

A Merry Christmas For You

We want every one of our friends and patrons to accept our

"Merry Christmas"

as a personal one. We wish it were possible for us to take everyone by the hand and extend the compliments of the season. We can't do this, but we have

A Hearty Christmas Greeting For All

Our store will be closed on Christmas Day,---business will give way to good cheer.

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, (Old Y. M. C. A. Building)

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

ATTEND THIS CHRISTMAS SALE

A Dollar acquires
Double Purchasing Power
That Enters Here . . .

UNUSUAL BARGAINS

Glassware, China, Japanese Ware, Silver-Plated Ware
Leather Goods, Toys, Books, Games, Waggon, Sleds.

Come here for Christmas Gifts. Everything in our store must be sold, and many things are marked below cost.

JAS. A. TUFTS & SON,

Germain and Church Streets.

KEITH'S THEATRE

First Performance Will Be Given
This Evening

Apocryphal of the opening of the Keith Theatre in St. John tonight it is interesting to record that in the houses comprising the Keith circuit of vaudeville theatres the evidences of organization and system are manifest on every side. Visitors are at once impressed with the cleanliness of these houses. The attendants are on the qui-vive to anticipate the wishes of patrons, who are thus predisposed in favor of the entertainment. There aren't any "cheap variety" acts nowadays. The gliding of twedy "variety" into refined vaudeville and the elimination

of all that was vulgar was accompanied by the elevation of the performer's weekly stipend. However, the public has been so responsive and so thoroughly appreciative that it has been keen managerial wisdom to completely accept the inevitable and still be able to set aside satisfactory margins of profit on the books.

WEDDINGS

Craigie-Brown.

James Craigie and Miss Carrie W. Brown were married at the residence of Rev. J. C. B. Appel last Tuesday evening, Dec. 18. The happy couple will reside at 51 Harrison street.

TIMES DAILY PUZZLE PICTURE



December 24, 1890--Sixteen years ago today Joseph Donaghy, of Newburg, N. Y., won the international amateur skating championship in England. Find a loser.
ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.
Left side down, behind Lafayette.

AWFUL WRECK ON "SOO" LINE

Ten Dead, Six More Will Die
and Twenty-five Are Injured

St. Paul, Minn., Dec. 23--Ten persons are known to be dead, six others are fatally injured, and at least 25 others were hurt in the wreck today of an eastbound accommodation train on the Minneapolis, St. Paul and Sault Ste. Marie railroad at Enderling (N. D.).

The train from Moosejaw, Canada, is due at Enderling at 11:45 p. m., but last night was about two hours late. The engine was running at high speed in an endeavor to make up lost time. As he swung around a curve just before entering the yards at Enderling, a switch engine was crossing a string of box cars to a side track. The cars did not clear the main line and the passenger train collided head-on with the switch engine. Both engines were wrecked and the passenger cars were thrown in confusion down a small embankment at the side of the track. Several of the day coaches were turned bottomside up and the passengers pinned beneath the wreckage, which took fire from the car stoves.

The passenger train was heavily loaded with people. Most of the casualties occurred in the smoking car and first day coach, both of which were crushed. Enderling is the divisional headquarters of the railroad and a rescue party was soon at hand endeavoring to release the imprisoned passengers. Many persons were in imminent danger from the flames which were fast spreading through the cars. Axes were wielded by willing hands and the roofs of the overturned cars were broken open and the dead and injured taken out as quickly as possible. It was a race between the rescuers and the flames, but by herculean efforts all the injured were removed before the flames reached them.

Ten bodies were taken out and laid beside the track, while the injured were taken in hastily improvised ambulances to hospitals and hotels.

C. L. Drury is here from Toronto to spend Christmas.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



MOUSE DRESS OR WRAPPER.

This plate shows a boudoir gown of violet cashmere, trimmed with bands of lace just above the hem and about the collar. The lace on the collar was further ornamented by little scrolls of very narrow gathered silk ribbon. The little pointed yoke had this ribbon embroidery about the top of the collar and there was a little bow of violet silk slipped through the lace at the base of the collar.



QUAINT EFFECTS ARE HIGHLY MODISH.

Charming to a degree are the quaint effects that have been prepared for wear by the younger generation this winter. Everything possible is done by the designers to keep the little garments, and all their accessories, as far as possible from displaying any hint or tendency to grown-upness--to coin a word for the occasion--in their line or effect. The dear old-fashioned-looking bonnet in the picture is made from one of those big and floppy French flat shapes, the broad brim wired to hold the bonnet in shape, and the crown setting comfortably to the shape of the head. Quaint and old-fashioned ruchings decorate the underbrim, and little pink mouse rouches are tucked in against the face ruche. Big bows of

white satin ribbon, dotted with clusters of roses, trim the upper part, and the same ribbon furnishes the quaint strings that are tied demurely beneath the little maid's chin. The coat is made of a deep shade of rose-red broadcloth, piped with velvet of a deeper shade. Something of the Russian blouse model is followed, a hint of surplus design appearing in the arrangement of the fronts, and the chemise that fills in the open space being of white cloth embroidered in the center. The sleeve is large and loose, the turn-over cuff piped with velvet to accord with the coat. A black patent-leather belt is loosely passed around the hips, holding the simply smart little garment a trifle closer to the figure.

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Madame Katherine was superbly dressed in a low cut gown of heliotrope satin, covered with rich Maltese lace; Desire, as usual, appeared in boy's clothes, but the Count d'Atala had discarded his usually magnificent apparel, and was clothed from head to heel in deep black, even his collar, silken shirt and ruffles being of that sombre color. The old man's face, however, was at odds with his mourning costume, for his expression was excited and triumphant, and his first act on seating himself was to fill his glass and those of his guests with sparkling burgundy. Then, raising his flagon, he thus addressed them: "I wish you to join me in drinking the health of His Majesty Umberto I. of Italy, and to wish him prosperity and bon voyage in the new career in which he has this afternoon embarked."

Madame Virella made a peculiar gesture with her eyebrows, and she drank to the toast, and Francine and Desire each sipped their wine.

"Is it over?" asked Madame, as she put down her glass.

"It is," replied the Count, his eyes blazing; "Umberto was shot this afternoon at Monza, shot dead!"

Francine experienced a thrill of horror, and stared at the old man with a sudden presentiment of what was to come. "You--you had no hand in his death," she gasped out.

He gave a low chuckle of appreciation. "No hand, my dear young lady--no, not I. I am not a vulgar assassin. I merely arranged the matter. I decreed--my servants carried out the work!"

"Then you are the actual murderer!" She gazed at him, her eyes dilated with terror, her bosom heaving, her cheeks ashen white.

The Count d'Atala was plainly flattered by the sensation he had created; he laughed out in extravagant delight, and glanced about the table with the air of a man who had abundant cause for self-gratification.

"I am not of those who are frightened of the world," he answered, still smiling, "nor do I seek to escape, in my home-circle, at all events, the consequences of my acts. Katherine views the world much in the same fashion as myself, and is used to the traffic of death, for I have trained her. But Desire is still child enough to feel frightened. Ha! ha! ha! look at the child. Desire, my dear, you appear to be quite out of love with your poor old grandfather; you stare at me with your heart in your eyes, and your heart is filled with dismay and detestation. Ha! ha! ha! Why even you, Miss Elliott, I dare swear stand this moment slightly in awe of me. But what need is there for emotion after all? A king is a man, and just as liable to death as the poorest cottager. He has lungs, stomach and heart like yours and mine. It is only a question of reaching him, and then sufficiently disturbing one or other of those organs, and poof! Death carries him off as easily as the sicco a fluffy blossom on its bosom. You perceive then that not so very much credit is due to me. I plot and plan, but my real friend is Death. Death! who lurks an unseen phantom in the sunlight and the shade, who, omnipresent, universal and almost omnipotent, aids and abets my counsels, ever ready to extend his grisly hand, and recognizing me as a friend of his heart, preserves me alone that I may continue his ally in the campaign he wages with the world. I vow to you, Miss Elliott, that with every death which I accomplish I grow young again, and take a new lease of life."

"Monster!" cried the girl, "do you never think that Death will at last reach yourself?"

He laughed again. "Ha, ha, ha! Do you take me for a coward or a fool? I know that I must go at last, for all things have

an end. But what do I care for that? At least while I live I shall enjoy myself. Besides it is written in the stars that I shall die poor. Christobal himself read my horoscope when I was born, and since then every astrologer of note the world over. All have told me the same thing, and I believe it. I shall die poor and lonely, in rags, perhaps from starvation. Well, that day is still far off, for I am rich, rich, rich in your Bank of England a great sum lends to my credit. In the Bank of France there is more. Bah, bah, I land in Florence, in Berlin, Vienna, Moscow, I can still hold up my head among the wealthiest inhabitants of those cities! You see, I have striven and done what I might to postpone the evil day. Only a world wide revolution, a political cataclysm of unparalleled dimensions could work my ruin, and until that day arrives why I shall live."

Francine felt as though she looked upon an incarnate fiend. "But you are old," she muttered.

"Old? Oh--ay, as the world goes," he returned. "This is my hundred and third year of existence. But I am still young and vigorous; there are few men near my age who can handle sword, knife or pistol as well as I. You have seen me climb to the look-out assisted by my attendants, it is true, but I almost think I could just as easily have done without them. However, I am wise; life is sweet, so I take no chances, but care for my health as no man I verily believe before has ever done. Hence my choice of this island for a permanent abode during the past fifty years. It is true that the place is the ancient home of my family, but that idea influenced me nothing. I settled here because it was inhabited by a race of centenarians, poor fisher folk, who lived miserably but who lived long--they are all dead now, I saw to that. The last to go was my old nurse; she quarrelled with my doings, the hag, and sought--although twenty years my senior--to escape, and being about my ruin. That was two years ago, but she was one hundred and fifteen years of age when my bullet found her heart."

"My God!" gasped Francine. "A ripe old age, was it not?" said the Count, willfully disregarding the true reason of the girl's exclamation.

"May I trouble you for the salt," said Madame Virella.

Miss Elliott handed the article to the woman, and her fingers touched, as she thought, the fingers of her father's murderer. She gave a violent shudder, and sipped at her wine to hide her emotion, although the draught near choked her. Then she stammered out: "Why did you kill the King of Italy?"

"My dear Miss Elliott, you eat nothing," said the Count. "Eat, I beg of you; the food is not poisoned."

Francine tried to force herself to obey, for she was in deadly terror, and the words were a command, but with every mouthful a hysterical contraction of the throat caused her violent pain.

The Count resumed: "I arranged the death of Umberto for a cash consideration, and to satisfy my followers. My people are a stupid class, who imagine that by instilling into the hearts of kings the constant fear of death they will at length cause the abolition of monarchy. A mad idea that, which they continue to entertain only by reason of their profound and impenetrable ignorance. The lessons of the past have taught them nothing. At their bidding the lives of all reigning monarchs have been variously attempted for three-quarters of a century, and many have been slain. In spite of that no throne has been vacant long, but they nevertheless persist in their blind purpose, and in order to retain their confidence, in order to obtain their money, I am at intervals

obliged to give them a victim. It is true that in the first instance my predecessor in office and I myself installed this idea into their dull minds. Well, I suffer now in consequence, for my ingenuity is put constantly on strain to keep them satisfied."

Francine remembered at that moment the ambition and hopes of her lover, and was curious. "Supposing,"--she hesitated--"supposing you were killed, would Nihilism then die out?"

He shook his head. "My people would not want a leader long; there exists a man who is most anxious to step into my shoes."

"Jibalo," said Madame.

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The Count nodded. "Yes, Jibalo. Ah, bah! he would suit them too, for he is more bloodthirsty than I. He would arrange for wholesale executions."

"But," said Francine, "what if he too were killed?"

The Count sipped his wine and looked at her steadily. "In that case, my dear young lady, Nihilism as an institution, a settled organization, would revert to the position from which it was rescued by Baron Katusoff, the noble Pole, my predecessor and teacher, some hundred and three years ago, about the time that I was born."

Francine dissembled the eagerness which instantly possessed her, and observed as tranquilly as she could: "I suppose it was not a very perfect system, then?"

"Parlous, parlous," Miss Elliott, a nihilism of nihilists. Lodges there were certainly, but their members had no esprit de corps, no cohesion, no organization. There was no recognized chief, no settled principle of action or leadership, very little secrecy. In fact, they were not dangerous, merely a collection of discontented bandits, whose movements were easily apprehended, and whose motives were readily frustrated. Alas! the world has no idea of the debt it owes to Katusoff and me!"

"Jibalo should be here soon," observed Madame.

"He will not arrive until tomorrow, or I am much mistaken," said the Count; "his yacht was only seen off Napoli this morning."

"Do you think he will bring the treasure?"

"Why else should he come? Depend upon it, he has had it with him all along. In any case not a step shall I move without it, and he understands that."

(To be continued.)

Rev. Gordon Dickie, pastor of St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, will leave this morning for Pietou (N. S.), to spend Christmas with relatives.

THE CHRISTMAS GIFT

Nothing is so pleasing and so appropriate for a lady as a gift piece of jewelry.

Our stock is accurate in design and correct in style. The very latest conceits of the season are here displayed and offered at prices that will meet with instant approval.

Watches, Chains, Brooches, Locket, Pins, Bracelets, Rings, Sterling Silver Articles, Cut Glass, Silverware. Endless variety in all lines.

We invite inspection. We can exactly suit you as well as save you money.

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