

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1907.

Store closes Evenings at 6 p. m. with exception of Saturdays at 11 p. m.

Union Clothing Co.

26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Building.
St. John, N. B.
ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

Our First Stock-Taking Sale

WILL
BEGIN SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1907.

Store will be closed all day Friday, January 11.
Our Reductions Are Always Genuine. Our past sales proved to the public that what you find in our advertisement you will find in our store. So let us see all the old faces and hundreds of new ones at our Grand Opening of our First Great Stock-taking Sale, which begins Saturday next, January 12.

Watch for further announcements.

UNION CLOTHING CO.

Think of Having Patti Teach You to Sing!

You can have the great Patti sing to you in your own home. She will, not only, sing once, but she will sing the same song over and over—stopping anywhere, going over and over the same bar, if you like.

Or, if you wish to play or sing like the famous masters, you can have them interpret the most difficult pieces, and tirelessly repeat, till the exact phrasing, the most delicate shading of tone is caught and learned.

Teachers and parents, who wish to bring out the best in the student, whether vocal, instrumental or elocutionary, will wisely provide one of these great helps—

Victor-Berliner Gram-o-phones

The Victor-Berliner gives anything—from grand opera to amusing anecdote. It is the only instrument for which Patti, Caruso, and most of the other celebrated operatic stars will sing. It is a marvelous instrument—always ready to give you any sound, be it bird-trill or thunder—and its reproduction is absolute perfection.



Come to our place and listen to some of the 3000 new records. Ask for the booklet, anyway. It's free.

For Sale by

JOHN FRODSHAM, Royal Hotel Billiard Parlors.

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

He entered his old drawing room with that sense of one returning from the tomb of ages to find the world's landmarks unaltered but the faces of his contemporaries changed, and with a bitter heartache he recognized that from that moment a new, untried and desolate existence stretched out before him, robbed of the dearest dreams of other days and the joys he had once fondly thought might have been his, a future destitute of the hopes and ambitions which had formerly constituted the bravest and best part of his life.

O'Brien respected for awhile the musing silence into which he had fallen, but at last, saddened by his friend's grief, he tried loyally to cheer him and rouse him from his melancholy mood. Laying his hand gently on Cressingham's shoulder he said softly: "Dear friend, I know what your thoughts must be, I know their unutterable sadness, but should you give way to them? The past is past, and in the march of destiny many hearts are bruised and broken. You have endured a bitter loss; but you are young, the world lies before you full of hope and promise. Please God that in the joys of the future you will forget the sorrows of the present!"

"Old chap!" said Cressingham brokenly, "you say you understand, but you can't, you can't, or you couldn't say such things. I've nothing to look forward to—nothing!"

"Nothing, Frank? Don't say that. Are you not to give me my bride?"

"And happiness with her, Ludwig, I sincerely hope—constant happiness. You are right, it will always be a pleasure for me to think of that. You must try to forgive me for my selfishness, old boy, but somehow suddenly coming back to the old place, seeing the old things about me just as they used to be, I felt a bit outside of everything; you know, old chap, what I mean. Look, there is her photograph!" He pointed to a counterfeit presentment of Miss Elliott, whose sweet face smiled at them from the wall. With quivering lips which he bit savagely to control, he gazed at her a moment, then a blue came over his eyes, and he hurried abruptly to the inner room in order to conceal an

A COUGH SYRUP

that will treat a cold in a satisfactory manner, soothe the throat, 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 is 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. Harnes's Dyspepsia Cure. Write for pamphlet.

sweet, more kind, perhaps too a little more sad: Francine, with a smile on her lips, with tears trembling on the long black lashes of her eyes.

"My God—you, you!" he gasped hoarsely, not yet comprehending that she was more than a phantom of his own imagination.

She held out her arms for answer, and slowly, doubtfully he advanced towards her. But the real woman convinced him, and he had magnificent compensation for all his grief and sadness of the past few weeks, in drinking the sweetness of her lips, in holding her clasped to him in a close and passionate embrace.

She told him her story soon, and its simplicity amazed him. Madame Viyells, who, after the murder of Jibloff and the ruthless destruction of the Turkish yacht, had been seized with a sudden terror of her father—a terror which had overwhelmed every other sense—in the abandon of her mad and unreasoning panic had determined to risk everything and fly from the accursed island, but nevertheless feared to desert alone.

Unable to find Desire, who was then actually embarked upon a similar undertaking, she had forced Miss Elliott to be the companion of her enterprise. After stealing the Count's key of the boat, and also providing herself with a quantity of valuable jewels, she half-died, half-dragged Francine, who was still dazed and stupid from her swoon, down from the castle to the beach, probably had himself landed there.

Embarking on the nearest of the boats she had located the sail, and in spite of the rising gale, had fearfully sailed out for the open sea, steering a course to the northwest.

The night had been a dreadful one, during which Francine had lain in the bottom of the tossing craft in all the horrors of sea-sickness, but Madame had managed the boat with the skill and courage of a man, and before evening of the next day they arrived without mishap safely in the bay of San Remo.

There Madame had supplied the girl with a few pounds of ready money and had herself departed, giving no hint of her destination. Francine had at once made her way to London, and as she arrived found to her unspeakable joy that her father had after all survived the effects of the poison administered by Madame, and was now in his own home, bedridden and still half-paralyzed but on a fair way to complete recovery.

She had then heard from the Countess, Cressingham's successful escape from the island, and the mission he had undertaken to procure her release.

Cressingham listened in speechless surprise to the girl's story, lovingly holding her hands the while, and almost vainly endeavoring to realize the splendid fortune which had come to him so blessedly and unexpectedly. When all was told he was, in his turn, obliged to turn his eyes to Francine, and to the details of what had occurred to him.

He asked smilingly at length: "Sweet heart, after my warning did you receive a message from me?"

"By Desire?"

"Yes."

The girl of a sudden withdrew her hands from his grasp and arose to her feet. The hours had led in their rapid course, and she was already dark.

"Frank," she said slowly, "what were you doing when I came into this room and found you?"

"The man flushed a little. 'I'd rather not tell you,' he muttered.

"You had better, if it was what I fancy, for I have a grievance against you, dear."

"What is your grievance, sweetheart?"

"Tell me what you were doing!"

"I thought you were dead," he whispered. "I was—kissing the place where your head had often rested. Now tell me your grievance, Francine."

The girl's eyes were luminous as she looked at him. "It is gone now," she murmured: "gone! that kiss of yours has washed its score away."

"It was not a great one then, sweetheart."

"Was it not? Is it not? I vowed at one time never to speak to you, never to look at you again, because of it."

"Francine, how could you make such a vow?"

"As easily as I shall again, and keep it, too—if you should ever dare to be unfaithful to me so soon."

"You were jealous!" cried Cressingham, springing to his feet delightedly: "jealous because I kissed Desire, or you beautiful darling, how I love you for it!"



PLAID SILKS FIND A WIDE VOGUE.

With the sudden vogue for plaids in all sections of outer dress, it is small wonder that the shirtmaker has taken due advantage of their many attractions to add to his stock. For the tailor-made gown of any hue, there is nothing that fits in better than a blouse of plaid silk, the dominant tone either matching or contrasting prettily with the color of the cloth. Plaid velvets and velveteens, too, are in high favor; and given one good tailor-made coat and skirt it is possible for the average

Daily Fashion Hints for Times Readers.



HAT OF LIGHT-COLORED FELT

The sketch depicts an attractive model for mid-winter wear, the hat being of his-cuit color felt, the plumes at the left side being of tan shaded to a warm brown at the tips. The bow of ribbon used to under brim.

FREDERICTON IS UP IN ARMS

Will Appeal to Washington to Ask for the Restoration of the Consular Agency.

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 7.—The council of the Fredericton Board of Trade, at a meeting this afternoon, voted unanimously to send a delegation to Washington to urge the United States government to re-establish their consular agency here. President Waddell, president, and the others present included F. B. Edgcombe, C. Fred. Chestnut, George I. Dibley, J. M. Wiley, J. D. McKay, J. W. McCready, William Lemont, Ald. Scott, Ald. Colter, J. D. Phinney and John Palmer.

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"You were jealous!" cried Cressingham, springing to his feet delightedly: "jealous because I kissed Desire, or you beautiful darling, how I love you for it!"

"There was a catch in Francine's voice as she replied: 'How could you do it, Frank? Ah! your love must be different from mine! If I were to do such a thing I would feel that I had committed the worst of crimes. Ah, but I could not, I could not!'"

Cressingham caught her passionately in his arms and his lips on hers he whispered: "Sweetheart, with this kiss I pledge my faith to you for now and evermore! Darling, my darling—again, with this—and this time!"

Francine was satisfied; and Cressingham—since his kisses were returned.

FINIS.

TO BE DYSPEPTIC IS TO BE MISERABLE

Hopeless, Confused and Depressed. In Mind, Forgetful, Irresolute, Drowsy, Languid and Useless.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint which it may not resemble in one way or another. Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, heartburn, water-brash, gas in the stomach and bowels, distension after eating, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is a positive cure for dyspepsia, and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels or blood. It stimulates secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, removes acidity, purifies the blood and tones the entire system to full health and vigor.

Mrs. M. A. McKel, Brook Village, N. S., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get but to no purpose; then finally I started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine. I can eat anything now without any ill after effects and an erasing and well again."

Price \$1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for \$5.00.

Typographical Union No. 85 has elected and installed: President, George Maxwell; vice-president, Edward Sage; financial secretary, H. T. Campbell; recording secretary, Ernest H. Eyles; treasurer, Robert Kaneedy; sergeant-at-arms, Alfred McCoy; executive committee, Robert Selfridge, Walter Stubbs, A. McGourty, John Long, John Thompson and W. H. Coates; I. T. U. audit committee, E. H. Eyles, Walter Stubbs and Fred Fisher; trustees, G. H. Maxwell, Wm. Essington and John Longon.

ELECTIONS IN OTTAWA

D'Arcy Scott is the New Mayor — Aldermanic Returns — Would Reduce Number of Aldermen.

Ottawa, Jan. 7.—The municipal elections took place today. There were four candidates for the mayoralty. D'Arcy Scott headed the poll with about 200 majority over the next highest. The vote was Scott, 3,998; Hopewell, 3,781; Morris, 1,570; and Black, 171. The aldermen elected are:

Dalhousie Ward—McGrath, Cleary and Ross, equal; ward—Rosenthal, Armstrong and Boucher.

Wellington Ward—Davidson, Farrow and Wilson.

Central Ward—Pepper, Davis and Little.

St. George's Ward—Hasty, Cunningham and Kilt.

By ward—Desjardines, Julien and Lapierre.

Ottawa Ward—Boudreau, Champion and Gasthler.

Rideau Ward—Akwit, Grant and Short.

The by-law for creating Ottawa into a federal district was defeated.

The by-law for a board of control and the reduction of aldermen from three to two in each ward was carried, as was also the by-law giving the council authority to lease electric power from the Hydro Electric commission.

The Canadian Drug Co.

Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines

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The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 871 St. John, N. B.

The annual meeting of the St. Stephen's church Sunday school was held last evening and the following officers elected: Superintendent, Douglas McArthur; assistant superintendent, Wm. Patterson and Mr. Irvine; secretary-treasurer, Thos. Graham; librarians, E. Crawford and Douglas McArthur, jr.