacefully minded, the populace were in that ugly mood which would lead them to laugh at peaceful counsels and to rely on force and violence.

It was a night of such crisis for the city that I was surprised to find the authorities apparently heedless of the rapidly growing peril.

At Ladislav's house, however, I had a glimpse of his plans. There everything was apparently as usual. A servant admitted me and when I asked for my friend, he said my master would come to me directly.

Instead of Ladislav, however, a stranger came—a young man, well dressed, courteous and politely insinuating. "The leaders of the Fraternity are now in conference and the Count cannot leave them for the moment. Will you join them or can I carry any message?"

He referred to the Fraternity with a sort of secretive suggestiveness; but it nevertheless surprised me that the subject should be mentioned so openly.

"I can wait," said I, "merely wish to see him privately."

TRAIN STRUCK MERRY PARTY

Six Persons Killed and Three Badly Injured in a Grade Crossing Accident.

Spring Valley, N. Y., Feb. 23.—A foaming party of horses, which dashed through the streets early today, dragging between them a splintered wagon pole, gave the village the first news of a grade crossing accident, in which nine members of its most prominent families were either killed outright or frightfully injured.

The runaway brought up at the livery stables of George Young, from whom they were hired the night before by a party of men and girls bound for a basketball game at Nyack. On its return in the early hours of today, the wagon load of merry-makers was run down at a West Nyack crossing by a New York, Ontario & Western passenger express train. Four of the party were instantly killed, two died while being removed to the Hudson County Hospital at Hoboken (N. J.), and the other three lie in serious conditions at that institution tonight.

George Reth, assistant superintendent of the telephone office and manager of Spring Valley basketball team, Nelson May, who drove the team, Bertha Singer, daughter of Leonard Singer, Edith Singer, sister of Bertha, George Shinn, a basketball player, carpenter by trade and lived with his widow, mother, died in the hospital ambulance.

Warren Palmer, brother of Jeannette, condition serious.

Henry Deteren, basketball player, will probably recover.

Mary Edith Bird, aged 18, condition critical.

At the hospital tonight it was said that the fate of the injured could not be safely predicted for several hours. The condition of Miss Bird will sell this small most desperate of the three.

The responsibility for the accident is in dispute. The survivors cannot be questioned as yet, and the only other witness was the crossing gate tender. He insists that the team was driven through the lowered gates. The gates on the side of approach are broken down, but the opposite gate is intact and if previously lowered must have been hunted by the frightened horses after the wagon had been struck and torn from its pole. The animals were uninjured.

The Spring Valley basketball team and eleven supporters drove to Nyack in two evenings. The party of sixteen included six young ladies. The teams started for home a half hour apart. As the first wagon load approached the crossing at West Nyack, the southbound Mountain Express, running over the West Shore road, came in sight. It was behind time and was being pushed, it is said. The gate man says that he lowered the gates and at the same time waved a warning to the merry-makers, whose shouts of laughter could be heard as their horses came galloping along. He believes that young May thought he could beat the train. At all events, the gate man says, the team plunged through the gate, and the next moment the wagon was poised on the cow-catcher of the locomotive. As the vehicle went to pieces, some of the occupants were flung to one side, but others fell directly under the engine's wheels before it could be stopped. Then it backed up and the injured were placed on it. The bodies of the dead were crushed to pieces and were scarcely recognizable. In the dim light it was impossible to complete the work of recovery which was renewed today. Today the bodies of those instantly killed were brought home and tonight the bodies of those who died on the way to the hospital were received here.

The C. P. R. steamer Lake Manitoba, from Liverpool, is due here today. The steamer is bringing about 400 tons of cargo and a large number of passengers.

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 Mrs. Irwin Bennett, Parrisboro, N. S., writes: "I feel it my duty to write a few words in praise of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I took a bad cold, which settled on my lungs, and made it almost impossible to breathe at times. I coughed constantly and could not sleep at nights. A friend told me how Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup had helped her, so I procured some, and before I had taken one bottle my cough was gone and I could lie down and sleep at night."

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- The honest collection of provincial revenues and the management of loans not so much in the special interest of the moment or of the temporary needs of the government, as upon a basis permanently of most advantage to the province.
- The keeping the ordinary expenditure of the province within the ordinary revenue.
- The appointment of an auditor-general independent of the government, who shall have power to insist upon the accuracy and honesty of accounts before they are paid.
- The putting up of all public works to tender, and the giving of the contract to the lowest bidder.
- The cutting off of all needless extravagances in connection with the administration of the various departments and an absolute rule that public money shall not be paid out unless a proper voucher is first presented.
- The repeal of the present highway act and the enactment of a law which, while not diminishing the amount of provincial money given to the roads, shall vest the management of the roads and the appointment of all officials in the county councils.
- The survey and valuation of our crown lands, so that the interests of the province may be conserved, and the lumber operators, both large and small, have encouragement and fair and honest treatment.
- The inauguration of an agricultural and immigration policy as well as the promotion of the settling of our own lands by our own people.
- The improvement in quality and reduction in price of our school books, so that our people shall not be robbed of hundreds of thousands of dollars, but shall get the best possible value for their money.
- The extension and encouragement of local schools, so that every man in the province who has a family may have an opportunity to give his children an elementary education.
- An increase in the provincial allowance to school teachers.
- The secrecy of the ballot, and an honest carrying out of the election laws, believing that every citizen of the province entitled to the franchise should be free to vote as his conscience dictates.

The White Indian
 A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument. "Palc-face" is the name they gave us. Palc faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.

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 is a rich blood food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from the red blood springs. All Druggists; 50c. and \$1.00.