

WHATEVER
YOU
WANT, TRY
M. R. A.'s.



FOUR
BIG STORES
AT YOUR
EVERY
SERVICE.

Each Xmas Wish Satisfactorily Met

Remarkably fine weather, and a meritorious line of holiday goods have so far made business exceptionally brisk. Every department has been thronged the liveliest day, and last night when the stores were kept open for the first time, every clerk was jumping busy.

A COMPLETE LIST FOR PURSES BIG AND LITTLE, LEAN AND PLUMP.

For Twenty-five Cents.

Children's Knitted Clouds.
Baby Woollen Bonnets.
Baby Booties, 25c. up.
Mushin Bibs, 15c. to 35c.
Aprons, 25c. to 40c.
Pictures, 25c. up.
Ornaments galore, 25c. up.
Jap Trays for Cigars, 25c.
Stocking Caps, 25c. up.
Knitted Sashes, 30c.
Trousers Hangers, 25c. up.
Stock Collars, 25c. up.
String Ties, 25c. up.
Fancy Wool Gloves, 25c. up.
Linen Embroidered D'Oylies, 25c. up.
Windsor Ties, 25c. up.
Handkerchiefs, 25c. up.

Cluny D'Oylies, 25c. up.
Crepe de Chine Scarfs, 35c. up.
Ladies' Belts, 20c. up.
Children's Handkerchiefs, 30c. box.
Lavender Water, 25c. bottle.
Atkinson's Exquisite Perfumes.
Atkinson's Fine Soaps.
Memo. Pads, 25c. up.
Boys' Handkerchiefs, 5c. to 25c.
Neckties, all kinds, 25c. up.
Boys' Woollen Gloves, 25c.
Initialed Handkerchiefs, 25c. up.
Walking Sticks, 25c. up.
Jap Crepe Cushion Tops, 40c.
Novelty Pin Cushions, 45c. up.
Child's Woollen Gaiters, 20c. up.
Bleached Linen Towels.

For Half a Dollar.

Baby Bearskin Bonnets.
Girls' Tams, 50c. up.
Crumbling Sets, 50c. up.
Boys' Pants, 50c. up.
Silk, Linen, Lawn Handkerchiefs.
Embroidered Centres, 50c. up.
Battenburg Centres.
Battenburg D'Oylies.
Leather Purses, 50c. up.
Leather Bags, 50c. up.
Lace Collars and Cuff Sets.
Hill Dozen Initial Handkerchiefs.
Sweaters for Boys.
Gun Metal Pencils.

Atkinson's Fine Perfumes.
Atkinson's Good Soaps.
Manicure Sets, 50c. up.
Doll's Go-Carts, 65c. up.
Girls' Framers, 50c. up.
Boys' String Socks, 60c. up.
Overstockings, 30c. to 60c.
Color Border Silk Handkerchiefs.
English Square Mufflers, 50c. up.
Made-Up Mufflers, 50c. up.
Suspenders, 50c. up.
Linen Cushion Covers, 60c. up.
White and Black Child's Overall, 60c. up.
Red Overstockings, 50c. up.

For Seventy-five Cents.

Baby Dresses, 80c. up.
Mushin Dressing Jackets, 85c. up.
Linen Dressing Jackets, 85c. up.
Japanese Screens, 75c. up.
Christmas Tree Mats.
Humpty-Dumpty Circus Toys.
Leather Novelties, 75c. up.
Way's Silk Mufflers, 75c.
Lace Stock Collars.
Silk Stock Collars.
Half Dozen Initial Handkerchiefs.
Embroidered Centres, etc., 75c. up.
Lace Chemisettes, 60c. to 80c.

Men's Umbrellas, 75c. to \$10.
Collar Button Cases, 75c.
Glass and Nickel Flasks, 65c.
Gun Metal Links, 75c. up.
Hair Brush Sets, Ebony, 75c. up.
Atkinson's Exquisite Perfumes.
Perpetual Calendars, 75c. up.
Shaving Pads, from 85c. up.
Doll's Sleighs, 90c. up.
Boys' Mocha Gloves, 75c. up.
Boys' Kid Gloves, 75c. up.
Black Cloth Gaiters, 70c. up.
Child's Carduoy Gaiters, 85c.

For an Even Dollar.

Wool Shoulder Shawls.
Baby's Wool Jackets.
Cosy Corner Cushions.
Ornaments of all kinds.
Burnt Wood Goods.
Fancy Winter Vests.
Ladies' Kid Gloves.
Angora Wool Gloves.

Dent's Famous Gloves.
Reynier's Renowned Gloves.
Nickel Shaving Sets.
Half Dozen Men's Handkerchiefs.
Men's Unlined Gloves.
Men's Lined Gloves.
Umbrellas, 60c. up.
Cardigan Jackets, 90c. up.
Stocking Gaiters, \$1.00 pair up.

From One to Two Dollars.

Golf Jerseys, \$1.00 each.
Black Sateen Underskirts, \$1.25 up.
Stripe Cotton House Dresses, \$1.40 up.
Ladies' Dressing Jackets, \$1.65 up.
Carpet Sweepers, \$2.00 up.
Silk Mantel Drapes, \$1.50 up.
Hall Brush Sets, \$1.80 up.
Military Brush sets, \$1.50 up.
Rich Cut Glass, \$1.85 up.
Boys' Norfolk Suits, \$2.00 up.
Silk Chemisettes, \$1.00 up.
Silver Pin Trays, \$1.50 up.
Silver Ash Trays, \$1.50 up.
Hair Brush Sets, \$1.50 up.
Ebony Hand Mirrors, \$1.10.
Nickel Hand Mirrors, \$1.10.
Smoker's Sets, \$1.25 up.

Ebony Trinket Boxes, \$1.65 up.
Reading Glasses, \$1.75.
"Simplex" Typewriters, \$1.40.
Rocking Horses, \$1.25.
Baby Sleighs, \$1.80 up.
High Chairs, all kinds, \$1.50 up.
Child's Dining Sets, \$1.80 up.
Child's Rockers, \$1.00 up.
"Earl Grey" Mufflers, \$1.25 up.
Baby Mongolian Muffs, \$1.75.
Lined Baskets (Fancy).
Ladies' Kid Gloves.
Angora Gloves.
Ladies' Gift Umbrellas, \$1.00 up.
Made-up Bachelors Cushions, \$1.25 up.
Handkerchief Sachets, \$1.70 up.
Silk Coat Hangers, \$1.65.

From Two to Three Dollars.

Blk. and Col'd Moreen Underskirts.
Blk. and Col'd. Cloth Jackets, \$2.50.
W. Oak Grandfather's Clocks, \$2.40.
Swiss Cuckoo Clocks, \$2.50 up.
Boys' Fancy Suits, \$2.50 up.
Smoking Jackets, \$2.00 up.
House Coats, \$2.00 up.
Men's Separate Trousers.
Crepe de Chine Scarfs, \$2.00 up.
Writing Companion, \$2.00 up.
Press Letter Stands, \$2.75 up.

Boys' Express Wagons, \$2.25.
Doll's Carriages (upholstered) \$3.00.
Wool Travelling Rugs, \$2.50 up.
Baby Mongolian Collars, \$2.50 up.
Baby Mongolian Socks, \$2.20 up.
Lined Baskets (Fancy).
Real Lace Handkerchiefs.
Prairie Fox Boas, \$2.25 to \$4.50.
Red Fox Boas, \$2.25 to \$4.50.
Fancy Sewing Screens, \$3.00 up.
Beautiful Satin Tea Coesey, \$2.70 up.
Boys' Leather Leggins, \$2.25.

From Three to Four Dollars.

Blk. and Col'd Moreen Underskirts.
Ladies' Bath Robes, \$3.00 up.
Children's Silk Dresses, \$3.50 up.
Jap Art Draught Screens, \$3.40.
Shirtdress Boxes, \$3.50 up.
French Gift Clocks, \$3.50 up.
Smoking and house Coats.
Boys' Fancy Overcoats.
Our Great Blanket Coat for Boys.
Our Great Blanket Coat for Girls.

Persian Lamb Caps for men \$3.25.
German Outer Caps for men, \$3.25.
Opera Glasses, \$3.75 up.
Quilt Plate Shaving Mugs, \$3.00.
Fur Lined Gloves.
Children's Grey Lamb Caps, \$3.25.
White Jap Silk Waists, \$3.75 up.
English Down Quilts, \$3.75 up.
Jap Gift-Work Cushions, \$3.00 up.
Hemstitched Damask Tablecloths.
Good Linen Napkins per dozen.

From Four to Five Dollars.

Blk and Col'd dress skirts, \$4.25 up.
Silk Dressing Jackets, \$4.50 up.
Luxurious Bath Robes.
Three-Piece Suits for Boys.
Our "Special" Suit Case, \$4.25.

Travelers' Clocks in Cases.
Swing Horses, \$4.50 up.
Girl's Grey Lamb Collars, \$4.50 up.
Light Blue Jap Silk Waists, \$4.50.
Navy Blue Jap Silk Waists, \$4.50.

HUNDREDS OF OTHER GOODS FROM \$5.00 to \$500.00

AT M. R. A.'s. LTD.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

Barlasch folded the paper carefully and placed it in the lining of an old felt hat of Sebastian's, which he now wore. He bound a scarf over his ears, after the manner of those who live on the Baltic shores in winter.

"You can leave the rest to me," he said, and with a nod and a glance expressive of cunning, he left her.

He did not return that night. The days were short now, for the winter was well set in. It was nearly dark the next afternoon, and very cold, when he came back. He sent Lisa upstairs for Desirée.

"First," he said, "there is a question for the patron. Will he quit Dantzig?"

"No," answered Desirée.

"Rapp is coming," said Barlasch, emphasizing each point with one finger against the side of his nose. "He will hold Dantzig. There will be a siege. Let the patron make no mistake. It will not be like the last one. Rapp was outside then; he will be inside this time. He will hold Dantzig till the bottom falls out of the world."

"My father will not leave," said Desirée. "He has said so. He knows that Rapp is coming, with the Russians behind him."

"But," interrupted Barlasch, "he thinks that Prussia will turn and declare war against Napoleon. That may be. Who knows? The question is: Can the patron be induced to quit Dantzig?"

Desirée shook her head.

"It is not I," said Barlasch, "who ask the question. You understand?"

"Yes, I understand. My father will not quit Dantzig."

Thereupon Barlasch made a gesture conveying a desire to think as kindly of Antoine Sebastian as he could.

"In half an hour," he said, "when it is dark, will you come for a walk with me along the Langfur road—where the unfinished ramparts are?"

Desirée looked at him, and hesitated.

"Oh—good—if you are afraid," said Barlasch.

"I am not afraid—I will come," she answered, quickly.

The snow was hard when they set out, and squeaked under their feet, as it does with a low thermometer.

"We shall leave no tracks," said Barlasch, as he led the way off the Langfur road toward the river. There was broken ground here, where earthworks had been begun and never completed. The trees had been partly cut, and beneath the snow were square mounds, showing where the timber had been piled up. But since the departure of Rapp all had been left incomplete.

Barlasch turned toward Desirée and pointed out a rising knoll of land with fir trees on it, an old time against the sky where a faint aurora borealis lit the north. She understood that Louis was waiting there, and must necessarily see them approaching across the untrodden snow.

For an instant she lingered, and Barlasch, turning, glanced at her sharply over his shoulder. She had come against her will, and her companion knew it. Her feet were heavy with misgiving, like the feet of one who treads an uncertain road into a strange country. She had been afraid of Louis d'Arragon when she first caught sight of him in the Frauegasse.

The fear of him was with her now, and would not depart until he himself swept it away by the first word he spoke.

He came out from beneath the trees, made a few steps forward and then stopped. Again Desirée lingered, and Barlasch, who was naturally impatient, turned and took her by the arm.

"Is it the snow—that you find slippery?" he asked, not waiting for an answer.

A moment later Louis came forward.

"There is nothing but bad news," he said, laconically. "Barlasch will have told you; but there is no need to give up hope. The army has reached the Niemen; the rear-guard has quitted Vilna. There is nothing for it but to go and look for him."

"Who will go?" she asked, quietly.

"He was looking at her with grave eyes, trained to darkness. But she looked past him toward the sky, which was faintly lighted by the aurora. Her averted eyes and rigid attitude were not without some suggestion of guilt.

"My ship is ice-bound at Revel," said d'Arragon, in a matter-of-fact way. "They have no use for me until the winter is over, and they have given me three months' leave."

"To go to England?" she asked.

"To go anywhere I like," he said, with a short laugh. "So I am going to look for Charles, and Barlasch will come with me."

"At a price," put in that soldier, in a shrewd undertone. "At a price."

"A small one," corrected Louis, turning to look at him with the close attention of one exploring a new country.

"Bah! You give what you can. One does not go back across the Niemen for pleasure. We bargained and we came to terms. I got as much as I could."

Louis laughed, as if this were the blunt truth.

"If I had more, I would give you more. It is the money I placed in a Dantzig bank for my cousin. I must take it out again, that is all."

The last words were addressed to Desirée, as if he had acted in assurance of her approval.

"But I have more," she said; "a little—not very much. We must not think of money. We must do everything to find him—to give him help, if he needs it."

"Yes," answered Louis, as if she had asked him a question. "We must do everything; but I have no more money."

"And I have none with me. I have nothing that I can sell."

She withdrew her fur mitten and held out her hand, as if to show that she had no rings, except the plain gold one on her third finger.

"You have the ikon I brought you from Moscow," said Barlasch, gruffly. "Sell that."

"No," answered Desirée; "I will not sell that."

Barlasch laughed cynically.

"There you are," he said, turning to Louis. "First she will not have a thing, then she will not part with it."

"Well," said Desirée, with some spirit, "a woman may know her own mind."

"Some do," admitted Barlasch, carelessly; "the happy ones. And since you will not sell your ikon, I must go for what Monsieur le capitaine offers me."

"Five hundred francs," added Louis.

"A thousand francs, if we succeed in bringing my cousin safely back to Dantzig."

"It is agreed," said Barlasch, and Desirée looked from one to the other with an odd smile of amusement. For adventure which makes the mercenary soldier, and urges the sailor to join an ex-

ploring expedition without hope of any reward beyond his daily pay, for which he is content to work and die loyally.

"And I?" she asked, "what am I to do?"

"We must know where to find you," replied d'Arragon.

There was so much in the simple answer that Desirée fell into a train of thought. It did not seem much for her to do, and yet it was all. For it summed up in six words a woman's life: to wait till she is found.

"I shall wait in Dantzig," she said, at length.

Barlasch held up his finger close to her face, so that she could not fail to see it, and shook it slowly from side to side, commanding her careful and entire attention.

"And buy salt," he said. "Fill a cup-board full of salt. It is cheap enough in Dantzig now. The patron will not think of it. He is a dreamer. But a dreamer awakes at length and is hungry. It is I who tell you—Barlasch."

He emphasized himself with a touch of his curved fingers on either shoulder.

"Buy salt," he said, and walked away to a rising knoll, to make sure that no one was approaching. The moon was just below the horizon, and a yellow glow was already in the sky.

Desirée and Louis were left alone. He was looking at her, but she was watching Barlasch with a still persistence.

"He said that it is the happy women who know their own minds," she said, slowly.

"I suppose he meant—Duty," she added, at some length, when Louis made no sign of answering.

"Yes," he said.

Barlasch was beckoning to her. She moved away, but stopped a few yards off and looked at Louis again.

"Do you think it is any good trying?" she asked, with a short laugh.

"It is no good trying unless you mean to succeed," he answered, lightly. She laughed a second time, and lingered, though Barlasch was calling her to come.

"Oh," she said, "I am not afraid of you when you say things like that; it is what you leave unsaid. I am afraid of you, I think, because you expect so much."

"I am not an ordinary human being, you know," she said, warningly.

Then she followed Barlasch.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Missing.

I should fear those that dance before me now.

Would one day stamp upon me; it has been done.

Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

During the first weeks of December the biting wind abated for a time and immediately the snow came. It fell for days, until at length the grey sky seemed exhausted; for the flakes sailed downward in twos and threes like the stragglers of an army bringing up the rear. Then the sun broke again and all the world was a dazzling white.

There had been a cessation in that stream of pitiable men, who staggered across the bridge from the Konigsberg road. Some instinct had turned it southward. Now it began again, and the rumour spread throughout the city that Rapp was coming. At length, in the middle of December, an officer brought word that Rapp with his staff would arrive next day.

Desirée heard the news without comment.

"You do not believe it?" asked Mathilde, who had come in with shining eyes and a pale face.

"Oh, yes, I believe it."

"Then you forget," persisted Mathilde, "that Charles is on the staff. They may arrive tonight."

While they were speaking, Sebastian came in. He looked quickly from one to the other.

"You have heard the news?" he asked.

"That the general is coming back?" said Mathilde.

"No, not that; though it is true. Mac-

donald is in full retreat on Dantzig. The Prussians have abandoned him—at last."

He gave a queer laugh, and stood looking toward the window with restless eyes that flitted from one object to another, as if he were endeavoring to follow in mind the quick course of events, then he remembered Desirée and turned toward her.

"Rapp returns tomorrow," he said. "We may presume that Charles is with him."

"Yes," said Desirée, in a lifeless voice. Sebastian wrinkled his eyes and gave an apologetic laugh.

"We cannot offer him a fitting welcome," he said, with a gesture of frustrated hospitality. "We must do what we can. You and he may, of course, consider this your home as long as it pleases you to remain with us. Mathilde, you will see that we have such delicacies in the house as Dantzig can now afford—and you, Desirée, will of course make such preparations as are necessary. It is well to remember, he may return—tonight."

Desirée went toward the door, while Mathilde laid aside the delicate needlework which seemed to absorb her mind and employ her fingers from morning till night. She made a movement as if to accompany her sister, but Desirée shook her head sharply and Mathilde remained where she was, leaving Desirée to go upstairs alone.

The day was already drawing to its long twilight, and at four o'clock the night came. Sebastian went out as usual, though he had caught cold. But Mathilde stayed at home. Desirée sent Lisa to the shops in the Langenmarkt, which is the centre of business and gossip in Dantzig. Lisa always brought home the latest news. Mathilde came to the kitchen to seek something when the messenger returned. She heard Lisa tell Desirée that a few more stragglers had come in, but they brought no news of the general.

The house seemed lonely now that Barlasch was gone.

Throughout the night the sound of sleigh-bells could be faintly heard through the double windows, though no sleigh passed through the Frauegasse. A hundred times the bells seemed to come closer, and always Desirée was ready behind the curtains to see the light flash past into the Frauegasse. With a shiver of suspense she crept back to bed to await the next alarm. In the early morning, long before it was light, the dull thud of steps on the trodden snow called her to the window again. She caught her breath as she drew back the curtain; for through the long watches of the night she had imagined every possible form of return.

This must be Barlasch. Louis and Barlasch must, of course, have met Rapp on his homeward journey. On finding Charles, they had sent Barlasch back in advance to announce the safety of Desirée's husband. Louis would, of course, not come to Dantzig. He would go north to Russia, to Revel, and perhaps home to England—never to return.

But it was not Barlasch. It was a woman who staggered past under a burden of firewood which she had collected in the woods of Scotland, and did not dare to carry through the streets by day.

At last the clock struck six, and, soon after, Lisa's heavy footstep made the old stairs creak and crack.

Desirée went downstairs before daylight. She could hear Mathilde astir in her room and the light of candles was visible under her door. Desirée busied herself with household affairs.

"I have not slept," said Lisa, bluntly, "for thinking that your husband might return, and fearing that we should make him wait in the street. But without doubt you would have heard him."

"If it had been my husband, I should have been at the window all night," said Lisa, with a gay laugh—and Desirée laughed too.

Mathilde seemed a long time in coming, and when at length she appeared Desirée could scarcely repress a movement of surprise. Mathilde was dressed, all in her best, as for a fete.

At breakfast Lisa brought the news told to her at the door that the governor would re-enter the city in state with his staff at mid-day. The citizens were invited to decorate their streets, and to gather there to welcome the returning garriçon.

"And the citizens will accept the invitation," commented Sebastian, with a curt laugh. "All the world has sneered at Russia since the empire existed—and yet it has to learn from Moscow what part a citizen may play in war. These

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 potent 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. RAILROADS.

Steamer "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 Eli Scotch Soft

Coal Landing.

Scotch & American Anthracite

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St. Telephone 1116

good Dantzigers will accept the invitation.

And he was right. For one reason or another the city did honor to Rapp. Even the Poles must have known by now that France had made tools of them. But as yet they could not realize that Napoleon had fallen. There were doubtless many spies in the street that cold December day—one who listened for Napoleon; and another, peeping to this side and that, for the King of Prussia. Sweden also would need to know what Dantzig thought, and Russia must not be ignorant of the gossip in a great Baltic port.

(To be continued.)

CONSTITUTIONAL CANCER.

CURE FOR

Painless, can be used in your own home without anyone knowing it. Send 6 cents (stamp) for particulars. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

A committee of W. C. T. U. women will meet at Union Hall, North End, on Friday afternoon from 2.30 until 5 o'clock to prepare baskets for their work among the needy. Donations of groceries, toys and candy will be gratefully received.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,