

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1906.

BANKRUPT! BANKRUPT! BANKRUPT!

The Bankrupt Stock of 32 Mill Street will be offered for sale

FRIDAY, Dec. 15th.

Doors will open at 8.30 every morning until the entire stock is sold. Stock consisting of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, Gents' Furnishing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Rain Coats, Overcoats, Sheepskin Coats, Rubber Coats, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings and Jewelry of all descriptions.

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Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Barlasch sat upright, a thick, motionless figure, four-square to the cutting wind. He drove with one hand at a time, sitting on the other to restore circulation between wheels. It was impossible to distinguish the form of his garments, for he was wrapped round in a woolen shawl like a mummy, showing only his eyes beneath the ragged fur of a sheepskin cap upon which the rime caused by the warmth of the horses and his own breath had frozen like a coating of frosted silver.

Desiree was huddled down beside him, with her head bent forward so as to protect her face from the wind, which seemed like a hot iron. She wore a hood of white fur lined with a darker fur, and when she lifted her face only her eyes, bright and watchful, were visible. "If you are warm you may go to sleep," said Barlasch, in a rumbling voice, for his face was drawn tight and his lips stiffened by the cold. "But if you shiver, you must stay awake."

Barlasch seemed to have no wish for sleep. Whenever Barlasch leaned forward to peer beneath her hood she looked round at him with "watchful eyes. Whenever he saw her still awake, he gave her an unceremonious nudge, she nudged back again instantly. As the night wore on she grew more watchful. When they halted at a wayside inn, which must have been minutely described to Barlasch by Desiree, she accepted the inn-keeper's offer of a cup of coffee by the fire while fresh horses were being put into harness. She looked at Barlasch with a reckless laugh as he shook the rime from his eyebrows. In response, he said stiffly, "You are not to touch her face as he could see, and shook his head disapprovingly."

"There is nothing in my mind," she answered, gaily. "Then there is something in your heart, and that is worse," said Barlasch, which made Desiree look at him doubtfully. They had done forty miles with the same horses, and were nearly half way. For some hours the road was a level, the course of the Victoria on the high tableland above the river, and would so continue until they reached the mountains. "You must sleep," said Barlasch, curtly, when they were once more on the road. She sat silent beside him, her head heavily resting on his shoulder, and covered the ground at a great pace. Barlasch was no driver, but he was a steady hand, and his strength at every halt.

"If we go on like this when shall we arrive?" asked Desiree, suddenly. "By eight o'clock, if all goes well." "And we shall find Monsieur Louis d'Arragon waiting for us at Thorn?" Barlasch shrugged his shoulders doubtfully. "He said he would be there," he muttered, and turning in his seat, he looked down at her with some contempt. "That is like a woman," he said. "They think all men are fools except one, and that is only to be compared with the bon Dieu."

Desiree could not have heard the remark, for she made no answer and sat silent, leaning more and more heavily against her companion. He changed the reins to his other hand, and drove with it for an hour after all feeling had gone from his hands. She was still sleeping when, in the dim light of a late dawn, Barlasch saw the distant tower of Thorn ahead of him. They were no longer alone on the road now, but passed a number of heavy men, their shaggy beards and hair and wood to the town. Barlasch had been in Thorn before. Desiree was still sleeping when he turned the horses into the crowded street of the "Drei Kronen." The sleighs and carriages were packed side by side, as if a catastrophe had befallen the travellers. The innkeepers of Thorn had long ceased to give themselves any trouble for the city was on the direct route of the retreat, and few who got so far had any money left.

Slowly and painfully Barlasch unbound himself and disentangled his legs. He tried first one and then the other, as if uncertain whether he could walk. Then he staggered numbly across the yard to the door of the inn. A few minutes later Desiree woke up. She was in a room warmed by a great white stove and dimly lighted by candles. Someone was pulling off her gloves and feeling her hands to make sure that they were not frost-bitten. She looked sleepily at a white coffee-pot standing on the table near the candles; then her eyes, still uncomprehending, rested on the face of the man who was loosening her coat, which met the cap pressed down over his ears.

He turned toward the table to lay aside her gloves and the light fell on his face. Desiree was wide-awake in an instant, and Louis d'Arragon, hearing her movement, turned anxiously to look at her again. Neither spoke for a minute. Barlasch was holding his numbed hand against the stove, and was grinding his teeth and muttering at the pain of the restored circulation. He shook the scales from her hood and they rattled like hail on the bare floor. Her hair, all tumbled round her face, caught the light of the candles. Her eyes were bright, and the colour was in her cheeks. D'Arragon glanced at her with a sudden look of relief, and then turned to Barlasch. He took the numbed hand and felt it; then he held a candle close to it. Two of his fingers were quite numb, and Barlasch made a grimace when he saw them. D'Arragon began rubbing at once, taking no notice of his companion's moans and complaints. "Without desisting, he looked over his shoulder toward Desiree, but not actually at her face. "I heard last night," he said, "that the two carriages are standing in an inn yard three leagues beyond this on the Wessary road. I have traced them step by step from Kowno. My informant tells me that the escort has deserted, and that the officer in charge, Colonel Durrignon, was going on alone with the two drivers when he was taken ill. He is nearly well again, and hopes to continue his journey to-morrow or the next day."

Desiree nodded her head, to signify that she had heard and understood. Barlasch gave a cry of pain, and withdrew his hand with a jerk. "Enough, enough!" he said. "You hurt me. The life is returning now; a drop of brandy, perhaps—" "There is only coffee," said d'Arragon, turning toward the table. "He busied himself with the cups, and did not look at Desiree when he spoke again. "I have secured two horses," he said, "to enable you to proceed at once if you are able to. But if you would rather rest here today—" "Let us go at once," interrupted Desiree hastily. Barlasch, crouching against the stove, glanced from one to the other beneath his heavy brows, wondering, perhaps, why they avoided looking at each other. "You will wait here," said d'Arragon, turning toward him. "I will-I return."

"Yes," was the answer. "I will lie on the floor here and sleep. I have had a long day's ride, and I am tired."

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eye stranger, who listened with so disconcerting a lack of comment or sympathy. "So you see, madame," he said, "Charles will get the credit of having carried out his most difficult task, and no harm is done."

De Casimir lay back on the pillow in an attitude which betrayed his weakness and exhaustion. He looked at the ceiling with listless eyes. "It must have been a fortnight ago," he said, at length. "I was trying to count the days. We have lost all account of dates since quitting Moscow. One day has been like another—and all, terrible. Believe me, madame, it has always been in my mind that you were awaiting the return of your husband at Danzig. I spared him all I could. A dozen times we saved each other's lives."

In six words Desiree could have told him all she knew: that he was a spy who had betrayed to death and exile many Danzigers whose hospitality had been extended to him as a Polish officer; that Charles was a traitor who had gained access to her father's house in order to see her; that though he had honestly fallen in love with her, he was in love with her still, and he was her husband.

She glanced at Louis d'Arragon, and he was at a loss to know what to say. "Then, monsieur," he said, "you have every reason to suppose that if madame returns to Danzig now, she will find her husband there?"

De Casimir looked at d'Arragon, and he was at a loss to know what to say. "I have every reason to suppose it," replied de Casimir, at length, speaking in a low voice, as if fearful of being overheard.

Louis waited a moment, and glanced at Desiree, who, however, had evidently nothing more to say. "Then we will not trouble you further," he said, going toward the door, which he held open for Desiree to pass out. He was following her when de Casimir called him back.

"Monsieur," cried the sick man, "mon Dieu! Casimir, in that voice of accidental friendliness which so rarely falls in its effect. 'You know that Madame Durrignon has an older sister, Mademoiselle Mathilde Sebastian?'"

"Yes," said Desiree, raising herself on her elbow again, with an effort, and gave a short, half-smiled laugh which was quite genuine. It was odd that Mathilde and he, who had walked most circumspcctly, should both have been tripped up, as it were, by love.

(To be continued.) Can Cancer Be Cured? It Can Sir. Send 6 cents (stamp) for booklet "Cancer its Cause and Cure." Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

ATHLETES IN AN ACCIDENT Coach Containing Basket Ball Team Struck by Train—One Man Killed. FREEHOLD, N. J., Dec. 26.—A Pennsylvania freight train struck a coach containing the 12 members of Avon basket ball team early today killing one of them and fatally injuring another.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILLS. Itching, Blisters, Pruritus, Piles, Hemorrhoids, etc. PAIN EXPELLER. PAIN EXPELLER fails to cure in 6 to 12 days. Most certain. NEWSPAPERMAN DEAD. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—L. A. Megargee, a well known newspaper man and writer died at his home of pneumonia. He was 60 years of age. Mr. Megargee was for some time New York correspondent of a number of Philadelphia papers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS! Lowest One-Way First-Class Fare FOR ROUND TRIP. Going Dec. 21, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, inclusive, good for return until Jan. 3, 1907. Between all Stations on Atlantic Division, and Eastern Division, and including Montreal. Apply to Stations on D. A. R. and I. C. R. To Stations West of Montreal. LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE. Dec. 21, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, inclusive, good for return until Dec. 21, 1906. Also on Dec. 20 and 21, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907, good for return until Jan. 2, 1907. LOWEST ONE-WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE AND ONE-THIRD FROM MONTREAL. Dec. 21, 1906, to Jan. 1, 1907, inclusive, good for return until Dec. 21, 1906. Also on Dec. 20 and 21, 1906, and Jan. 1, 1907, good for return until Jan. 2, 1907. Apply to W. H. C. Mackay, St. John, N. B., or F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

CANADIAN PACIFIC Atlantic Steamship Service. From Liverpool. From St. John, N. B. Dec. 21... LAKE ERIE... Dec. 21... LAKE MANTONA... Jan. 4... LAKE CHAMPLAIN... Jan. 4... LAKE ERIE... Feb. 7... LAKE MANTONA... Feb. 7... LAKE CHAMPLAIN... Mar. 7... LAKE ERIE... Mar. 7... LAKE MANTONA... Mar. 7... LAKE CHAMPLAIN... Apr. 14... LAKE ERIE... Apr. 14... LAKE MANTONA... Apr. 14... LAKE CHAMPLAIN... ST. JOHN TO LONDON. S. S. Lake Michigan, Jan. 16. Third Cabin only. S. S. Mount Temple, Feb. 12. Third Cabin only. Rates same as via Liverpool. For Tickets and further information apply to W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N. B. or F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCT. 15, 1906, trains will run daily (except on Oct. 15, 1906, as follows: TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN. No. 2—Express for Halifax, Sydney and... No. 3—Mixed train to Montreal... No. 4—Express from Point St. Charles, N. B. to... No. 5—Express for Quebec and Montreal... No. 6—Express for Montreal, Sydney and Halifax... TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. No. 1—From Halifax and Sydney... No. 2—Express from Sussex... No. 3—Express from Montreal and Quebec... No. 4—Mixed train from Montreal... No. 5—Express from Halifax, Point St. Charles, N. B. and... No. 6—Mixed train from Montreal... No. 7—Express from Montreal (daily)... No. 8—Express for Montreal, Sydney and Halifax... All trains run via Atlantic Standard Time. 12.00 o'clock in midnight. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 5 King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 77. GEORGE CARVILLE, C. T. A.

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