

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1907.

Extra Good Values Are To Be Had At The TWO-WEEK OVERCOAT SALE NOW GOING ON AT THE UNION CLOTHING CO.

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THE

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)
CHAPTER XXV.
The Love of Oeljen

One of the Sea Hawk's company was a skilled telegraphic operator, and Cressingham's first care on returning to the island was to obtain this man to despatch a cable to the Count's station on the mainland of Italy to ascertain if Perigord had yet succeeded in capturing the place. After some thought he caused to be transmitted simply his own name.

Half an hour later a reply came equally laconic—"Perigord."

The young man, reassured by that, called a concise report of his capture of Attala, laying especial emphasis on the fact that Madame Virella and Miss Elliott had disappeared, advancing his opinion that they had fled to sea in the missing boat. He begged Perigord to use all of his influence to discover if they had been picked up by any passing steamer, and this to send out a vessel in search to the north of Corsica, for a strong south wind had blown all the previous night and was still raging.

Perigord's answer was satisfactory; he promised to do all that Cressingham desired, and commanded the young man to remain upon the island, carefully guarding the prisoners until he himself arrived, as circumstances had arisen which necessitated a change in his original intentions, and that it was no longer his wish that the Count d'Attala should be transported to Naples.

The remainder of that day Cressingham devoted to a rigorous examination of the island, assisted by a score of anxious helpers, but although every nook and cranny capable of concealing a rabbit was carefully explored, not trace of the missing ladies was discovered. The next day the submarine passages were submitted to a similar test, but with a like result. Not a single tunnel from end to end escaped their vigilant scrutiny, and unless a tragedy had occurred, and Madame Virella had cast herself and Francine Elliott down one of the numerous bottomless pits which occurred in many of the disused workings, they were forced, at last, to the conclusion that their first idea was the correct one, and that the two women were then on the open sea, or had reached some more friendly shore than the coast of Attala.

Cressingham, remembering his own narrow escape, was tortured with the thought that his sweetheart had possibly been drowned, and a single glance at the weather sufficed to increase his fears, for the sea was running high, and the wind had been blowing high and a gale ever since the previous day. Even in the protected harbor of Attala the waves were wild, the beach and coast were marked by a thick line of spray and driving foam, and the Sea Hawk strained at her anchors like a bound in leash, rising and tossing tumultuously.

With a dull feeling of despair he recognized how impossible it would be for an open boat to live in such a sea, and his only remaining hope was that the wanderers had been rescued in time by some passing steamer. He had been very loath to give up the idea that he should find Miss Elliott hiding somewhere on the island, for he knew that Francine regarded Madame as her father's murderer, and he could not understand how she could have brought herself to escape in such company, no matter how terrible the motive might have been urging her thereto.

He submitted all the negroes and the Count d'Attala to a rigid inquisition, but none knew aught of the missing ones, and with the progress of his own search he was compelled to abandon any other solution of the mystery.

Face to face at last with the facts whose stubbornness refused him any further hope, he resolutely thrust disturbing thoughts behind him, and set to work with fiery energy to carry out Perigord's instructions regarding Attala. For two days he toiled with his companions like a common laborer, doing more than his share of the work. At the end of that time everything was completed. The Count's enormous treasure of gold, silver and jewels had been transferred to the shore and stored in the boathouse, together with all papers and documents existing on the island. The castle itself had been ransacked from top to bottom. The printing presses, fonts of type and typographical machines had been ruthlessly destroyed, and the more valuable furniture, pictures, books, statues, carpets, rugs, chairs, tables, etc., removed to the beach and stacked under

Cressingham wondered how his friend would face this poor, but Oeljen did not seem even momentarily puzzled.

"The moon, Desire," he answered softly, "is part of Heaven itself, a tiny part which God only occasionally permits us to look upon, for none of us are worthy to regard it always. Is it not true that when the moon's golden splendor shines upon the world the hearts of all who walk and see are insensibly made mild and kind, inclined to love and be beloved? That is because it is the light of God's own house, and God is Love, Desire."

"How beautiful your dreams are, my friend! Neither the Abbe nor Lord Francis ever spoke to me like that. I love to listen to such things."

"That is because you are at heart a poetess, Desire."

Cressingham raised himself noiselessly to his elbow, undecided whether to interrupt such charming converse or to keep his presence unrevealed. He did not want to spy upon his friend, and yet he had distinguished something in the Count's voice that surprised him, a note of admiration, almost passion. Oeljen was standing upon sand, Desire-dressed at last in the costume of a woman—beside him. They were holding each other's hands, and a very pretty picture they made—the man's strong, earnest figure, the girl's curved and tender outlines silhouetted softly against the moonlight eurt beyond. Cressingham decided not to reveal himself, for somehow he had conceived a positive affection and reverence for Desire's character, and he owed her to look upon himself as her protector since she had no other, and besides he owed her a deep debt of gratitude. It was not exactly that he feared or distrusted the Count von Oeljen's intentions, but he knew from his own experience how weak are all men before the breath of passion and the lure of opportunity; he knew moreover how utterly ignorant and unsuspicious was the girl.

He heard his friend say presently: "I wish to heaven that you were not your mother's daughter, dear."

"Why do you say that, signore! Is not my mother beautiful?"

"Yes, she is beautiful."

"Tell me then."

"I—please don't ask me, Desire."

"How strange you are, my friend! You say to me a thing and then forbid me to speak upon it."

"I was foolish to say what I said at all; still, since you wish to know more, I shall tell it to you. But not thus, sweetheart; with my arms about you—so. Will you not first kiss me though, Desire?"

"Are you sure that it is a right thing to do, Ludwig? Somehow when I kiss you I feel as though I were stealing something, and afraid to be caught."

"You sweet innocent! I am sure enough; are we not lovers?"

(To be continued.)

DROWNED IN A HALIFAX LAKE

Major Adevaire, Well Known
Officer Drowned Tuesday
Evening While Skating.

Halifax, N. S., Jan. 2.—Major F. J. Oelvaire, a well known officer, was drowned last evening in Williams Lake. The deceased left home yesterday after lunch to go skating in company with Captain French. They went to the lake, arriving there about half past two. Owing to the recent heavy rains the ice was not over strong and after skating about the lower end for a while Captain French decided that he would take no risk and made up his mind to return home.

Major Oelvaire considered the ice safe and stated he would skate until dark. Captain French and the deceased parted about 5 o'clock and when French left, Oelvaire started to skate up the lake. At 8 o'clock Major Oelvaire had not returned home, his wife became anxious as to his whereabouts and made inquiries. She learned that he had been left skating by Captain French, and it was stated to her that there was no occasion for alarm. At 9 o'clock her husband had not returned and she reported the matter to the officers' mess, R. A. C. It was decided to search for him, and a squad of men in charge of Major Langford, was sent across the arm to find the missing man. They searched about the shores of the lake for over an hour, but it was a fruitless task.

It was thought that he may have become lost in the woods, but a search of the country surrounding was likewise of no avail.

At last it was suggested to run a punt across the ice. In the middle of the lake they found a large hole in the ice and with the aid of an oar spear they located the body of the man, and shortly before midnight the body was brought to the surface.

The deceased was a native of Ireland. He came to this station as a captain in the Royal Artillery and on the Dominion government taking over the garrison, he was appointed chief ordnance officer and promoted to the rank of major.

MRS. JOHN JARDINE IS STRICKEN DEAD

Sudden Death of Well Known
Rexton Woman in Moncton.

Moncton, N. B., Jan. 2.—Mrs. Jardine, wife of John Jardine, the well known lumberman and merchant of Rexton, died very suddenly here about 1 o'clock this afternoon at the residence of her brother-in-law, Hugh Jardine, where she had been visiting with her two young children the past week.

Mrs. Jardine was dressing to go out with her children to have their photographs taken when she was stricken. The children had been got ready and their mother was ready with street attire, except putting on her hat. She complained of feeling weak and laid down on a sofa in the parlor, expiring immediately.

Deceased had been in failing health for the past year but was not considered seriously ill. She had been out daily during her visit here and her death was far from thought of her friends. Her husband, who was here Monday, was notified and arrived here tonight.

Mrs. Jardine was a daughter of William Doherty, of California, here she had a brother, Dr. William Doherty, and two sisters, Jane and Alice. She was formerly lived in Richibucto. Heart disease was the cause of death.

Besides her husband she is survived by two little girls, one fourteen months and another five years old. The body will be taken to Rexton Friday morning and burial takes place upon the arrival of the Kent Northern train. Deceased was a cousin of D. M. Doherty, traveler of St. John.

Mrs. P. C. Millett returned last evening to Puffin.



A PARISIAN CREATION OF LANSDOWNE.

For garments that characterize especially the home side of life, those graceful lines that are significant of the modes of the First Empire are peculiarly charming and effective. The style affords opportunity for so many and such effective contrasts, not only in materials, but in color and trimming as well, that it is no wonder that the clever designers of tea gowns, boudoir gowns and such have made it especially their own. A pale pink line down, one of those lightweight silk and woolen weaves with such practical wearing qualities, is deftly combined with the plaid front of white chiffon cloth. For trimming there is the prettiest banding done in cross stitch, all by hand, in pale green



COMBINATION N LINGERIE.

A very practical little combination garment, consisting of a low-necked corset cover and short petticoat, is here shown, the model being made of fine nainsook, trimmed with inch-wide Valenciennes insertion and edge to match. The petticoat was gathered about the hips and was cut very wide in a gored circular, the lower part being finished by a ruffle set on under a strip of embroidery beading, threaded with Pale blue ribbon.

The corset cover was cut in one piece, being straight in the middle of the back and bias in front. It was trimmed to match the skirt with ovals of lace insertion and finished by narrow beading and lace.

MR. CURRIE IS ELECCEED

Government Candidate Returned
in Restigouche by 127
Votes.

Campbellton, N. B., Jan. 2.—The by-election held in Restigouche county today resulted in a victory for the government candidate, William Currie, by 127 majority with Eldon, a small poll, to hear from.

It was an ideal day for bringing out the voters yet in spite of this the vote was small, owing no doubt to the fact that a large number of men were in the woods. The government forces were well organized and in fact the campaign was pushed with vigor on both sides and everything passed off very quietly.

One of the surprising features of the vote in the government supporters was the vote in Durham, where the opposition candidate polled a majority of 33 over his opponent, but in all the other polls the vote went just about as it was expected.

Mr. Currie stood at the polls in town, while Mr. LaBilloy was in Dalhousie during the day. The opposition forces here said they felt content of success, and it was not until the last return arrived that they despaired of victory. They are somewhat crestfallen over the result, as they realized fully that they had the strongest candidate they could possibly have placed in the field.

The following are the returns received at this writing (11 o'clock p. m.) with the exception of Eldon parish, which will probably increase Currie's majority slightly:

| | Currie. | Stewart. |
|---------------------------|---------|----------|
| Campbellton | 337 | 241 |
| Dalhousie | 127 | 233 |
| Durham | 181 | 214 |
| Colborne | 111 | 04 |
| Balmoral | 59 | 03 |
| Maple Green | 59 | 03 |
| Flatlands | 43 | 16 |
| Totals | 1,043 | 916 |
| Majority for Currie, 127. | | |

BENEFICIARIES AND THEIR FLASKS

(Toronto Globe).

However ephemeral may be the life of the holder of the secretary-treasurer of the Toronto Liquor License-holders' Association, there are passages in it that in the phrase of Carlyle, are significant of much. One in particular has no doubt afforded food for thought to many minds. The letter tells us that the practice of presenting customers with complimentary Christmas Day was condemned because "it is not in the best interests of the trade, or of a majority of the beneficiaries."

On the face of it, the giving away of flasks cannot be to the immediate interests of the trade, for there is so much less whiskey in the barrels and nothing in the cash register to show for it. If the present spirit were like anything, the presentation of a flask would be to that extent lessen the paid-for consumption of the bar. If, for example, one were desirous of selling meals, it would be poor policy to give the man that came looking for one a meal free. There would not be many meals sold under such circumstances.

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free, and that it is sufficiently immoral to have to distribute it for the profit that is in it, and utterly inexcusable to do so when there is no profit in it whatever? We do not presume to settle so intricate a question. It is merely the intention to point out some of the problems which Mr. Kerwin's letter raises, and in the meantime let us wish the beneficiaries a happy New Year and a happy deliverance from being beneficiaries. We thank thee for that word.

**Coughs of
Children**

Especially night coughs. Nature needs a little help to quiet the irritation, control the inflammation, check the progress of the disease. Our advice is—give the children Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask your doctor if this is his advice also. He knows best. Do as he says. We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our preparations.

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