

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 is a light. A revolver is 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 done for."

"Her voice rose loud. 'And when I thought of my boy Dick, as I lay there in bed, ruined, done for . . . something seemed to go in my head. My husband had a revolver for burglars. I knew where it was . . . I just ran in, right up to his desk, and fired at him . . . And I don't know, I don't know . . . and here I am, and here I am . . . oh! my God!'"

My hand went out to find hers, to hold it in a reassuring grip. I did not trust myself to speak, for horror and the repulsion had gone; in my heart was only pity for the woman who had suffered so much.

For a few moments my mind worked in the midst of confusion. Save her, somehow, I must, but the problem did not at once resolve itself very clearly. It was no use to tell her to run away. She would be caught. It is a testimony to my dauntlessness that the solution did not come to me until the woman, with a profound sigh, let herself sink back, while from her hand a revolver fell upon the floor. I pulled her to her feet. I realized that it must be getting light, that something must be done now.

"Look here," I said. "I don't know you. I didn't care."

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.



THE OLD HOME TOWN

"Look," I said, "that's where your bullet went."

"Oh, not him, please . . . Anyhow, he lives quite some way off."

"So much the better. Better not have your doctor if we can help it. Isn't there one in this road?"

"Yes, Dr. Feistead . . . nearly opposite."

"All right. You know the story to tell? You went to bed at . . . better tell the truth, at what time?"

"Eleven o'clock."

"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."

Starting 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 telephoned for me, Mr. Brown?"

"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."



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

I could get on the other side . . . The doctor was strange. He would not know that this man was left-handed. Then he turned to me and said: "Heart-failing?"

"What's that?" I asked.

"Oh, it's quite clear. I was too stunned 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 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, and said: "You will look after this lady. I suppose the servants will be coming down soon."

Some instinct was speaking to me now, for I said in an even tone: "Of course, I'll look after her. It's a great shock to her to come in here and find her husband like this. How long do you think he's been dead?"

"Well," said the doctor, opening and closing his fingers with complete casualness, "it's difficult to say. There's no real rigor mortis yet, but there's just a little. I should say that he must have died where he sat, not earlier than midnight, and not later than two o'clock in the morning. Still, of no interest to you. I'm afraid you'll have to come to the inquest. I think, if you'll excuse me, I'll go now. I can't do anything more for you."

"Thank you, doctor," I said, seeing him out.

When I came back, the woman had not moved. She was staring at her husband's body where it lay.

"So," I whispered, "you didn't kill him?"

"I shot him," she murmured.

"No, no," I said, consolingly, in the tone one uses to a child. "Don't you understand? It was a dead man you fired at. He had been dead over three hours when you fired at him." Then my eyes caught sight of a chiffonier between the two tall windows. "Look," I said, pointing to a shattered lower-

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.

"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.

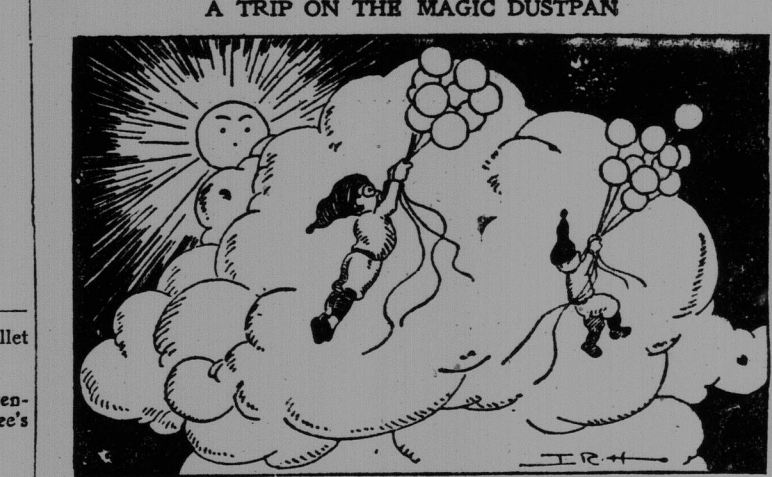
The worst feature of "that little ailment" is that it takes so much of your time, telling about it to others, that one leaves undone many important body loves a sick man.

an matters and often neglects real health conditions. How much better and more profitable it would be to say something about it!

Act as if you had perfect health. It may make you feel better to talk about your carache, or heartburn, but it does not have that pleasant effect upon other people. If you have a bad cold, get rid of it as soon as you can, but don't make a bore and nuisance of yourself to others.

Use every effort to get that little ailment out of your system. Don't nurse it along as a regular companion. People, as a rule, are quite willing to sympathize with real sufferers, but not with pseudo martyrs. You will be surprised to find out how much better you will feel if your "good health" sign hangs out. So 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 Mr. L. S. Brown, General Manager of the C. N. R. Central region at Toronto. Mr. Kingland is not unknown here, he being General Manager of the C. N. R. Eastern lines until the three operating regions were created by Sir Henry Thornton early last spring. Mr. L. S. Brown left yesterday afternoon for Montreal on private car 55 attached to the Ocean Limited to confer with executive officials."

Ballon Land! Flying!

The words made Nancy uneasy. And without knowing just why, she looked up. And what she saw surprised her so that she couldn't speak for a moment. All she could do was to point. Nick and Tom looked up and the balloon-man looked up and then the crowd people look up—downs and everybody. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" shouted everybody. "Quick! Get the big nets! They'll fall!"

For there, up in the sky, sailed Tweedle Dum, hanging onto one bunch of balloons, and possible him was Dee, hanging onto another bunch of balloons. The sun was shining right on them and there was no mistaking who it was—Dum, in his red stocking-cap, and Dee in his blue. The balloons shone with every color like big bunches of fancy grapes.

"Come down! Come down out of that!" called the balloon-man.

But he might as well have called to the clouds or stars or moon to come down from their places. The balloons went right on up—up and up and up. Indeed, they were getting so small that it was impossible to tell by this time which was Dum and which was Dee.

"Dear! Dear! This is dreadful!" said the balloon-man. "What can we do about it? Has anybody an airplane?"

But nobody had.

"I know where they are going!" said Nick. "They're going to the Land of Lost Balloons, up in the sky. Nancy said I were there once."

"Well, do hurry and go after them," begged the balloon-man.

Fortunately, Daddy Gander came along just then. As luck would have it he had his magic dustpan with him.

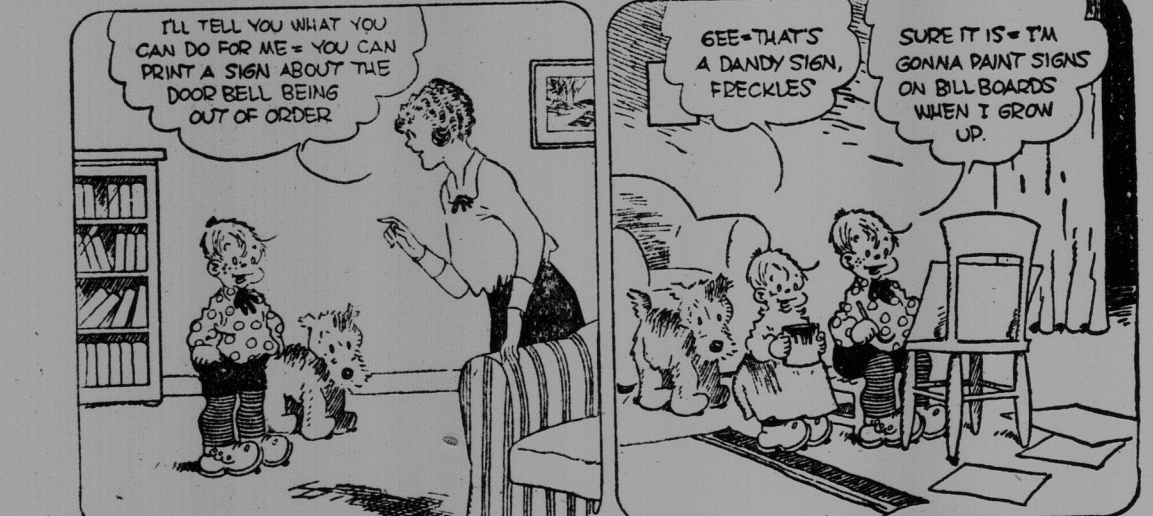
"Please, Daddy Gander, ask your magic dustpan to take us after the Tweedle twins!" cried Nancy. "They are away up in the sky. The balloons ran off with them."

"How dreadful!" exclaimed poor Daddy Gander. "What if they should happen to meet Mother Goose? I'd never hear the end of it!"

For the dustpan had begun to grow and by this time was large enough to hold them all. Away it went skyward in the direction the poor Tweedles had taken.

(To Be Continued.)

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—EXPERT SIGN WRITING DONE



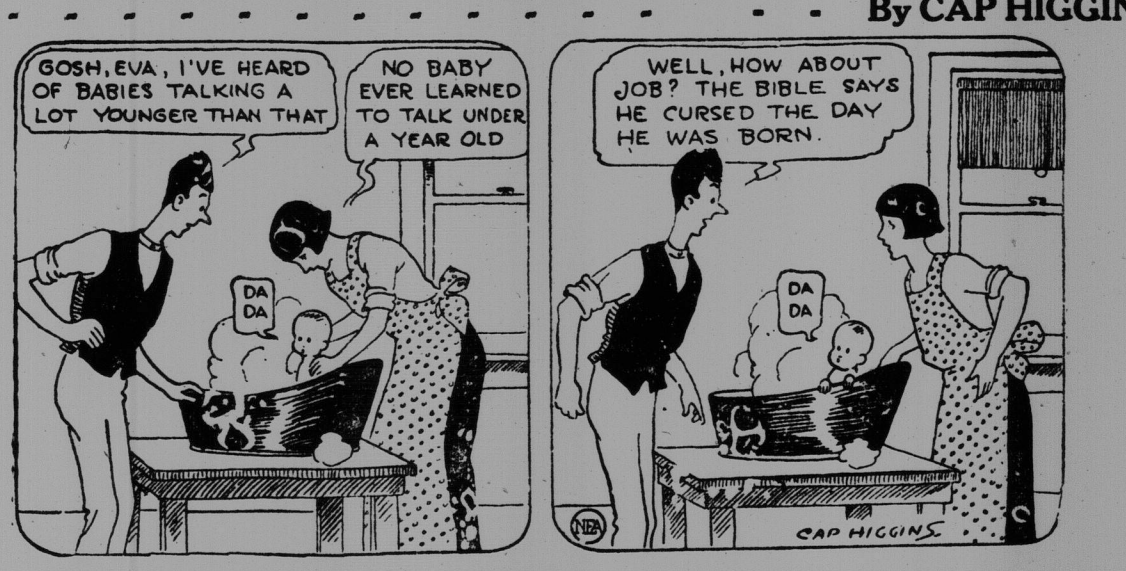
ADAM AND EVA—DA, DA!



By BLOSSER



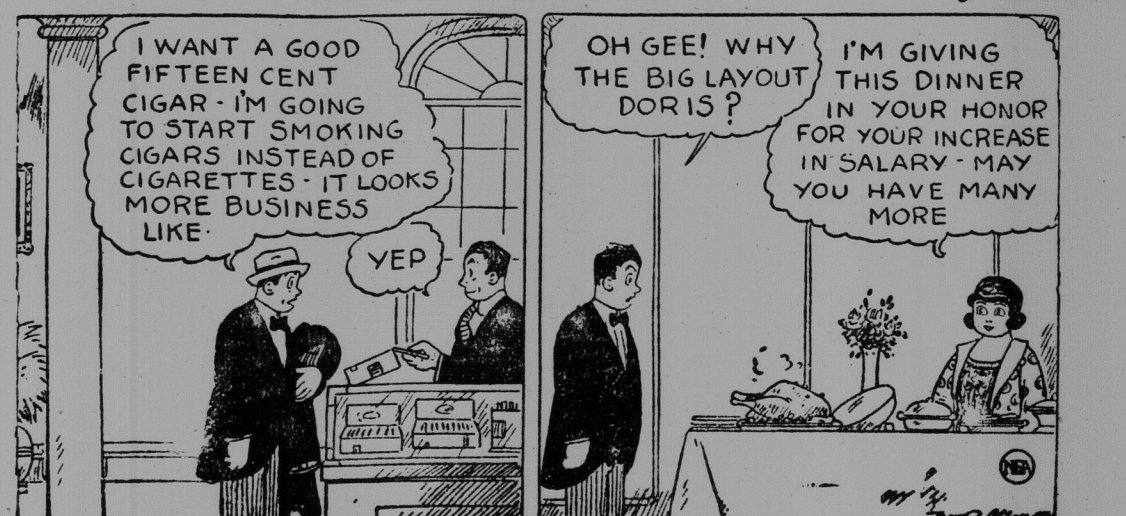
By CAP HIGGINS



DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—WILBUR IS MAKING GOOD



By ALLMAN



BIG LUMBER DEAL IS ACCOMPLISHED

New Mill to be Built at Escuminac by Large Concern

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 able 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.

PLAN TO BOOST TOURIST TRAFFIC

Association to be Formed That Will Mean Much to the Province.

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, Gorman 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 project 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 Dandridge

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 4.77 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.