

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

Old Year, farewell! 1906 will see its last day today. Its sands are full run. It has slipped into the vistas of the past, bearing with it our joys, hopes and fears. Pleasures and profit, loss and gain—burying them all in the sepulchre of Time. Farewell, Old Year, Farewell. But—Hark!

"Ring out the old, Ring in the new—
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

And so we say to our many, many friends

A Happy, Happy New Year

And here's hoping 1907 may have naught but happiness in store for you.

Our Great Two-Week Overcoat Sale IS NOW ON

PRICES CANNOT BE DUPLICATED. This is the time of year when we give our profit to our customers. OVERCOAT PRICES DOWN TO SKELETON FIGURES.

HERE'S A LITTLE IDEA OF WHAT WE ARE DOING DURING THIS GREAT TWO-WEEK OVERCOAT SALE:

\$7.50 Overcoats for - -	\$5.00	\$8 and \$8.50 Overcoats for	\$5.90
\$9.00 and \$10 Overcoats for	6.90	\$11 Overcoats for - - -	7.90
\$12.00 Overcoats for - -	8.90	\$13 Overcoats for - - -	9.90
\$14.00 Overcoats for - -	10.90	\$15 and \$16 Overcoats for	11.90

HUNDREDS OF MEN SHOULD BE WEARING OUR OVERCOATS FOR THE NEW YEAR. THE SEASON FOR SAVING IS NOW. COME, see how well we back our ads with our prices.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY

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

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

With a gasping cry full of terror, for panic had seized her, she ran like one pursued, springing recklessly down steps and over crags, until the sudden darkness warned her that she must pause for rest.

Trembling in every limb, she lighted her candle, then hurried on again and soon had gained the boat-shed.

Even that old haunt of her working hours brought her no sense of security, for the explosion had smashed the electric lamps, and one and all, by the dim light of the candle its ruin appeared to resemble in some way the broken body of her father. With a deep sob of relief she passed out into the night, whose mourning folds of black, leaden-colored clouds, in spite of their sad coloring had never seemed so friendly, and at that moment Desire sorely needed friends.

She was about to return to the castle when another fear beset her. She saw in silhouette against the sky a band of silent, black-robed figures stealing down the steps, her grandfather's palanquin in the van. Sinking behind a rock, she watched their subsequent proceedings, the murder of the torpedoes, the destruction of the Turkish yacht. She saw her mother pass like a phantom upwards to the castle, she marked the Count and his black servants emerge from their hiding after the explosion, she heard her grandfather's wild laugh of triumph and the orders that he gave for the disposal of the wreckage as soon as daylight came; she watched him depart, carried upwards in his palanquin by the two dumb slaves accompanied by the other servants.

Left lonely then, Desire thought of what the Count's rage would be when he knew that his precious boat had been destroyed, the boat which he had helped to construct by long hours of painful toil, the boat that constituted his one ardent hobby, the only pleasure of his existence which was not evil. She asked herself the question, and its answer was in her heart. She knew that he would kill her as remorselessly as he would an offending slave, more still she feared that he would torture her before she died in order to wreak on her a vengeance fit and proper in his estimation for her crime.

It was then that her eyes rested on the yacht's skiff which still idly floated beside the beach, its resting place marked by the bodies of the four slain sailors. The Count's servants had vanished with the Count, forgetful in their excitement of the boat. Desire, still possessed by the panic which had seized her in the cavern, ran like a sprite across the sands and leaping into the little craft pushed from the shore, only half conscious of her ultimate intention, but wildly anxious to fly the dreadful place where she had witnessed so many horrors and where death seemed to wait for her.

As she saw her flight, no one interrupted. As she reached the mouth of the harbor, she saw the sculls like one pursued. She gave no thought to wind or current, although a stiff breeze had sprung up and she was soon drenched with spray. She gave no thought to the danger of the rocks, and she was soon drenched with spray. She gave no thought to the danger of the rocks, and she was soon drenched with spray.

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er. "Is the fellow dumb?" he demanded, and shook her roughly by the shoulder.

"Lord Francis!"

"What!" almost shouted the man; "who then are you?"

"Desire!"

"My God, can it be!" He pressed his face close to hers and passed an arm around her. "It is!" he cried, excitedly.

"What of Miss Elliott, is she well?"

"Yes, my Lord, but in dreadful trouble at least, she was."

And then Desire broke down utterly, and sobbed, and cried and laughed, in the manner that women the wide world over have always done and will always do under stress of circumstances.

Cressingham did his best to comfort her, at last he gave up, and he extracted something of the story she had told in broken fragments from her tear-wet lips.

He was content for the while with the more important incidents, for these had made him anxious to lose no more time than he could help.

While still conversing he sent the launch at full speed towards the boat-house, where arrived, having first obtained from Desire the key, he landed fifteen men and immediately despatched the little vessel back to the Sea Hawk, giving the girl in charge of an officer whom he had told to bring the yacht to the harbor of Attala with all possible speed.

He feared to take Desire with him, for she was still nervous and intensely over-wrought, and he imagined that he could do almost as well without her guidance.

Crouching on the sand, he watched the launch until it had passed from sight, then, accompanied by his silent company, noiselessly crept into the boat-house, carefully barring the door when all had entered.

Each man lighted the lantern with which he had been previously provided. Cressingham fastened one end of a great ball of wire to a piece of timber and then shortly addressed his followers.

"Gentlemen!" he whispered. "It seems to me necessary to storm Attala tonight, for a lady stands in peril of her life, a lady who has already been inhumanly insulted. We shall try to take the place by surprise, but if we fail in that we shall not in open assault, for though our enemies outnumber us we shall fight for the good of humanity and for the honor of a woman. I must again impress upon you the absolute necessity of silence and obedience. Fate has made me your leader, and although some of you are my superiors in official rank I rely upon you none the less to accord me frank and generous support. A word or an exclamation may suffice to warn our quarry, therefore I implore you to beware."

The lamp-light showed faces of fifteen gentlemen, men of breeding and refinement, possibly of noble or patrician caste. One and all were resolute and serious, they listened attentively and nodded in unbroken silence.

Cressingham appeared satisfied, he pointed to the tunnel door and muttered: "That is our way, follow me closely and without sound." Next instant the boat-house was again wrapped in silent gloom; the invasion of Attala had commenced.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Capture of Attala.

When the old Count d'Attala returned to the castle after his ruthless destruction of Jibelloff's yacht and the murder of the boat's crew and ship's company, he was weary and anxious for repose. Assisted by the chained slaves, he left the palanquin on reaching the library and entered one of the rooms adjoining a large and airy bedchamber, whose furniture and fittings were of princely magnificence. The walls were entirely composed of huge plate-glass mirrors arranged in the manner of panels. The ceiling was painted by masters of craft with scenes from Dante's Inferno, each separate square being a priceless work of art wrought either by copyists of Gustave Dore or by Dore himself, and in such grim fashion that a single upward glance was sufficient to thrill the bosom of an ordinary observer with a sentiment of gloom or dread.

But the Count was not an ordinary observer. When he was disrobed and lifted

ed by his attendants into the huge carved four-poster bed that rested on the centre of the richly carpeted floor, he lay quickly while the slaves massaged his limbs from head to heel and covered him with unguent, and gazed up at the realistically pictured horrors of hell; his lips parted with a smile of keen appreciation, an appreciation that for years had never been shown. It amused him to pass his leisure moments in reflecting upon the mysterious time, space and eternity, for his iron soul had never been the subject of fear, and he was an atheist from the sincerest possible conviction.

In his belief nothing existed which his intelligence could not realize, or at least fathom. Neither God nor Satan had ever been made manifest to him; he had never known a dead man to return to life; therefore heaven, hell and the hereafter he regarded as merely bogies created by the imagination of softer-brained folk than himself.

The superstitious terrors of others gave him food for pleasure and pleasure for contemplation, since he was himself incapable of similar weakness. It was for this reason that at great cost he had had his ceiling painted in such ghastly manner; but though a miser of money he had never regretted the expenditure, for thereby his sleeping and waking thoughts had always filled him with egotistical satisfaction since they furnished him with an excuse to jibe and sneer at the world, whose enemy he was.

It may be inferred that he wasted no time in prayer. He was his own god, and there was little need to pray to himself; but his reflections were all self-adultive, self-reverent. He felt that he had done a good day's work. He had for ever rid himself of a dangerous rival, a man whose ambition had of late caused him grave uneasiness. He had said his money, and would make more for he fancied he would know well enough how to cajole Jibelloff's master into believing that the Pasha had perished at sea by some unknown peril of the deep.

He laughed aloud to think that there was no occasion to admit to Sultan the receipt of any portion of the gold, and all the miser in him revelled and delighted in the idea of exacting a second payment for the nefarious contract he had in hand. There was still work for him to do. Tomorrow at latest the Prince would arrive to claim his portion of the spoil, thinking fondly no doubt that he, the Count d'Attala, would be such a man as lightly to part with so vast a sum as a hundred thousand pounds. The old man chuckled softly to himself. Well, tomorrow the Prince too would die; he had never been more than a figure-head, and his period of usefulness had passed; indeed, he was becoming troublesome, and had lately dared to voice a threat.

The Count's thin yellow hands clutched hungrily at the bedclothes then, for a further consideration had occurred to him. After the Prince's death there would never be need for another division of the gold that he loved so dearly. All, all would be his.

(To be continued.)

WEDDINGS

Slavin-Sloan.

Last Thursday Capt. Lemuel Slavin, of this city, was married to Miss May Sloan, second daughter of John Sloan, of Windsor (N. S.). The ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's parents by Rev. D. W. Johnson. Capt. and Mrs. Slavin will reside in Queen street, this city.

Blakeslee-Clarke.

At Trinity church, St. Stephen, New Brunswick, December 26, by the Rev. John A. Winfield, pastor, Robert Edwin Blakeslee, of Philadelphia (Pa.), to Helen May, only daughter of William Wright Clarke, of St. Stephen, New Brunswick.

Armstrong-Brown.

A pretty wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, 190 Charlotte street, Carleton, when their second daughter, Minnie, was married to Herbert V. Armstrong, of Lewis Bros. Company, Montreal. The ceremony was performed by Rev. H. D. Marr in the presence of the immediate relations of the bride and groom. The bride wore a becoming dress of grey silk crepe de chene. Her traveling costume was navy blue ladies' cloth with black hat and mink furs. The bridal presents were beautiful and numerous and included several checks. The groom's present was a bow pin with pearl setting. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong left by the C. P. R. for Montreal, where they will make their home.

Jewett-Taylor.

The marriage took place in Sheffield, N. B., on Dec. 27th, of Miss Jewett. Rev. W. C. Pepper performed the ceremony. The bride is the oldest daughter of Mrs. Julia M. Taylor, of Sheffield.

The annual meeting of the New Brunswick Temperance Federation will be held on Friday next, Jan. 4, in the W. C. T. U. rooms, Germain street.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



BLACK CREPE DE CHINE FROCK.

An effective and useful gown of black crepe de chine is shown in the accompanying cut. The skirt of the model was plaited and pressed flat about the hips, the lower part being trimmed with three deep tucks. The bodice had a deep narrow yoke of cream lace, lined with a single layer of mousseline. The yoke was outlined by bands of the crepe, and there was a design in hand embroidery on each side of

the front across the shoulders. The lower part of the corsage was tucked. The sleeves were trimmed with points of lace standing up from a band made of little draped messaline, with three gilt buckles in the back. The little straps on the sleeves and on each side of the front yoke were also of the messaline. There was a band of the silk and a row of gilt cord about the top of the collar.



EXQUISITE EFFECTS IN LINGERIE MATERIALS.

The vague, one might well-nigh call it a craze—for lingerie materials is one that is welcomed heartily where the dainty garments of the bedroom and boudoir are concerned. The belongings that cap safely be cleansed with pure soap and water and dried in the clear sunlight have ever an inherent sweetness in wear that all the art of the dry cleaner can never supply. One of the most exquisite, as well as one of the most costly, examples of the lingerie fad is the dainty breakfast toilette that forms the subject of illustration. The little matinee is in the sheerest of handkerchief linen, wrought all over by hand in the popular and well-known English wheel design, a combination of blind and eyelet work that is especially effective. A semicircular

SOUTHERN STATES WANT IMMIGRANTS

The Labor Problem is Acute and Action is Being Taken.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 29. — It developed here today that the South Carolina method of encouraging immigration is exciting considerable interest in several other states. The department of commerce has received numerous inquiries concerning the matter. An association of manufacturers and other business men of Savannah, Ga., organized into the Georgia Immigration Society for the purpose of encouraging immigration to that state, has submitted a question to the department to the following effect: Whether it would be a violation of the contract labor law of the United States for the state officers of Georgia to act as their agents in procuring immigrant labor? The department declined to decide the case on the ground that it was purely hypothetical.

The same question has arisen in North Carolina in a slightly different form. A state official has been authorized by the governor without any legislative enactment as in South Carolina, to procure desirable immigrant labor. The question has been referred to the department of justice as to whether this constitutes a violation of the contract labor law. The South Carolina case, on the contrary, has abundant legislative authority back of it, and is granted to be a perfectly regular proceeding, provided the decision of the department of justice is upheld by the courts. It is not learned whether this decision will be expected to do so, but in that state and throughout the south they are by no means as strong as in other parts of the country, and it not learned that the National Federation of Labor has taken any steps in that direction.

THE AMERICAN FOR JANUARY

The new editors of The American Magazine are making good. Their periodical grows better every month. The January number is excellent. Ray Stannard Baker leads off with a description of an extraordinary experiment in brotherhood now being conducted in America—The Theosophical Institution at Point Loma, Cal. Katherine Tingley, the power in the organization, is a wonderful leader, reminding one of Mary Baker G. Eddy in the ability she has exhibited. William Allen White, the famous Emporia (Kansas) editor and novelist compares Emporia and New York City. Of course, the article is compact of wit and wisdom. Ida M. Tarbell, proceeding with her story "The Tariff in our Times" tells about the outbreak of protectionism that followed the Civil War. Washington Gladden, writing of "The Negro Crisis," suggests that the separation of whites from blacks may become necessary.

F. Marion Crawford begins a new serial, "Aethusa, a Princess in Slavery," being a love story of old Constantinople. Two editorial announcements of importance are made. One is of a series of articles "We and Our Servants" by Josephine Daskam Bacon, and the other is of a new series on the negro problem by Ray Stannard Baker, both to begin in February.

David Grayson, in his autobiographical serial "Adventures in Contentment," tells the best story he has yet related—the story of his conversion of a book agent, George Madden Martin, Marion Hill and Lily A. Long contribute short stories.

SACKVILLE

SACKVILLE, Dec. 27.—The marriage of Donald Stephen Trueman of Campbellton and Mary Edith, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Edward Wells, was solemnized last evening at the home of the bride's parents, Squire street. Rev. J. L. Dawson was the officiating clergyman. Little Miss Cordia Dickie, a cousin of the bride, was maid of honor.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Goodwin was the scene of a happy event last evening, when their daughter, Leah, was united in marriage to William Fillmore. Rev. B. N. Nobles performed the ceremony in the presence of a large num-

ber of guests. Mr. and Mrs. Fillmore will reside on King street.

The remains of the late James Fawcett of Alberta reached Sackville Monday evening. The funeral was held Christmas morning from the home of deceased's grandfather, Albert Fawcett. Rev. C. W. Hamilton conducted the service. Interment took place at Upper Sackville cemetery.

At the morning service in St. David's Presbyterian church yesterday, Rev. A. A. Graham called the attention of the congregation to the two handsomely carved panels, the gift of John Rogerson to the church, which have been placed in the choir gallery. Mr. Rogerson has already beautified the church with much of his handiwork, and the latest additions on which he has been working for more than

a year, were much admired and appreciated. The design is a conventional one of leaves, flowers and fruit. The panels are finished in the natural color of the wood. Mr. Rogerson is one of the oldest and best respected members of St. David's church. He was present when the corner stone of the old church was laid in 1840.

A light head makes a heavy heart.

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