

Happy New Year!

Old Year, farewell! 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.

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street (old Y. M. C. A. Bldg.) St. John.

Alex. Corbett, Manager

THE COUNTERSTROKE

By AMBROSE PRATT

Author of "Vigorous Dauri, Billionaire."

(Continued.)

It would certainly be necessary to appoint substitutes in the places of the dead men in order to carry on the work of the mill, and reconstitute the infernal trio who had worked so long together. But he would this time take more care in their selection. Never again would he tie his hands by raising to his own rank men of birth or talent. It had been a mistake; such creatures were too greedy, too inquisitive of his methods, too hard to blind. He would henceforth choose fanatics, men who would serve the cause for love of it alone, content to starve that they might kill. It pleased him to recall the names of many such men, to know that fate had fashioned scores of fiends to suit his purpose, that he had but to pick puppets already moulded to his will.

He fell asleep with the smile still on his lips, and slumbered as gently as a babe. His countenance in such repose was beautiful to look upon. Though wrinkled and saffron-colored with extreme old age, every feature was still regular and perfect, and the lingering smile might have come from some gentle dream. His wig removed, his thick white locks framed the face with a soft and venerable halo. His long lashes, still black as jet, lay on his cheeks carelessly, forming with his mark grey brows a wondrous contrast to the snowy masses of his hair. So little mark of crime had a life of unexampled evil put upon him that one to see might not feel otherwise than reverently admiring, and be constrained to mutter, beneath his breath, fearing humbly to disturb such gracious rest: "What a beautiful, what a good, what a sweet old man!"

The dumb slaves, on observing their master to be asleep, at once retired, and so arranged themselves that they presently reposed upon the mats, one on either side of the door, which was kept slightly ajar in order to permit the passing of the chain which bound them together. The lamps were all kept blazing, for the old man loved light of all things, and was unable to sleep in a darkened room.

It was thus that the Count had always protected his sleeping moments, and the plan was a good one, for his bedchamber had no other means of approach, and although one of the slaves was deaf, and both were dumb, no one could possibly enter the room without disturbing them.

This was the problem presented an hour later to Lord Francis Cressingham, who after successfully negotiating the tunnels undermining the mountain, had at last arrived at the sliding panel communicating

with the gallery that traversed the library walls. Silently as ghosts his obedient company had one by one crept after him through the narrow gateway, and encoined themselves behind the curtains of the gallery.

Cressingham made sure that the slaves were really slumbering, and then with utmost care tiptoed to the staircase and down it to the floor of the apartment.

A gesture, and just as noiselessly the soldiers followed him. Pausing a moment for consideration, he made up his mind, and proceeded to solve the problem straightaway like a man of action.

With a smart, soundless rush the first slave was pinioned and bound before he was thoroughly awakened. The chain rattled against the door, but no warning was given. Cressingham forced the door open, and the slave before him into the bed-chamber. The second slave started to his feet, uttering a sharp guttural cry.

Some one struck him over the head with the butt of a pistol, but Cressingham did not wait to observe results, for the Count d'Attala, though not entirely aroused, was stirring restlessly. The young man hurried to the bed and waited, cocking his revolver.

The Count thrust his knuckles in his eyes and half raised himself. "What is the matter?" he demanded testily, then seeing Cressingham, and marking his attendants in the hands of such hostile numbers, his face slowly blanched, and he sat upright in bed. "What does this mean?" he stammered, angrily.

"It means—you are my prisoner," said Cressingham. "Don't move, Count, and keep silence if you value your life, Orsini! Vincenzo! your assistance, please."

The two gentlemen named rapidly approached, each provided with a stout roll of cord.

"Bind the Count," continued Cressingham; his hands behind his back—so! now his feet—ah, thanks! Now, if you please, Count, you will give your ordinary signal for summoning your servants."

The Count smiled, and shook his head, Cressingham eyed him sternly.

"You refuse?"

"Do you take me for a fool?" Cressingham made a quick sign, and Orsini at once clapped his hand over the old man's mouth. Next moment he was so securely gagged that he could not have uttered the least sound had he been ever so disposed.

Cressingham searched the walls of the room, and presently discovered a bell rope, which he sharply pulled. Two minutes afterwards a knock sounded on the door, and a negro entered the room. He was instantly stunned by a blow from a club, bound and gagged.

Cressingham rang the bell again, and again repeated the process, until eleven of the Count's servants had been thus happily disposed of. Thereafter no answer was vouchsafed his summons.

Leaving the Count d'Attala in charge of the two gentlemen, whom he gave strict orders to shoot the old man should any rescue be attempted, Cressingham then sallied forth at the head of his thirteen remaining comrades to explore the castle room by room. Every apartment on the ground floor was deserted. Ascending the staircase, they found a similar condition to prevail; no sign could they find of Madame or Miss Elliott, and Cressingham, in regard to the latter, became filled with the gravest anxiety. It became necessary to approach the basement, and after a little search they discovered a staircase leading downwards from the first floor. Daylight had already broken by this, and they were able to discard their lanterns as useless lumber. With straining eyes and cocked revolvers grasped in their right hands, they silently descended to the lower regions; but their caution was in vain; the place was utterly abandoned.

The basement was a huge open structure taking up much space, but containing no separate rooms at all. One end was entirely occupied by a very extensive kitchen replete with every detail of kitchen arrangements; two large steam stoves, three marble tables, several dressers filled with plate of all descriptions, and two dumb waiters leading to the rooms above. The remainder of the place was slung with hammocks that swung between the iron columns which supported the castle; these hammocks appeared to have been lately occupied, but their tenants had vanished into air. The floor beneath was covered with Arabian matting; there were no chairs or other furniture in sight; all was scrupulously neat and clean.

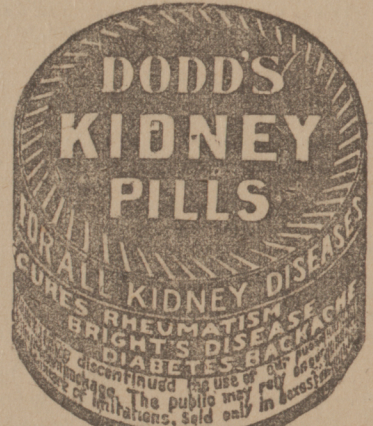
Beyond the kitchen the basement opened upon a small garden of flowers and vegetables, separated therefrom by open doors of glass. The garden was as deserted, however, as the rest of the establishment. A few moments sufficed to explore everything, and Cressingham was constrained to pause for the moment entirely baffled.

One of his companions, however, who had lingered among the flowers, called him suddenly, and pointed to a thin trail of smoke that issued from the rock below the sheer ledge upon which the garden jutted. Waiting there in silent speculation, all distinctly heard the muffled thud of engines, the faint whirr of machinery in motion, which seemed to arise from beneath their very feet.

Although search was immediately instituted, this revealed presently a trap-door in the very centre of the basement, whose presence the matting had at first concealed from view. Opening this, the roar of machinery instantly grew louder, but the darkness below was intense.

Lamps were again brought into use, and soon they silently commenced the descent. Their caution was entirely needless. They found themselves in an immense apartment similar to the basement, only this was entirely shut in by the solid framework of the mountain, for it was nothing but a monstrous excavation in the rock. Their lamps showed them at one end a large dynamo and steam engine, both of which were in motion; at the other, a mass of different machinery and a telegraphist's operating table, upon which an instrument monotonously ticked. Against the central wall reposed a large printing press and long founts of type; also two typographical machines, which would not have been out of place in the workshop of a London journal. The place was further occupied by quite a score of men, some white, some black. All were resting on the floor, half were asleep.

(To be continued.)



Four Candidates for Ottawa Mayoralty.

Ottawa, Dec. 31—(Special)—W. G. Black, D'Arcy Scott, Charles Hopewell and William Dowler Morris are all in the field for the mayoralty in Ottawa. There will be a contest for aldermen in all the wards.

TO FILL

"Did you ever think you'd like to be a king?"
"Nope; I've often wished I had a king, though."

When the Hair Falls

Stop it! And why not? Falling hair is a disease, a regular disease; and Ayer's Hair Vigor, as made from our new improved formula, quickly and completely destroys that disease. The hair stops falling out, grows more rapidly, and all dandruff disappears. Does not stain or change the color of the hair.

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The Question of Absorption

is a most important one for bakers, and one which should be seriously considered by all.

A strong, rich flour, which absorbs a great deal of water, is more satisfactory, inasmuch as, pound for pound, it will make more bread than a weaker flour, and with less trouble. Consequently it is more economical.

All bakers who are desirous of reducing their expenses, and increasing their profits proportionally, should use our "FIVE ROSES" and "HARVEST QUEEN" brands. These are strong, rich, Manitoba Flours, especially suited to fill the requirements of the bakery trade, and which will be found more economical than any ordinary brands on the market.

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE VERITABLE KIMONO FOR COMFORT.

The really and truly (as the children's phrase hath it) Japanese kimono is a garment of artistic worth as well as solid comfort. These little brown people have proven, time and again, that they know the best things of life from many standpoints; and, assuredly, when they invented the kimono for their women's wear they took both convenience and appearance into consideration. The women of this western world long ago recognized all of the kimono's many claims to their attention, and for the home and the boudoir many prefer the veritable Japanese kimono to any other garment for informal wear. Not that they are cheap on in any way inexpensive, these charming

pieces. To begin with, the silk is often-times handwoven, and even where the silk is of machine make the embroideries are inevitably and invariably of hand work, and the amount of work, the elaborateness of the pattern and the degree to which the plain surface is covered are all points adding to its cost. The charming one pictured is in a soft bronze shade of green silk, upon which the chrysanthemums in several shades of yellow, the cherry blossoms in white and pale pink, and the little fern sprays in the greens and faint yellowish shades that the natural growth presents are all carried out with fidelity. The lining is of rose pink silk, and the hem is thickly wadded after the native fashion.

FIGHTERS ARE VAIN

They Like to Gaze Into the Mirror at All Times --- Are Always Trying to See Themselves as Other Folk See Them.

Did you ever see a fighter looking into a mirror?

Well, the average fighting man has more vanity in his makeup than a woman. Watch a fighter waiting for a train in the subway. It's funnier than a circus. First, he saunters over carelessly and drops a cent into a slot machine to get a piece of gum. He doesn't chew anything milder than plug out. He doesn't want that gum any more than you do. All he wants is a chance at the mirror that hangs over the machine. First, he takes a quick glance as he drops the penny. While he is reaching for the package he has time to raise his eyebrows twice to see if that scar over his eye shows in the dim light. He is satisfied until he sees the reflection of his cauliflower ear. Leaning closer, he scowls as he inspects it carefully. Finally, convinced that it will pass for an ear, he straightens his nose with the fingers of his left hand. The result satisfies him and he smiles. About that time the bell rings. He jumps for a car—and carefully selects a seat that will let him see his own reflection in the mirror across the aisle while pretending to read the ads and watch the station signs.

OVER A BAR.

If you follow him out of the subway you'll find him five minutes later leaning on a bar with both elbows to make his shoulders look broad, and grinning at his reflection in the mirror behind it. He orders a lemonade because it takes longer to make one than to draw a glass of beer and he gets more time to look at himself.

The "coming champion," as long as he keeps on coming, is usually petted until he learns to look upon himself as one of the most perfect works of a wise providence, and he likes to look the part.

The tougher the fighter the more sensitive he is about his appearance. But Nelson isn't a thing of beauty—now. He may have been long ago. But Bat likes his looks. The only thing that worries him is an undeniable cauliflower ear. He will let a photographer take any number of pictures of him, but nothing will induce him to turn that ear toward the camera.

In the late Nelson-Gans fight Bat was going along in his usual style, paying no attention to anything outside of the ring. Gans, the sharpshooter, picked out Bat's bad ear and made a target of it, hammering away until the blood flowed and the ear began to grow. There wasn't a mirror in the ring, so Bat didn't worry. But Jimmy Britt, who doesn't like Nelson at all, nearly broke up the fight. Turning to Nolan, he yelled loud enough for Nelson to hear it. "Hey, Nolan, you'll have to engage another berth for Nelson to take that ear home in." Bat turned around to scowl at Britt, and for a few minutes Gans peppered him at will.

JEFF "KIDDED" SHARKEY.

Jim Jeffries tried to "kid" Sharkey about his tin ear at Coney Island, but Sharkey is the one fighter who is proud of the badge. Jeff's jibes never touched him.

Philadelphia Jack O'Brien is the vainest man that ever fought. Jack is a hard fighter. When he goes out the other fellow up, he takes pride in his work. The first thing he says after the fight, when you see him in his dressing room, is, "Look at me—not a mark." I told Jack once that his face was beginning to show signs of wear. He pulled out a pocket mirror and sidestepped over to the nearest window.

Seeing an old picture of Terry McGovern printed in a Philadelphia paper just before the fight with Corbett, I flashed it on Terry. It was a nice, smooth, boyish picture, just like Terry when he was putting them all out so fast they didn't have time to reach him. Terry smiled. "Geel!" he said. "That's a good picture of me." Jim Corbett was training at Carson for the fight with Fitz. Jim was a pampered favorite about that time, and had the Adonis idea fixed in his mind. Jim was



LITTLE GIRL'S COAT.

The little coat here pictured was of Alice blue cloth, with velvet collar and cuffs to match. The circular cape over the shoulders was cut in one with the front panel of the coat. The cloth was laid in small box plafts on each side of the front and in the middle of the back. The gaiters worn were made of the same cloth as the coat, and the hat was of felt, trimmed with a feather pompon and a band of the velvet.

a quarter of an inch taller. Corbett was the sorest man in Nevada, and that afternoon he jabbed away at Jeff's face until the big fellow's lips were so badly cut that he could hardly eat his dinner.

A. H. Chipman returned yesterday after a business trip to New York. R. B. Hanson, of Fredericton, was at the Royal yesterday.

DOESN'T OVERDO IT.

"Don't you think that virtue is its own reward?"
"Of course; but I can't help feeling that it generally doesn't overdo it any."—San Francisco Call.

J. D. Phinney, K. C., of Fredericton, was at the Victoria yesterday.

you do cure the kidneys you will suffer with Rheumatism.

Rheumatism

Ought to be called by its right name—Kidney Disease. Uric Acid gets in the blood, because the Kidneys are too weak to filter it out. "Blood purifiers"—"salts"—only relieve temporarily. Strengthen the kidneys to do their work, and there will be no more excruciating rheumatic pains. And until

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cure Uric Acid Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. They clean and purify the kidneys—make them strong enough to do nature's work as it should be done. We have such implicit confidence in the remarkable virtues of CIN PILLS that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure. At all druggists, 50c box, 6 boxes for \$2.50 or we will send you a free trial box if you will write mentioning this paper. THE ROLETS DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

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