

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1905.

The Crimson Slipper.

BY DORA LANGLOIS, Author of "A Bolt From the Blue," "The Red-Headed Woman," "The Kiss of Judas," "The Secretary's Daughter," "Victoria's Dream," etc.

I was on the floor in an instant looking round for my clothes, but finding had evidently been in the room already, for they were gone. Not waiting to make any sort of toilet I slipped on a pair of trousers and ran downstairs. "Misting," I cried, "I want the papers out of my coat." "Papers, sir?" he said, turning a guilty red. "I haven't noticed any. Ah, yes, there is something in your pockets."

"Why, the nun of course—Miss Donzell, the girl at the Barrows," was the answer. "I looked across at the witness-box with my nerves still tingling just as the girl they called the nun took her place and faced me. How shall I describe her, how with only my poor pen draw the portrait of the nun of Santhwaite, who stood looking down on the sea of upturned faces? Perhaps I can do it best by saying that but for her modern garb she might that moment have stepped down from one of Rossetti's masterpieces. The type was there in perfection. The pale, thin face, the soft hazel eyes, the cupid bow formed by the upper and nether lip, the crowning glory of waving hair, the frail slight figure not come to the perfection of beauty, yet suggesting beautiful possibilities; no mediocrate maiden of an artist's mystic dream, but a woman of today who had seen and suffered, and was strong only in her patience. There was a stir of interest as she took her place, an interest which I thought was roused by the fact that she could tell me most about the dead man's life and habits; but before she had been in the box five minutes I knew that it was more than that. I intercepted the half leer of the young rustic, the bold stare of the well-dressed man on the front benches, and felt every drop of blood in me tingle to resent the insult thus offered to the woman who stood facing me alone. "Ah, you are Miss Donzell?" the coroner said. "Yes, that is what I am called," she replied. "A niece of the deceased, I believe?" "No, he was not my uncle."

Cure For The Blues

ONE MEDICINE THAT HAS NEVER FAILED Health Fully Restored and the Joy of Life Regained

When a cheerful, brave, light-hearted woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture. It is usually this way. She has been feeling "out of sorts"



for some time; head has ached and back also; has slept poorly, been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head dizzy, and heart-beats very fast; then that bearing-down feeling, and during her menstrual period she is exceedingly despondent. Nothing pleases her. Her doctor says: "Cheer up; you have dyspepsia; you will be all right soon."

To Rise Every Morning Fit to Face the World One Needs All One's VITALITY A Cold or a Cough is a severe handicap and it spells DANGER To Avoid, or Cure, Seek the Best Remedy

George Philips I. C. R. Ticket Agent and Exchange Broker, St. John, N. B., says: "I was completely cured of influenza cold by a bottle of Hawker's Tolu and Wild Cherry Balsam." H. A. McKeown Ex-M. P. P., St. John, N. B., says: "I take great pleasure in stating that I have used Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam for the last eight years and consider it the best cough cure I ever used. I find Hawker's Liver Pills an excellent liver regulator."

Canadian Drug Co., Limited Sole Proprietors St. John, N. B.

Flour - White Bread - Light Price - Right Then HOME'S BRIGHT All Essentials for a Bright Home found in FIVE ROSES FLOUR Artificial bleaching not required. Lake of the Woods Milling Co. Ltd.

Many Women Suffer Untold Agony From Kidney Trouble.

Very often they think it is from so-called "female disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from backache, sleeplessness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to female disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

At stated intervals, Miss Nollie Clark, Lambeth, Ont., tells of her cure in the following words: "I suffered for about two years with kidney trouble. I ached all over, especially in the small of my back; not being able to sleep well, no appetite, menstruation irregular, nervous irritability, and bricks just deposit in urine, were some of my symptoms. I took Doan's Kidney Pills. The pain in my back gradually left me, my appetite returned, I slept well, and an effect which I can highly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to all sufferers from kidney trouble." Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for \$1.25. All dealers, or Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

JAPANESE IN COREA.

Making Most of Bad Conditions—Where Every Office is Sold and the People Taxed Forty Per Cent on Income. (Toronto Globe.) That Corea is the land of high interest, and that the Japs are capitalistic, and that the most of a hard situation in finance as well as in war, was made clear from a lecture on Corea given by Mr. Henry B. Gordon in St. James' Square Presbyterian church last evening. Mr. Gordon spent two years in that country, looking after the erection and improvement of mission buildings for the American Presbyterian church. Land can readily be rented, he said, not for a stated sum of money, but for the use of a sum of money. The ordinary rate of interest was three or four per cent, a month, but it was not uncommon to get five per cent. The taxes of the government and immigrants amounted to about forty per cent of all a man could make out of land, and after that he had to deal with the landlord. As a result very many people were deeply in debt, and their hopeless condition had taken the spirit out of the people.

CONSUMPTION IN THE COUNTRY.

What Vermont Proposes to Do to Rid Herself of the Plague. (Herald-Examiner.) Vermont is going to fight consumption systematically. Vermont should recall, has a population of only 344,000—not more than half so many as the city of St. Louis. Moreover, it is a rural State, with large cities, while its mountains, its pine woods, its clear streams, its pure air, have made it the summer playground and residence of the rich of the Eastern States. But Vermont is afflicted with the "great white plague" to such a degree that she will begin systematic effort for the prevention and cure of it. The cause of the prevalence of the disease there is ignorance, the offspring of which is unsanitary living. In this, Vermont, is certainly not alone; the rural population of any State—or Indiana—needs warning. It is only the outdoor work that enables the people to make as great a stand as they do, against this disease, fed and nurtured as it is by unsanitary dwellings and unhealthful diet. The sanitary arrangements of the average farmhouse are appalling. Drains are poor and sicken with years of neglect; sinks and vaults are allowed to become plague spots; the rooms of the house, generally small and with low ceilings, are unventilated by night or day, while kerosene lamps add their impure offerings to the air. Sleeping apartments are too often crowded with occupants, who all night breathe air kept poisonous by tightly closed windows. In Vermont, this sort of thing is coming to its own so completely that now the State is forced to fight the consequences—consumption—in a systematic way. The lead out of the book for our information is plain. We shall, one day, have a State sanatorium for consumption, but a less valuable part is that which shall educate the dwellers in small towns and farms, to a wholesome way of living as to drainage and ventilation and proper food.

COMPLIMENTED BY JUDGE AND JURY.

Sheriff Hatfield Eulogized at Kings County Court Yesterday. The Kings county court opened at Hampton yesterday morning, Judge Wedderburn presiding. There was but one case to be disposed of. In opening the court his honor expressed deep sorrow at the very serious illness of Sheriff Hatfield. He also referred to the very efficient way in which the sheriff had always performed his duties and remarked that this was the first time in many years that the court had to be handed over to the care of the deputy sheriff. The prisoners before his honor were Ernest and Herbert Garrett, charged with stealing a broad pan and a blanket from a camp at Studholm Pab. 13, the property of Samuel H. Taylor. The plaintiff and several witnesses did not appear and the grand jury brought no bill. J. M. McIntyre for the crown. The prisoners were discharged on their charge and Herbert is said to be in jail, being held for a violation of the game laws. S. R. McLean, of the grand jury presented to the judge an expression of regret at the illness of Sheriff Hatfield, and asking that their sympathy be expressed to him by the proper official.