

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1907.

## Our Great Two-Week Overcoat Sale

IS 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	\$5.90
\$9 and \$10 OVERCOATS	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	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 CO.

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



## THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Those awake turned and glanced at the intruders, but with an indifference that was at first startling from the utter unexpectedness. But the reason was soon made manifest. Each movement they made was accompanied by the clanking of iron and heavy chains in every case being riveted to ring bolts in the floor. While the gentlemen stood there endeavoring to recover from their astonishment, two men got up slowly to their feet, and after a careless glance into the furnace of the engine, unscrewed a tap and poured into a funnel-shaped opening a quantity of oil from cans which stood within their range of action. Cressingham's first thought was that these men must be suffering victims, unfortunate creatures whom the cruel Nihilists had possibly kidnapped from their homes, printers, telegraphers, engineers, perhaps of special ability, who had been stolen into such vile slavery, and thenceforth compelled to serve their inhuman taskmasters bitterly against their will. With this idea he started forward to examine them. The slaves did not in any way resent his action; they were too lenient, too indifferent to care; not one showed even a trace of curiosity on seeing so many strange faces so suddenly about him.

The young man, however, was soon disabused of his imaginings, and his kindly intention to immediately release them, and needed no physiognomist to discern as desperate and abandoned a set of rogues and scoundrels as the goals of Europe could readily produce in rivalry. Ten minutes of vigorous and systematic search failed to discover any means of egress from the cavern except the door by which they had entered. Cressingham then gave the word to depart, and they mounted again to the basement, leaving for the time the slaves to their own devices.

There he held a short council of war, and it was arranged that the force should be divided: six should go and reinforce the Count's guard, two should proceed to the look-out, which commanded a complete prospect of the island, four should guard the main entrance to the Castle, and the remaining four, including Cressingham himself, should carefully re-examine the ground floor, with the view to discover an opening which might lead to some secret tunnel into which the Count's remaining servants had probably retreated in order to conceal themselves.

The disposition was immediately effected, and all proceeded to their allotted tasks. Cressingham first visited the Count's bedroom, but everything there was in the same condition that he had left it. The old man lay quietly on his side, trussed up like a fox, and breathing heavily. Orsini stood beside him with revolver cocked, Vrenno guarded the door and the bounden prostrate negroes alert and anxious as a fox. Neither had been disturbed nor heard a single alarming sound.

Cressingham tapped heavily upon every panel of the bedroom and library walls, but with the single exception of the door which had admitted his comrades and himself to the apartment, all appeared solid, and resounded dully to his knocking. Leaving the library, he investigated in similar fashion the other sixteen rooms of that floor of the chateau, but no sign of hollow wall or hidden door rewarded his careful search.

By this time he had become horribly anxious for his sweetheart's safety, and commenced to despair of finding her alive. He was on the point of ascending to re-test the upper floor, when the two men whom he had looked to the look-out suddenly returned, their eager faces showing they brought news.

"Well!" said Cressingham excitedly. "One replied, 'There are a dozen negroes on the beach and scattered around the bay, my Lord, all hard at work engaged in collecting and burning wreckage.' Like a flash there occurred to the young man the true reason he had been unable to discover the remainder of the Count's attendants. They were no doubt covering up the traces of last night's destructive work.

But that did not explain the disappearance of Miss Elliott and Madame Virella. He at once ordered his whole force to await the arrival of the negroes, concealing themselves, as well as they could, in the main hall, and secure them immediately on entrance. Then with renewed anxiety he betook himself to the upper

Count is now bound and gagged, but he is such a devil that until he is safe aboard the Sea Hawk I shall continue to fear him!"

Two hours afterwards every living creature on the island had been transported to the yacht; Attala was utterly abandoned, and Cressingham and his companions were fettered in the cabin of the Sea Hawk, with a magnificent disregard to the cost of Perigord's champagne.

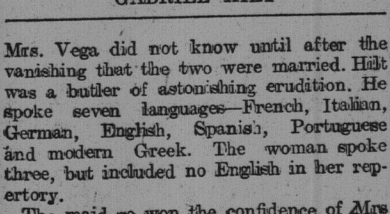
(To be continued.)

## Butler and Jewels

### Disappear

NEW YORK, Jan. 1.—It became known recently that the jewels with which a butler and maid disappeared belonged to Mrs. Jose Vega, wife of a wealthy manufacturer, who lives in No. 234 Central Park West. She is mourning the loss of numerous rings, brooches and ornaments, some of which are heirlooms several hundred years old. The actual value of the articles stolen she places at \$4,000, but she declares that she would not have taken ten times that sum for them on account of associations.

Mr. Vega and his wife and little daughter lived at the Hotel Manille until this fall, when they moved into an apartment. They had frequent calls of servants and a month ago engaged Gabriel Hill as butler and Louise Louys as maid, from a Sixth Avenue employment agency.



GABRIEL HILL

Mrs. Vega did not know until after the vanishing that the two were married. Hill was a butler of extraordinary erudition. He spoke seven languages—French, Italian, German, English, Spanish, Portuguese and modern Greek. The woman spoke three, but included no English in her vocabulary.

The maid won the confidence of Mrs. Vega that she committed to her care all the keys of the apartment. Hill and the woman apparently had a bitter quarrel three days before their final departure. The fellow's black face became grey with fear. "Good, kind Excellency," he whined, "I dare not tell your Excellency a lie. I know not where they are, I swear it."

The fellow evidently spoke the truth, and Cressingham was bitterly chagrined. After a moment's thought he said: "You came here with a message to your master, is it not so?"

"Yes, Excellency, my master now." "Yes, Excellency, good, kind Excellency, I am glad that you are my master, Excellency."

Cressingham cut his shivering protestations short. "The message!" he cried sternly.

"Excellency, the foreman Julius Octavius Anthony discovered that one of the boats is missing, and he ordered me to hasten to my master—pardon, Excellency, my late master—with the tidings; he feared—"

"The man hesitated. 'Excellency, I fastened it myself; the key has never since left my hands.' 'How then could the boat have been taken by the Turk? Is the lock smashed?'"

"No, Excellency." "Has any one in the castle another key?"

"Yes, Excellency, the Prince and Signor Desire each have a key."

Cressingham remembered that Desire had the previous night been striving to escape the island in a boat, a boat which had been stayed in and sunk after its collision with his launch. But a moment's reflection taught him that it could not have been the craft in question, for each of the Count d'Attala's boats was as strong and substantial as the launch itself, and, moreover, it could never have been propelled by a single person at the speed with which the girl had driven her.

He questioned further at hazard, in order to verify his thought. "There was another boat on the beach last night?"

"Yes, Excellency, the Turkish yacht's skiff."

"What has become of it?"

The man trembled, and shriveled up as though expecting annihilation, and whined out pitifully: "Good, kind Excellency, I do not know."

"It is not on the beach now."

"No, Excellency."

Cressingham turned to his companions and spoke in French: "Gentlemen, if a complete examination of the island fails to reveal the presence of my fiancée, Miss Elliott, and Madame Virella, we shall know that they have escaped the island in that boat."

"Hut!" cried one of the men, interrupting suddenly.

In the silence that ensued a noise of footsteps and voices was heard on the path without the great door. Instantly all prepared themselves for a struggle, one man to save time stunning the negro with a violent blow from a revolver butt.

Next moment the door opened, and the remaining servants of the Count, weary and dirty from their toil, trooped unceremoniously into the hall, anxious probably for their breakfast. When all had entered, the gentlemen sprang from their hiding, and threw themselves upon the astonished negroes. Then followed a wild melee of oaths and blows and startled screams, but before many minutes had passed all were bound and helpless, many having surrendered without offering resistance.

"Gentlemen," cried Cressingham, rising, excited and panting from his exertions, "we have accomplished our mission, and bloodlessly—the island of Attala is ours."

Three ringing cheers greeted his words. Cressingham tore from his pocket a small flag, it was the Union Jack, and fastened it upon the scabbard of his sword. "A volunteer!" he cried, "a volunteer to wave this from the look-out, so that the Sea Hawk may know and enter the harbor without fear."

A dozen hands were raised, but the nearest seized the trophy and hurried to the door. Next second he returned, and said: "My lord, the Sea Hawk is at this moment rounding the point."

"Then," said Cressingham, "to work! Before ye breakfast our prisoners must all be shipped, for that is our first duty, and only then can we eat in safety. The



EMPIRE MATINEE IN ORKEDA AND LACE.

There are so many moments in the daily routine of life when a dainty little possession like that pictured will find effective uses that it really is a temptation to have not only one but many of them. While quite elaborate in appearance, the making of these effective little garments is really quite a simple matter. It all depends upon the materials; but if the illustration be followed, a pale rose colored orkeda silk—one of those novel weaves that are of the taffeta class, but slightly different—and one of those net laces with a repousse pattern and an irregular edge will be employed. Neither is expensive; but it is the quality required that makes the cost run up.

Over the shoulders there is a deep yoke of orkeda silk, laid in grouped tucks, this extending almost to the underarm. Then a band of the double lace is used to connect the lower part of un-pleated silk, the lace applied in vandykes, and the silk cut away beneath. A straight flounce of the lace is also used at the edge, this only declaring itself between the points of the border. The sleeve is an exceedingly full pagoda pattern, with a double ruffle of the lace all around the lower edge; and the rest of the sleeve decorated with vandyked points of insertion to make the body of the dainty little garment.

The sketch depicts a ball or dinner gown of embroidered chiffon over a fitted lining, made princesses. The bands on the bodice were of satin, embroidered in relief, or flowered ribbon could be used. Tassels were attached to the longer bands back and front, and there were small connecting straps of velvet and buckles. The lower part of the skirt was trimmed with bands of plain satin of the same shade as the bodice trimming.

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## All Women

should assist Nature at those times when the system is upset, the nervous tone low and a feeling of depression or languor exists. An experience of over 50 years warrants the statement that no medicine gives such prompt relief as

## Beecham's Pills

Sold Everywhere, in boxes 25 cents.

## OBITUARY

### John Gallagher

John Gallagher died yesterday at the home of his sister, 600 Main street, after an illness which extended over some time. He was in his 86th year, followed the occupation of laborer and was son of the late Patrick and Catherine Gallagher.

### William Fleming

The death of William Fleming, a respected resident of Fairville, took place last evening. He was sixty-five years of age and had conducted a retail liquor business for some years. Since Ready's brewery was started Mr. Fleming had occupied the position of cellar foreman. He had not been able to work for a year and his death was not unlooked for.

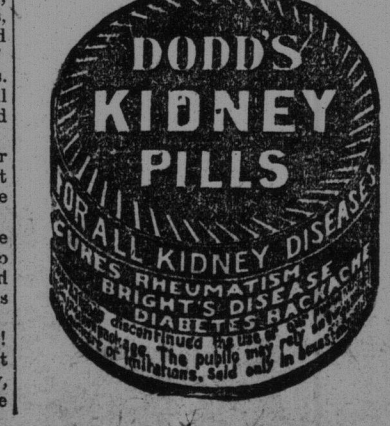
He is survived by his wife, who was a daughter of the late John Warren; four sons—Edward, of Boston; John, of the C. P. R. engineering staff, Calgary; William, at home, and Louis, who is attending the St. Joseph's College; and two daughters—Nellie and Marnie, at home. Mrs. Jeremiah Sullivan, of South Boston, is a sister.

### John A. Ritchie

John A. Ritchie, I. C. R. watchman, died at his home, 1000 Waverley street, after a week's illness, succumbing finally to heart trouble. Mr. Ritchie was a son of the late Rev. John Ritchie, of the C. P. R. For years he conducted a restaurant on the north side of King square, but later had been in the I. C. R. service. He is survived by his wife and three children. He also leaves three sisters—Mrs. G. H. Nixon, of this city; Mrs. C. G. Robertson, of Boston, and Mrs. Taylor, of St. John. His mother, who also survives, is living with her daughter, Mrs. Robertson, in Boston. Mr. Ritchie was a man of genial disposition, who numbered many friends.

### STEEL INDUSTRY 50 YEARS OLD

"So completely has the present become the 'age of steel,' and so great is the dependence placed upon its products in every line of activity, that it is scarcely to be believed that fifty years ago steel making was still in the experimental stage," says the Iron Trade Review. "The initial patents of importance were just being granted, and the problems of operation and equipment were yet to be worked out. Just fifty years ago the Siemens regenerative open-hearth furnace was patented, the date of the patent being December 2, 1856. It was this invention of Carl William Siemens—afterwards Sir William—a native of Hanover, but then a citizen of England, which made the open-hearth steel process a possibility. Heath who discovered the beneficial action of manganese, had in 1845 conceived the idea that cast steel could be produced in large quantities by fusing wrought and cast iron together upon the open hearth of a reverberatory furnace, his lack of means for producing the necessary heat. That desideratum was supplied just half a century ago through the Siemens invention. Sir William worked along the lines of producing steel from pig iron with iron sponge produced outside the furnace. The Martin brothers, in France, worked upon the production of steel from pig and wrought iron. Their principal patent was obtained in 1855 and in the same year Siemens started building his 'Simple Steel Works' at Birmingham. It was at this time, nearly ten years after the patenting of the furnace which made the process possible, that open-hearth steel was made in a commercial way. In 1867 Abram S. Hewitt visited the Paris exposition as commissioner of the United States and be-



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

## A COUGH SYRUP

that will treat a cold in a satisfactory manner must be soothing—warming—loosen the cough, and contain neither opium nor morphine.

### Dr. White's Honey Balm

Immediately relieves the throat irritation, the tightness across the chest, and makes a quick and perfect cure. It's guaranteed safe for the smallest child. Try it. 25c. at all druggists. Dr. Scott White Linctum Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B., and Chalmersford, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Dr. Hemen's Dyspepsia Cure. 51 bottle cures. Write for pamphlet.

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