

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B. (opp. Y. M. C. A. Building)

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

Christmas Neckwear

IF THERE IS A MAN ON EARTH who could not use and who would not be glad to receive a NEW TIE for a Christmas gift, where is he? We would like to see him.

IT'S ELEGANT

Yes, it's ELEGANT—that is the only word that covers the territory and the only way we can describe our Christmas Neckwear display. Every New Swagger shape, every new pattern in silk—every NEW KINK is here. Four-in-hand, Ascots, Bows, Straight Ties, Imperials, etc., etc. All are here in new designs. Our Neckwear display alone is well worth coming to see. Whatever is "IT" in Neckwear, we've got. Regardless of whatever else you may buy him, you can't miss it if you buy him a Christmas Tie.

UNION CLOTHING COMPANY, 26-28 Charlotte St., St. John, N. B.

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

Overcoats

BUY HIM A CHRISTMAS OVERCOAT. See ours—THEY ARE SWELL. Prices from \$5.90 to \$18.00. a big reduction on every garment.

Silk Handkerchiefs, Mufflers, Gloves, Umbrella, Walking Cane, Bath Robe, Smoking Jacket,—all make very Handsome Gifts

Handsome Fancy Boxes Given Away Free

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE EVENING TIMES

POPULAR VOTING CONTEST

This Coupon Counts

ONE VOTE

For as many as you wish

as the most popular organization.

\$200 IN GOLD \$200 IN GOLD

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigoro is Daunt, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

The man started back as though an ad-
der had stung him, exclaiming incoher-
ently.

Cressingham, who had been growing
more and more angry by this, had nearly
lost his temper. "You will pay for these
indignities," he cried hoarsely. "I am an
English nobleman, fools that you are one
and all. I demand that you send immedi-
ately for the English consul or the min-
ister, I don't care which, they are both
friends of mine."

The officer bowed and smiled. "Certain-
ly, my Lord, but in the meantime my
orders are to take all precautions. Your
Lordship will doubtless excuse me for I
must obey my orders!" He bowed again
and turned to his men. "Ohi, Malum, be
so kind as to fasten my Lord Cressingham's
wrist to the chain rounder and be-
hind his back, but be careful not to injure
or hurt my Lord in any way." Cressingham
struggled violently, but vainly. In a
moment he was handcuffed and chained,
and could only stand glowering angrily at
his captors.

The officer made a sign, and his men de-
parted, leaving him one by one as they
passed to the door. He then strolled over
to the jewels and looked about with
his feet until the floor was strewn and
shining like the coat of a Persian king.
"They are very beautiful, my Lord," he ob-
served critically, "but deadly, are they
not?"

"Give them to me," said Cressingham
with a savage snarl, "and I'll eat a few
to show you."

The officer smiled and shrugged his
shoulders. "It is possible that my Lord
would prefer suicide to the rope," he
suggested calmly.

"Have them tested by whom you please,
only for God's sake be quick about it.
You will find them harmless enough. You
think me a nihilist, but you are horri-
bly mistaken. I came here to save your
king's life, not to try and murder him."

"Ah, is that so?" The man spread his
handkerchief on the floor, and pushing
the jewels on it with his boot, gingerly
gathered up the ends and knotted them,
then lifting the bundle with the end of
his scabbard held it from him at arm's
length.

"If my Lord will excuse me, I shall
take my departure," he said politely.

Cressingham with a great effort re-
strained his rage and answered: "Signor,
I beg you to give my compliments to
the King—"

"His Majesty is not at home," inter-
rupted the officer.

"When will he return?"

"I am not so far in His Majesty's con-
fidence."

"When he returns will you give him a
message for me?"

"With pleasure."

"I thank you. Be so kind as to say to
him these words: 'Lord Cressingham
craves an audience in order to tell your
Majesty of a plot which has been ar-
ranged by the nihilists for your Majes-
ty's assassination. Your Majesty's life is
in immediate danger, and Lord Cressingham
has undergone a thousand perils
to carry you this warning.'"

"I shall remember," said the officer,
"my, more—I shall cause your message
to be immediately transmitted to his
Majesty. Is there more that I may do
for you?"

Does your head ache? Pain back of your
eyes? Sometimes faint and dizzy? Heavy
pressure in your head? Bad taste in
mouth? Does your food distress you?
We have no secrets! We publish
the formulas of all our medicines!

Headaches

Are you nervous and irritable? Do you ever have the blues? Then your liver
is all wrong! Make your liver right. Make it do its work better. Take one of
Ayer's Pills each night, just one.

have done my best, what man may do
more?"

That night he fell asleep the moment
that he laid head on pillow.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPLANATION: ASSASSINATION.

At seven o'clock on the morning of July
29, Cressingham was still slumbering. He
was not aroused even when the door opened
and three entered the room Mr. Perigord,
Ludwig von Oeljen and the Italian
guardsman.

Perigord made a gesture commanding
silence and crossed the chamber on tip-
toe. For several seconds he stood gazing
down at the sleeping man, his keen eyes
marking the recent scars that disfigured
Cressingham's face and doubtless noting
much else beside, for Perigord was a prac-
tised physiognomist and a skilful reader of
men. He turned at length and beckoned to
von Oeljen, who at once came for-
ward.

"What do you think of those bruises,"
he whispered.

Oeljen after a sharp glance shrugged his
shoulders. "A fall, I think, sir," he re-
plied.

Perigord shook his head. "No, there are
too many scars; there has been an en-
counter of some sort. It is not the face
of a traitor, Oeljen."

"I have always said so, sir."

"Mark the hair beside his temples. It
was not grey when last we saw him."

"You are right, sir, it was not."

"He has much to tell us. Wake him,
Oeljen."

The Count stooped and shook the sleep-
ing man by the shoulder. Cressingham im-
mediately uttered a loud cry and started
up. "Murder!" he shouted wildly. "Stop
him, arrest him!" Then he caught sight
of the intruders and stared at them dazed-
ly. "Ah!" he muttered. "Mr. Perigord,
Oeljen, you here! I was dreaming."

"What was your dream?" demanded
Perigord, speaking in a loud, imperative
voice. "Tell me at once!"

"I dreamed—Heavens! a horrible vivid
dream it was—I dreamed I saw a man
shoot at King Humbert. I saw the king
fall."

"Ah, and you saw the murderer! You
shouted out as you awoke to stop and
to arrest him. Describe him to me quick-
ly before you forget."

Cressingham closed his eyes. "He seem-
ed a young man—ah, but I cannot remem-
ber. I did not see his face. But this is
nonsense, gentlemen!" he started to his
feet. "We have realities to deal with, not
dreams. Is King Humbert still alive?"

"Thank God, yes."

"Has any attempt been made to murder
him?"

"None."

"Then lose no time and warn him, for
this is the last day. With my own ears
I heard him condemned by the three
chiefs of nihilism, and the pledge was
given for his death to be accomplished by
July 29 at latest. That is to-day!"

His three auditors stared at Cressingham
in blank astonishment.

"You heard?" said Perigord.

"Yes, I heard! But, man, what are
you waiting for? My story can wait. Go
instantly and warn the King; telegraph
to him at once!"

Perigord shook his head. "We already
have heard of the danger," he said elon-
gely, "and already every human precaution
has been taken to safeguard His Majes-
ty's life. Nevertheless, the detail of these
news to us, and the king had better be
warned of that. Go, Oeljen, and despatch
a telegram in my name in the English
language to his Majesty."

"Yes, sir, and afterwards!"

"Await me at the Hotel d'Europe."

Oeljen appeared much disappointed, but
he obeyed and at once departed.

Perigord then turned to the officer, "Do
you by chance speak Russian, Lieutenant?"
he asked quietly.

"I, good heavens, no, Signor; it is no
gentleman's language, Russian!"

"Well, kindly excuse me, for Lord
Cressingham and I are about to converse
privately in that tongue and I wish for
the protection of your presence, as desper-
ately do I fear this Englishman and so
much do I respect his talents."

"Certainly, Signor."

Cressingham turned fiery red and said
in Russian: "You have some motive for
misleading me, Mr. Perigord."

"None whatever," answered the other
coldly. "The explanation of my words is
quite simple. Until I hear what you have
to say I am compelled to regard you as a
traitor to the order, a desperate and
dangerous ruffian, the more worthy of
fear because you are brave, intelligent
and by birth a gentleman."

"Thank you, kindly, sir," said the young
man with satire.

Perigord frowned. "What have you done
with Madame Vryella?" he demanded.

"Why nothing."

"Where have you let her?"

"Under the protection of her father."

"And where may that be?"

"Yes, where but in her father's house?"

"You are disingenuous, my Lord. Who is
her father, and where does he reside?"

"Her father is a gentleman of means
and leisure. He resides anywhere but in
the island of Anarchois, Mr. Perigord."

(To be continued.)



STRIKING DESIGN IN VELVET AND LACE.

One of the oddest and, at the same time,
one of the most fetching designs that
have declared themselves for a long time
is carried out in this charming wrap that
is equally appropriate for carriage or opera
toilette. The foundation is a closely-
fitting jacket of Eton persuasion, this
double-breasted for warmth, and fastening
to one side with little chenille tassels at
each fastening. Black velvet of pecu-
larly deep pile and rich texture is employ-
ed for this, it being lined with a heavy
white satin, and comfortably interlined
with a soft silk flannel, so that the wearer
may withstand the wintry blasts with
ease and comfort. Over this is thrown a long
scarf effect in old Italian lace, a Floren-
tine pattern revived from days long gone

by, but brought again to light in the re-
naissance of lace industries that is taking
place so generally throughout European
countries. There is absolutely no attempt
whatsoever in making this lace conform
to the lines or shape of the figure; it
hangs in plain and straight folds that per-
mit of the entire pattern being displayed
in all its beauty. Bordered all around
with a broad black velvet ribbon, the
neck is adorned with a braided cord piece
that falls in graceful tassels at either side
of the fronts. The lace tablier piece is
backed with white chiffon, and lined with
a heavy white satin, so that its beauty and
elegance are thrown into bold relief, and
the matter of warmth and protection for
the wearer are not lost sight of.



YOUNG GIRL'S STREET COSTUME.

A street suit of cheviot is here sketch-
ed, the model being in dark blue, with a
little rolling rever collar of tan cloth,
braided with blue soutache. The skirt
was gored, the coat being semi-fitting and
extending to the hip line. It had a
little pocket in each side of the front, blue
cloth buttons being used down the front
and on each sleeve.

BIG FIRE IN A COAL MINE

The "Hub" a Cape Breton
Colliery Employing 300 Men
Found Ablaze Yesterday.

Halifax, N. S., Dec. 14.—About half past
five this afternoon fire was discovered in
a pump house near the pit bottom of the
Hub colliery of the Dominion Coal Co.,
Glace Bay. It was at first thought that
the flames could be reduced and the men
working in the pit, except those on the
colliery fire brigade were sent to the sur-
face. After fighting the flames for about
two hours without success the town fire
brigade was summoned and went out to
the scene. They went down into the pit
but the smoke was pouring out and almost
stifled them. It was impossible to get
near enough to the fire to get any prac-
tical results.

The pump house had evidently been long
destroyed and the fire is now raging in
the body of the coal. As to its extent
nothing may be determined for some days.
How the fire started is not definitely
known but it is believed to have originated
in some waste in the old pump house,
which was seldom used. There is only one
entrance to the pit.

The Hub is one of the smallest of the
Dominion Coal Company's collieries. It
employs 300 men and raises between 800
and 900 tons of coal per day. Recently
new surface machinery was added and a
haulage system projected. Much of the
workings are submarine. The pit may re-
quire to be flooded to quench the fire.

The shaft has been sealed in hopes of
smothering the flames. The mine man-
agers held a conference at midnight and
discussed the situation. The fire has pro-
gressed now so far that flooding would
appear as being the only means of com-
bating the flames. The workings of the
pit are altogether different from those at
the Dominion, where it became necessary
to turn the water of the ocean into the
mine before the fire could be extinguished.
It will be out of the question to do any-
thing like this at the Hub.

A large crowd was present at the con-
cert by the pupils of Dufferin school, re-
peated last evening. The programme with
slight changes was the same as that given
last Friday evening. M. D. Brown acted
as chairman. It is understood that a sum
nearly large enough to buy a piano has
been raised by the two concerts, together
with donations from friends of the school.

Miss Creamer, of St. Martins, was regis-
tered at the Victoria yesterday.

EVERY PALE WOMAN

Read This and Learn the Way to
Good Color and Better Health.

Pale people have pale blood.

In other words the blood is watery and
lacks red corpuscles.

The stomach is wrong.

Assimilation is poor and food is not
changed into blood. Naturally the sys-
tem is robbed of vitality, lacks strength
and reconstructive power.

Don't slip from vigor into weakness.

Don't allow the appetite to fail, but in-
stead use Ferrozone.

You're bound to feel rejuvenated and
strengthened at once.

Appetite is braced up, digestion is
stimulated, vigor imparted to the stomach.

Every thing you eat is transformed into
nutriment that supplies what your thin
weak system needs.

Vital, life-giving blood, that makes your
cheeks and shining eyes—that's the kind
that Ferrozone makes.

The strength and buoyancy that defies
depression and tiredness, that's the sort
you get with Ferrozone.

Every pale woman can transform her
bleached out appearance with Ferrozone.

Not only will it improve looks and
spirits, but by rebuilding all weak, tired
organs, Ferrozone establishes a soundness
of health that's surprising.

For women and girls who want to feel
well, to look well, to be well and stay
well, nothing known in the annals of
medicine is so certain as Ferrozone.

Won't you try Ferrozone?

Concentrated cure in tablet form, that's
Ferrozone, 50c. per box or six for \$2.50,
at all dealers.

There was a meeting of the St. John
branch of the British Medical Society in
their rooms in the M-rot building last
evening. The president, Dr. Murray Mac-
Laren, was in the chair, and the principal
business, besides the election of officers,
was the adoption of the by-laws. The fol-
lowing were elected for the ensuing year:
Dr. Thomas Walker, president; Dr. James
Christie, vice-president; Dr. J. R. McIn-
toch, treasurer; Dr. Warwick, financial
secretary, and Dr. J. H. Scammell, record-
ing secretary. The following were elected
members of the council: Dr. P. S. Sprague,
Woodstock; Dr. G. T. Smith, Moncton;
Dr. F. H. Westmore, Hampton; Dr. Trav-
ers, Dr. Skinner, Dr. G. A. B. Aldy and
Dr. McAlpine. Dr. W. C. Crockett, of
Rederton, was chosen representative.

Miss Creamer, of St. Martins, was regis-
tered at the Victoria yesterday.

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.

Bring your jewelry list here.

"Your Credit is Good"

DAVIS BROTHERS,
Jewellers. - - 54 Prince William Street.

Honesty in Tweeds

It's so easy—and so much cheaper—to use cotton or
rag shoddy instead of PURE WOOL—in weaving TWEEDS.
But PURE WOOL means permanent colors—rich finish
—and WEAR.

Hewson Tweed

ARE pure wool. They are HONEST. And they WEAR.
Look for the Hewson trademark—the sign of pure wool.

