

Man who tries to run a business without Advertising might as well try to run a motor without gas—may be a good business, but...

...to remain in the same old rut, effort to increase your business, and offering any inducements to hold the...

# Union Advocate

ESTABLISHED 1867

one of the oldest papers in the Maritime Provinces. You say you never did advertise, and you do not believe it pays. Don't you think you are giving your own opinion rather a high rating when you put it against that of the great majority of those who do advertise? Surely majority is a better judge.

Do not let your mind rest too strongly on the amount of money you would have to pay; rather think of the increased business which is sure to be yours. You say you do not want any increase, because you would have to increase your staff. Well, if ten new customers came to your store every week would you turn them away? And if that number increased until you had to enlarge your staff of clerks, would you not do so, or would you neglect them? You would certainly increase your staff, attend promptly to your new patrons, and keep your stock of goods on the move, so why not make up your mind to-day to take a space in this paper and keep your name constantly before the buying public.

As an advertising medium, The Advocate is firmly taking its place at the head. If you, Mr. Merchant, are not among the number who are using its columns, why not talk the matter over with our representative and select a good space while you have a chance. We are at your service any time you wish to consult us, and would only be too glad to quote you rates. A telephone call will bring our representative to your store in ten minutes.

## THE UNION ADVOCATE'S JOB PRINTING DEPT.

The Advocate is not only taking the lead as an advertising medium, but its Job Department is decidedly in the lead.

Remember that this office is in better shape to do your printing than it has ever been before, due to the fact that only competent printers are employed with the most modern machinery used.

There is a difference between plain Job Printing and the kind of printing that draws business. At one time any kind of a printed letter-head or envelope would do so long as the work was done by a printer and paper and high priced ink, the customer did not care enough about to be fussy. It is not so now. The printer to-day figures these items into his contract and prints the same as he does the quality of the work he purchases to carry on his business.

It is the class of customers who have their printing done at The Advocate Job Dept. Only the best quality of printing paper are kept in stock and the highest quality of ink used for all work. There is not a printer in our office, for experience has taught us that the best and the most serviceable.

When you leave their order for printing with this department you have the feeling of assurance that they will do the kind of a job they want. They know, and they are never dissatisfied, no pains to give our customers the assurance that is one reason why this department has for turning out printing only.

When a customer, join our list and we will send you envelopes, or whatever name you desire, in an artistic manner. Good printing than it is, and all orders is given as soon as possible all kinds of printing.

PRINTING

class of printing in

# FEDORA

BY VICTORIEN SARDOU

(Continued)

handed to her she was frankly surprised, and was so eager to know the meaning of it that she threw on a robe of some soft, warm, clinging stuff and bade Marka take the countess to the boudoir, whether she immediately went herself.

"Thank you for seeing me at such a time," said the countess, and then stopped and looked at Fedora with that open admiration which one woman sometimes permits herself toward another. "You ravishing creature! If I were a man I should go mad at the sight of you."

Fedora laughed with the pleasure of a child, and held out her two hands in welcome to the countess.

"Fortunately you are not a man. I am delighted to see you. You will breakfast with me? Do not say no. I have such a cook!" "If I stayed it would not be for your cook. But first let me say what I came to say. Do you really know the Countess Olga Souk r'eff?"

"Why it seems to me," said Fedora, with genuine surprise.

"Yes, of course. I am the Countess Olga; but do you know what her reputation really is? There, it was a hard thing for me to ask that."

And certainly she looked as if it had been. Fedora looked at her first with surprise, and then with a gradual appreciation of the meaning of the question.

"Yes, I think I know what you mean. Yes, I think I know what your reputation is."

"No, I don't believe you do." She had recovered herself now, and there was a smile on her lips. "However the Countess Olga is not one half as bad as she is said to be. Her worst crime, I think, is unconventionality. But you, princess, tell me frankly why you left St. Petersburg."

Fedora had her wits well in hand by this time. She found herself liking and admiring where she had expected only to scorn; but she was not thrown off her guard.

"Yes, I will tell you," she said. "I am a rich young widow, trampled by too much family. To stay in Russia, and do as I pleased involved too much resistance. I dislike restraint. I came to Paris. What I did yesterday I did purposely to create talk. To know your circle, your men of brains would be a pleasure to me."

"I can understand that," said the countess, slowly; "but you need not know the Countess Olga to accomplish your ends. It is true that my salon is as well ordered as any in Paris; it is true that those who come to my salon and are proud of it, are, many of them, gladly welcomed to the most select circles; but it is also true that no woman comes to my salon, and is admitted to the select circles to which the men are unhesitatingly welcomed. Do you understand?"

"I understand that you are the most generous woman I ever met. I knew all you have told me, and that more which you know is told everywhere. I knew it yesterday, and yet I asked the Count Rouvel to procure me the honor—I did not know then how great a pleasure also—of your acquaintance."

"The old fox! The visit of last night was premeditated, then?" "Yes. You see I am as honest as you. I have my secret, countess. It does not in the remotest way concern you, and I would rather not tell it to you. It does make me seek such a society as I shall find in your salon. There. Will you accept of me now?"

The countess held out both her hands, and when Fedora put her hands in them the countess leaned over and kissed her on both cheeks. "I am a woman," said the countess, gayly, "but I am not curious. Have your secret. At any price I am glad that we shall be friends. I liked you so much that I came to do you the kindness of warning you against myself. Can I help you? Tell me frankly what you would like to see you."

"No, you cannot help me," and Fedora let her chin fall into her hand while she stared into the fire. She was thinking of the singular friend her pursuit of revenge had brought her.

"Well," said the countess, with a sigh of relief, "I am glad that I have not had so much serious thought for an age. Now let us say no more about it."

"But you will breakfast with me?" "Gladly."

"And you will excuse me while I finish my toilet?"

"No, but I will assist at it. Venus has no need to fear curious eyes."

### CHAPTER VIII

In these days Gretch found occasion to congratulate himself many times; for his duties as detective were not only merely nominal, but were even so accommodating as to lend themselves to his assistance in following his amatory tendencies. In other words his chief duty as a detective, now consisted in making a daily but perfunctory report to the princess, and this report brought him into delicious contact with the fascinating but elusive Marka.

The sweet agonies which Marka made the ardent Gretch suffer are not to be put down in words. It was always an uncertainty to him whether she favored him or not, until it came to the last moment of his stay with her, when she would relax so much of her coyness as to cause him to long restlessly for the moment of their next meeting. But when that moment came he was certain to find himself in as uncertain a state as ever; for Marka had not the slightest hesitation in repudiating any and everything she had done or said at the last meeting.

Marka had indeed referred the matter to her mistress; for she was in no wise minded to do her an ill turn, being devotedly attached to her. She did not know exactly what the relations between her mistress and Gretch were beyond the fact that he was doing some detective work for her in connection with the murder of Vladimir Boroff; though to do her exact justice she had tried hard enough to make Gretch tell her. She had said to her mistress one day while brushing her hair.

"Madame la Princess."

"Yes, Marka."

"That Gretch is an amusing fellow."

"Indeed! I have never found him so."

"Well, no; but that is not surprising, for he talks only business to you, whereas he talks to me of love."

"Love! Gretch!" and she laughed shortly as if the idea was sufficiently odd, though she was not in the mood to laugh a great deal.

"Yes, and while it amuses me, or did at first, I begin to grow tired of it. And yet I did not know what you would wish me to do about it."

"I?"

"Your pardon, madam, but I thought that if it would make him serve you better to go on loving me I would not stop him."

"Oh! It was thoughtful, Marka. No, it will not matter to me. Do what you think best for yourself. You would not like to leave me to be married, Marka?"

"The man does not live, madam."

"I am glad of that, for I should not know what to do without you. Gretch in love! How funny!"

Yes, it was funny in a way, perhaps. Funnier for Marka at that time than for anybody else.

Under the circumstances it was rather unfortunate for Gretch that he had so much spare time to dispose of; but that was a thing he could not order to suit himself, though, of course, that would not have altered matters any, for the present situation was exactly what he would have chosen had he been ordering affairs.

It really was unnecessary for him to make even a pretense of watching Loris Ipanoff.

regular, were as simple and altogether harmless, that, having been once ascertained, it was always possible to find him at any given moment.

In the morning, for example, he was sure to be found in his own apartments, reading or writing. His correspondence was not large, and occupied comparatively little of his time, so that, in fact, he gave a large part of his leisure to reading, and even that was not significant of anything. Gretch had taken the trouble to learn what he did read.

As a matter of fact it was useless to watch Loris Ipanoff with the object of learning anything about what might have happened in St. Petersburg; for the closest observation would have failed to discover what did not exist. He had secrets with no one, and conducted himself as any gentleman with his mind at ease would have done.

Gretch might even have read his correspondence, and it would have told him nothing he did not already know. Take it one morning when it lay on his table unopened, and when one of the letters certainly gave promise of revealing something, if any would.

It was postmarked St. Petersburg, and was from his mother. Do you suppose Gretch would have troubled himself about that letter if he had seen it? Not at all. If it came from Russia he knew it had already been read by the police authorities there.

As for the rest, one was from his tailor about some clothes, one from a nihilist, asking for the loan of some money, and one was one of those peculiar envelopes which one knows instinctively to have belonged to a woman. And so it was. And here is Ipanoff himself, ready to open and read.

Which will he read first? Well, it is useless to philosophize on it whichever it may be. Each man has his own method. One man will read the most important first, and another will leave that one till the last.

Loris Ipanoff stood over the table, and spread out the letters with his fingers. That of the tailor, pushed aside mildly, that of the nihilist—he recognized it—he flung aside contemptuously, that of his mother his finger dwelt on, that of the woman his eye and his smile dwelt on.

But let there be no hasty judgment. There was no tenderness in the smile; there was merely interest. The letter of the nihilist was opened first.

"Poor devil," said Ipanoff, and afterward he sent the money.

The letter of the tailor came next, and Ipanoff looked at the clock, which act indicated an appointment with the driver. The letter from the woman came next, but it was put down again unopened, and the letter from his mother was taken up, and read.

It was the record of the almost daily doings of herself and his young brother, and ran along as a mother's letter is likely to do, when the mother has such confidence in her son that she does not find it necessary to waste good advice and fervent exhortation on him. And yet he sat with the letter in his hand, after he had read it, and thought listlessly for some time.

But there was no secret meaning in that either. He was merely thinking of the time when he was a boy. And while he thought, his eyes wandered to the table, and he smiled, and took up the last letter very much as a man might turn to a cup of sparkling water when he was thirsty. Let us read the letter with him, partly because it is short, and partly because it interests us as well as him.

"My dear Ipanoff: This is to warn you. Beware! He stopped there and adjusted himself more comfortably in his chair. He expected you might be interested in what the woman had written. Take the letter."

"I thought my own business was my own business," said Ipanoff, and smiled.

Now, I am sure you will understand me, and I shall be revenged on you for all the unjust things you have not only said, but thought of me. But, anyway, come."

"A woman's a woman, of course," said Ipanoff, putting the letter aside with an air of complete tranquility, as if the phrase not merely described Fedora, but effectually disposed of her.

After that he went about the routine of the day, as if there were no question of going to see the Countess Olga that night. You see, he was not one of the sort to have premonitions, and neither could he know that the Countess Olga was unwittingly aiding Fedora in urging him of all others to be present at the salon. He did not even suspect that he was the only one favored with an invitation until he met Nicholas Lasinsky at the cafe that afternoon.

"You will go to see the new star at Olga's tonight," said Lasinsky.

"The countess has written to you, then, too?" answered Ipanoff.

"Written to me? Oh, no. She has written to you, eh? To me? Pardieu! I am one of the always welcome, which means never missed. If she has written to you, it means that you are in special favor. I wish I could affect that indifference of yours, Ipanoff. It is a great card."

Ipanoff lifted his eyebrows ever so little, and did not take the trouble to protest that his indifference was real enough. Lasinsky looked after him as he walked leisurely away and muttered under his breath:

"Do you know, my dear Ipanoff, that your superiority gives me the feeling that I do not like you. I want very little excuse to do you an ill turn."

And it was a singular thing that a man so unobtrusive should have the faculty of making such pronounced friends and enemies as Ipanoff did. As a rule, he was liked or disliked. Another singular fact was that men who knew him for even a short time grew into a trick of looking at him to discover his opinion of any given subject. As for women, they were a little afraid of him.

As Gretch had said, he was good looking, though not to a degree that would make any one turn on the street to have a second look at him. He was not nearly as handsome a man as Lasinsky. Many women looked twice at Lasinsky, and some of them repented it.

Ipanoff had a serene, inscrutable blue eye and an impassive face, though there were certain signs about the mouth that seemed to indicate that the impassiveness of the face was not due to stolidity of nature. His physique was that of a gladiator.

No one was announced at the Countess Olga's and it was the theory that she never knew who came or who went; but the theory was not altogether correct, as is often the case with theories. The Countess Olga, at any rate, knew when Ipanoff entered the salon that evening, though she was talking in her customary animated way at the time to Lasinsky.

Lasinsky was a man of observation, and, as he followed the line of her vision, and saw it flash now and again toward the door, as she talked with him, he had the curiosity to watch the door with her. When Ipanoff entered he noticed that the eyes of his hostess lighted up for a second, and then roved no more.

"She writes him a special invitation, and watches for his coming," thought the young man, and there was a slight dilation of his thin nostrils at the thought.

Ipanoff made his way directly to the hostess. She looked up and smiled.

"I thought my own business was my own business," said Ipanoff, and smiled.

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"Oh, no," said Lasinsky, with a slight sneer, "these have all come in spite of the fact that Madama la Princess is coming also."

The Countess Olga shot a resentful glance at the handsome young Pole, but Ipanoff laughed softly, which was the most illimitating way he could have received the sarcasm, since it meant to Lasinsky the most serene superiority to any thing he could say.

"I told her not to come to early," said the countess. "I wished her to make the grand entrance. Ah! you shall see something when she comes."

"There is a commotion at the door," said Lasinsky. "The liou-ess must be there."

As he spoke the group of talking, laughing men and women separated, and made an avenue leading from the door to the divan of the hostess, and a sudden hush fell on the room.

The countess Olga rose to her feet, and looked smilingly toward the door-way. The Princess Fedora, leaning on the arm of the Count Rouvel, was crossing the threshold. No one looked at the count; every eye was on the princess.

Olga turned quickly, and glanced at Ipanoff. He was looking at the princess with an air of mild curiosity; but, even before the countess removed her eyes from him, he turned and glanced over the assemblage, as if wondering how it was taking the advent of the princess.

Fedora could not help knowing that she was the object of universal scrutiny, but she passed through the curious crowds with an air of perfect ease and unconsciousness. When she was a few paces from Olga the latter held out both hands in unconventional welcome, and stepped forward to meet her, whispering enthusiastically as she took her hands:

"You beautiful creature!"

And she only whispered what everybody thought, and, if it may be admitted, what Fedora was perfectly well aware of herself.

"Let me introduce you to—" she turned, thinking to find Ipanoff by her side, but he had slipped back into the crowd, and Lasinsky stood there in his place, so she substituted his name instead—"Count Lasinsky, a gentleman with a wit so sharp that he occasionally cuts himself with it."

A little ripple of laughter ran through the group of listeners, but Lasinsky only bowed, his ready tongue being unready, for once stilled by the magic of the wonderful beauty before him.

Then one by one, all those in the vicinity were introduced to Fedora, and each one she received with a ready smile and winning manner, but inwardly fretting to hear the name of Loris Ipanoff, and constantly searching the answer to her to find one who would answer to the door.

Ipanoff made his way directly to the hostess. She looked up and smiled.