MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Smart Suits for Young Men

The young men are the critics for fashionable clothing.

Our lines of suits are built to withstand every criticism.

$10 and $12 Suits for $4.50

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

REWARD

A Reward of Five Dollars will be paid by the undersigned for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who on the evening of January 23rd, cut the wire fence enclosing an ice field at Lily Lake.

SAINT JOHN ICE CO., LTD.

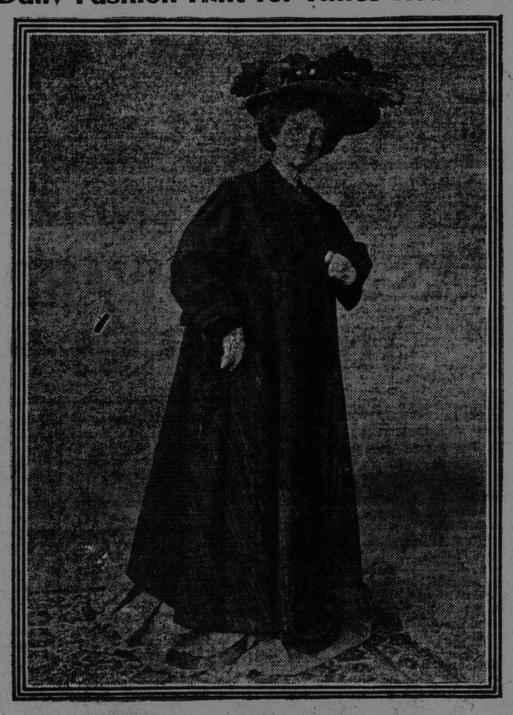
SCAMMELL'S.

OUR RESTAURANT is open to all from 8.30 a. m. till after the Opera in the evening.

MR DAVID MITCHELL is with us and makes as fine an Oyster Stew as he used to be celebrated for.

Scammell's,
63 Charlotte Street. Tel. 1118.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



A PAQUIN MOTOR COAT.

The best motor coat model which has come from the other side is this green skibo serge garment by the famous Paquin. Though voluminous, it is so cleverly cut as to fall in the most graceful lines without the least tendency to bulkiness. There is a yoke which runs into the under part of the Japanese sleeve, points deep in the front and back yet does not break the long lines from neck to hem, because the stripes are most carefully matched. Openings of large, roomy pockets in the underarm seam are trimmed with green velvet bands and covered buttons to match the narrow coat collar and revers and turnback cuffs.

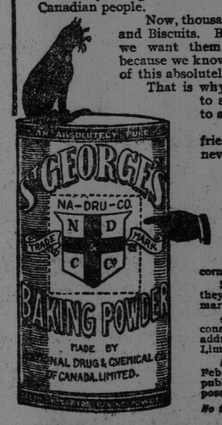
$500.00 In Cash Prizes

to the 128 persons composing the best last lines for the

St. George's Baking Powder Limerick

$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best line.
50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " " 3rd. "
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
1.00 " " " one hundred best.

One year ago, St. George's Baking Powder was introduced to the Canadian people.



Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

That is why we are taking this means of getting YOU to see how good it is—by giving you a chance to share in the $500.00 prizes.

Everyone may compete—those who are now friends of St. George's as well as those who have never used it.

Conditions:

1st. Your line with your name and address must be plainly written on the coupon below.

2nd. Carefully remove the trade mark from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (note—be careful not to get the powder in the tin damp.) Paste or pin the trade mark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.

3rd. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like providing each is accompanied by a trade mark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.

4th. The Editor of the Montreal Star has kindly consented to act as judge and all answers must be addressed to the Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.

5th. All answers must be posted not later than Feb. 29th, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.

No trademark cut from our sample postage will be accepted.

Limerick

For Cakes, just as light as a feather—
And Biscuits and Pies, the best ever—
You can easily bake them
St. George's will make them

Paste or pin the trade mark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of Montreal Star as final, and enter the competition with that understanding

Signature_____

2 8 Address_____

Address this coupon with our trade mark attached, and your line and signature plainly written, to 52

The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, Que.

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.

(Continued.)

"Don't you think we had better start for Cracow? That fellow won't be away longer than he can help, and I have to get a little scheme ready for him before he returns. The sooner we start the safer."

"But what can we do about—" and she glanced to where the Count's body lay.

"If we are to think of the living, we can do nothing. He has been recognized and when the police return they will care for the body and something can be done from Warsaw."

"It seems heartless to leave him," she murmured in distressed perplexity.

"There is no other way; so if you please we will start. I'll tell you my plan as we walk. Your mother's safety is in the balance, remember." She yielded then and we set out.

"I think we shall get through without any great trouble. There is a train from Bratinsk somewhere about eight o'clock, which will put us in Cracow in a few hours."

"But I have no passport now, to pass the frontier."

"Fortunately, I can arrange that. My first plan is to send the police off on a false scent. There is a peasant family not a mile from the top of the hill—where my horse is, by the way—and they will do anything for me. I helped them out of some trouble when I was here last year, and they think a lot of it. With this police agent away from Bratinsk for a few hours, we can get off secretly and safely."

At the top of the hill I found my horse, put "Miss Smith" on his back and handed her the coat which had been the first cause of trouble.

"I shall need the coat for my plan; so find the papers which are sewn into it and be ready to rip them out the moment we reach the cottage."

"But you?" she protested.

"No protest, please. I am good for more than a mile at fair speed.

"You do all this for a stranger," she said, her eyes lighting as she looked down at me.

"Oh, we shan't always be strangers. Keep him going. I can't talk and run at the same time. Be merciful;" and with that we set off at a good round trot. I held to the stirrup and so had no difficulty in keeping up.

In about five minutes we turned off the road and the cottage was soon in sight. By good fortune the man I sought, Michel, was in the patch of garden and greeted me with a smile. I came to the point at once.

"Michel, you have often asked for a chance of repaying that little debt. You can do it now. I want you and your sister, Testa, to help me. You are to ride my horse and your sister yours, and start at once. Ride down the Devil's Staircase, strike out any way you like at the bottom; ride for four or five hours; you in the name of Ivan Grubel, your sister as Mary Smith, an English girl. At the end of the ride, which must be as near a railway station as you can manage, turn my horse adrift to go where he will; and then make your way home secretly. And no one must know of your absence. You'll do this?"

"Why yes, Excellency. Testa, Testa;" and he ran in calling his sister.

"Now for the coat? It will be the best possible thing to create the false trail with."

"The papers are here in the lining."

"Get them out then at once, please. We have no minutes to lose." I handed her a knife and she found them.

Michel came round the cottage a minute later leading the horse for his sister just as Testa herself appeared ready to start.

"Good-evening, Excellency," she said, her brown eyes dancing at the thought of an adventure.

"You grow stronger every day, Testa, and prettier," I said. "Now, Michel, wear this coat, take care that every one has a full view of it; and when you get rid of the horse, strap it on his back. Mind, you two, my liberty may depend upon you. God speed."

"Trust me," replied Michel as he mounted.

I helped Testa to the saddle. "Don't look scared, child," I said; for her face had clouded at my words. "I shall be in no danger if you do this thing well. Off with you."

"By the help of the Virgin," returned Testa; and away they went helter skelter towards the Devil's Staircase.

As soon as they were out of sight we set off for Bratinsk, across the fields; and I explained the next part of my plan. This was to use the two passports of Bob Garrett and his sister.

"I have not told you my real name," said my companion.

"We scarcely seem to have had time to speak of anything yet. We've been pretty busy, you see."

"It is Volna Drakona. My father is dead; my dear mother is in feeble health. I have a half-brother and half-sister—Paul and Katinka."

"The pasports will give you another sort of brother till we get to Cracow. Only for a few hours, however, if all goes well. Volna! I have never heard that name before."

"It is my mother's—" she said simply. Then, "You like it?"

"It is southern in its sweetness."

"My mother is from the South. Do you think I could write to her and let her know that all is well with me? She may hear of my uncle's death, and the anxiety will almost kill her. We are deeply attached to one another."

"There is no reason why you should not. And from Cracow it may be safe to telegraph."

"You speak as if we were quite certain of getting through."

"Why shouldn't we? I have had another thought. My servant is at Bratinsk and I shall use him to create another scent for the police. I shall send him off toward Warsaw in my name while we go to Cracow as the two Garretts. I look for no trouble in Bratinsk. The police agent is not likely to think we shall venture to return there. I expect he will just get the help he needs and rattle back to make the arrest. He will then follow Michel and his sister; and as this will take up some hours at least, we ought to be clear away and near Cracow before he even returns to Bratinsk."

"You make it seem very simple and easy."

"So it ought to be; but I shall feel better when we are in the train speeding west. There is one thing, by-the-by, you had better make some kind of change in your appearance. I can do it easily by shaving my beard and changing my clothes. Do you think you could buy something in Bratinsk? Your description is sure to be telegraphed in all directions."

We discussed the means of doing this and had scarcely settled matters when we reached Bratinsk. Having arranged where to meet, I went to the inn and Volna procured the change of costume.

The dusk was beginning to fall and deeming it best to be cautious, I entered the inn by a side door and succeeded in slipping up to my rooms unnoticed.

My servant, Felsen, was not there; but afraid to lose time in waiting, and unwilling to risk asking for him, I set to work and shaved off my beard and moustache. As I changed my clothes, I found the police agent's revolver; and took it with me.

As Felsen always looked after my things I did not notice anything amiss, except that he seemed to keep them very carelessly; but as soon as I went into the sitting room, which opened from the bedroom, I scented trouble.

Every drawer and cupboard in the place had been ransacked, and papers and books were all left in the greatest confusion.

The reason was plain. It was the result of a police visit. My friend of the Devil's Staircase had set his comrades to work. Instinctively I ran back into the bedroom and destroyed the evidences of my shaving operation, and was in the act of leaving the room when I heard voices approaching it.

I had barely time to step into a cupboard when the door was opened and two men entered. One was Felsen, the other a stranger. His curt, sharp tone and manner suggested the police.

They passed through into the sitting room beyond.

"Your master has not been back then, it seems?"

"I shouldn't think he'l come back after what you say."

"He'll probably be brought back." This with a sneer. "We know how to deal with spies and traitors."

There was a pause and then Felsen said: "I suppose if he's caught he won't be let out for dying while."

"Our prison doors only open one way easily," chuckled the other.

"Then I may as well look after myself, I suppose."

"Yes. He's evidently made a fool of you."

"Well, it's my turn now. Have a cigar?"

I heard matches struck and smelt my best cigars.

"We can wait downstairs as well as here," said the police agent. "I'll lock the doors this time to make sure." He came into the bedroom locked the door on the inside and then went back. The other door was then locked and the two men went downstairs.

Fortunately he had left the key in the bedroom door, and the instant the way was clear, I went out, crept along the corridor and down the back stairway to the door by which I had entered.

I gained the street safely and walked away toward the railway station, trusting to the gloom of the evening and my shaven face to save me from recognition.

By the action of the police and the fact that they were already on the look-out for me had crumpled up my plan. And there was still worse to come.

CHAPTER IV.

A HORSEDEALING TRANSACTION.

As I hurried to the station I tried to think over the position coolly and carefully.

In the first place, I was now a fugitive from the police; but as I had done no wrong, the fact had a sort of fascination for me. The scent of adventure and the prospective excitement attracted me, and the idea of a trial of wits with the authorities roused every combative instinct in my nature.

Even had there been no one else involved, I should have gone through with the thing for its own sake. But there was Volna. Her safety and that of her mother depended upon me; and that fact was the most powerful incentive I could have had to urge me to my utmost effort. The thought of helping such a splendid girl was just a sheer delight.

Those papers had to be got to Cracow. The mother's safety required this; and the risk involved in the attempt formed the spice of the adventure. I had powerful and influential friends both at home and on the continent who would readily help me to get out of any bother so far as matters had gone at present; but it might be a very difficult thing if in the present excited state of the empire, I was caught helping the "P.F.F." by carrying seditious documents for revolutionary purpose. Volna also had run no great risk as yet. The mere fact that she was travelling with Count Peter Valdemar was not by itself likely to involve her in any serious consequences. If the papers could have been destroyed, therefore, we could easily have put an end to the complication. But this was impossible. Their delivery in Cracow was imperative.

We stood thus at the dividing line between safety and risk; and there was nothing for it but to go through with the matter to the end.

My experience at the inn had its lesson. I recognized that I must move very warily indeed in making any inquiries at the station. The fussy little station-master, Blauben, might recognize me despite the change in my appearance; and I did not at all relish the prospect of interviewing him.

But in this one respect the luck was with me. I was surprised to see a small crowd of people at the generally deserted station, and it was an easy matter to mingle with them without being observed.

That was all the luck there was, however, as the reason for the crowd spelt further disaster to my plans of escape. The place was in a hubbub of excitement; and I soon learnt that there had been a very serious accident on the line at a place called Pulta, some seven or eight miles west of Bratinsk.

As a result of this the line to Cracow was blocked. There would be no train going west that night.

The people in the station were travellers from the opposite direction who had been put out and told, with the usual courtesy of the railway authorities, that they must shift for themselves until the line was cleared. They might think themselves lucky. I overheard little Blauben tell one man, if they got on by noon the following day.

This was check with a vengeance; if not checkmate.

I hung about for some time with the object of ascertaining the chance of getting a train in the other direction—anything to get out of Bratinsk—and was pretending to study one of the time bills when I caught my own name.

"Know the Englishman, Anstruther? Of course I do." It was Blauben's voice. "If he comes here, I'll stop him."

"We thing he may try and bolt."

"How's he going to bolt? There's no train west and nothing east except the midnight express. But what's it all about?" The reply was given in low tone and escaped me. But part of the station-master's answer was enough.

(To be Continued.)

WAS A TOTAL WRECK FROM HEART FAILURE.

Heart disease is characterized by its stealthy approach and its variety of forms, yet in all its forms nature gives unmistakable signals which warn us of its presence.

One of the first danger signals announcing something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or, again there may be the most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries. You may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is, beyond all question, marvellous. They give such prompt relief, such speedy restoration to health that no one need suffer.

Mr. Darius Carr, Geary, N.B., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know the great blessing your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been to me. I was a total wreck from heart failure, my wife advised me to take your pills, and, after using two boxes I was restored to perfect health. I am now sixty-two years old and feel almost as well as I did at twenty."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25 at dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A CRIPPLE CURED

Helpless and Bent With Rheumatism—Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I was a helpless cripple. I was bent in form and could not straighten up. Crutches were my only means of moving about. I tried many medicines, but they all failed until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—they cured me." George Schaw of Short Beach, N. S., made the above almost startling statement to a reporter a few days ago. Mr. Schaw is now a well built man, strong and broad shouldered. Like thousands of other Nova Scotians, he is a fisherman, and is consequently exposed to all kinds of weather, just the conditions to set the rheumatic poison in the blood at work. Mr. Schaw adds: "It is impossible to overrate the severity of the attack. The trouble was located in my back and right hip. I had to quit work and was mostly indoors. There was a time when I never expected to stand erect again, but Dr. Williams' Pink Pills straightened me up again, not only that, but they made me the strong hearty man you see me today. I can never describe the awful pain I suffered before I used these pills. I tried many medicines and had treatment from several doctors, but to no avail. My legs became so stiff that in order to move at all I had to use crutches. Finally the doctors decided that I was incurable, and told me they could render no further assistance. I continued to suffer day and night, and then came the turning point of my life. A friend from a distance came to see me and it was from him I learned that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were a great cure for rheumatism. At once I got a supply and began to use them. The first indication that they were helping me was when the pain grew less severe. In a few weeks more the swelling in my legs and hips began to leave, then my joints seemed to loosen up, and then it was not long until my crutches were thrown aside and I could straighten up. Then I began to go outdoors and soon was able to resume my work as well as ever. Since that time I have never been troubled with rheumatism or lame back. I can tell you my neighbors were all astonished at my cure; they had all thought I would always be a cripple."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure rheumatism by going straight to the root of the trouble in the blood. They make new rich blood that sweeps out the poisonous acid and soothes the jangled nerves. That is how they cure all troubles rooted in the blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance, general weakness and the special ailments that only girls and women folk know. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A SPLENDID CONCERT

The proceeds of the concert held last evening in Main street Baptist church were sufficiently large to wipe off the debt on the new organ installed last August, and the church officers feel much encouraged with the interest shown by the members and others.

The concert was the last opportunity for the public to hear Madame Yulisse Harrison before her departure from St. John, and nearly 1,500 people availed themselves of the chance. Every seat in the auditorium of the church and Sunday school room, which was also thrown open, was occupied. The programme was a musical and literary treat. Madame Harrison sang Let the Bright Seraphim, and as an encore Home Sweet Home, and as a final piece the aria, Lo, Hear the Gentle Lark. The other singers were heartily encored. D. Arnold Fox played the organ selections with much skill and taste. Miss Pearl Spragg pleased with her readings.

Rev. D. Hutchinson, on behalf of the church, thanked all those who had attended and announced that the debt had been completely wiped out. The concert was given under the direction of the choir, with H. Holder as leader and Miss Ella M. Holder organist. The programme was:

Anthem—Sing unto the Lord..E. A. Sydenham
Solo—Then Shall the Righteous.. ..Manney
Fred McKean.
Reading—Flying Jim's Last Leap.. .. ..
Miss Pearl Spragg.
Air—Let the Bright Seraphim (Samson)
.. ..Handel
Mme. Yulisse Harrison.
(Solo)
Organ—(a) The Lost Chord.. ..(by request.)
Organ—(b) Angel's Serenade.. ....Braga
Organ—(c) Schiller March.. .. .. ..Meyerbeer

Second Part.

Anthem—Gloria in Excelcis.. .. ..(From Mozarts 12th Mass)
Solo—The Promise of Life.. .. .. ..Cowen
D. B. Pidgeon.
Reading—Madeline De Verchers.. .. .. ..
.. ..(An Historic Incident)
Miss Pearl Spragg.
Solo—My God and Father.. ..G. W. Marston
Mrs. Tufts.
Organ—(a) Pastorale.. .. ..Lemare
Organ—(b) Grand Offertoire.. .. .. ..Wely
Aria—Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark.....Bishop
Flute Obligato, Mr. Stokes
Madame Harrison.

There was a good attendance at a concert held last evening in Calvin church school room under the auspices of the ladies' guild of the church. Rev. L. A. McLean presided. The programme included vocal solos by Miss Milne, Miss Hazelwood, Mr. Keys, Mrs. L. M. Curren, Rev. L. A. McLean, Miss Seaton, Mr. Hoegg, and S. J. McGowan; readings by Mr. Robertson; instrumental duet by Messrs. Stokes and Straton; violin solos by M. Goudie and Frank Killam; bagpipe selection by Mr. Stewart; piano solos by Miss Retallick, and Mr. Bryden; bagpipe selection by Messrs. Gibson and McLaren, and drill by the Scotch Company cadets.

LIBERAL CONVENTION AND RATIFICATION

The delegates elected at the primary in the several wards of the city will meet in convention in

BERRYMAN'S HALL

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 30

at 7.30 to select candidates to represent the city of Saint John in the Local Legislature.

A ratification meeting will be held in Berryman's Hall, now Princess Theatre, the same evening, at 8 o'clock, to ratify the choice of the delegates, which will be addressed by Premier Robinson, Attorney-General McKeown and others.

THOMAS McAVITY,
Chairman executive.

OFFICERS SHOOTING CLAY PIGEONS ON U.S.S. VERMONT AT SEA