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THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

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THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

Then to you, Captain, I give the task of seeing that everyfithing is properly prepared. Let me see; first we shall have shellfish—with Sauterne; second, soup (Julien) with claret, say Medoc; next, a single entree, say quail roasted, with asparagus and chipped potatoes—and the wine, something light, ah yes, Lachryma Christie, that will do. Then the piece de resistance; ah you English I must study you in this—well, then roast beef, we shall call it boeuf roti, so that everybody may be satisfied; with that, two wines, Hiedsick for you men, for me Veuve Cliquot. Next—ah, you need not lift up your hands, you men; I also, although a woman, detest pastry, but I shall allow you to have cheese and cafe-avec, then with me Benedictine or Chartreuse. Does the menu please you?"

"Madame, you are a perfect hostess!" cried the Colonel for all.

"Then, Captain, see to it, my reputation is in your hands. It is now eleven; we shall dine at eight, and here where the deck is so nice and wide, by the light of the stars and electricty."

Madame rattled on and kept her court the whole day occupied with her pretty coquetries and light-hearted merriment. She showed herself a perfect mistress of the art of entertainment and not a dull moment was allowed to any near her, so full she was of life and sparkling spirits, so fluent her conversation, so manifold her moods and methods of engrossing male attention. Only Prince Carlos kept from her, jealous perhaps of Cressingham. He remained below deck all day, and when called to dinner put in his appearance tardily and with a manner of manifest reluctance. But Madame soon changed all that. She seemed determined that her party should prove an unqualified success, and that all her guests should be entirely pleased. Therefore to the Prince she showed herself so gracious, so meltingly coquettish, that presently he was charmed from his resrve. And yet so perfect was her art that not for a second did any other feel neglected. To each and all with quick and sparkling change was addressed a different charm, a smile, a glance of witchery, or subtle blandishment, and the while—never an instant still—the bandied ball of conversation was flung back and forth between the five, gaining each time it left Madame added lustre from her sparkling wit.

Cressingham, who knew something by experience of Madame's powers of fascination, was nevertheless completely dazzled by her latest effort, for never before had he witnessed her exert herself so thoroughly to please. He was charmed with the result, and reflected with a measure of sadness on the wantonness with which nature had bestowed such precious gifts. But the yacht had commenced to roll a little during the meal, and the young man before long ceased to interest himself in idle speculation. It soon required a fierce effort on his part even to keep his seat, yet he pretended to eat and tried to make his companions believe that he was enjoying himself.. Every time the vessel pitched he felt that the bottom was going out of things and that he like Gerontius, trembled on the dizzy brink of some sheer infinite descent and needs must sink and sink into that vast abyss. Then when the dive followed the pitch he realized the comparative bliss he had the second previous enjoyed and made miserably aware of the emotions of Lucifer falling from Heaven, wondered at what precise instant he would be required to yield up the ghost, that is to say, his dinner.

The psychological moment soon arrived. After the Benedictine, Madame produced a handsomely decorated box of sweets, tied up with dainty ribands whose ends were sealed with bright green wax. "These are my sugar plums," she announced, "but before I open the box I must tell you how I got them; Listen! once upon a time, about a week ago, a pretty lady—that's me—wanted a great statesman to do her a great favor. He refused at first; because, well, because—She coaxed and flattered him, and finally he gave her a half promise. Then he discovered that if he kept his word he would betray an official secret; so he did not know what to do. He did not want to fail in his duty, and he did not want to offend the pretty lady. He thought and thought, and finally made up his mind. He sent the pretty lady two offerings, a note enclosed with each. The first was a diamond necklace, and its letter said: 'Madame, keep this gift, and wearing it command my love and ask my honor what you will.' The second offering was this box of sweeties; the letter is here, I shall read it, my friends, to show you how clever an Englishman can be at times: 'Madame, keep this gift, it is simpler than the other, but I think you needs must find it more acceptable, for it is offered you with feelings of devotion and sincere respect.'"

Her audience exchanged smiling glances, and Madame continued: "It is unnecessary, gentlemen, to finish the story since you see that I have kept the sugar plums. Prince, will you open them?"

Prince Carlos took the box and slashed the ribands with a penknife. Within reposed a score of richly candied fruits, and in their very midst a little nest of wool. On the wool lay a marquise ring set with five priceless emeralds. Everyone gave a little gasp of amaze, but Madame caught up the jewel with a cry of rapture and kissed it ardently.

"It was so hard to return the necklace," she explained. "After all, the great statesman was nice to the pretty lady, wasn't he?" She was just like a child in her joy and excitement, and the others found it a real pleasure to watch her, she had so bewitched them; all, that is to say, excepting Cressingham, who was too seasick to be aught but cynical.

Madame took up the sweatmeats presently and extracting one between two tiny fingers extended it towards the Prince. He bowed and murmured: "I never eat sweets, you know that, Madame."

She pouted prettily, and turned to the Colonel: "You, sir, will not disdain me too; do not dare!"

The Colonel thought for one fleeting second sadly of his liver, but like a gallant old gentleman put fear behind him and ate the dainty up. Captain Fagerholm followed suit, but Cressingham's psychological moment had arrived. The very odor of the rich candied stuff effected the disaster which he had fought off for so long. With the courage of a hero he put it in his mouth, but at that stage heroism vanished. He could not swallow it, his throat, his every nerve and sense went into sudden revolt.

Uttering a wild, unintelligible gurgle of excuse, he sprang to his feet and made a bolt for his cabin, where happily arrived without mishap he was very ill indeed for quite an hour afterwards. He slept fitfully that night and his sleep was so filled with wretched dreams that in the morning he woke seedy and depressed, and suffering from what the patent medicine advertisements describe as "Prognostications of evil," and what he himself called "blue devils."

A stiff whiskey and soda did him very little good, but it gave him strength to stand a severe shock presently. He had just commenced to dress when a tap sounded on his door and there entered the second officer, a grim, hard-visaged Dane, who not being a ladies' man had not ventured on the quarter-deck, and therefore Cressingham met him now for the first time.

"Good morning," said Cressingham, suspending operations and sitting down on his bunk, one leg in, one out of his trousers. "Anything I can do; you see I'm dressing."

The officer replied in German: "Captain Fagerholm and one of the passengers, an old man, are lying in their cabins stone dead."

"Dead!" echoed Cressingham stupidly. "Dead, not dead?"

"Yes!" The man was stolid as an owl, he did not appear at all agitated or surprised, only a little annoyed and much perplexed. "They must have died in their sleep quite peacefully," he continued. "There are no marks on their bodies, and their faces are perfectly composed. Do you think they could have been poisoned, sir?"

Cressingham feverishly recommenced to dress. "When was this?" he demanded.

(To be continued.)

Use Your Own Judgment

in determining the quality of

BAHAMA GRAPE FRUIT

We claim that they are the best on the market, but don't expect you to believe it

TILL YOU HAVE TRIED THEM.

then we are satisfied that you will "use no other."

JONES & SCHOFIELD

Wholesale only.

Harry Frith Brand.

A Daily Fashion Hint for Times' Readers



FROCK OF ROSE PINK MESSALINE.

A charming little frock of pale pink messaline is here depicted, the trimming consisting of cream white Cluny lace, tucks and a little hand embroidery. The skirt was made with circular-shaped ruffle sections, which were cut in one with narrow bands of the silk, which formed panels down the skirt. The lower part o these circular ruffles was edged with a four-inch frill of the Cluny lace. In the middle of the front was a wide band of insertion to match. The lower part of the skirt was finished by three deep tucks, with narrower tucks above the set-on sections. The waist had a wide yoke of lace, the silk of the bodice being embroidered in pointed scallops and the back and front joined across the shoulders by narrow cords of the pink silk, knotted at the shoulders. The sleeves were almost entirely of lace, with a scalloped band fo the silk stitched on the lace over cap, as explained by the drawing.

HAD THIRTY-TWO BOILS AT ONE TIME

Two Bottles of Burdock Blood Biters Cured Him.

Imperfect organic action makes bad blood, so, too, bad blood, in turn, makes imperfect action of every bodily organ. If the blood becomes impure, poisoned or contaminated in any way from constipation, biliousness or any other cause, some especially weak organ must soon become diseased thereby, or the whole system may suffer in consequence.

Pimples, boils, blotches, ulcers, festering sores, abscesses, tumors, rashes or some serious and perhaps incurable blood-disease may result. There is no medicine on the market to-day to equal the old and well-known remedy,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

for all cases of bad blood.

Mr. Ernest B. Tupper, Round Hill, N.S., says: "I think Burdock Blood Bitters a great medicine for boils. I had them so bad I could not work. I had thirty-two on my back at one time. I used only two bottles of B.B.B. and they completely cured me. I cannot recommend it too highly." Price $1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.00.

P. E. ISLAND MAN SUICIDES

Charlottetown, P. E. I., Nov. 14—(Special)—Frederick McRae, a resident of Little Sands, about fourteen miles from Montague, hanged himself in a barn this afternoon. He had been insane and confined for a year in the asylum, but was released a week ago. He was fifty years old, and lived with his mother and brother on the farm.

Word of the death of Roy Freeman Wisdom, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Freeman W. Wisdom, was received yesterday. Death occurred on Tuesday in Port Arthur (Ont.) after an illness of typhoid fever.

REIGN OF TERROR GROWS IN PITTSBURG

Hold-ups and Murders Increase and People Are Afraid to go on Streets.

Pittsburg, Pa., Nov. 14—The reign of lawlessness in this vicinity continues and the hundreds of police, city detectives, county detectives and private agencies are apparently still unable to stop the depredations which are almost hourly reported to them. Within the past twelve hours the list shows a greater number than any like period since the "epidemic" began.

A negro entered the home of Mrs. Mary Kelly, in the Herron Hill district, about 6 o'clock tonight, while the woman was alone. He locked the door and leisurely ransacked the house, filling a basket with bric-a-brac, and taking a considerable sum of money. He threatened her with death if she made an outcry or attempted to follow him, and then disappeared. The terrified woman obeyed the negro's instructions for several hours, and then notified the police.

James Bowler, a young machinist, who was beaten and robbed by thugs last Saturday morning at Liberty avenue and Seventeenth street, died today in a hospital from a fractured skull. This makes the third death as a result of robbery and burglary within two weeks.

Mrs. A. Nigus was relieved of her purse containing $20 today at Fifth avenue and Smithfield, the most prominent corner in the city. The notion store of J. Freundt, in the east side, was burglarized during the night and hundreds of dollars' worth of goods taken. James Thompson was assaulted and robbed at Milvalle, a suburb, and found on the street in an unconscious condition by the police. The residence of Wm. A. Clingensmith, in the east end district, was thoroughly ransacked and much clothing stolen. At the home of Henry Harvey, at Etna, a suburb, two attempts were made to jimmy open windows, and Mr. Harvey fired several shots at the thieves. He then sat at a window during the rest of the night with a shot gun.

Peter McDonough, chief of police of North Braddock, a suburb, is in a serious condition from a stab wound inflicted by a negro last night. Chief McDonough found the negro standing in an alley, and attempted to arrest him as a suspicious person, when the negro drew a large knife and cut the officer.

James Abel, residence unknown, was arrested late today at Fifth avenue and Frank street as a suspicious person. Abel's hand was bandaged and the police believe he might be concerned in the murder of Henry F. Smith.

The reward of $5,000 offered for the capture of the McMillan and Smith murderers was declared to be illegal today, and recalled. The technical point in passing the ordnance was overlooked, and another meeting has been called to make the reward valid.

Hardware and gun stores all over the city report a heavy sale of revolvers. A majority of the men who are compelled to be on the streets late are armed, while many people are remaining indoors unless their business is urgent.

Newspapers are attacking the detective bureau, alleging that instead of protecting the public the officers frequent the theatres.

STEEL COMPANY TO GET COKE OUTPUT OF NOVA SCOTIA COAL CO.

Sydney, Nov. 14.—The Dominion Iron & Steel Company have contracted with the Nova Scotia Coal & Steel Company for the output of their coke ovens until the first of January, by which time their own blast furnaces will have started. The company brought over a train load of tewnty-five cars yesterday and other shipments will be brought over as speedily as the coke is turned out of the ovens. This, in addition to the output of the Steel Company's own ovens, will enable them to start the second blast furnace probably by the end of the week. It is not likely that the rail mill will be started before then. The other mills are working as usual.

The people of Sydney are eagerly scanning every word of news from Montreal touching upon the dispute, between coal and steel companies. The agitation has subsided and business interests are taking a very optimistic view of the situation.

Bronchitis

The next time you meet your doctor, ask him his opinion of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in cases of bronchitis. Then when you have a hard cold in the chest you will be ready to follow his advice. Doctors very generally endorse this old, standard, family cough medicine. They know all about it. They prescribe it in just these cases.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines! J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



KEEP YOUR TEMPER

Save your time and strength. Do not waste them trying to make good bread and pastry with an inferior flour. You will get only trouble and disappointment for your pains.

The easy and satisfactory way to bake is to use "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR, as this brand never gets lumpy or hardens, and never needs any special preparation for use.

Its uniformity is such that, unlike ordinary brands, the same methods, all of them simple, can be used with every bag. "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR, an oven, some water, a little yeast and common sense will give you a whiter and sweeter loaf, and lighter and flakier pastry, with less trouble than any ordinary brands on the market. Users of it save time, temper, and money.

"FIVE ROSES" is, in fact, the flour that satisfies.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

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Is Ready for Business

Our new premises are completed and an entirely new stock of goods is ready for our patrons.

Orders will be filled immediately upon receipt and every endeavor will be made to give complete satisfaction to all.

We are headquarters for all that is best in

Drugs, Patent Medicines
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Give the CANADIAN DRUG CO. your business and be assured of high-quality of goods and prompt service.

Address all correspondence to

THOMAS GIBBARD, Manager

The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.

70-72 Prince William St. P. O. Box 871 St. John, N. B.

FRANCIS STILL LEADING PURSUERS A MERRY CHASE

Thomaston, Me., Nov. 14—Minot St. Clair Francis, the negro desperado who escaped from the state prison here last Monday afternoon, was reported tonight to be in Woolwich, and apparently endeavoring to make his way across the Kennebec in the direction of Bath. A telephone message was received by Warden Norton from the prison at Woolwich, and the warden said that he had no doubt that the man seen in Woolwich was the escaped prisoner.

It was known that Francis was in Wiscasset early this morning, and that he got breakfast at a farm house in the outskirts of the town. Later he was seen walking along the road leading from Wiscasset to the Bath ferry at Woolwich, by a rural free delivery carrier. At that time he was about a mile from Woolwich town line. The letter carrier had in his pocket a newspaper containing a picture of Francis, and was positive in his identification of the man. He notified the Woolwich authorities as soon as possible, and a posse was organized to search for the negro, while at the same time the Bath police were notified to keep a strict watch along the river front tonight.

It was learned this evening that late this afternoon a colored man who is believed to have been Francis, went to the house of Mrs. George Merrill, in the outskirts of the town, and demanded food. Mrs. Merrill was alone in the house, and complied with the demand. After receiving the food, the negro hurried away.

Warden Norton believes from information given him by some of Francis' fellow prisoners that the escaped man will try to leave the state by shipping on a vessel at some port.

Before it was learned that Francis was apparently making for Bath, it was thought that Stockton Springs, on the Penobscot river, would probably be the point to which he would go in an effort to escape by sea.

HORRIBLE DEATH IN PAPER MILL

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Nov. 14—(Special)—The first accident in the new paper mill at Woodland occurred last night, resulting in one man's death in a fearful manner.

Job Dade, a Syrian, about whom little is known excepting that he came from Eastport, was the victim. His mangled body was found in the chip screen this morning by a fellow workman.

There were no witnesses to the accident, but it is thought that he fell into the fourteen-inch conveyer which carries chips from a chipping machine to the screen, where his life was beaten out.

WHY INDEED?

(Shipping Illustrated)

Some of the Newfoundland papers appear profoundly affected because the new status of law compels Newfoundlanders who wish to ship on American fishing vessels to do so outside the three-mile limit. This, however, is exactly the condition that has prevailed for many years in regard to Canadians, the only difference in detail being that Nova Scotians go over to Gloucester or Boothbay or other American ports to join schooners there, while in the case of the Newfoundlanders the vessels go down to their coasts to pick them up. Well, Newfoundland has men and bait, and above all, fish. Why don't they run their own vessels, the same as many Nova Scotians are now doing, instead of helping the Gloucester men?

James F. Connors, police magistrate of Chatham, was registered at the Royal yesterday.

A COUGH SYRUP

that will treat a cold in a satisfactory manner must be soothing,—warming,—loosen the cough, and contain neither opium nor morphine.

Dr. White's Honey Balm

immediately relieves the throat irritation, the tightness across the chest, and makes a quick and perfect cure. It's guaranteed safe for the smallest child. Try it. 25c. at all druggists. Dr. Scott White Liniment Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B., and Chelmsford, Mass., manufacturers of the celebrated Dr. Herner's Dyspepsia Cure. $1 bottle cures. Write for pamphlet.