

WE ARE PREPARING

—FOR THE—

Big Rush Here

NEXT FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

We would like to impress it upon your minds that last Saturday's crush was something out of the ordinary; therefore it would be wise, for all those who can, to do their shopping at our store during the early part of the day, so as to avoid another crush.

THE SAME CUT PRICES

will be had until the end of THIS GIGANTIC SALE.

GET AHEAD OF OTHERS. GET THE BEST YOURSELF.

UNION CLOTHING CO.,

26-28 Charlotte Street,
Old Y. M. C. A. Bldg.

St. John, N. B.
ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

This Coupon Counts

ONE VOTE

For as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

"Darling," he muttered, and kissed her passionately again.

"I never intended to let that woman have you, Frank; I wanted you too much."

"I never really loved her!" he muttered.

"Ah! I am glad of that—but even if you had, I must have loved you all the same. I don't think I'm a very good girl, Frank. Even when I thought she was your mistress I still wanted you. Do not hate me for saying those things? But I may speak now without restraint, mayn't I, since we are so soon to lose each other?"

"Sweetheart, let us hope a little still."

"I cannot, Frank; but hold me to you—kiss me often; when you kiss me, for a second I forget to think, and am almost happy."

For a long while they reclined in silence, folded in sweet companionship, motionless and speechless. They watched the dawn creep into the room, at first a pallid spectre that sought to strangle unawares the lamp's hard light and scarce succeeded, later a rosy spite that peeped in at the windows to mock the man-made glare with the contrast of her dainty blushing beauty. The lovers saw each other soon by day, and each received a little shock, for the face of either was haggard beyond belief and eloquent of misery.

"Frank," said the girl, breaking at last the long silence; "pure love is beautiful, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear, it is beautiful."

"I would gladly give up my life to save yours, Frank."

"Need I tell you, darling, that my feelings are the same?"

"No, I know. We belong to each other now, do we not? Soul and body, Frank?"

"Soul and body, dear."

"And you will not refuse to take me with you when the time comes?" she muttered tremulously. "Ah, Frank, promise me. If you die I shall kill myself. I hid when I said I hadn't the courage, for I have; but ah, dear, it would be sweeter far to die by your hand. Listen, dear, you said that I am in no peril. You are wrong; I am. I already guess what my fate shall be, for that terrible man has hinted things, and sneered so often in the one direction that I am almost sure. He intends to sell me to some hateful friend of his, a Turk, I think, for he is expecting a visit from a Turk."

"My God!" cried Cressingham, he would never dare?"

"Ah, Frank, what would he not dare? In pity promise me, dear love."

Cressingham kissed her on the lips.

"Darling, if an hour before noon I find all hope gone it shall be as you wish, we shall die together."

The girl arose, and look from the boat-

house which seemed, as near as he could judge, of more important size than Attala. At first he thought, indeed, it was the mainland, but the rising sun showed him only a flat, low-lying coast with seas beyond, but the sight gave him a faint hope none the less, so hard indeed it was for hope to die. As Francine had said, there were only two boats visible on the island. Those lay in shallow water near the beach, but a glance, even at that distance, showed that they were fastened and secure with chains and giant padlocks.

Cressingham pointed to the boat-house. "What is kept there, Francine?"

"I am not sure, Frank, for no one is allowed in there except Desire, the Count's grandson, who has always been my mentor and companion (he is only a boy, Frank). Desire told me as a secret that his grandfather, the Count, used it as a workshop, and spends a great deal of time there on a boat which he is building of steel and aluminum. This, it seems, is the old man's single hobby. He has invented some new motive power which he believes will revolutionize the shipping world, and in order to test it, he is building a boat with the help of his grandson only, for he will trust no other living soul with his secret. It is true, I think, for I have often seen the Count escorted there by his servants, and they always wait on the beach till he returns, since he permits no one to follow him within."

"He should like to see the inside of that boat-house, Francine!"

"No use, dear. I have tried, but it is built of solid stone, and its one door, which is of plated steel, is always locked. Desire even dared not take me there."

The lovers spent two hours on the look-out hand in hand, Cressingham always gazing seawards, racking his brains for an idea, some plan which might offer a tiny chance to win him his desire. But no hope came to cheer him. Every chance of escape was inevitably removed, and despair, a grim-visaged spectre, came at last, and stared him in the face.

A brave man, he fought the phantom off, and assuming his aspect of cheerfulness which almost deceived the girl, invited her to sit upon the steps and share his breakfast.

"Is it possible that you can eat?" she asked sadly.

He forced a laugh. "Must, my sweet-heart, I never could think, rely on an empty stomach. Come along, darling, we'll have to clear out of this soon, you know, and it's a pretty fairish journey we'll be taking."

"A long journey, indeed!" sighed the girl; "a journey from which there will be no returning!"

"Well, who wants to come back here, anyway?" he demanded Cressingham, forcing himself to seem light-hearted. The girl sat down beside him and watched him eat with wide but tender eyes.

"You cannot deceive me, Frank," she muttered presently; "you are forcing yourself."

"Not I," he cried. "Come, come, sweetheart, it's barely eight o'clock; we have four hours yet. By jove, who is that?"

The girl followed his gesture, and saw wandering along the beach the grace of a figure of a lad, who carried a bundle slung across his shoulders.

"It's Desire going to the boat-house," she replied.

They watched the boy lightly climb some boulders, then arriving at the boat-house open the door, enter and disappear, the door closing behind him.

"He must need light to work by," objected Cressingham; "perhaps the building opens on the bay."

"No, dear; it can open there, I think, for there is a big iron door, but it does not open into the water, and is always closed; he works by electricity, I think."

"What sort of lad is this Desire?"

(To be continued.)

Your Doctor

Ask your doctor how long he has known Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Ask him if he uses it himself, in his own family. Ask him if he can recommend anything better for throat and lung troubles, such as hard coughs and colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, weak lungs. Do as he says, at any rate. We are willing.

Genius always needs a generation to get its perspective.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers



YOUNG GIRLS FROCK.

An effective model for a cloth costume is here depicted, the original frock being of dark blue cheviot serge. The skirt was cut to clear the ground all around, and was a gored model, trimmed with four two-inch wide bias bands around the bottom. The bodice was of the cloth, cut in two rounded tabs which extended up



SABLE TAILS TRIM PALE BLUE FELT.

There is a very decided reaction in favor of the soft French felt chapeau rather than the stiff pressed felt shapes that obtained last year. Some of these former, however, find a little wire, milliner's wire, of course, he it understood, quite an assistance in maintaining the elected curves and undulations, but there must not be a hint of any set stiffness to the result, if it is to hold a place in the fashion procession this winter. Such is the effect produced in the pretty model that is pictured on this page. The soft felt is in a clear and rather cold pale blue, the coldness of tint relieved by the trimming of fur that is deftly applied. This fur trimming is altogether of little sable tails sewed to a ribbon band, and so cunningly arranged that instead of falling in a straight fringe effect a curved and convoluted effect is gained. Between the spaces made by the tails loops of pale blue liberty ribbon peep forth, making for a soft and pretty appearance. Right in the centre of the front is posed a rose in mousseline and velvet, tones of tan and a smoky brown being used, this giving a decided touch of color harmony that blends the pale blue felt and the deep brown of the fur delightfully. The back is lifted by a steep cache-peigne, this covered with a frothy ruche of pale blue malinette and so serving to tilt the hat to a most becoming angle over the face.

"Money Back"

means merit. No house would offer to refund money, unless they were sure you would not want to have it refunded. When a house with a well earned reputation says, "your money back if you are not satisfied with our goods," you may be sure the goods are right. We have such implicit confi-

dence in the virtues of GIN PILLS

that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure. We know they will, cure all kidney troubles—strengthen weak kidneys, and relieve pain in the back, dull headaches and all other distressing symptoms of Kidney Disease. That is why we make this emphatic offer. It's worth six to be relieved of the agonizing pains—its worth \$10 or even \$20 to be completely cured. And we refund the price if they fail. You certainly get your money's worth either way. See box, 6 for \$20, at druggists or sent from THE SOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

LOOKING FOR NEW MARKETS

Secretary Shaw Points to South America - - - Wants Better Merchant Marine.

Leslie M. Shaw, secretary of the treasury, and the lion's share of attention among a long list of speakers at the three sessions of the Trans-Mississippi Congress at Kansas City last Friday.

Secretary Shaw declared: "If this country ever develops international merchants, it will accomplish it by granting them encouragement, not alone by dredging harbors and deepening channels, but by ensuring them a merchant marine in which to carry, under the most favorable terms, the products of our farms, our mines, our forests and our factories. Secretary Root has gone a step farther than I propose to go in favor of a merchant marine. He commits himself to the ship-subsidy idea. I do not say that I am in favor of a ship subsidy, but I will say that I am in favor of anything that will procure a merchant marine for the United States."

At the evening session, Secretary Shaw, who had for his topic "American Finance," said in part:

The last half of the nineteenth century was occupied in developing our natural resources and in creating our matchless home market. Within the last decade our monetary system has been the subject of direct and affirmative legislation and special legislative attention has been given to our domestic commerce. Unequaled prosperity made possible the accumulation of great wealth, and invited aggression on the part of corporate capital. This, also, has been made the subject of special and affirmative legislation, and the enforcement of existing laws has attracted, in an unprecedented manner, the attention of the government. The next step, in my judgment, must be the development of new markets. Our present customers will not accept our surplus manufactures when multiplied, as they soon will be, by five, and perhaps by ten.

Where shall these new markets be found? The answer is easy, for there are but few places possible. South America and South Africa import \$600,000,000 per annum, to which the United States contributes a paltry 12 per cent. Oriental countries import a thousand millions, to which the United States contributes only 10 per cent. Our manufacturing competitors know where these countries lie. They have learned their languages, have studied their desires as well as their needs, and for years have prosecuted a well-planned and well-executed campaign for their commercial invasion, and with the aid of large merchant marine they have been very successful. We scarcely know where these countries are located on the map. We do not understand their languages, their habits, their needs, or their desires, and we send them, all combined, less than \$150,000,000 of our more than \$13,000,000,000 of manufactures, and this putance we send in foreign bottoms and beneath alien flags.

Argentina has just subsidized a line of steamers with which to market her surplus rather than to send it under foreign flags in competition with her neighbors. Where does she send these ships? To Europe, of course, for of Europe only has she heard in a commercial way. If this country ever develops international merchants, it will accomplish it by granting them encouragement, not alone by dredging harbors and deepening channels, but by insuring them a merchant marine in which to carry, under the most favorable terms, the products of our farms, our mines, our forests and our factories. And without international merchants sustained by a merchant marine we will never put these products into the ports of countries unable to maintain merchant ships, with which to come after them. The outlay of \$50,000,000 in the purchase of the right of way, and \$200,000,000 additional in the construction of an isthmus canal, \$200,000,000 spent in the last decade on rivers and harbors in aid of shipping, and \$15,000,000 expended on the revenue cutter service, largely for the protection of ship-

ping, are all wise appropriations. A fraction of this amount would give us what we once had—a merchant marine—and insure us international merchants and the products of our ever-increasing labor would then be carried where the United States as a commercial country is now unknown.

George McAvity went to Montreal last evening.

The Canadian Drug Co.

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

Toilet Articles

Druggists Sundries, Etc.

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.