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THE EVENING TIMES

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THE

COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

"Darling," he muttered, and kissed her passionately again. "I never intended to let that woman have you, Frank; I wanted you."

"I never really loved her!" he muttered.

"Ah! I am glad of that—but even if you had, I must have loved you all the same. I don't think I'm a very good girl, Frank. Even when I thought she was your mistress, I still wanted you. Do not hate me for saying these things? But I may speak now without restraint, mayn't I, since we are so soon to lose each other?"

"Sweetheart, let us hope a little still."

"I cannot, Frank; but hold me to you—this one often; when you kiss me, for a second I forget to think, and am almost happy."

For a long while they reclined in silence, folded in sweet companionship, moving and speechless. They watched the dawn creep into the room, at first a pallid spectre that sought to strangle unawares the lamp's head light and scarce succeeded, later a rosy spirit that peeped in at the windows to mock the man-made glare with the contrast of her daintily blushing beauty. The lovers saw each other soon by day, and each received a little shock, for the face of either was haggard beyond belief and eloquent of misery.

"Frank," said the girl, breaking at last the long silence; "pure love is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, it is beautiful."

"I would gladly give up my life to save yours, Frank."

"Need I tell you, darling, that my feelings are the same?"

"No, I know. We belong to each other now, do we not? Soul and body, Frank?"

"Soul and body, dear."

"And you will not refuse to take me with you when the time comes?" she muttered tremulously. "Ah, Frank, promise me. If you die I shall kill myself. I died when I said I hadn't the courage for I have; but ah, dear, it would be sweeter far to die by your hand. Listen, dear, you said that I am in no peril. You are wrong, I am. I already guess what my fate shall be, for that terrible man has blazed things, and sneered so often in the one direction that I am almost sure. He intends to sell me to some hateful friend of his, a Turk, I think, for he is expecting a visit from a Turk."

"My God!" cried Cressingham, "he would never dare!"

"Ah, Frank, what would he not dare? In this promise me, dear love."

Cressingham kissed her on the lips.

"Darling, in an hour before noon I find all hope gone it shall be as you wish, we shall die together."

The girl arose, and took from the bo-

island which seemed, as near as he could judge, of more important size than Attala. At first he thought, indeed, it was the mainland, but the rising sun showed him only a flat, low-lying island with sea beyond, but the sight gave him a faint hope none the less, so hard indeed it is for hope to die. As Cressingham had said, there were only two boats visible on the island. Those lay in shallow water near the beach, but a glance, even at that distance, showed that they were fastened and secure with chains and giant padlocks.

Cressingham pointed to the boat-house. "What is kept there, Frankie?"

"I am not sure, Frank, for no one is allowed in there except Desire, the Count's grandson, who has always been my mentor and companion (he is only a boy, Frank). Desire told me as a secret that his grandfather, the Count, used it as a workshop, and spends a great deal of time there on a boat which he is building of steel and aluminium. This, it seems, is the old man's single hobby. He has invented some new motive power which he believes will revolutionize the shipping world, and in order to test it, he is building a boat with the help of his grandson only, for he will trust no other living soul with his secret. It is true, I think, for I have often seen the Count escorted there by his servants, and they always wait on the beach till he returns, since he permits no one to follow him within."

"He should like to see the inside of that boat-house, Frankie!"

"No use, dear. I have tried, but it is built of solid steel, and its one door, which is of plated steel, is always locked. Desire even dared not take me there."

The lovers spent two hours on the lookout, gazing seawards, his brains for an idea, some plan which might offer a ray of chance to their distress. But no hope came to cheer him. Every chance of escape was inevitably removed, and despair, a grim-visaged spectre, came at last, and stared him in the face. A brave man, he fought the phantom off, and assuming his aspect of cheerfulness which almost deceived the girl, invited her to sit upon the steps and share his breakfast.

"Is it possible that you can eat?" she replied.

He forced a laugh. "Must, my sweetheart. I never could think properly on an empty stomach. Come along, darling, we'll have to clear out of this soon, you know, and it's a pretty foolish journey we'll be taking."

"A long journey, indeed!" sighed the girl; "a journey from which there will be no returning."

"Well, who wants to come back here, anyway?" demanded Cressingham, forcing himself to seem light-hearted. The girl sat down beside him and watched him eat with wide but tender eyes.

"You cannot deceive me, Frank," she muttered presently; "you are forcing yourself."

"Not I," he cried. "Come, come, sweetheart, it's barely eight o'clock; we have four hours yet. By jove, who is that?"

The girl followed his gesture, and saw wandering along the beach the graceful figure of a lad, who carried a bundle slung across his shoulders.

"It's Desire going to the boat-house," he replied.

They watched the boy lightly climb some boulders, then arriving at the boat-house open the door, enter and disappear, the door closing behind him.

"He must need light to work by," objected Cressingham; "perhaps the building opens on the bay?"

"No, dear; it can open there, I think, for there is a big iron door, but it dips right into the water, and is always closed; he works by electricity, I think."

"What sort of lad is this Desire?"

(To be continued.)

BROILED SMELTS.—Select large smelts of equal size. Have them split down the back, the head and tail left on. Dip them into melted butter and broil them until tender. Lay them evenly on a hot dish and spread them with maitre d'hotel butter.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers



YOUNG GIRL'S FROCK.

An effective model for a cloth costume is here depicted, the original frock being of dark blue checked serge. The skirt was cut to clear the ground all around, and was a gored model, trimmed with four two-inch wide bias bands around the bottom. The bodice was of the cloth, cut in two rounded tabs which extended up



SABLE TAILS TRIM PALE BLUE FELT.

There is a very decided reaction in favor of the soft French felt shapes rather than the stiff pressed felt shapes that obtained last year. Some of these former, however, find a little wire, milliner's wire, of course, he it understood, quite an assistance in maintaining the elevated curves and undulations, but there must not be a hint of any set stiffness to the result, if it is to hold a place in the fashion procession this winter. Such is the effect produced in the pretty model that is pictured on this page. The soft felt is in a clear and rather cold pale blue, the softness of tint relieved by the trimming of fur that is daintily applied. This fur trimming is altogether of little sable tails sewed to a ribbon band, and so cunningly arranged that instead of falling in a straight fringe effect a curved and convoluted effect is gained. Between the spaces made by the tails loops of pale blue liberty ribbon peep forth, making for a soft and pretty appearance. Right in the centre of the front is posed a rose in mousseline and velvet, tones of tan and a smoky brown being used, this giving a decided touch of color harmony that blends the pale blue felt and the deep brown of the fur daintily. The back is lifted by a steep cache-peigne, this covered with a frothy ruche of pale blue malinette and so serving to tilt the hat to a most becoming angle over the face.

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LOOKING FOR NEW MARKETS

Secretary Shaw Points to South America -- Wants Better Merchant Marine.

Louis D. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, and the lion's share of attention among a long list of speakers at the three sessions of the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Kansas City last Friday.

Secretary Shaw declared: "If this country ever develops international commerce, it will accomplish it by granting them encouragement, not alone by dredging harbors and deepening channels, but by carrying them a merchant marine in which to carry, under the most favorable terms, the products of our farms, our mines, our forests and our factories. Secretary Root has gone a step farther than I propose to go in favor of a merchant marine. He commits himself to the ship-building idea. I do not say that I am in favor of a ship subsidy, but I will say that I am in favor of anything that will procure a merchant marine for the United States."

At the evening session, Secretary Shaw, who had for his topic "American Finance," said in part:

"We have just passed the nineteenth century was occupied in developing our natural resources and in creating our matchless home market. Within the last decade our monetary system has been the subject of direct and affirmative legislation and special legislative attention has been given to our domestic commerce. Unqualified prosperity made possible the accumulation of great wealth, and invited aggression on the part of corporations and nations. This, also, has been made the subject of special and affirmative legislation, and the enforcement of existing laws has attracted in an unprecedented manner the attention of the government. The next step, in my judgment, must be the development of new markets. Our present customers will not accept our surplus manufactures when multiplied, as they soon will be, by five, and perhaps by ten."

Where shall these new markets be found? The answer is easy, for there are but few places possible. South America and South Africa import \$850,000,000 per annum, to which the United States contributes a paltry 12 per cent. Oriental countries import a thousand millions to the United States and contribute only 10 per cent. Our manufacturing competitors know where these countries lie. They have learned their languages, have studied their desires as well as their needs, and for years have prosecuted a well-planned and well-executed campaign for their commercial invasion, and with the aid of large merchant marine they have been very successful. We scarcely know where these countries are located on the map. We do not understand their languages, their habits, their needs, or their desires, and we send them, all combined, less than \$150,000,000 of our more than \$15,000,000,000 of manufactures, and this pitance we send in foreign bottoms and beneath alien flags.

Argentina has just subsidized a line of steamers with which to market her surplus rather than to send it under foreign flags in competition with her neighbors. Wherefore she send these ships? To Europe of course, for of Europe only has she heard in a commercial way. If this country ever develops international commerce it will accomplish it by granting them encouragement, not alone by dredging harbors and deepening channels, but by insuring the best merchant marine in which to carry, under the most favorable terms, the products of our farms, our mines, our forests and our factories. Without international merchants sustained by a merchant marine we will never put these products into the ports of countries outside of the United States, and with which to come after them. The outlay of \$50,000,000 in the purchase of the right of way, and \$200,000,000 additional in the construction of an isthmian canal, \$200,000,000 spent in the last decade on rivers and harbors in aid of shipping, and \$12,000,000 expended on the revenue cutter service, largely for the protection of ship-

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