

BANKRUPT!

BANKRUPT!

BANKRUPT!

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

—ON—

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.

Call and See For Yourselves.

23 Mill Street.

Take a Friend's Advice

"THAT'S A BAD COLD YOU HAVE"

"Yes; and getting worse"

"Going to keep it?"

"Hope not. Can't seem to get rid of it though"

"Cough too?"

"Bad. All night"

"Well, listen to me. I've cured five men this week, and the advice is free. Do as I tell you. Get a bottle of HAWKER'S BALSAM OF TOLU AND WILD CHERRY. It's the real thing nowadays."

CANADIAN DRUG CO., LIMITED

Sole Proprietors

St. John, N. B.

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 woollen 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 resounded 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 wakeful, were visible.

"If you are warm you may go to sleep," said Barlasch, in a numbing voice, for his face was drawn tight and his lips stiffened by the cold. "But if you shiver, you must stay awake."

But Desiree seemed to have no wish for sleep. Whenever Barlasch leaned forward to peer beneath her hood she looked round at him with wakeful eyes. Whenever, to see if she were still awake, he gave her an unceremonious nudge, she nudged back again instantly. He the night wore on the grew more wakeful. When they halted at a wayside inn, which must have been minutely described to Barlasch by Sebastian, and Desiree accepted the inn-keeper's offer of a cup of coffee by the fire while fresh horses were being put into harness, she was wide awake, and looked at Barlasch with a reckless laugh as he shook the rime from his eyebrows. In response, he frowningly scrutinized as much of her face as he could see, and shook his head disapprovingly.

"You laugh when there is nothing to laugh at," he said, grimly. "Foolish. It makes people wonder what is in your mind."

"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 had followed the course of the Vistula on the high tableland above the river, and would so continue until they reached Thorn.

"You must sleep," said Barlasch, curtly, when they were once more on the road. She sat silent beside him for an hour. The horses were fresh and covered the ground at a great pace. Barlasch was no driver, but he was skilful with the horses, and husbanded their strength at every hill.

"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 awaiting 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 left it. Desiree was asleep. She was still sleeping when, in the dim light of a late hour, Barlasch saw the distant tower of Thorn Cathedral.

They were no longer alone on the road now, but passed a number of heavy market sleighs bringing produce and wood to the town. Barlasch had been in Thorn before. Desiree was still sleeping when he turned the horse into the crowded square of "Drei Krownen." The sleighs and carriages were packed side by side, as in a warehouse, but the stables were empty. No eager host came out to meet the travellers. The innkeepers of Thorn had long ceased to give themselves that 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 hood, which was hard with rime and ice. He had his back to the candles, and was half-hidden by the collar of his fur 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 move, 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.

Desiree shook the icicles 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 the fingers were quite white, 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 Warsaw road. I have traced them step by step from Kovno. My informant tells me that the escort has deserted, and that the officer in charge, Colonel Darragon, 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 no brandy in Thorn," said d'Arragon, turning toward the table. "There is only coffee."

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 to-day—"

"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, "until I return."

"Yes," was the answer. "I will lie on the floor here and sleep. I have had enough."

Louis left the room to give the necessary orders. When he returned in a few minutes, Barlasch was asleep on the floor, and Desiree had tied on her hood again, which concealed her face. He drank a cup of coffee and ate some dry bread, absent-mindedly, in silence.

The sound of bells, feebly heard through the double windows, told them that the horses were being harnessed.

"Are you ready?" asked d'Arragon, who had not sat down; and in response Desiree stood up and said, "Yes, I am ready."

In half an hour he turned toward her and pointed with his whip to a roof half-hidden by some thin pines.

"That is the inn," he said.

In the inn-yard he indicated with his whip two travelling-carriages standing side by side.

"Colonel Darragon is here?" he said to the cringing Jew who came to meet them; and the inn-keeper led the way upstairs. The house was a miserable one, evil-smelling, sordid. The Jew pointed to a door and cringing again left them.

Desiree made a gesture telling Louis to go in first, which he did at once. The room was littered with trunks and cases. All the treasure had been brought into the sick man's chamber for greater safety.

On a narrow bed near the window a man lay huddled on his side. He turned and looked over his shoulder, showing a haggard face with a ten days' beard on it. He looked from one to the other in silence. It was Colonel de Casimir.

CHAPTER XXII

Through the Shoals.

I see my way, as birds their trackless way. De Casimir had never seen Louis d'Arragon, and yet some dim resemblance to his cousin must have intruded the newcomer to a conscience not quite easy.

"You seek me, monsieur," he said, not having recognized Desiree, who stood behind her companion, in her furs.

"I seek Colonel Darragon," and was told that he still found him in this room.

"May I ask why you seek him in this rather unceremonious manner?" asked de Casimir, with the ready insolence of his calling and his age.

"Because I am his cousin," replied Louis, quietly, "and Madame is his wife."

Desiree came forward, her face colorless. She caught her breath, but made no attempt to speak.

De Casimir tried to lift himself on his elbows.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "You see me in a sorry state. I have been ill." And he made a gesture with one hand, begging her to overlook his unkempt appearance and the disorder of his room.

"Where is Charles?" asked Desiree, curiously. She had suddenly realised how intensely she had always disliked de Casimir and distrusted him.

"Has he not returned to Dantzic?" was the ready answer. "He should have been there a week ago. We parted at Vilna. He was exhausted—a mere question of over-fatigue—and his recovery was long. There was no longer an army. Every man did as he thought best. Many as you know, elected to await the Russians at Vilna, rather than attempt to journey farther. Your cousin had been given the command of the escort which has now filtered away like every other corps. He was to conduct back to Paris two carriages laden with Imperial treasure and certain persons of value. Charles did not want to go back to Paris. He wished, most naturally to return to Dantzic. I, on the other hand, desired to go to France, and there place my sword once more at the Emperor's service. What more simple than to change places?"

"And names?" suggested d'Arragon, without falling into de Casimir's easy and friendly manner.

"For greater security in passing through Poland and across the frontier," explained de Casimir, readily. "Once in France—and I hope to be there in a week—I shall report the matter to the Emperor as it really happened; namely, that, owing to Colonel Darragon's illness, he transferred his task to me at Vilna. The Emperor will be indifferent, so long as the order has been carried out."

De Casimir turned to Desiree as likely to be more responsive than this dark-

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 no brandy in Thorn," said d'Arragon, turning toward the table. "There is only coffee."

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 to-day—"

"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, "until I return."

"Yes," was the answer. "I will lie on the floor here and sleep. I have had enough."

Louis left the room to give the necessary orders. When he returned in a few minutes, Barlasch was asleep on the floor, and Desiree had tied on her hood again, which concealed her face. He drank a cup of coffee and ate some dry bread, absent-mindedly, in silence.

The sound of bells, feebly heard through the double windows, told them that the horses were being harnessed.

"Are you ready?" asked d'Arragon, who had not sat down; and in response Desiree stood up and said, "Yes, I am ready."

In half an hour he turned toward her and pointed with his whip to a roof half-hidden by some thin pines.

"That is the inn," he said.

In the inn-yard he indicated with his whip two travelling-carriages standing side by side.

"Colonel Darragon is here?" he said to the cringing Jew who came to meet them; and the inn-keeper led the way upstairs. The house was a miserable one, evil-smelling, sordid. The Jew pointed to a door and cringing again left them.

Desiree made a gesture telling Louis to go in first, which he did at once. The room was littered with trunks and cases. All the treasure had been brought into the sick man's chamber for greater safety.

On a narrow bed near the window a man lay huddled on his side. He turned and looked over his shoulder, showing a haggard face with a ten days' beard on it. He looked from one to the other in silence. It was Colonel de Casimir.

CHAPTER XXII

Through the Shoals.

I see my way, as birds their trackless way. De Casimir had never seen Louis d'Arragon, and yet some dim resemblance to his cousin must have intruded the newcomer to a conscience not quite easy.

"You seek me, monsieur," he said, not having recognized Desiree, who stood behind her companion, in her furs.

"I seek Colonel Darragon," and was told that he still found him in this room.

"May I ask why you seek him in this rather unceremonious manner?" asked de Casimir, with the ready insolence of his calling and his age.

"Because I am his cousin," replied Louis, quietly, "and Madame is his wife."

Desiree came forward, her face colorless. She caught her breath, but made no attempt to speak.

De Casimir tried to lift himself on his elbows.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "You see me in a sorry state. I have been ill." And he made a gesture with one hand, begging her to overlook his unkempt appearance and the disorder of his room.

"Where is Charles?" asked Desiree, curiously. She had suddenly realised how intensely she had always disliked de Casimir and distrusted him.

"Has he not returned to Dantzic?" was the ready answer. "He should have been there a week ago. We parted at Vilna. He was exhausted—a mere question of over-fatigue—and his recovery was long. There was no longer an army. Every man did as he thought best. Many as you know, elected to await the Russians at Vilna, rather than attempt to journey farther. Your cousin had been given the command of the escort which has now filtered away like every other corps. He was to conduct back to Paris two carriages laden with Imperial treasure and certain persons of value. Charles did not want to go back to Paris. He wished, most naturally to return to Dantzic. I, on the other hand, desired to go to France, and there place my sword once more at the Emperor's service. What more simple than to change places?"

"And names?" suggested d'Arragon, without falling into de Casimir's easy and friendly manner.

"For greater security in passing through Poland and across the frontier," explained de Casimir, readily. "Once in France—and I hope to be there in a week—I shall report the matter to the Emperor as it really happened; namely, that, owing to Colonel Darragon's illness, he transferred his task to me at Vilna. The Emperor will be indifferent, so long as the order has been carried out."

De Casimir turned to Desiree as likely to be more responsive than this dark-

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 no brandy in Thorn," said d'Arragon, turning toward the table. "There is only coffee."

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 to-day—"

"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, "until I return."

"Yes," was the answer. "I will lie on the floor here and sleep. I have had enough."

Louis left the room to give the necessary orders. When he returned in a few minutes, Barlasch was asleep on the floor, and Desiree had tied on her hood again, which concealed her face. He drank a cup of coffee and ate some dry bread, absent-mindedly, in silence.

The sound of bells, feebly heard through the double windows, told them that the horses were being harnessed.

"Are you ready?" asked d'Arragon, who had not sat down; and in response Desiree stood up and said, "Yes, I am ready."

In half an hour he turned toward her and pointed with his whip to a roof half-hidden by some thin pines.

"That is the inn," he said.

In the inn-yard he indicated with his whip two travelling-carriages standing side by side.

"Colonel Darragon is here?" he said to the cringing Jew who came to meet them; and the inn-keeper led the way upstairs. The house was a miserable one, evil-smelling, sordid. The Jew pointed to a door and cringing again left them.

Desiree made a gesture telling Louis to go in first, which he did at once. The room was littered with trunks and cases. All the treasure had been brought into the sick man's chamber for greater safety.

On a narrow bed near the window a man lay huddled on his side. He turned and looked over his shoulder, showing a haggard face with a ten days' beard on it. He looked from one to the other in silence. It was Colonel de Casimir.

CHAPTER XXII

Through the Shoals.

I see my way, as birds their trackless way. De Casimir had never seen Louis d'Arragon, and yet some dim resemblance to his cousin must have intruded the newcomer to a conscience not quite easy.

"You seek me, monsieur," he said, not having recognized Desiree, who stood behind her companion, in her furs.

"I seek Colonel Darragon," and was told that he still found him in this room.

"May I ask why you seek him in this rather unceremonious manner?" asked de Casimir, with the ready insolence of his calling and his age.

"Because I am his cousin," replied Louis, quietly, "and Madame is his wife."

Desiree came forward, her face colorless. She caught her breath, but made no attempt to speak.

De Casimir tried to lift himself on his elbows.

"Ah, Madame," he said, "You see me in a sorry state. I have been ill." And he made a gesture with one hand, begging her to overlook his unkempt appearance and the disorder of his room.

"Where is Charles?" asked Desiree, curiously. She had suddenly realised how intensely she had always disliked de Casimir and distrusted him.

"Has he not returned to Dantzic?" was the ready answer. "He should have been there a week ago. We parted at Vilna. He was exhausted—a mere question of over-fatigue—and his recovery was long. There was no longer an army. Every man did as he thought best. Many as you know, elected to await the Russians at Vilna, rather than attempt to journey farther. Your cousin had been given the command of the escort which has now filtered away like every other corps. He was to conduct back to Paris two carriages laden with Imperial treasure and certain persons of value. Charles did not want to go back to Paris. He wished, most naturally to return to Dantzic. I, on the other hand, desired to go to France, and there place my sword once more at the Emperor's service. What more simple than to change places?"

"And names?" suggested d'Arragon, without falling into de Casimir's easy and friendly manner.

"For greater security in passing through Poland and across the frontier," explained de Casimir, readily. "Once in France—and I hope to be there in a week—I shall report the matter to the Emperor as it really happened; namely, that, owing to Colonel Darragon's illness, he transferred his task to me at Vilna. The Emperor will be indifferent, so long as the order has been carried out."

De Casimir turned to Desiree as likely to be more responsive than this dark-

ASK FOR Labatt's India Pale Ale

The standard to which other brewers endeavor to work. Taken by Nervous People at night it acts as a very effective and harmless hypnotic. It is Undoubtedly Better for the sick and convalescent than patent medicines or tonics, of which no one knows the composition. Ask your wine merchant for a sample order.

Bottling Vaults, 51-53-55 Dock St. Phone 596

COAL.
Stmr. Restigouche has arrived from Sydney with a cargo of fresh mined
Old Mine Sydney Coal.
The Gold Seal Mine Certificate of the quality of the celebrated Coal can be seen at our office.
Special discount on lots of two chaldrons or more.
GIBBON & CO.,
SMYTHE STREET and
61-2 Charlotte Street.

Hamilton Ell Scotch Soft Coal Landing.
Scotch & American Anthracite
GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St.
Foot of Germain St.
Telephone 1116

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

"When did you leave Charles at Vilna?" asked she.

De Casimir lay back on the pillow in an attitude which betrayed his weakness and exhaustion. He looked at the ceiling with lustreless eyes.

"It must have been a fortnight ago," he said, at length. "I was trying to control 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 Dantzic. I spared him all I could. A dozen times I 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 Dantzigers 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 watch him—though he had honestly fallen in love with her. He was in love with her still, and he was her husband. It was this thought that broke into her sleep at night, that haunted her waking hours.

She glanced at Louis d'Arragon, and held her peace.

"Then, monsieur," he said, "you have every reason to suppose that if Madame returns to Dantzic now, she will find her husband there?"

De Casimir looked at d'Arragon, and hesitated for an instant. They both remembered afterward that moment of uncertainty.

"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, "monsieur, one moment, if you can spare it."

Louis came back. They looked at each other in silence, while they heard Desiree descend the stairs and speak in German to the innkeeper, who had been waiting there.

"I will be quite frank with you," said de Casimir, in that voice of confidential friendliness which so rarely failed in his effect. "You know that Madame Darragon has an older sister, Mademoiselle Mathilde Sebastian?"

"Yes."

De Casimir raised himself on his elbows again, with an effort, and gave a short, half-smarted laugh which was quite genuine. It was odd that Mathilde and he, who had walked most circumspectly, should both have been tripped up, as it were, by love.

(To be continued.)

Can Cancer Be Cured? It Can Sir.

Send 6 cents (stamps) 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.

The basket ball team was returning to Avon after a game and a Christmas celebration here. The engine struck the stage almost squarely in the center, throwing members of the party in all directions and injuring them all. Howard Brennan of Avon was killed outright, and Howard Southall fatally injured. A special train took the injured to Long Branch hospital.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILLS
Itching, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Drugg