## Special at the Union Today

# Suits and Overcoats

**$10 and $12 Suits for**

# $4.50

**OVERCOATS**

**$4.95, $5.25, $5.75, $6.00, $6.50**

**$7.00 to $18.00**

## 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.

OUR RESTAURANT is open to all from 8.30 a. m. till after the Opera in the evening.

MR DAVID MITCHELL is with us and makes as fine an Oyster Stew as he used to be celebrated for.

**Scammell's,**
**63 Charlotte Street. Tel. 1118.**


## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



FUR TURBANS IN MIDWINTER MILLINERY.

The pictured model of dressy millinery is a fur turban of finest Russian sable. The pelt is so arranged over the frame that the dark stripe runs around the brim. At the back, a little to the left, is a bunch of sable tails, half a dozen small ping roses and a fine black chantilly scarf, which drapes gracefully and protectingly around the neck. For street wear with furs that accompany the tailor-made walking suit this scarf should be omitted.


## *Eating Carelessly*

frequently causes stomach troubles, but careful eating will never right them. When your stomach is out of condition, it needs help that no food can supply. It must be thoroughly cleansed, settled and strengthened. Food never does this.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

are the greatest stomach medicine human skill ever compounded. Don't attempt to cure your stomach by dieting. You will half starve and get little benefit. Give Beecham's Pills a chance and you will again know the pleasures of a sound digestion. Appetite will return and the stomach again work without any discomfort. The skin will clear, the face plump out, while people will remark "How well you're looking." These are facts, not fancies. Prove it yourself.

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.
Sold by all Druggists in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.


# 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 the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

"Well, we must be quick, it's nearly ten o'clock."

"We've half an hour. And we're developing a knack of doing a good deal in half an hour."

"I think I shall be a little afraid of you."

"Why?"

"You tell them so readily."

"Ah, that's Bob Garrett. Don't worry about him. He won't tell them to you."

"I know that."

"I think that for a pair of dangerous conspirators we keep up our spirits capitally."

"I shouldn't be able to without you. I don't know what I should have done, indeed, nor how to thank you."

"wouldn't a man be a brute who didn't do his best to look after his sister?"

"You make light of everything."

"Well, you can thank me at about six or seven o'clock this evening. We shall be in Cracow then, and the papers will be out of our hands and off our minds."

"And after that?"

"By Jove. I don't know. I haven't thought about that. One thing at a time and—Cracow first. We must go."

We walked up to the station and found a most welcome change in the attitude of the police. Our friend of the preceding night was looking out for us, and he had evidently let it be known that there were gold pieces to be earned. Everybody received us with smiles. Even the man who had acted the inquisitor's part overnight came up and was almost profuse in his apologies.

He had not known that I was an English milord; my appearance at that time and in such a way had aroused curiosity; duty compelled them all to be suspicious; there were dangerous people about; I had probably heard of the discovered plot; and so on.

I understood. I took out some gold coins and fingered them carelessly. His eyes lighted with greed as he gazed at them.

"About the accident?" I asked.

"There has been a bad accident; but no one of the name of Trevor, no Englishman at all, was in the train. I have made a special investigation," he added insinuatingly.

"I'm sorry to have given you the trouble; but thank you.

"It is no trouble, only a pleasure to be of some small service to an English milord."

"I am greatly relieved," I said. "You will probably have had to pay some one for the work. Permit me to repay you;" and I gave him a fifty rouble note. His good will was cheap at a five pound note; but he seemed amazed at so generous a tip. His face beamed as he pocketed it.

"Really it is not necessary," he said, "If I can be of any further assistance, pray tell me."

"My sister and I were thinking of going to Cracow," I said indifferently. "Is the line safe, do you think?"

"You still wish to see the British Consul there?" This with just a shade of anxiety.

"Oh, dear no—unless it is to express my high opinion of the courtesy shown me here. Last night is forgotten. I quite understand."

"The train will start at eleven. It is usual—a mere form of course in your case—to ask for passports when issuing tickets for stations beyond the frontier."

"Here they are;" and I took them out of my pocket book making sure that he should see there was plenty of money in it. "Robert Garrett and Margaret Garrett, my sister."

He just glanced at them and with a bow to Volna, returned them.

"Shall I show you where to get your tickets?" He was making everything delightfully smooth for us.

"I suppose we shall reach Cracow by about four?" I asked casually, as I took out my cigar case.

"Scarcely that, I fear. The traffic is disorganized and the direct line has been closed. You will travel by way of Bratinsk and change there; and then go round by the loop which joins the main line again at Solden."

The ill news was so unexpected that it caught me right off my guard. To go to Bratinsk meant walking right into the hands of the men who were hunting for us.

To cover my sudden confusion, I let my cigar case fall, and as the official stooped to pick it up, I caught Volna's look of dire dismay, and shot her a warning glance.

"You smoke of course," I said to him, and as we lit our cigars, I was thinking how on earth to get out of the difficulty.

Then Volna gave another proof of her quick-wittedness. "Ought you to smoke just yet, Bob?" she asked in a snappy sisterly tone. "You know what the doctor said about your heart."

I took the cue. "You're always interfering, Peggy," I said, very testily. "I wish you wouldn't."

The police official affected not to hear this little interchange of family amenities and discreetly looked away.

"I only do it for your good," she rapped back, with a great air of superiority. "You complained of that feeling, you know. But please yourself. You always do."

"Rubbish. It's only because you know I want to go and you want to stay." She shrugged her shoulders and turned away.

"If you are going, the time is close," said the official.

"Of course I am going;" and I scowled at Volna and took out some money. "Where do we get the tickets?"

He was turning to show me when I let the coins fall and the cigar drop from my lips as I pressed one hand to my heart—which, by the way, was as sound as a bell—and clutched him with the other for support.

"I knew it by the look about your eyes. I saw it coming," said Volna, unsympathetically, as she stooped to pick up the money, and the man helped me to a seat. "You will do these things. Please lay him straight down and get him some water, or better, a drop of brandy." She took off my hat and fanned me with her handkerchief. "It's nothing serious," she said to the others who came round. "He'll be better in a moment. Thank you," this to the man who came back with the brandy. "Give him air, please." She was most business-like and sisterly—as though I had been in the habit of fainting daily and she of restoring me.

I came round, of course; but not until the train had left and the question of our return to Bratinsk was settled.

"Perhaps you are satisfied now," I said to Volna most ungraciously, as I sat up.

"How absurd you are, Bob. I didn't give you the cigar."

"When is the next train?" I asked the official.

"Not until tonight."

"There you are," I said to Volna with a brotherly readiness to put all the blame on her. "What now?"

"This gentleman said there was some fine scenery here; and a ride or drive would do you good."

"Scenery!" I cried with a fine contempt. "Well, I suppose we can't sit about the station all day. But do as you please;" and she walked out of the station. I could have laughed at the excellent affectation of sisterly discontent.

The police official sympathized with me—it was I who had tipped him—and expressed his feeling with a deprecating smile and shrug and a lifting of the brows.

"I suppose it's the only thing to do," I murmured as I rose.

"It is perhaps for the best after all that you did not catch the train. There is your baggage," he said.

"Baggage?"

"Remembering what you said last night about the accident to your carriage on the way from Vashtic, and thinking you might need the baggage in it, I sent out this morning to have it brought here."

"Did you? That's really very friendly and obliging," I managed to answer quite cordially, while wishing him at the devil for his interference.

"What shall we do with it?"

"Oh, just keep it at the station here till I come back for that evening train. You'll know it easily. Two leather portmanteaus; one marked 'R. G.' and one 'M. G.,' London. I'll go and tell my sister. She'll be delighted as I am at your thoughtfulness. It was only that which made her wish to remain here for the day."

I went after Volna, who was walking toward the little town.

"That's a nice thoughtful fellow. He has sent out someone to find our luggage in the broken-down trap and bring it in. I told him how glad you'd be."

"Should I go back and thank him?"

"I don't think it's necessary, you can do that when we get back this evening. We are going for a ride now—and the sooner we're off the better." I went to the stable where my horse was, thinking how to get over the rather awkward difficulty of securing a second animal.

I did not intend to return to Pulta; and if I hired the horse I should not be able to return it. To buy it might create suspicion, as a man does not purchase a horse merely to go for a ride—even in that horse-bartering region; and I had no wish to turn horse-thief.

I put a bold face on the matter and went into the stable whistling. An ostler was grooming my horse and the owner of the place looking on.

"That's a nice looking animal of yours," he said.

"Yes; and as good as he looks."

"No doubt. Andreas knows a good horse."

"Andreas? Who's he?"

"At Bratinsk. Where you got him, I suppose."

I scented danger and fenced. "I suppose you know most of the horses round about here. Will you smoke?" And I gave him a cigar.

"I know this one. I sold him to Andreas."

"Did you? Well, I don't care anything about Andreas, but I know he's a good horse and I want to hire one as good for my sister to ride today."

"I can find you one. There he stands." I had a look at him. A good horse I saw at a glance. "I like his looks," I said.

The ostler took him out and ran him up and down. Then an idea occurred to me, involving some of the white lies of necessity however. I expressed a very exaggerated admiration.

"Carry a lady?"

"Carry a baby," was the reply.

"Then I tell you what I'll do if you'll agree. We're going to Cracow for a couple of days and coming back; and when we come back we shall want two horses. I'll buy him from you if you can find me a couple of saddles, and if we can come to terms for your taking care of both the horses while we stay here."

It did not take very long to conclude the bargain, and Volna and I were soon mounted.

Just as we were starting my friend of the police came up.

"Going for the ride then?" he asked knowingly.

"Oh, yes. By the way, has that luggage of mine come in yet?"

"No. They ought to have been back long before now."

"That's a nuisance. My sister has to do without her habit."

"She looks very charming," he replied, with a bow.

"What time must we be back for that train?"

"Six o'clock. But why not ride to Solden, it's not more than twenty miles or so. You could take the train there."

"Oh, no. We're going the other way."

"Are you ever coming, Bob?" asked Volna, sharply.

He stepped aside with another significant shrug of the shoulders and with a laugh I rode off.

"You do the vinegary sister to the life," I said.

"There was cause then. I caught sight of that police agent from Bratinsk in the distance."

"By Jove!" I exclaimed; and we clattered off through the narrow streets and as soon as we were clear of the town gave our horses their heads.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LUCK TURNS.

Volna was thoroughly at home in the saddle, and it was easy to see that she had been accustomed to horses all her life. She had a perfect seat; and that firm hand and control which bring out the best there is in a horse and make him understand that the master is up.

It was delightful to watch her; and as we kept at it in that first rattling stretch, I believe that in the sheer exhilaration of the ride, we forgot everything, even the unwelcome appearance of the police agent from Bratinsk.

But neither the pace nor the oblivion could last for ever, and when we drew rein at the foot of a hill we came back to a recollection of the load of our worries.

"Wasn't that glorious?" she cried, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes shining, as she stretched forward and patted her horse's neck.

"You ride magnificently. How you would enjoy a run with the hounds in England!"

"I have read about it. I love horses. I can keep in the saddle all day. I have done it at home." Then her face clouded. "How selfish! I had almost forgotten," she added.

"We are doing all we can," I replied. "Are you sure that the man you saw was that police agent?"

"Could I forget him?"

"You don't think he saw us?"

"No. He was talking very earnestly to someone. But I recognized him instantly."

"I'd give something to know what brought him to Pulta."

(To be Continued.)


## A SAFE MEDICINE FOR ALL CHILDREN

All so-called "soothing" syrups and most of the powders advertised to cure the ailments of babies and young children contain poisonous opiates, and an overdose may kill the child. Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe. You have the guarantee of a government analyst to the truth of this statement. Good for the new born babe and the well-grown child. The Tablets positively cure such ailments as colic, sour stomach, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. They also cure simple fever, break up colds, prevent croup and destroy worms. Every mother who has used this medicine praises it highly. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.


## HE WILL NOT GIVE UP JOB

### Scott Act Inspector Cusack Refuses to Accept His Dismissal.

Hampton, N. B., Jan. 31—A representative meeting of the supporters of the local government in the parish of Hampton was held this evening in the probate court room for the purpose of appointing delegates to the convention to be held here on Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 2 p. m., at which candidates will be nominated to contest the approaching election in the interests of the government. The chair was taken by J. M. Scovil, chairman of the local association, and R. H. Smith was secretary. The following delegates and their alternates were selected for the several districts of the parish:

Nauwigewauk—George E. Ketchum, W. Haddon Hill; Arthur A. Bland, substitute.

French Village—Andrew S. Beyea; Albert R. Smith, substitute.

Smithtown—James Brown; James A. Yeomans, substitute.

Hampton Village—William Gilliland, John L. Coleman; Henry J. Belding, substitute.

Lakeside—John R. Crawford; Edward R. DeMill, substitute.

Hampton Station—William H. March; J. M. Scovil, substitute.

The Scott act Inspector question seems not to be entirely settled by the action of the municipal council at its last sitting on Wednesday when Harris T. Cusack was by vote of 21 out of the 31 members of the council summarily dismissed from office and Charles W. Weyman appointed to succeed him. On Thursday morning the secretary-treasurer, G. O. D. Otty, tendered Mr. Cusack the one month's salary provided for in the act, in lieu of one month's notice. Mr. Cusack refused to accept the money and served the secretary-treasurer with a notice in which he claims that his dismissal was illegal, that he should continue to call on him for his regular monthly stipend and that he intended to continue to prosecute his duties of Scott act inspector and lay information against offenders. Pursuant to this decision he attended the court of Stipendiary Magistrate Hornbrook at Sussex today and proceeded with the cases in hand as though his newly elected successor, Mr. Weyman, was not present. The cases have gone over for a week, but the end of the municipal council's troubles is not yet in sight.

The seven or eight caravans of gypsies and their seventeen horses which arrived here on Wednesday are still camped on the grounds of Mrs. S. H. Hayward, opposite Allandale Farm, and the human portion of the colony are doing their best to make themselves comfortable in tents, the animals being stabled in the village. It is said their squatters' license lasts but three days, but it is manifestly impossible for them to get away while the roads remain in the almost impassable condition in which the heavy snow storm has left them. Their present Mecca is Moncton, but unless they can procure sleds upon which to mount their vans they are not likely to reach there for many days.


# THE GUINEA PIG PROVED IT

That dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair, are caused by a germ or parasite is now recognized by dermatologists everywhere.

A notable demonstration was by Drs. Lassar and Bishop, who took dandruff scales from the head of a student who was losing his hair and having made a pomade of them with vaseline, rubbed the same upon a guinea-pig, and the pig became bald. (See Geo. Thomas Jackson, M. D., on diseases of skin, 4th edition).

Newbro's Herpicide kills the germ that causes dandruff, itching scalp and falling hair. Keep your scalp in a sanitary condition with Herpicide and extraordinary results will follow. Stops itching of the scalp instantly. Try it.

Two sizes—50c. and $1.00, at Drug Stores. Send 10c. in stamps to The Herpicide Co., Dept. N., Detroit, Mich. for a sample. Guaranteed under the Food and Drugs Act, June 30, 1906. Serial No. 915.

***Be Sure You Get Herpicide***

**E. Clinton Brown,** Special Agent

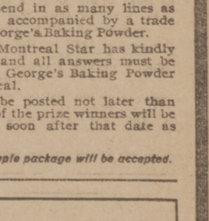
Applications at prominent Barber Shops.



## $500.00 In Cash Prizes

to the 128 persons composing the best last lines for the

## St. George's Baking Powder Limerick



$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best line.
50.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " " " 3rd. "
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
1.00 " " " " one hundred best.

One year ago, St. George's Baking Powder was introduced to the Canadian people.

Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

That is why we are taking this means of getting YOU to see how good it is—by giving you a chance to share in the $500.00 prizes.

Everyone may compete—those who are now friends of St. George's as well as those who have never used it.




**Conditions:**

1st. Your line with your name and address must be plainly written on the coupon below.

2nd. Carefully remove the trade mark from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (note—be careful not to get the powder in the tin damp.) Paste or pin the trade mark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.

3rd. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like providing each is accompanied by a trade mark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.

4th. The Editor of the Montreal Star has kindly consented to act as judge and all answers must be addressed to the Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.

5th. All answers must be posted not later than Feb. 28th, 1908. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.

*No trademark cut from our sample package will be accepted.*

**Limerick**

For Cakes, just as light as a feather—
And Biscuits and Pies, the best ever—
You can easily bake them
St. George's will make them

Paste or pin the trade mark from the label of a tin of St. George's Baking Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of Montreal Star as final, and enter the competition with that understanding

Signature _____

2 3 Address _____

Address this coupon with our trade mark attached, and your line and signature plainly written, to 52

The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, Que.



## Tells How to Prevent Throat Weakness, Bronchitis

How many thousands are there who would gladly pay any sum to be cured of bronchitis or consumption. Many could be cured—cured today—cured if they would just use common sense in selecting their remedy.

Bronchitis of course is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes.

These tubes were made for the passage of air alone, and neither the moisture of an atomiser nor the liquid of a cough syrup can get where the trouble really is.

The diseased parts can only be reached by a remedy that can force its way through all the breathing organs.

Doctors who have used "Catarrhozone" say it is the only rational cure for bronchitis.

It cures by inhalation.

You breathe in its healing balsams, inhale its soothing antiseptic vapor, and relief is immediate.

Simple to use, delightful and pleasant—nothing compares with Catarrhozone, which is the cure of the day for all bronchial and throat troubles.

Mr. H. B. McLaughlin, the well known representative of Parke & Blackwell, Toronto, says:

"I have used Catarrhozone for years and can honestly say it is the only remedy that relieves me from a painful attack of bronchial catarrh. The inhaler for Catarrhozone is always in my pocket and I simply couldn't get along without it. I firmly believe Catarrhozone is a wonderful remedy."

And so does everyone that uses it. Large size, sufficient for two months' use, guaranteed, $1; small (trial) size, 25c., at dealers or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.


## SMALLPOX CONDITIONS IMPROVED IN ALBERT

Hopewell Hill, N. B., Jan. 31—Quarantine on all except one of the Albert houses which have been under restrictions because of smallpox was removed today. Every house which has been suspected of being exposed to the contagion has been disinfected and as the case in the house still under quarantine is progressing favorably and is not within the village bounds, Albert may tonight be said to have a clean bill of health.

The same applies to Riverside, one mile east of Albert. Dr. Murray went to Waterside today and will be there tomorrow vaccinating and disinfecting.

A messenger from a lumber camp near Flint Hill, in Elgin parish, brings word tonight that there is a bad case of smallpox in the camp. The patient is one of the crew. He is practically helpless, having been several days sick without proper attention. The place will be treated tomorrow.

Today is one of the coldest of the season. The snow storm yesterday has left the roads in terrible condition, alternate drifts and long bare spots.

At the Borden Club meeting on Thursday night the following were appointed to manage the club's part in the campaign: Beverley R. Armstrong (chairman), Homer D. Forbes and G. Earle Logan.


A NICE-LOOKING LOAF
Always suggests GOOD EATING

## PURITY FLOUR

never fails to make sweet delicious bread as good to eat as it is attractive to see.

Made from the very choicest Manitoba Hard Wheat by the newest improved milling.

*Ask your Grocer for it to-day.* 711

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED
MILLS AT WINNIPEG, GODERICH AND BRANDON.


## Take Your Choice

The horoscope of the world has been cast by a dozen different astrologers and astrologists, and the reader can take his choice of the following predictions for 1908:

"There will be 24 earthquakes during the year, each one attended by great loss of life."

"There won't be an earthquake during the entire year."

"There will be over 10,000 cases in the United States alone of people being struck by lightning."

"There won't be but one little thunder storm during the year, and the only damage will be one calf killed."

"Look out for epidemics. There will be more smallpox than ever known before. Men in high places will be stricken down."

"The year 1908 will be an unusually healthy one, and half the doctors can take a vacation. A few men in high places will be sent to Sing Sing or elsewhere,, but we look for that."

"It will be a great year for cyclones. The loss of life and property will be frightful."

"You needn't look for anything beyond gentle zephyrs the whole year through."

"The hard times will grow harder, and towards the last of the year Gould and Vanderbilt will be asking credit at the corner grocery."

"Sixty days more will see business booming as of old, and silver mines and oil wells will be so plentiful that every man can have one."

"Look out for a devil of a time. Those sunspots didn't come for nothing."

"Be placid and complacent. Nothing is going to happen. Those things on sun were merely freckles. He was out doors too much last summer."

JOE KERR.


## *Hair Loss*

*Consult your doctor about your falling hair. If he says, "Ayer's Hair Vigor is the best," then begin today. Do as he says.*

**Suppose you send this advertisement to your baldest friend! Everybody should know that Ayer's Hair Vigor promptly checks falling hair, destroys dandruff, keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Does not affect color of hair. Formula with each bottle.** J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.