Special Sale Of Men's Trousers,

$1.00, 1.19, 1.25, 1.35, ... 1.50 to 4.00 .....

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

REWARD

A Reward of Five Dollars will be paid by the undersigned for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who on the evening of January 23rd, cut the wire fence enclosing an ice field at Lily Lake.

SAINT JOHN ICE CO., LTD.

SCAMMELL'S.

We are now selling assorted biscuits and wafers—Also Huyler's Cocoa in half pound tins. Cold soda with delicious syrups served all winter. Also, hot chocolate, Beef Tea, etc. Assorted choice candies from 20 cents per pound up. Ice cream and sherbets.

Scammell's,

63 Charlotte Street. Tel. 1118.

In the Cause of Freedom,

By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

On The Devil"s Staircase.

I had not walked three hundred yards towards the village when I met the police agent hurrying stationwards at a pace which would soon bring him face to face with Count Peter and his companion.

This must be prevented at any cost so I stopped him.

"I wish to speak to you."

"They told me you had gone to the station."

This was all right, for it showed he was following me. "Our interview ended hastily this morning because I thought you doubted my word and I was angry. I see now that you were doing your duty. Come back with me to the inn, and let us talk things over."

"You can say what you want to say here," he answered. He was a surly dog: but I dared not let him pass me.

"Scarcely that; because I can adopt your suggestion and prove to you, by letter and so forth, that I am what I told you; an Englishman and not a spy."

"Why do you change like this?" His suspicious tone again.

"The reason is simple. I have decided to leave here tomorrow probably, and don't wish to be bothered by your spies meanwhile. It is simpler to convince you with proofs." I linked my arm in his. "Come along, we must understand one another better. I am not the suspicious individual you think and you are no doubt a better fellow than I deemed."

He was a little beast, only fit to be kicked; but I thought of the girl and smothered my natural inclinations.

By the time we reached my rooms I had worked some of his suspicions loose; and when I laid before him letters from my sister and friends at home, and showed him such things as my cheque book, letter of credit, and so on, he was sufficiently satisfied to have a bottle of wine with me.

Over this his tongue was loosened and we discussed the conspiracy, which he admitted was wide-spread and in some respects more dangerous than any which had threatened the Empire for years. Its especial danger lay in the skill with which the leaders had attempted to blend industrial discontent with political intrigue; and so form a union among the vast masses of the population in many industrial cities.

The practical grievances of the workers and the many wrongs of the rural population were being used by the democratic theorists, the dreamers and the political agitators to foment discontent; and I knew enough of Russia to be aware that such highly inflammable materials as these might easily be heaped together and then fanned into one huge simultaneous explosion all over the Empire, terrible enough to startle the world.

In Russian Poland the cause was the old one—national independence; and it was in this that Count Peter Valdemar had taken a part and that my friend Ladislas was involved.

I repeated my surprise that my friend should be regarded as dangerous.

"He is a leader; and at such times any man may be a source of danger," was the reply.

"And this Count Peter—where is he?" I asked casually.

"He is probably making for the German frontier, with the intention of flying to England. He was at Warsaw, but disappeared. Your country has much to answer for in harboring all these plotters."

"If it comes to that we have a few anarchists of our own, and they are harbored on this side of the Channel."

"Not in Russia. But I don't think the Count will escape this time. He is well known to so many of us."

"And if you catch him?" A significant smile answered me and a tilt of the eyebrows.

"You have a wonderful police system," said I, admiringly.

"We shall catch him on the frontier, sir. Make no mistake. No man can get through the net we have spread there."

I emptied my glass. "Well, here's luck to all who deserve it. And now, about myself?"

"I will communicate with Warsaw; and meantime go where you will or stay here if you prefer."

I had succeeded in detaining him nearly a couple of hours, and by this time the Count and his companion ought to be out of the place; so I ordered my horse, resolved to go for a ride to test the truth of the little beggar's assurance that I was not to be watched.

I chose the southern road and as the ground was very hard I went at a leosurely pace. I was not followed; and as soon as I had satisfied myself of this, my thoughts slipped back to the incident at the railway station, and a pair of blue eyes that had looked with such disconsolate wistfulness into mine. Would the Count get away? Had they gone altogether

Would chance ever bring us together again? Could I not do something on my own account to help chance? That was more my way; and I set to work thinking how I could use my friendship with Ladislas to accomplish my end.

I was still following this train of thought when I reached the hill known locally as the "Devil's Staircase." Bratinsk stands on a plateau; and about five miles to the south, this hill, one of the most dangerous I have ever seen on account of its fearful gradient and deadly twists and turns, leads to the plains below. From the top there is a fine view over the Batak Levels, a stretch of fertile country extending for miles to the foothills beyond. It was a favorite spot of mine and on reaching it now I dismounted, tethered my horse near and strolled to smoke a cigar and continue my reverie.

I was inclined to shake hands with myself at the thought of using Ladislas. He would surely be able to tell me enough of Count Valdemar to put me on the track; and I was just thinking how to describe the girl whose initials I believed to be "V. D." when I caught the grating of and twists of that zigzag, treacherous, sound of horses' feet.

Some one must be in a deuce of a hurry, I thought as I looked back along the road. Some one was, surely enough. Not a couple of hundred yards from the brink of the hill came a light caleche with two occupants drawn by a pair of horses at full gallop. What was the fool of a driver about? To dash down the Devil's Staircase at that mad pace meant death. No horses ever foaled could make the sharp turns and twists of that zigzag, treacherous, deadly decline at a gallop.

I shouted a warning at the top of my voice; and then my heart seemed to leap in my breast and every vein in my body to chill like ice as the occupants of the caleche looked up, and I recognized Count Peter Valdemar and the girl who had been in my thoughts all that day.

As the runaways reached me I leapt down on to the road and I made a spring for the reins of the horse nearest me. I missed them and was rolled over and over, while the frightened beasts dashed on, the Count tearing and tugging and straining at the reins in a futile effort to stop them.

I jumped up and ran down the hill in pursuit, Just below, the road made an S-shaped curve, and the horses were round this and out of sight like a flash; and while I was racing after them round the first bend, I heard a shout in a man's voice, a girl's scream, and then the crashing sound of a smash.

I reached the scene in a few moments. The wreck had come at a point where the road turned at less than a right angle; and the sight of it sickened me with fear.

One horse was down, lying against a bank, bleeding profusely and kicking spasmodically in what I judged to be a death struggle. The other was on its feet and was plunging and rearing to free itself fro mthe reins and harness which had got entangled in the wreck of the caleche. Under the body of the vehicle lay the Count, and as I did not for the moment see his companion, I guessed that she must be hidden under the wreckage too.

With a big effort I raised the vehicle sufficiently to drag out the Count; but the girl was not there.

Then I saw her lying behind a bush by the roadside. I ran to her and laid my finger on her pulse. With intense relief I found the beat; feeble it is true, but steady; and I poured some brandy into the cup of my flask and managed to get a little of it between her lips. A trembling sigh escaped her; and I returned to the Count.

The police agent was right. The Count would never cross the German frontier—he had crossed the farther one. I knew enough of first aid work to ascertain the cause. His neck was broken; and I guessed he had been thrown sideways on to his head, snapping the vertebrae. I drew the body to the side of the road and threw one of the rugs over it.

Next I freed the sound horse—thinking he might be needed—soothed him a bit and tethered him to a tree.

By this time the girl was fast recovering and I went back to her. I was administering another dose of the brandy when she opened her eyes.

"You!" she said.

"Yes, fortunately. Don't worry about things. May I help you to sit up and take this or can you manage it alone? That's good, I smiled as she sat up unaided.

"What has happened? Oh, I remember. The inn and then—— and she put her hands before her eyes for a moment.

"You have had a wonderful escape."

The word confused her. "Did we escape then? Is he not following us? My uncle thought—oh, I understand; I thought you meant—but is he hurt?"

"Yes, badly."

I had placed her so that her back was towards the wrecked carriage and the Count's body; but at my words she turned and looked round. Her eyes were wide with horror. "Is he dead?" she asked.

"But for a miracle you would have shared his fate."

She was silent for a moment and lifted her hands and let them fall with a sigh.

He would rather have had it so than have been captured; and he feared that this time. He was a hard, desperate man"

There was no sign of any strong emotion or great personal grief in this reference to him. It was far better so under the circumstances. But I did not quite know what to say.

Then she surprised me. "He told me to come to you if anything happened to him. You recognized him, he said."

"Yes, as Count Peter Valdemar. I warned him this morning."

"He told me. You are a friend of—Count Ladislas Tuleski?" She said this with just a suspicion of hesitation.

"An intimate friend. Do you know him?"

"Yes I know him,—oh, yes: I——" she hesitated, glanced at me and stopped.

"He is one of my most intimate friends and one of the best fellows in the world," I said enthusiastically.

She made no reply, but glanced swiftly at me again and lowered her head.

"I think I can walk now." she said presently; and I helped her to rise. "I am not hurt, you see. It was only fright and shock."

"Thank God it was no worse," I cried. She did not seem to hear this. "Now, what do you wish to do?"

"I don't know. What ought I to do? My uncle—do you know the Count was my uncle?—or, rather, not my own uncle, no real blood relation."

"No, I had no idea."

"When the trouble came at Warsaw he had to fly, and he was carrying certain papers with instructions to friends of the Fraternity of Cracow. A raid is expected there; and there are papers which threaten us all. Even my own dear mother is in danger. He told me to carry those papers through to Cracow at any cost; to get your help if need be, and to say that your friend Count Ladislas, was also involved. I was to tell you this, if you showed any reluctance to help me. But now what can we do?" and she looked the picture of dismay.

"You were travelling as an English girl?"

"Yes, as Miss Mary Smith. He got passports for me in that name and for himself as Ivan Grubel, my servant."

"Where are they?"

(To be Continued.)

Invalid Ladies

This Is For You.

There are thousands of females who suffer untold miseries common to their sex.

This is largely due to the peculiar habits of life and fashion, and the improper training of girlhood. Then, too, the physical changes that mark the three eras of womanhood(the maiden, the wife, and the mother) have much to do with her sufferings, most of which are endured in silence, unknown by even the family physician and most intimate friends.

To all such whose hollow cheeks, pale faces, sunken eyes and feeble footsteps, indicate nervousness, palpitation of the heart, weak, faint and dizzy spells, we would earnestly recommend a course of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Jos. Sharp, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, weak spells and nervous trouble, and found no relief until advised to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got one box and that helped me so much I sent and got five more. I am now cured completely."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box or three boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

PAINFUL CURIOSITY.

"I noticed the DeGolds don't speak to their country cousins any more?"

"No, the country cousins made a terrible blunder at the swell dinner party."

"How was that?"

"Why, they asked if the family crest in the tablecloth was a laundry mark."

Stokers Way Down

in the boiler-room of the steamship shovel in the coal night and day that gives her power to make a record. The best coal gives the best power.

That is why

Scott's Emulsion

produces flesh when other things fail. It contains more power. It is truly a body fuel. Many a man, woman and child have broken their records for weight by the pounds of flesh gained from SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is a powerful flesh-producer.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

A CLEVER USE OF MATERIAL.

This dinner dress, copied from a French model of recent importation, is a new and pretty variation of the jumper. The skirt, pleated and stitched at the hips, is of pagoda silk in a shade known as violine. The battlement foot trimming and oval motifs are of cloth in a lighter shade of violet. This second shade is repeated in the cut-out portions of the bodice in one with pointed sleeve caps which in front simulate an Eton jacket. The front skirt panel seems to continue its way above the waistline to the lower edge of the lace yoke. A plastron of cloth with white and beli embroideries mixed with silver depends from the top of the panel, and between it and the Eton bands of oriental ribbon and white taffetas entre deux with lace in the deep cuffs and a bow of the ribbon set on the front of the high collar.

MAKE THE BEST REMEDY

Fine Prescription for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and is Prepared at Home by Anyone at Small Cost.

A large health publication tells its readers of a number of simple and safe prescriptions that can be made at home. The following, however, for the cure of rheumatism and kidney and bladder troubles receives the greatest praise, viz., Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. These simple, harmless ingredients can be obtained at any good prescription pharmacy at little cost and are mixed by shaking well in a bottle.

The dose for adults is a teaspoonful after each meal and at bedtime, drinking a full tumblerful of water after each dose. It is further stated that this prescription is a positive remedy for kidney trouble and lame back, weak bladder and urinary difficulties, especially of the elderly people, and one of the best things to be used in rheumatic afflictions, relieving the aches and pains and reducing swellings in just a short while.

A well-known local druggist states that this mixture acts directly on the eliminative tissues of the kidneys; cleanses these spongelike organs and gives them power to sift and strain the poisonous waste matter and uric acid from the blood which is the cause of rheumatism.

Cut this out and hand to some sufferer which would certainly be an act of humanity.

American Peereses Abroad

The pages of Burke, Debrett and the Almanach de Gotha contain the names of 170 American girls who have married noblemen, some within the last few years, others a generation or so ago.

In England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales there are at least 35 who have married into the ranks of the nobility, and a reflection that brings some consolation to Uncle Sam for the many millions of dollars thus taken away is the fact that at least 2,000,000 acres of the most valuable real estate in the kingdom comes under American influence through marriage with the American women, nearly all of whom have heirs.

There are three duchesses, those of Marlborough, Manchester and Roxburghe, the latter being the thrice-widowed Lady William Beresford, or, as she inaccurately styles herself "Lily, Duchess of Marlborough." Among the marchionesses there are those of Dufferin and Ava and the Dowager Marchioness of Anglesey.

Next in rank come the Countess Craven, Countess of Oxford, Countess of Egmont, Cora, Countess of Stafford, Countess of Yarmouth, Countess Donoughmore, Countess of Tankersville and the Countess of Suffolk.

It must not be forgotten that there are many American women in the ranks of untitled leaders of society, such as Mrs. George Cornwallis-West, formerly Lady Randolph Churchill, and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain.

In Germany there are at least 27 titled American women; in Italy; 17; in France, 14; in Russia, 6, and in other countries 5, these last not including the Princesse de Chimay, whose scandalous conduct and elopement with the gipsy Rigo brought about a dissolution of the marriage; but she was an American, too, a Miss Clara Ward.

In Germany, 5; in Italy, 6; and in Russia, 5. American women, out of this list, 16 in all, have captured the highest titles possible to a commoner by marriage, that of "princess."

TWO RINGS.

Fair Chloe promised to be mine;
I kissed her when the deed was done
And on her taper fingers slipped
A ring inscribed with "Won."

With laggard feet the hours dragged by
'Till came the day! Ah surely none
Can guess my joy as on I slipped
A ring inscribed with "One."

Mrs. Chas. H. Knodell will receive on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons, Jan. 28 and 29, at 182 Sydney street.

WILL CONFER WITH GOVERNOR GENERAL

Hon. James Bryce to Get Canada's Views on Disputes With United States.

Ottawa, Jan. 26—Hon. James Bryce, the British ambassador at Washington, will be in Ottawa during the first week of February and will be the guest of the governor-general. When in Ottawa a year ago Mr. Bryce said that it was his intention to come here frequently, so that he might be the better able to have the Canadian viewpoint when subjects relating to this country came up for consideration between Britain and the United States, or between Canada and the United States.

There are a number of matters, more particularly those relating to the work of the International Waterways Commission, which are about ready for settlement. What is desired now is that when these are finally closed similar cases as they arise will be settled upon the same principle so that friction will be avoided in future.

One or two questions relating to the waterways along the boundary were not included in the reference to the commission, although Canada was anxious that all should be. There is, for instance, the St. John river forming part of the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine. It was finally arranged to appoint a special commission for this purpose. Canada made the necessary appropriations and arrangements for the commission a couple of years ago, and has been waiting for the United States to name its representatives. Then there are rivers which arise in one country and flow into the other, and there are others which return back after crossing the boundary line to the country of origin.

One of the matters which Mr. Bryce will specially take up will be that relating to the fisheries. The United States is particularly anxious at the present time to have seine fishing stopped in Lake Champlain. During the past two years large delegations visited Ottawa from the state of New York and Vermont in relation to this, but so far it has not been settled. The chief difficulty has been that the province of Quebec issues the licenses. However, with the coming of the 300th anniversary of the founding of Quebec, in which it is expected that the United States will take part, the present is considered opportune for disposing of this question.

Besides this there are the fisheries in the St. Lawrence where the river is the boundary. It is desirable to have the same regulations instead of as at present different regulations on each side. Mr. Bryce will talk over all these matters with Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues.

"OUIDA" DEAD IN ABJECT POVERTY

Well Known Novelist Died on Saturday --- Sketch of Her Career.

Florence, Jan. 25—Ouida "Louise De La Ramee, the novelist, died today at Viareggio, after a long illness. She died in most distressing poverty, her only attendant being an old servant woman in whose arms she expired. She was completely blind in one eye and the other eye was badly affected from her having suffered so much from exposure and privation. During the last few months of her life she was compelled at times to sleep in the open air, being unable to pay for a night's lodging. The immediate cause of death is set down as asthma, complicated by heart disease.

Ouida had a passionate fondness for dogs and up to the very last was surrounded by many of them, depriving herself of even the necessaries of life to feed them.

The minister of instruction sent her on several occasions recently considerable contributions which had been subscribed for her aid.

Louisa La Ramee was born at Bury St. Edmunds about 1840. Her pseudonym "Ouida," was a childish mispronunciation of "Louisa." Her best novel was Under Two Flags, and was dramatized only recently.

Ouida has lived for a long time past near Florence. Her death occurred not far from the beach where the poet, Percy Bysshe Shelley was drowned. Early last summer attention was called through despatches to the London papers to Ouida's poverty. Marie Corelli started a fund for her benefit and subscriptions were made by several others on her behalf, but Ouida announced her intention of refusing the charity. Reports regarding her ill-health were also published about the same time, but later she appeared to recover.

Miss H. Tweedie, of Moncton, was at the Royal Saturday.

Dr. W. H. Irvine and Dr. W. J. Irvine, of Fredericton, came to the city Saturday.

How Is Your Blood?

If you lack strength, are nervous, have no appetite, don't sleep well, get tired easily, your blood is in bad condition. You cannot be strong without pure, rich blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good, rich blood and keeps it good.

Impure Blood—"My little boy had a continual breaking out of sores. I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time he was completely cured." MRS. LYDIA SCHADE, Stratford, Ont.

Had No Appetite—"I was troubled with dyspepsia and had no appetite. I had a faint feeling after eating. My constitution was all run down, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has fully relieved me." FLORENCE STOWE, Sniderville, Wisconsin.

Weakness—"I bless the day I heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla, as it cured me of extreme weakness after grip, built my husband up after pneumonia, and cured eczema and blood-poisoning in our children." MRS. M. A. DELWORTH, Box 4, Embreeville, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold everywhere. 100 Doses One Dollar. Prepared only by C. I. Hood Co., Lowell, Mass., U. S. A.

Henpecque—Johnson has joined the silent army.
Henderson—Dead?
Henpecque—No; married.

IT'S EVILS WELL KNOWN

The bane of the race is constipation, but its cure is easily accomplished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. "Just the right thing," writes Mrs. W. Eddles, of Stoney Mountain, Man., "they go to work at once and I use only Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Price 25 cts. per box everywhere.

Nearly 50 men were arraigned in a New York police court recently for peddling without a license. Most of them were mechanics or tailors who were forced to peddle on the street because of hard times. One cent fine each was inflicted on five of them.

HER LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

Miss Sweet—I have just proposed marriage to your son Mr. De Goldbug, and been accepted.

Mr. De Goldbug (sternly)—Can you support him in the style he has been accustomed to?

JAN. 27, '08.

Our Great Mid-Winter Sale

Left Us With Broken Lots in Many Lines

These We Will Clear at Sacrifice Prices.

THE ENORMOUS AMOUNT OF BUSINESS DONE THE PAST TWO WEEKS has made great inroads into our stocks, and as a result a great number of broken lines need clearing out. These we will announce from day to day. We will put prices upon them that will cause their swift removal. Many lines are so small we will not advertise them, as we do not want to disappoint anyone, so it will pay you to come and look around, you may find what you need in the lines not advertised.

TO-DAY MEN'S SUITS AT HALF PRICES.

Single and Double-Breasted Styles. Sizes to fit every man from 36 to 42 inch. chest measurement. Materials are "HEWSON'S" TWEEDS, ENGLISH ALL-WOOL TWEEDS AND FANCY WORSTEDS.

$12.00 SUITS NOW $6.00 $15.00 SUITS NOW $7.50
16.50 SUITS NOW 8.25 18.00 SUITS NOW 9.00
$20.00 SUITS NOW $10.00.

After we make a sale, the next most important business for us is standing back of that sale—and we do it. There's a difference in stores.

King Street, Cor. Germain, **GREATER OAK HALL,**

SCOVIL BROS., LIMITED,

Branch Store, 695 Main St., ST. JOHN, N. B.