

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.

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 "Going to keep it?"
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 "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."

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St. John, N. B.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

"News—oh, no! He is a common soldier, and knows nothing of the officers on the staff. We are the same—he and I—poor animals in the ranks, a little gentleman rides up, all sabretash and gold lace. It is an officer of the staff. Go down into the valley and get shot," he says. And he jumps me. No—no. He has no news, my poor comrade."

"They were at the inn now, and found the huge yard still packed with sleighs and disabled carriages, and the stables ostentatiously empty. "Go in," said Barlasch; "and tell them that your father is—say Antoine Sebastian, and nothing else. I would do it myself, but when it is so cold as that, the lips are stiff and I cannot speak German properly. They would find out that I am French, and it is no good being French now. My comrade told me that in Kongsberg Murat himself was ill-received by the burgo-master and such city stuff as that."

"It was as Barlasch foretold. For at the name of Antoine Sebastian, the innkeeper found horses—in another stable. It would take a few minutes, he said, to fetch them, and, in the meantime they were coffee and some roast meat—his own dinner. Indeed, he could not do enough to testify his respect for Desirée, and his commiseration for her, being forced to travel in such weather through a country infested by starving brigands. Barlasch consented to come just within the inner door, but refused to sit at the table with Desirée. He took a piece of bread and ate it standing.

"See you," he said to her, when they were left alone, "the good God has made very few mistakes, but there is one thing I would have altered. If He intended us for such a rough life, He should have made the human frame capable of going hungry without food. To a poor soldier, marching from Moscow, to have to stop every three hours and gnaw a piece of horse that has died—and raw—it is not amusing."

He watched Desirée with a grudging eye. For she was young, and had eaten nothing for six freezing hours. "And for us," he added, "what a waste of time."

Desirée rose at once with a laugh. "You want to go," she said. "Come, I am ready."

"Yes," he admitted, "I want to go. I am afraid—name of a dog! I am afraid, I tell you. For I have heard the Cossacks cry 'Hurrah! hurrah!' And they are coming."

"Ah!" said Desirée, "that is what your friend told you."

"That, and other things."

He was pulling on his gloves as he spoke and turned quickly on his heel when the innkeeper entered the room, as if he had expected one of those dread Cossacks of Toula, who were half-savage. But the innkeeper carried nothing more lethal in his hand than a yellow mug of beer, which he offered to Barlasch. And the old soldier only shook his head.

"There is poison in it," he muttered. "He knows I am a Frenchman." "Come," said Desirée, with her gay laugh, "I will show you that there is no poison in it."

She took the mug and drank, and handed the measure to Barlasch. It was a poor, thin beer, and Barlasch was not one to hide his opinion from the host, to whom he made a reproving grimace when he returned the empty mug. But the effect upon him was, nevertheless, good, for he took the reins again with a renewed energy, and called to the horses gaily enough.

"Alons," he said, "we shall reach Dantzic safely by nightfall, and there we shall find your husband awaiting us, and laughing at us for our foolish journey."

But, being an old man, the beer could not warm his heart for long, and he soon lapsed again into melancholy and silence. Nevertheless, they reached Dantzic by nightfall, and although it was a bitter twilight—colder than the night itself—the streets were full. Men stood in groups and talked. In the brief time required to journey to Thorn something had happened. Something happened every day in Dantzic; for when history wakes from her slumber and moves, it is with a heavy and restless tread.

"What is it?" asked Barlasch of the sentry at the town gate, while they waited for their pass-ports to be returned to them.

"It is a proclamation from the Emperor of Russia—no one knows how it has got here."

"And what does he proclaim—that citizen?"

"He bids the Dantzigers rise and turn us out," answered the soldier, with a grim laugh. "Is that all?"

"No, comrade, that is not all," was the answer, in a graven voice.

"He proclaims that every Pole who submits now will be forgiven and set at liberty; the past, he says, will be committed to an eternal oblivion and a profound silence—those are his words."

"Ah!"

"Yes, and half the defenders of Dantzic are Poles—there are your pass-ports—pass on."

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breath. Assuredly de Casimir was a daring lover.

"He says that Dantzic will be taken by storm," she said, at length, "and that the Cossacks will spare no one."

"Does it signify?" inquired Sebastian, in his smoothest voice, "what Colonel de Casimir may say?"

He grand manner had come back to him. He made a gesture with his hand almost suggestive of a ruffle at the wrist and clearly insulting to Colonel de Casimir.

"He urges us to quit the city before it is too late," continued Mathilde, in her measured voice, and awaited her father's reply. He took snuff, with a cold smile.

"You will not do so?" she asked. And by way of reply Sebastian laughed, as he dusted the snuff from his coat with his pocket handkerchief.

"He asks me to go to Cracow with the Graf, and marry him," said Mathilde, finally. And Sebastian only shrugged his shoulders. The suggestion was beneath contempt.

"And—" he inquired, with raised eyebrows. "I shall do it," replied Mathilde, defiance shining in her eyes.

"At all events," commented Sebastian, who knew Mathilde's mind, and met her coldness with indifference, "you will do it with your eyes open, and not leap in the dark, as Desirée did. I was to blame there; a man is always to blame if he is deceived. With you—Bah! you know what the man is. But you do not know, unless he tells you in that letter, that he is even a traitor in his treachery. He has accepted the amnesty offered by the Czar; he has abandoned Napoleon's cause; he has petitioned the Czar to allow him to retire to Cracow and there live on the estates."

"He has, no doubt, good reasons for his action," said Mathilde. "Two carriages full," muttered Barlasch, who had withdrawn to the dark corner near the kitchen-door. But no one heeded him.

"You must make your choice," said Sebastian, with the coldness of a judge. "You are of age, Choosce."

"I have already chosen," answered Mathilde. "The Graf leaves tomorrow. I will go with her."

She had, at all events, the courage of her own opinions—a courage not rare in women, however valueless may be the judgment upon which it is based. And, in fairness, it must be admitted that women usually have the courage not only of the opinion, but of the consequence, and meet it with a better grace than men can summon in misfortune.

Sebastian dined alone, and hastily. Mathilde was locked in her room, and refused to open the door. Desirée cooked her father's dinner, while Barlasch made ready to depart on some vague errand in the town.

"There may be news," he said. "Who knows? And afterward the patron will go out, and it would not be wise for you to remain in the house."

"Why not?"

Barlasch turned and looked at her thoughtfully over his shoulder.

"In some of the big houses down in the Niederstadt there are forty and fifty soldiers quartered—dressed, wounded, without discipline. There are others coming. I have told them we have never been in the house. It is the only way. We may keep them out; for the Fraungasse is in the centre of the town, and the soldiers are not needed in this quarter. But you—you cannot be as I can. You laugh—ah! A woman tells more lies; but men tell them better. Push the bolts when I am gone."

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Lowest One-Way First-Class Fare FOR ROUND TRIP

Going Dec. 22, 1905, to Jan. 1, 1906, inclusive, good to return until Jan. 3, 1906. Between all Stations on Atlantic Division, and Eastern Division to and including Montreal.

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Dec. 29...LAKE ERIE...Dec. 23

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Jan. 2...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Jan. 20

Jan. 2...LAKE ERIE...Feb. 17

Jan. 2...LAKE MANITOBA...Feb. 17

Feb. 12...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Mar. 3

Feb. 17...LAKE ERIE...Mar. 17

Mar. 27...LAKE MANITOBA...Apr. 21

Mar. 27...LAKE CHAMPLAIN...Apr. 14

Apr. 10...LAKE ERIE...Apr. 25

FIRST CABIN—To Liverpool, \$47.50 and \$50 and upwards, according to steamers.

Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

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ST. JOHN TO LONDON.

S. S. Lake Michigan, Jan. 15, Third Cabin only.

S. S. Mount Temple, Feb. 13, '06, Third Cabin only.

Rates same as via Liverpool.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, OCT. 15th, 1905, trains will run daily (except Sunday), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton... 7.30

No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton... 7.30

No. 7—Express for Point du Cluën, Halifax and Pictou... 11.25

No. 8—Express for Sussex... 11.25

No. 10—Express for Quebec and Montreal... 11.45

No. 11—Express for Moncton, Sydney and Halifax... 12.00

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—From Halifax and Sydney... 6.21

No. 7—Express from Sussex... 8.00

No. 12—Express from Montreal and Quebec... 12.45

No. 5—Mixed train from Moncton... 12.45

No. 25—Express from Pictou, Point du Cluën and Campbellton... 11.45

No. 1—Express from Moncton... 11.45

No. 11—Mixed from Moncton (daily)... 4.00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 14.00 o'clock in midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager, Moncton, N. B., Oct. 12, 1905.

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CHAPTER XXIV
 Mathilde Chooses

But strong is fate, O Love, Who makes, who mans, who ends.

Desirée was telling Mathilde the brief news of her futile journey, when a knock at the front door made them turn from the stairs where they were standing. It was Sebastian's knock. His hours had been less regular of late. He came and went without explanation.

When he had freed his throat from his furs and laid aside his gloves, he glanced hurriedly at Desirée, who had kissed him without speaking.

"And your husband?" he asked, curiously.

"It was not he whom we found at Thorn," she answered. There was something in her father's voice—in his quick, sidelong glance at her—that caught her attention. He had changed lately. From a man of dreams, he had been transformed into a man of action. It is customary to designate a man of action as a hard man. Custom is the brick wall