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FREDERICTON NEWS

Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 19.—Letters patent have been issued incorporating John Ferguson, Allen J. Ferguson, William Ferguson, Mary A. Ferguson and Florence J. Ferguson, all of Newcastle, as The John Ferguson & Son, Ltd., with a capital stock of \$49,000. The object is to carry on a general mercantile business.

Letters of incorporation have also been issued to Saunders W. Dewitt, Ernest Dewitt, of Hartland; W. F. Barnhill, Bertha M. Barnhill, of Fairville, and Sadie E. Dewitt, of Hartland, as Dewitt Bros., Ltd., with a capital of \$25,000. The company will continue the mercantile business of Dewitt Bros., at Hartland and Fairville.

The supreme court this afternoon adjourned until January 11, when judgment will be delivered in the case of the King vs. Clarke.

A meeting of the directors of the Fredericton Boom Company was held here this afternoon and while matters in connection with the proposed transfer of the company's interests were talked over, it was understood that nothing definite was decided upon. Those present at the meeting were A. H. F. Randolph, R. F. Randolph,

Parker Glasier, E. L. Jewett, J. A. Winslow and George B. Dunn.

Peter Harding, a laborer employed on the C. P. R. steamer Mount Temple, was found lying under a hatch combing by some of the day gangs yesterday morning. He was working in one of the night gangs and it is supposed that when he was coming up the ladder he slipped and fell into the hold. When found yesterday morning, he was taken to the Emergency Hospital. Dr. Kenney found only a scratch on his nose and that he had apparently been drinking.

He said to me quietly as we dined together: "You are a rich man, Ludwig, are you not?" I told him the amount of my income. He sighed and replied: "Sometimes I catch myself agreeing with that picture of the Nihilists. It is surely a shame that some men are so rich and the vast majority so poor. If only all the rich were charitable and gave to the needy according to their means, why then we should have no Nihilists, for always, as Tolstoy said: 'Ragged clothing and empty bellies are the most certain indications of the plotting of revolutions.' It was then I understood him, and grasped the full meaning of what had before been an annoying mystery."

"What did you do?" "Not very much—the little that I could." "He dispensed your favors?" "You wrong him. He merely pointed out deserving objects. Unhappily their number was legion, and I could only help a few."

Cressingham's eyes were glistening. "My dear friend, I envy you your experience; it was money well expended. Did it not give you pleasure?" "The greatest my life has known. Unfortunately all things have an end."

"Ah, you have beggared yourself?" "For a year to come I shall have to be careful, that is all."

Cressingham cleared his throat once or twice before he would quite trust himself to speak, then he said: "We'll change all that, had, once we get to the treasure chamber of Attala. By Gad! you've made me quite fall in love with Perigord; I had no idea he was such a brack. You're a dashed good sort yourself, old chap. I feel quite a useless, selfish brute by comparison. I'm afraid I've a lot to pull up."

"Ah, bah, my Lord! don't give me the credit, that belongs elsewhere. I never should have dreamed of doing what I have done, if it hadn't been for him. If you'd been in my place you'd have done exactly the same thing yourself, my Lord."

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BODICE FOR WEAR WITH CLOTH COSTUME.

One of the fashionable guimpes bodices is shown in the accompanying cut, the under-bodice of the model being of cream-white accordion-plaited silk batiste mounted on a yoke of heavy ecru lace. The cloth of the gown was of lavender broadcloth, the deeply-cut arm holes and

yoke being trimmed with a cut-out band of white broadcloth braided over in a Greek key pattern in narrow lavender silk soutache and silver cords. The fold of white broadcloth, wonderfully elaborated with embroidery in white silk cord and a touch or two of slightly tarnished gold thread. This seemingly antique ef-



A RUSSIAN STYLE IN WHITE CARACUL.

Anything more piquantly becoming to the slender and immature figure of the debutante can hardly be well imagined, and as for the woman whose figure retains a measure of the slenderness of youth, this design, both for line and for fabric, can scarcely be excelled. In models of foreign make it is to be observed that there is a strong tendency to return to the long and sloping shoulder of the early Victorian fashions; in fact, reviving the styles that held forth some five years ago or so. The top of the model shows a flat and fitted back, the fronts bloused ever so slightly over a smart girdle, a collar at the neck opening on a vest of white broadcloth, wonderfully elaborated with embroidery in white silk cord and a touch or two of slightly tarnished gold thread. This seemingly antique ef-

fect is the one prescribed for all of the metallic embroidery in a season, the glint and glitter of the new metals not being deemed desirable. The sleeve is slashed on the inner seam to disclose the under-lace of lace that is shirred in most quaire style, and finished below the elbow with two deep flounces of Florentine lace. A double basquine brings the garment half way to the knee, the fur rippling in soft folds over the hips, while setting close and flat at the waist-line. The toque and muff are in deep imperial shades, the former trimmed with a Napoleon rosette, showing blue and gold and brown, the same colors being repeated in the paradise plume that waves over the back. The muff is a pouch shape, liberally betrimmed with the sable hairs and tails.

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

"I can assure you he filled me with amazement; I used to watch him at first in speechless silence, perhaps in some filthy den when a miserable bedraggled crone would pour her vulgar troubles in his ears, and for an hour he would listen to and comfort her as though she had been a duchess, and he her spiritual adviser. Afterwards he would smile to me and say, 'These creatures are my best friends, they help me in my work.' But not all that he might say could make me credit that such was his only reason for so sacrificing himself. No, the man was happy at such times. One could see it in his face, in the kindly gleaming of his eyes, in the husky tones of his voice, in the shamed face he would offer the few people he might have of his very own to give away; hence that were often refused with blessings, for, strange to say, some of these creatures appeared to possess hearts too."

"My dear Oeltjen!" "It is true, and more, much more; I could spend hours telling you of his charity, his sweet, untinged goodness to those poor abandoned folk. I assure you, tears have often come into my eyes to watch him!"

"One thing I cannot understand. Why did he take you with him if it was not to publish to you his goodness?" said Cressingham in a doubting voice.

Oeltjen smiled. "Be sure I often ask myself the same question," he replied; "and I used to ask myself this question, too: 'If these creatures are his agents, from whom he acquires information as he tells me, why does he not help them from the vast funds at his command, a thing he would have a perfect right to do?' But he never did this, and one day I discovered the reason of his taking me about with him. He said to me quietly as we dined together: 'You are a rich man, Ludwig, are you not?' I told him the amount of my income. He sighed and replied: 'Sometimes I catch myself agreeing with that picture of the Nihilists. It is surely a shame that some men are so rich and the vast majority so poor. If only all the rich were charitable and gave to the needy according to their means, why then we should have no Nihilists, for always, as Tolstoy said: 'Ragged clothing and empty bellies are the most certain indications of the plotting of revolutions.' It was then I understood him, and grasped the full meaning of what had before been an annoying mystery."

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"w!" cried Cressingham laughing. "Desire is exactly what her mother may once have been—a lovely, impressionable child, pure as an angel, and wonderfully intelligent and sweet. She resembles Katherine most wonderfully too, in fact I believe when her hair grows and she fills out a bit she will be a most beautiful woman."

Oeltjen's face assumed an expression of pain. "Please don't just about that, will you, Frank?" he murmured.

"My dear fellow, you don't mean to say—"

"Nothing," interrupted the other, "except that my recovery is still recent; the scar still hurts at times, although I try to think it is entirely healed. For all that I can't quite help dreaming to meet her again a little."

"Phew!" whistled Cressingham, "I'm sorry I spoke, old chap. I know perfectly well what you mean; I've been there myself, as the saying is."

Oeltjen arose. "I think we'd better get aboard the Sea Hawk now, Frank."

"All right, I'm your man."

"They found the streets of Naples in a strange ferment. Excited crowds thronged the thoroughfares. Soldiers were everywhere in evidence, forcing their way through the press in half companies and squads, acting the part of patrols, speaking not at all but occasionally using freely their scabbards and sword hilts to clear a passage. The populace seemed on the verge of doing something desperate. The air seemed full of silent menace. Often one might catch the gleam of naked steel. Strangers were constantly accosting each other and whispering and discussing the royal tragedy. Carriages there were none to be had, so the friends made their way towards the wharves immediately in the wake of a formidable strong patrol which proceeded in that direction. In the Via Scala, a bonfire had been erected and a mob of drunken fools were burning in effigy someone, whether the late king or his murderer it was impossible to tell. The officer in command of the detachment gave a sharp order, and the soldiers immediately charged the crowd, scattering them in all directions and taking a score of prisoners. They then stamped out the fire, and wheeling turned at right angles into a maze of alleys, leaving the friends alone for they did not care to follow farther. Threading their way with infinite difficulty through the quickly reassembling mob, they got at last past the post office, but there a sudden surge of the crowd forced them into a by-path, and they were obliged to run for their lives helter-skelter down a dirty and ill-smelling street, surrounded by people who jabbered unceasingly. The war seemed

creatures about them and found themselves objects of most unwelcome attention. The cry "spies!" was raised, and knives flashed out like magic.

One woman bolder than the rest made a vicious lunge at Cressingham, but he caught her wrist and shouted out: "Fools, we are English!"

The word was like a talisman. The knives vanished as quickly as they had been drawn, and a storm of "Vivas" and "Viva Inglesi!" rent the air on instant.

The woman, seized with remorse (a wrinkled hag she was) threw her arms around Cressingham and kissed him violently on both cheeks. He gasped and struggled, but quite in vain, and the beldam, quite satisfied with herself, presently hurried back the way she had come, yelling like a demon and fortunately taking the other devils with her.

"It looks like a revolution!" panted Oeltjen.

"No fear of that," said Cressingham, "the military are too strong, but the spirit of revolt is loose. There will be blood spilt tonight I think."

"Ay!" cried a hoarse, chuckling voice to their surprise in English: "There will be blood spilt tonight, signore; and a short, brutally ugly creature emerged from the shadow of an open doorway close at hand and barred their passage with a cooked revolver."

"Money, if it please you, signore, and all you have about you; your watches and rings besides. What luck to come to a poor man, what beautiful, heaven-sent luck!"

Oeltjen moved his hand to his pocket as though to comply, but the man gave a hollow laugh and covered him. "Not you, hands above your heads, please! Giuletta!" he shouted suddenly.

A second figure sprang from the darkness, the figure of a slender girl dressed in rags, but pretty as the man was ugly. "Search these gentlemen, Giuletta; don't be squeamish about it either, your father will protect you; every pocket, and the linings of their vests."

(To be continued.)

All over the Intercolonial Railway, a new system of accounts is being inaugurated. A New York firm invented the system, and yesterday Messrs. Richards, Brown and McGinley, of the firm, were here and made arrangements for the adoption of the new system. This is the second office in which the system was inaugurated, Moncton being the first. The system is that in use on the Great Pennsylvania railroads and it is expected will be quite an improvement on the old way of bookkeeping.

Judge Hanington returned to the city from Fredericton last evening.



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