



PSYCHINE

(Pronounced SI-KEEN)
The Greatest of all
Tonics

IN THE PULPIT

The hardest part of a minister's life is not when he is preaching from the pulpit. It is rather in his daily work of visiting the sick and comforting the needy.

In this side of his life he exposes himself to many dangers.

How many have been laid low by Pleurisy, Chills, and Fevers, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Consumption, La Grippe, Congestions, etc., through the effects of some slight chill caught riding or driving in the winter weather.

All these diseases can be cured permanently by PSYCHINE.

No minister should be without a bottle of this wonderful tonic and he can thus protect himself and bring relief to many a sufferer.

All Druggists. Free Trial. One Dollar.

CANADIAN CLERGYMEN

Orators, Teachers, Singers and Actors
Endorse Psychine.

REV. CHAS. STERLING, Baptist Minister,
Bath, Car. Co., N.B., writes:
I have much pleasure in stating that your
Remedies have been the means of helping
the many people to whom I recommended
them. They state that they never used
their equal. I have used Psychine in my
family, the results were marvelous, and
do not hesitate to recommend it to suffering
humanity.

JUST THE TONIC NEEDED

The Manse, Paisley, Box 247
The Dr. Slocum Remedies have done
me a great deal of good, particularly
Psychine; it seemed just the tonic that
my system needed.

REV. WM. H. STEVENS.

Dr. T. A. Slocum Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

Ladies' and Children's Toques and Stocking Caps.

An abundance of colorings, so that everyone can be pleased from this lot, and the prices are right—37c, 45c, 50c and 55c each. They come in white, cardinal, blue and black and combination stripes.

Girls' Golfers at \$1.00 and \$1.50.

There is nothing so nice for a child for winter wear as one of these pure wool golf jackets. They are splendid for skating, good for school wear, and most comfortable in cold weather when worn under coats.

Berlin Clouds at 29c., 55c. and 80c.

In light colors as well as the popular cardinals and blues.

Wrappers.

On Monday morning you can buy flannelette wrappers that are worth \$1.40 at 85c. each. They come in good colorings, and the material alone in them would cost you over \$1.00. That does not allow one cent for the making. Sizes from 32 to 44.

Ladies' Long Kimonos at \$1.49 Each.

They are the regular \$2.50 quality, sizes 34 to 40 inch bust measure. They are made from heavy flannelette, and are prettily trimmed with satin to match colorings of flannelette

A Big Sale of Ladies' Flannelette Gowns.

There are four qualities in the lot and the colors are white, pink and blue. Some of the gowns in this lot will be sold at just half their usual price.

No. 1 lot will be priced 39c, which is much less than the cost of the bare material in them.

No. 2 lot will be priced 69c. They are well worth \$1.00.

No. 3 lot is priced 89c. This is a handsome gown, prettily trimmed, and made from fine quality of plain shaker.

No. 4 lot is priced \$1.13.

All of the above come in three sizes, 56, 58 and 60 inch lengths. This is a gown happening that you very seldom have the opportunity of participating in, and it would pay you to lay in a supply for some time to come.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

59 CHARLOTTE STREET

BANKRUPT! BANKRUPT! BANKRUPT!

The Bankrupt Stock of 32 Mill Street will be offered for sale

ON

FRIDAY, Dec. 15th.

Doors will open at 8.30 every morning until the entire stock is sold. Stock consisting of Men's, Youths' and Boys' Clothing, Gents' Furnishing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Rain Coats, Overcoats, Sheepskin Coats, Rubber Coats, Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings and Jewelry of all descriptions.

Call and See For Yourselves.

23 Mill Street.

Barlasch of the Guard

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN

(Continued.)

Sebastian's face showed no surprise when he looked up and recognized the new-comer. The surrounding tables were empty. It was too early in the evening for the regular customers, whose numbers, moreover, had been sadly thinned during the last few months. For the peaceful Dantzigers, remembering the siege of seven years ago, had mostly fled at the first mention of the word again.

Sebastian nodded in answer to Barlasch's somewhat ceremonious bow, and by a gesture invited him to be seated on the chair upon which he had already laid his hand. The atmosphere of the room was warm, and Barlasch laid aside his sheepskin coat, as he had seen the great and the rich do themselves of their sables. He turned sharply and caught the waitress with attention to a little pool of beer on the table and stood until she had made good this lapse in her duty. Then he pointed to Sebastian's mug of beer and dismissed her, giggling to get one for him of the same size and contents.

Making sure that there was no one within earshot, he waited until Sebastian's dreamy eye met his, and then said: "It is time we understood each other."

A light of surprise, passing and half-indifferent, flashed into Sebastian's eyes and vanished again at once when he saw Barlasch had meant nothing—made no sign or countersign with his hand.

"By all means, my friend," he answered. "I deliver your letters," said Barlasch, "at Thurn and at the other places."

"I know; I have already had answers. You would be wise to forget the incident," Barlasch shrugged his shoulders.

"You were paid," said Sebastian, jumping to a natural conclusion.

"A little," admitted Barlasch, "a small little—but it was not that. I always get paid in advance when I can. Except by the Emperor. He owes me some—that citizen. I was another question. In the house I am friends with all—with Lisa, who has gone—with Mademoiselle Mathilde, who has gone—with Mademoiselle Desiree, so-called Madame Darragon, who remains. With all except you. Why should we not be friends?"

"But we are friends," protested Sebastian, with a bow. As if in confirmation of the statement, he held out his beer-mug, and Barlasch touched it with the rim of his own before drinking. Sebastian's attitude, his bow, his manner of drinking, were those of the Count; Barlasch was distinctly of the camp. But these were strange days, and society had been turned topsy-turvy by one man.

"Then," said Barlasch, licking his lips, "let us understand each other. You say there will be no siege; I say you are wrong. You think that the Dantzigers will rise in answer to the Emperor Alexander's proclamations and that the French will see the Dantzigers' stomachs are too big. I say that Rapp will hold Dantzig, and that the Russians will not take it by storm, because they are too weak. There will be a siege, and a long one. Are you and mademoiselle and I going to sit it out in the Fraueengasse together?"

"We shall be honored to have you as our guest," answered Sebastian, with that levity which went before the Revolution, and was never understood of the people. Barlasch did not understand it. He glanced doubtfully at his companion, and snipped his beard with a tiny pair of scissors.

"Begin what, my friend?" Barlasch waved aside all petty detail. "My preparations. I go out about ten o'clock—after you are in. I will take the key of the front door, and let myself in when I come back. I shall make two journeys. Under the kitchen-floor is a large hollow space; I fill that with bags of corn."

"But where will you get the corn, my friend?" "I know where to get it—corn, and other things. But I have already—enough. Other things. I can get for three months."

"But we have no money to pay for them." "Bah!"

"You mean you will steal them?" suggested Sebastian, not without a ring of contempt in his ringing voice. "A soldier never steals," answered Barlasch, carelessly announcing a great truth.

Sebastian laughed. It was obvious that his mind, absorbed in great thought, heeded small things not at all. His companion pushed his fur cap to the back of his head and ruffled his hair forward.

"That is not all," he said; at length. He looked round the vast room, which was almost deserted. The stout waitress was polishing powder mugs at the bar. "You say you have already had answers to your secret society—whatever it is called. It delivers letters all over Prussia—Poland, perhaps—or farther still."

Sebastian shrugged one shoulder, and made no answer for some time. "I have already told you," he said, impatiently, at length. "To forget the incident, you were paid."

By way of reply, the old soldier laboriously emptied his pockets, searching the most remote of them for small copper coins. He counted slowly and carefully until he had made up a thaler.

"But it is not my turn to be paid this time. It is I who pay."

He held out his hand, with a pound weight of base metal in it, but Sebastian refused the money, with a sudden assumption of his cold and scornful manner oddly out of keeping with his humble surroundings.

"As between friends—" suggested Barlasch, and on receiving a more decided negative, returned his coins to his pocket, not without satisfaction.

"I want your friends to pass on a letter."

The owner of these far-travelled boots was a lightly built, dark-faced man, with eyes quietly ubiquitous. He caught the interested glance of the cobbler and turned to look at him again with the uneasiness that is bred of war. The cobbler instantly hobbled toward him.

"Will you help a poor man?" he asked. "Why should I?" was the answer, with one hand already half out of its thick glove. "You are not hungry; you have never been starved in your life."

The German was quick enough, but it was not quite the Prussian German. The cobbler looked at the speaker slowly.

"An Englishman?" he asked. "Come, come, old man," cried the book-keeper, slipping him on the back, "dig into it; dig into it!"

"What do you take me for?" was the reply. "A Panama Canal contractor?"

The young clerk was dozing over his work. "Come, come, old man," cried the book-keeper, slipping him on the back, "dig into it; dig into it!"

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The cobbler hobbled toward the Kneiphof, where the streets are quiet, and the

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Sebastian seemed to be considering the matter, and Barlasch was quick to combat possible objections.

"The Captain went to Konigsberg. He is there now. Your friends can easily find him and give him the letter. It is of great importance to mademoiselle. The Captain is not looking for Monsieur Charles Darragon because he thinks that he is here in Dantzig. Colonel de Casimir assured him that mademoiselle would find him here. Where is he—that Monsieur Charles Darragon?"

It is of great importance to mademoiselle. The Captain would perhaps continue to search."

"Where is your letter?" asked Sebastian.

By way of reply Barlasch laid on the table a sheet of paper.

"You must write it," he said. "My hand is tired. I write not badly, you understand. But this evening I do not feel that my hand is well enough."

So, with the sticky, thick ink of the Weissen Ross, Sebastian wrote the letter, and Barlasch, forgetting his scholarly requirements, took the pen and made a mark beneath his own name written at the foot of it.

Then he went out and left Sebastian to pay for the beer.

CHAPTER XXVI
On the Bridge
They that are above

Have ends in everything
That crosses the Neuen Pregel on the bridge that crosses the Neuen Pregel on the

Kant Strasse—which is the centre of the city of Konigsberg—to the island known as the Kneiphof. This bridge is called, the Kramer Brucke, and may be described as the heart of the town. From it on either

side diverge the narrow streets that run along the river bank, busy with commerce crowded with the narrow sleighs that carry wood from the Pregel up into the town.

The wider streets—such as the Kant Strasse, running down-hill from the royal castle to the river, and the Kneiphofische Langgasse, leading southward to the Brandenburg gate and the great world—must needs make use of the Kramer Brucke. Here, it may be said, every man in the town must sooner or later pass in the execution of his daily business, whether he go about it on foot or in a sleigh with a pair of horses. Here the idler and those grave professors of the University, which was still mourning the death of the aged Kant, nearly always passed in their thoughtful and conscientious promenades.

Here this lame man, a cobbler by trade, plying his quiet calling in a house in the Neuen Markt, where the Linden-trees grow close to the upper windows, lap lazily kept watch of the daily life.

He was, like many lame men, of an abnormal width and weight. He had a large, square dogged face, which seemed to promise that he would wait there till the crack of doom rather than abandon a quest.

It was very cold—mid-winter within a few miles of the frozen Baltic on the very verge of Russia, at that point where old Europe stretches a long arm out into the unknown. The cobbler was wrapped in a sheepskin coat, which stood out all round him with the stiffness of wood, so that he seemed to be living inside a box. To keep himself warm he occasionally

limped across from end to end of the bridge, but never farther. At times he leaned his arms on the stone wall at the Kant Strasse end of the bridge, and looked down into the Lower Fish Market, where women from Pillau and the Baltic shores—mere bundles of clothes—stood over their baskets of fish frozen hard like sticks. It was a silent market. You could not hear long when a minute's exposure to the air will give a frost-bite to the end of the nose. The would-be purchaser could scarcely make an effective bargain through a fringe of icicles that rattled against his lips if he open them.

The Pregel had been frozen for three months, with only the one temporary thaw in November which kept Napoleon so many thousands at his broken bridge across the Berossina. Though no water had flowed beneath this bridge, many strange feet had passed across it.

It had vibrated beneath Napoleon's heavy carriage, under the lumbering guns that Macdonald took heedward to blockade Riga. Within the last few weeks it had given passage to the last of the retreating army, a mere handful of heart-sick fugitives. Macdonald with his staff had been ignominiously driven across it by the Cossacks who followed hard after them, the great marshal still wild with rage at the defection of York and the Prussian contingent.

And now the Cossacks on their spare and ill-tempered horses passed to and fro with men under an untamed leader whose heart was hardened to stone by bereavement. The cobbler looked at them with a contented eye of a man who had to say whether he preferred them to the French, or was indifferent to one as to the other. He contemplated their boots with professional disdain. For all men must look at the world from their own standpoint, and consider mankind in the light of their own interests. Thus those who live on the greed or the vanity, or the fatness on the charity of their neighbour, learn to watch the lips.

The cobbler, by reason of looking at the lower end of men, attracted little attention from the passer-by. He who has his eyes on the ground passes unheeded; for the slightest way of awakening interest is to appear interested. It would seem that this cobbler was waiting for a pair of boots not made in Konigsberg; and on the third day his expressionless black eyes lighted on feet not shod in Poland, or France, or Germany, nor yet in equatorial Russia.

The owner of these far-travelled boots was a lightly built, dark-faced man, with eyes quietly ubiquitous. He caught the interested glance of the cobbler and turned to look at him again with the uneasiness that is bred of war. The cobbler instantly hobbled toward him.

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ASK FOR Labatt's India Pale Ale

The standard to which other brewers endeavor to work.
Taken by Nervous People at night it acts as a very effective and harmless hypnotic.

It is Undoubtedly Better for the sick and convalescent than potent medicines or tonics, of which no one knows the composition.
Ask your wine merchant for a sample order.

Bottling Vaults, 51-53-55 Dock St. Phone 596

COAL.

A Good Lasting,
Strong Heating Coal,
for cooking stoves and ranges, and
round stoves of all kinds, is the
Screened Round Joggins Coal.
We have some landing now at \$3 15
per load, \$2.35 for half ton, and
\$4.50 per ton delivered.

J. S. GIBBON & CO., 61-2 Charlotte
Street, Marsh St., and Smythe St.

Hamilton Eli Scotch Soft Coal Landing.

Scotch & American Anthracite

GEORGE DICK, 48 Britain St.
Foot of Germain St.
Telephone 1116

A REASONABLE THEORY ABOUT CANCER

There is a peculiar condition of the blood that favors the growth of Cancer, and neither knife nor plaster will effect a permanent cure without the aid of a constitutional treatment such as ours. Send 6 cents (stamp) and get the book, and names of those cured without knife, plaster or pain. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

MORMONISM WILL ENCIRCLE WORLD

Joseph Smith, Mormon Leader
Discourses on the Religion
of Brigham Young.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—The prophecy that Mormonism some day is to encircle the world as the ruling religion of the universe, was made last night by Jos. F. Smith, who, with other Mormon leaders, spoke to an audience of 400 persons at the Laurier business hotel. "All elders of our church are forbidden to entice people to our belief against their will," said Mr. Smith, "we do not seek to coax women away from their families. I want you to know that the church does not tolerate such wrong-doing. To young men here in Chicago I would have this message: 'It is essential that you lead pure lives, that you keep your word sacred and that you be honest in your business dealings. Do not bear down other people's beliefs, but show them yours, and if yours is better they will choose it. This is our idea of religion.'"

NEW STEAMSHIP CO.

Will Enter Business on the
Pacific Coast—Has \$5,000,000 Capital.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 30.—Articles of incorporation of the Union Steamship Company, which will be operated in connection with the Union Oil Company, were filed in this city yesterday. The capital stock is \$5,000,000. It is stated that it is the purpose of the company to enter into the transportation business between Pacific coast ports and Panama and the Orient and also to run steamers between Colon and Europe.

ST. JOHN FIRE ALARM.

- 2 No. 2 Engine House, King Square.
- 3 No. 3 Engine House, Union Street.
- 4 Cor. Sewell and Garden Streets.
- 5 Cor. Mill and Union Streets.
- 6 Market Square, Auer Light Store.
- 7 Mechanics' Institute, Carleton Street.
- 8 Cor. Mill and Pond Streets.
- 9 Foot of Union Street (east).
- 10 Waterloo St., opposite Peters St.
- 11 Cor. St. Patrick and Union Sts.
- 12 Cor. Brussels and Richmond Sts.
- 13 Brussels St., near old Everett Foundry.
- 14 Cor. Brussels and Hanover Sts.
- 15 Cor. Brunswick and Erin Sts.
- 16 Cor. Union and Carleton Sts.
- 17 Cor. Courtney and St. David's Sts.
- 18 Waterloo, opposite Golding St.
- 19 Cor. German and King Sts.
- 20 (Private) Manchester, Robertson & Alton.
- 21 Cor. Princess and Charlotte Sts.
- 22 No. 1 Engine house, Charlotte St.
- 23 City Hall, Princess and Prince Wm Sts.
- 24 Kresze's Cor., King Square.
- 25 Cor. Duke and Prince Wm Sts.
- 26 Cor. King and Pitts Sts.
- 27 Cor. Duke and Sydney Sts.
- 28 Cor. Wentworth and Princess Sts.
- 29 Cor. Queen and Gormley Sts.
- 30 Cor. Queen and Carleton Sts.
- 31 Cor. St. James and Sydney Sts.
- 32 Carmichael St., between Orange and Duke.
- 33 Cor. St. James and Prince William Sts.
- 34 Cor. Pitt and Duke Sts.
- 35 Cor. Broad and Carmichael Sts.
- 36 Cor. British and Charlotte Sts.
- 37 Cor. Pitt and St. James Sts.
- 38 Foot Sydney St.
- 39 Cor. Sherfield and Pitt Sts.
- 40 City Road, near skating rink.
- 41 Pond St., near Fleming's Foundry.
- 42 Exmouth Street.
- 43 City Hospital.
- 44 York Cotton Mill, Courtney Bay.

WEST END.

- 112 Engine House, King St.
- 113 Ludlow and Water Sts.
- 114 King St. and Market Place.
- 115 Middle St., Old Port.
- 116 Winslow and Union Sts.
- 117 Sand Point wharf.
- 118 Queen and Victoria Sts.
- 119 Lancaster and St. James Sts.
- 120 St. John and Watson Sts.
- 121 Watson and Winslow Sts.
- 122 C. P. R. sheds, Sand Point.
- 123 C. P. R. Elevator.

NORTH END.

- 124 Station's Mill, Indiantown.
- 125 Cor. Maine and Bridge Streets.
- 126 Street, between Duke and Main Sts.
- 127 Cor. Adelaide Road and Newman St.
- 128 Engine House, No. 6, Main St.
- 129 Douglas Avenue, (opposite Taylor's).
- 130 Cor. Douglas Avenue and Bentley Sts.
- 131 Cor. Elgin and Victoria Sts.
- 132 Strait Shore (opposite Hamilton's mill).
- 133 Strait Shore (Portland Rolling Mill).
- 134 Cor. Sheriff and Hilyard Sts.
- 135 Cor. Portland and Camden Sts.
- 136 Main Street (Police Station).
- 137 Main Street, head of Long Wharf.
- 138 Cove of Paradise Row and Millidge St.
- 139 Engine House, No. 4, City Road.
- 140 Cor. Stanley and Winter Sts.
- 141 Wright Street, Schofield's Terrace.
- 142 Rockland Road, opp. Head Millidge St.
- 143 Cor. Somerset and High Sts. Port Howe.
- 144 Cor. City Road and Gilbert's Lane.
- 145 Marsh Bridge.

The young clerk was dozing over his work. "Come, come, old man," cried the book-keeper, slipping him on the back, "dig into it; dig into it!"

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