

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME



THE SHOT IN THE NIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY.  
The writer of this story, seeking nocturnal adventure, walks toward rest in front of a long, low house of interesting architecture with front covered with white stucco. Tall French windows lead into the garden. In one of the French windows there burned a light. A revolver - not heard. The writer lifts the latch of the gate and tiptoes up the walk to peer into the lighted window. A man is seated in a desk chair. The intruder steps into the room and finds the man dead.  
A door opening into a dressing-room is ajar and from that room comes the sound of sobbing. A beautiful woman is holding a revolver. She confesses to shooting her husband because he has been cruel to her about a former lover named Dick.  
NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.  
"He loved me when he'd got me most wretched. And he didn't get tired of it. Oh, I can't tell you."  
"Go on."  
"Well, it was last night, tonight I mean, just before I went to bed. My husband told me he'd been the owner of Dick's ship for some months. Dick is first mate now. So you can't believe a man would be so vile. . . . My husband bribed the captain to dismiss Dick with a bad character. She almost choked. . . . to dismiss him for being drunk on duty. He's ruined some good boys. Her voice rose loud. "And your husband stayed in the study working; he said he had something urgent to prepare. Round about half-past five a shot woke you up. You jumped out of bed, ran in here, and found him. You understand? Really, pull yourself together. Repeat what I have just told you."  
Staring at me in a hypnotized voice, she said: "At half-past five a shot woke me up; I jumped out of bed, ran in and found him, and then . . ."  
"Then you lost your head, and you shot him?"  
"Mr. Brown."  
"Yes, I'm an old friend of the family. I arrived, and you asked me to go for the doctor. I'll go now."  
The small hand clutched my arm. "No, ring up, please. Don't leave me."  
"All right. But when the doctor comes, it's you who must open the door."  
It seemed a long time before Doctor Pelican came. I had had trouble with him over the telephone, for he did not understand how a person who was not a patient should want him so early in the morning. At last, I made him impatiently. He stopped suddenly, as if he realized there was a casualty; he arrived at twenty to seven. All that

time I had been pacing about the tragic room, watching my ghastly companion, and tremulously feeling that he was obstinately staring at me through those half-closed eyes. I kept a watch, too, upon the woman in the other room, who had thrown herself into the armchair. From time to time I went to her, forcing her to sit up and repeat her story. She terrified me, for the words came as from a gramophone. Also, at the last moment, when she heard the front door bell, she gave a scream of terror and clutched me round the neck in a maniacal grip; I could feel her shivering all over, her heart beat as if she were about to suffocate. I had to use violence at last to tear her hands apart.

"Look," I said, "that's where your bullet went."  
to shake her to her feet and to drive her, whimpering and crying, to the front door.  
I heard the door open, the doctor's voice, his steps in the hall. Just as I was moving toward the door, a sound caused me to turn, a loud sound which had come from the corpse. Shaking with terror I gazed at the motionless thing. It was only as the doctor entered that he turned to me and said: "Heart-failure!"  
"What's that?" I asked.  
"Oh, it's quite clear. I was too stupid to speak. I let the doctor raise up the body, drag it to a sofa, open the shirt and vest, murmuring meanwhile: 'He's dead; I'm sorry to say that's quite certain, but perhaps it will be some satisfaction to you if I make still more sure.' The doctor's fingers were nimble; after a moment the man's chest lay exposed, while the doctor applied his stethoscope: there was no sound."  
I felt dizzy. Here was something that I couldn't understand. A man struck as if by lightning, and behind me the woman, the murderer, whom I'd found with the weapon in her hand.  
The doctor had finished: 'I'm sorry to say Mrs. . . . I haven't the pleasure of your name. . . . that I'm afraid there's no hope. Let me advise you to go to your room.' She did not reply, so the doctor turned to me: "Behind you go to look after this lady. I suppose the servants will be coming down soon."  
Some instinct was speaking to me

THE OLD HOME TOWN - - - - - By Stanley



THE TOWNFOLK SO QUICKLY RESPONDED TO THE SALE OF PENCILS AT HODGES PROGRESSIVE BOOK STORE THAT THE MANAGEMENT HAS DECIDED TO OFFER EVEN GREATER ATTRACTIONS TOMORROW

Your Health

BY DR. CLIFFORD C. ROBINSON  
THAT LITTLE AILMENT.  
Do you enjoy having something wrong in your bodily health? Are you in the habit of making such a condition a common subject of your conversation, at home or among your friends?  
Remember there is no bad health, as many persons term it. If you are cranky, hateful, lazy or selfish, and want to put the blame on some bodily organ, that's your chance to get rid of it. "How terribly I feel!" or "If you felt as I do," are common to all of us from chronic complainers. The more you talk about your ills to others, the more they will be magnified. It will take you much longer to get rid of them.  
The worst feature of "that little ailment" is that it takes so much of your time, telling about it to others, that one leaves undone many important-body loves a sick man.

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS



By Olive Roberts Barton  
A TRIP ON THE MAGIC DUSTPAN  
The sun was shining right on them.  
Nancy and Nick and Tom Tucker and the balloon-man all went to hunt for the lost Tweedles, Dum and Dee. They looked all over the grounds, where men were busy getting things ready for the big show in the afternoon.  
They looked around the pop-corn stands and lemonade stands and all the side-shows. And they looked around the fortune-teller's tent, and every where. But no Tweedles could they see.  
"My goodness! It looks as though some big elephant had run off with them or some big lion had swallowed them up!" laughed the balloon-man who was very good natured. "I just got some brand-new balloons from Ballloon Land and I'd certainly like to find them, for time is flying and I should be out selling this very minute."  
"Ballloon Land! Flying!"  
The words made Nancy uneasy. And without knowing just why, she looked up.  
And what she saw surprised her very much. "How dreadful!" exclaimed poor Daddy Gander. "What if they should happen to meet Mother Goose? I'd never hear the end of it!"  
For there, up in the sky, sailed Tweedle Dum, hanging onto one bunch of balloons, and beside him was Dee, hanging onto another bunch of balloons. The sun was shining right on them and there was no mistaking who

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS - EXPERT SIGN WRITING DONE



By BLOSSER

ADAM AND EVA - DA, DA!



By CAP HIGGINS

DOINGS OF THE DUFFS - WILBUR IS MAKING GOOD



By ALLMAN

BIG LUMBER DEAL IS ACCOMPLISHED

Association to be Formed That Will Mean Much to the Province.  
Campbellton, Jan. 11.—A big lumber deal has recently been completed whereby a newly formed company, holding its charter under the Federal government, and known as the Escuminac Lumber Co. has taken over the timber limits at Escuminac, Que., held by the W. H. Miller Co. of this town, which company some years ago at Escuminac secured the Sowerby limits at that place, and have since added considerably thereto, the limits today containing 60 square miles. The newly organized company in which several Fredericton men are interested, one of them being a former Campbellton boy, will get out three million feet of lumber this winter and will in the early spring put in sufficient portable mills to prepare it for the market. The company will also erect a large mill at Escuminac in the early spring, in order that operations upon a much larger scale can be carried on. Some of the lumber on these limits will be made to be handled more profitably by portable mills, and it is the intention of the company to continue to operate portable mills as well as the permanent mill which the company will erect next spring.  
An association is to be formed at once to exploit the possibilities of tourist traffic in New Brunswick. It is known the hunting and fishing resources, climate and expanse of wilderness are capable of drawing many tourists to New Brunswick and thereby circulating millions of dollars of additional money.  
The project, to be a success, requires the co-operation and backing of the public as the expenditure will be large and once the undertaking is commenced it must be carried out, those interested in the project say.  
The first meeting will be held Thursday evening in the rooms of the Tourist Association, Standard Bank Building, Germain and King streets. It is hoped many citizens will attend.  
The project was discussed for two years but no action taken. It is proposed to develop the territory between the St. John and St. Croix Rivers at once. This expanse of land reaching from the coast to the Canadian Pacific Railway contains many lakes and rivers, amply stocked with fish. Its forests abound in game.  
The idea is to make this the starting point and erect the first camps on this territory. As the scheme proves successful it is proposed to branch out to other parts of the province.  
Last year Maine realized \$81,000,000 from tourist traffic while New Brunswick only \$3,000,000 from the same source last year.  
The citizens of New Brunswick should boost this thing to the limit. It means prosperity. Everybody is invited to attend the meeting Thursday night.  
Full details and a sketch of the proposed development to be undertaken by the association will appear in the Telegraph-Journal and the Evening Times Monday.  
Minard's Lament for Dandred.

OVERSEAS MONEY STILL DECLINING

New York, Jan. 11.—The sharp slump in the price of bar silver was reflected in another drop in the Japanese yen in today's foreign exchange. Both sterling and French bills also fell off, the latter dropping to 477 cents, a new low for all time. Demand sterling touched \$4.27, nearly a cent below yesterday's low point.  
The continued declines of both the sterling and franc bills generally was construed as due to the transfer of French and English investments into United States securities, due to a loss of confidence of those investors in their own currencies.