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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.

Wood's Great Peppermint Cure. The Great English Remedy. Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system. Cures new and old Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Stomach, Indigestion, Nausea, Vomiting, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



NOVELTIES IN THE FEMININE TOILETTE.

Novelties such as fancy metal purses, memorandum books, vinaigrettes, tiny powder puffs, carafes and such novelties are the fad of the modish girl of the day. All these pretty articles in silver or gold—some plain, others artistical—

ly ornate—are made to be hung on the long neck chain, though the powder-box and many of the smaller cases are of such a size as to be easily carried in the coat pocket. The change purse is one of the new, long, flat designs for cards and change.

"Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold."

It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtues by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents.

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Mr. Wm. O'Hara, Souris, Man., writes: "Having suffered for a long time with a severe attack of Chronic Bronchitis, which I could not get cured, I eventually tried your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and I am glad to state it has given me a complete cure."

WEDDINGS

Peterson-Peterson.

On Wednesday at the home of Samuel Peterson, Pleasant Point, his daughter, Miss Mabel G. Peterson, was married to Herbert Peterson, of Tracy's Mills, Carleton county. Rev. Thos. J. Deinstadt, of the Fairview Methodist church, officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Peterson will reside at Tracy's Mills, where the groom has a farm.

While the storm raged without 300 young men members of the Catholic societies made merry in St. Peter's hall, Douglas avenue, last evening. The occasion was a fraternal visit of the Y. M. S. of St. Joseph, the Y. M. S. of St. John the Baptist church, the F. M. A. and the St. Rose's society, to the St. Peter's Y. M. A. The guests gathered early and all enjoyed an excellent programme.

Edward Mahoney, president of St. Peter's society, welcomed the visitors in an excellent speech and replies were made by Hon. R. J. Ritchie, R. E. Fitzgerald, president of St. Joseph's, Mr. Morris, vice-president of the F. M. A., and J. Quinn, vice-president of St. John the Baptist society. Rev. J. H. Borgman, C. S. R., spiritual director of the St. Rose's Y. M. A., also gave an address.

The programme included selections by the St. Peter's orchestra; solos by Robert Butler, A. Simmons, Joseph McDermott; violin solo by E. Lunney; readings by William Pyne and A. McCluskey; step dancing by Leo McGuigan and Messrs. Hargreaves and Murphy.

During the evening cigars and refreshments were served and a good time enjoyed. At the conclusion of the programme Ann Lang Syne was sung as the young men passed out.

At the thirteenth annual meeting of the St. John Local Council of Women yesterday afternoon in the Orange hall, Germain street, Mrs. David McLellan was re-elected president. The other officers are: Mrs. T. H. Bullock, Mrs. Howard Sprague, Mrs. J. Dever, Miss Annie Berryman, and Mrs. F. H. Gray, vice-presidents; Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, recording secretary; Miss Grace W. Leavitt, treasurer; Miss Annie Whittaker, corresponding secretary. There was a good attendance at the meeting.

Nothing so fine as

Cowan's Maple Buds

They are an excellent confection.

Cowan's Cream Bars Milk Chocolate, etc.

Sold everywhere in Canada.

THE COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

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THE TELEGRAPH and TIMES enjoy a greater advertising patronage than any other two papers in New Brunswick, and if business is any indication of ability to deliver results, then The Big Papers are always "making good."

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COMBINED CIRCULATION OVER 15,000

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.)

"Is it, Bob? But why am I wonderful?" "You do this unconventional thing, though it were the most ordinary thing in the world!"

"Do you mean I oughtn't to trust my brother Bob? You see, I just can't help myself. I had to trust you. Besides, if you knew—she broke off, and after a pause added a little eagerly—"you understand, don't you?"

"I understand that chance has given me a very delightful sister."

"Why, didn't you begin by keeping my secret from that stationmaster—about Mary Smith. I felt like—like nothing I ever felt before when he brought you up and said you were English."

"You tried your best to speak English."

"It was like—a glorious dream come true when you looked so grave and answered me in German. I'm not used to having people do kind things for me, except my dear mother. And when I stood outside the station, I—well, I'd have given anything just to have unloaded my whole load of trouble to you."

"Poor Peggy!"

"No, not Peggy, she hasn't any troubles of that sort yet. They are—Bob's. But it's poor Volna; and Peggy will soon be Volna again."

"I did not know how to answer this, so I said nothing."

"May I tell you?" she asked presently.

"Sylvia always tells me here; so I know how to keep a secret."

"I told you I had a half-sister and brother, didn't I?"

"Are they like you at all?"

"No, no. They are both members of this terrible Fraternity—revolutionaries. My father was one and lost his life in the cause. My uncle, Count Peter—he was a brother of my father's first wife—has always dominated our family; even my poor dear mother."

"Is she involved with the Fraternity, too?"

"No, and yet yes. She has no sympathy with the movement at all; but my uncle influenced her and she has given large sums of money. She is rich, you know, and if it is found out, the government would be glad to get any pretext for confiscating her fortune. They would throw her into prison, and it would kill her."

"But surely your uncle was not so mad as to leave anything implicating her in existence."

"I wish I could think that. It may be so; but only this morning he warned me that if these papers did not get to Cracow and a raid was made there, things would be found which would place her in danger."

"I thought some things about Count Peter which I did not express. I hope he was exaggerating matters," I said.

"We have not been happy at home because I would never join in any of these miserable conspiracies. My sister Kate, and Paul too, always upbraided me."

"You put your sister first, I notice."

"She influences Paul. She is very strong-willed, and very—very zealous for the Fraternity."

"I don't think you would make a very formidable conspirator, you know. I am too much of a coward, I know. But mother's fortune comes to me and—oh, this miserable money; they want it for the cause."

"Phew!" I whistled. "I begin to understand."

"You thought it strange, I expect, that I was so little affected by my uncle's fate; but I—"

"Don't say any more if it worries you," I said when she paused.

"Oh, I must tell you; only—the fact is, I was almost afraid of him and he brought me away from home this time, saying only that I was to go on a visit to some friends; but when we were near Bratinsk he told me what the real object was and—that that mother and he had agreed that I was to be married."

"Married!" I exclaimed.

"Married to a man who is high up in the Fraternity, and that I should not go

back home until—until that was done."

"I thought more things about Count Peter—stronger and harsher things too, this time."

"I had not heard this an hour before you saw me at the station."

"No wonder you look troubled."

"I stayed there hoping to get a train back to Warsaw. I meant to run away. There is another reason, a terrible entanglement, which made me so eager to get back."

"Involving you?"

"Yes, I'll tell you all about it some time. It closely concerns my mother's safety, too."

"What brought your uncle to Bratinsk?"

"Well, I won't say all I think of your uncle for having involved you in all this."

"He is dead. Perhaps if he had not been killed he would have listened to me."

"Perhaps." But I had my own opinion. "You are right. Volna has had her troubles."

"I could not feel so sorry for him as I should, if—if things had been different. I am glad I have told you. It's such a relief to have told some one. And now you know all about me."

"Did you manage to write to your mother from Bratinsk?"

"Yes, just a short note—that all was well with me."

"We must try to keep it so, too. Here we are at the top of the hill. Now we'll push along again; and then, the first train for Cracow."

We soon covered the flat along the tip and I pointed out to her the twinkling lights of Pulta below us.

"How quickly we've come," she cried.

"We must have a straight story to tell. I shall say we are driving in from Vasthite—a place on the other side of Pulta—and that our carriage broke down and we had to continue the journey in this fashion. I shall ask whether Mr. Trevor, a tall fair man, was in the train at the time of the wreck. But you'll leave the lies for Bob to tell of course."

"How bluntly you put it."

"Oh, we can't help telling some. But it's in a good cause; so we must hope they'll pass as white ones."

"I began to understand that night that artistic lying is really a very difficult accomplishment, when inquisitive officials have to be satisfied."

I found the railway station at Pulta in the hands of the police. It had been taken into custody so to speak. When anything happens in Russian Poland, it immediately becomes an object of suspicion; and any one seeking information is at once suspected of complicity. An officer stopped us and asked in a peremptory manner: "Who are you and what do you want?"

"There has been an accident I believe."

"Who are you and what do you want? Answer." A little more sharpness in the tone.

"I am an Englishman, Robert Garrett, and this is my sister. We wish to know whether a friend, Mr. James Trevor, of London, has been hurt in the accident?"

"What accident?"

"The accident to the Cracow express."

"Who told you there had been an accident?"

"I heard it at Vasthite."

"Who told you there had been an accident?" he repeated.

"It seemed to be generally known. The servants in the house where I was staying heard it somewhere."

"What are the servants' names?"

"I don't know. I think the man who told me was called Paul. But what I want to know—"

"Where were you staying at Vasthite?" he interrupted.

"What can that matter, Mr. Trevor of London—"

"Ah! You refuse to answer?" He turned away and beckoned a companion, with whom he conferred, nodding toward us. Then he turned to me again. "How did you get here?"

"I started in a calèche but the wheel came off and we had to finish the journey in this fashion."

"Which wheel?"

"The left hind wheel."

"Where carriage was it?"

"I hired it from Gorlas Malstrom." My inventive faculty for names was getting strained.

"Where does he live?"

"At Vasthite close to the hotel."

"Which hotel?"

"The Imperial." I remembered the name of a hotel where I once had lunch.

"Are you staying there?"

"I am not going back."

"How long were you there?"

"Not more than an hour or two."

"Where were you before?"

"My local geography not being strong enough to stand a fusillade of this kind, I threw up an earthwork of anger."

"Look here, do you want me to give you a history of my tour with all particulars of my hotel bills since I left London?"

"Ah, you refuse to answer," he said again stolidly regarding me with a gloomy stare of suspicion.

"Oh, no; but I've had enough of your impertinent curiosity. I am an Englishman, let me see your superior officer."

"Go away," he said curtly.

"I demand to see—"

"Go away; or you will be arrested."

Then I had an inspiration. I said, with a show of great indignation: "Very well, I'll go, and what's more I'll go by the first train to Cracow and lay the matter before the British Consul. When is the first train?"

You'll see whether you can smash up English travellers in your infernal trains and refuse their friends information."

This appeared to make an impression. He hesitated, spoke to his companion, and then said: "Come back in the morning. There is no train until eleven o'clock."

I gained the information I needed; but I kept up my pretence of anger, muttering and grumbling and mumbling about what the British Consul would do, and so on as I turned the horse's head and moved off.

"Bad luck again," I whispered to Volna. "No train tonight. You may as well try to get a night's rest."

"It's a dark wood that has no clearing," she said cheerily. "You need rest too, I am sure."

We went off to find a hotel; and presently Volna whispered: "One of the men following us."

"The best thing we can do is to make use of him, then," said I; and I halted to let them come up. It was the companion of the man who had questioned me, and I resolved to try a different method with him.

"I looked out a gold piece and let him see it. 'You have been told off to follow me, I suppose?'"

He glanced at the money and thought I was going to bribe him. "I have only my duty to do," he said.

"If you'll be guide instead of follower and show me where my sister and I can get rooms, I'll give you this."

He was my man instantly. "There will be no difficulty about that. The accident on the line has filled up the place, but I can manage it for you. You are English?"

"I only wanted to see if my poor friend, Trevor, was in that smash. But you heard what passed."

He shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "You did not ask in the right way," he said. "Tomorrow it will be all right. There is a train to Cracow at eleven o'clock. I shall be there. No Englishman was hurt in the accident. You may feel quite at ease."

"I am glad to hear that," I said. I was but a man, and I had my reasons for thought."

He earned his piece; for he soon found accommodation for us and for the horse; and bade us good-night, repeating his assurances that all would be well in the morning.

CHAPTER VI.

Very Sietery.

Volna was down before me the next morning waiting in a little room where we had had supper.

"I guessed Bob would be tired so I would not have him called," she said. "I have been up an hour or more."

"And Peggy, how is she?"

"Hungry. And breakfast is ready."

"When I had stopped thinking, I couldn't help it," she said in answer to my shake of the head. "I was saying my lesson over and over, lest I should forget it. Do you know it?"

"Lesson?"

"All the names you mentioned so glibly last night at the station."

I laughed. "Oh, we shan't need to remember. We shan't have any more both-ers. That man's hint as to how to ask questions will carry us through. You'll see."

(To be Continued.)