

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 5, 1909

SPECIALY PRICED AT \$1.00

NO 273

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girder top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shape—lends grace, imparts absolute comfort and support.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning throughout, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued.)

they presently repaired, and Quaintance resumed.

"I think she intended to give me the clip. It was by the purest chance I hit the right trail. I went down to the dock to see Cornoyer off, but he was late, as usual. The boat sailed just as we got there, and the girl was on board. I saw her. She came on deck as it started. 'Sure it was she!'

"I'll stake my oath on that. I'd know her in the dark."

"There's the list of arrivals for ten days past," O'Ferral proffered him a paper and pointed out a long column of names, which Quaintance felt to peruse with silent avidity.

"Might be any one of a dozen who have 'and maid' attached to their names," he remarked doubtfully, "but I'll tell you who I think she must be. Miss Lorraine. Miss Lorraine and maid. Mrs. Smith's maid. I'll be bound she's there. Dagmar Lorraine. Yes, that's it, sure. Dagmar Lorraine."

He lingered over the name as though it tickled his ears, and O'Ferral, confirmed bachelor, smiled to himself.

"Then the next thing to do," he opined, "is to find Miss Dagmar Lorraine, who is probably someone else altogether. You go to fast, Steve. Brake down a little till you're more certain of your premises. It won't do, you know, to go butting in on some entire stranger with no better introduction than some other stranger's bracelet. Don't give way to every rash impulse."

Quaintance threw the paper at him and helped himself to a drink. He was in good spirits, and greatly delighted to have such a comrade as the correspondent once more at his elbow.

"Confound it!" he cried. "If I hadn't stifled my impulses so successfully, I wouldn't be in any such muddle. I kept telling myself to go slow all the time, and you see the result. I get left."

"Well, we'll see what we can do," cried O'Ferral. "Where are we going to dine? I'm free for this evening. Tomorrow we're booked to Cornoyer, and after that, as fate decides, I hope to be here for a few days longer, since you've turned up, but I may have to start for somewhere else at a moment's notice."

"Let's dine at the Anglaises," Quaintance suggested, "and go on to a theatre. I'm hungry for light and life again. The sea made me feel as if I were back in Africa."

They changed their clothes and carried out that programme, but among the many pretty women they saw during dinner, and afterwards from their table at the Gymnase, Quaintance could catch no glimpse of the fair face which had brought him over seas, that slender, graceful figure which swept through his dreams like some stately old-world duchess. He grew restless and distrustful. O'Ferral took him off to supper at the Cafe de Paris, but with no better result, and they returned to the Rue St. Roch at an hour which gave the concierge there a high opinion of their habits.

For the next few days they lived a bustling life in conjunction with Cornoyer, but Quaintance found time to prosecute his assiduous search, and O'Ferral did all he could to aid him, but he found no faintest trace of Dagmar Lorraine.

Quaintance had even thoughts of advertising for the owner of the bracelet, but he finally decided not to do so, since he could not well plead ignorance of her desire regarding it. He presently took to his car again, and patrolled Paris both within and without the walls, in the vain hope that fortune might once more favor him through that medium.

One afternoon he drove Madame Cornoyer and her hopeful son to Auteuil, where there was a steeplechase meeting at which he could count on seeing a good many members of the English and American colonies in the French capital. There were graceful beauties of many nations in gorgeous gowns on the grand stand, where Cornoyer dutifully established his mother amid a laughing circle of friends, carrying Quaintance off to the paddock, but none to compare, in the American's mind, with the simple maiden he had found barefooted on the seashore. At a thought of that brief, unforgettable moment he heaved a great sigh, and looking round, half afraid that his mischievous friend might have heard it, found that Cornoyer had deserted him. That earnest sportsman was running hither and thither, between owners, jockeys, and the booths of the pari-mutuel. An Quaintance was not sorry to be left alone for a little.

He was wandering up and down discon-

solately, puffing a cigarette, not much interested in the race on hand, when he saw a familiar face in the throng and almost immediately lost it again. It was that of a man, but he could not at once recall where he had last seen it, until like a flash there came to him the resemblance of one in a light tweed suit and a Panama who had shown a suspicious interest in the shutters of the bungalow on Peconic Bay.

It cost him two or three precious minutes to find Cornoyer, and when he at length discovered him, it was too late to trace the unknown. He described that individual as well as he could, but the broad details which were all he could supply were insufficient for any identification. Cornoyer cudgelled his brains to fit the right name to them, but after he had suggested a dozen whose owners distinctly resembled the person pictured, Quaintance gave that chance up as lost. He felt dull and disappointed as he returned to the city with a gay party in the tonneau, since he had found out who the man was might have been of assistance incalculable in locating the girl. And fortunately O'Ferral, seeing the girl, and for some time with him, was ready to console him over such mishap.

"I wish I could have dodged this reception tonight," said Quaintance, as they sat smoking together in the correspondents' rooms after dinner. "I don't feel in tune for festivity."

"Brace up!" urged his friend. "You can never tell when or where your luck may be going to change. You might easily meet Miss Lorraine—that man-at-the-Elysée. Brace up! Don't lose your grip on the game!"

"Oh, I'm not standing out for a moment," Quaintance declared. "I'll play my hand to a finish before I quit. What time is it now?"

"Confound it!" he cried. "If I hadn't stifled my impulses so successfully, I wouldn't be in any such muddle. I kept telling myself to go slow all the time, and you see the result. I get left."

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



NEW BONNET SHAPE IN BLACK STRAW.

Dark hats promise to be very popular for midsummer wear and some of the smartest flower trimmed French models are of black straw. This quaint bonnet shape is open at the back of the brim to show the low knot of hair. In front the hat is of fine black milan straw with a trimming of royal blue velvet ribbon and cabochons of rosette rose, the crisp little open roses made of silk in dull pastel shades. Gray, blue, teal, rose yellows and dusty pinks blend very prettily in this case with the rich blue of the velvet ribbon.

PROFESSOR W. W. MacMECHAN DELIVERED A FINE ADDRESS

Dalhousie College Man the Speaker at Gathering of Women's Canadian Club Last Evening—He is Opposed to Present System of Party Government.

There was a fairly large audience to greet Professor W. W. MacMechan of Dalhousie College, in his lecture before the Women's Canadian Club in the Y. M. C. A. building last evening. Lady Tilley presided. There was first a piano solo by Miss Foster, after which the chairman briefly introduced Professor MacMechan.

In beginning, the professor mentioned that it was very appropriate to speak on the subject of Canada's greatness before a gathering which had the patriotic ideals of the Canadian Club. He said it was curious the way in which Canadians looked upon their native land. So intensified was their attitude, that they might well be called idealists or sentimentalists in this respect. Canada was not looked upon simply as a map but as a great and fruitful country. She was spoken of as a beautiful maiden standing on the threshold of the future, with the light of the sun rising on her brow. She was spoken of as having promises of further greatness. Too often this greatness was confounded with bigness and it was this that he wished to consider in his remarks.

From a political and commercial standpoint, it was stated, he said, that Canada would be great. But on turning to the pages of history how many nations had left their mark on the world's progress which had been great. Increase in commercialism, he said, had been a mere distant danger, through this spirit of commercialism, of this country as a nation being removed from the world's history, and the name of Canada becoming a mere mark on an old map.

From a religious standpoint, he said, the conditions were slightly better, as the churches were sending forth the call to young men, to come forward and assist in building up the nation. Canada was growing in the direction of nationhood. But in religion, law, art, letters, what great ideal had been contributed to the world's progress and civilization? Were they not, he asked, in spite of their bigness, behind many a smaller nation.

As Canada stood on the threshold of nationhood she had many advantages to help her forward. She was free from military problems of Europe. The race problems of the United States. And moreover, she had that great asset, a cool climate. Her forty degrees below zero

SACKVILLE TOTS PERISHED IN FIRE

Three Babies Lost Their Lives By Suffocation Last Night—Were Left Alone When House Caught Fire

Sackville, N. B., May 4.—Three children lost their lives by suffocation here tonight in a fire which broke out in their home off Foundry street, while their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Crossman, were absent. The bodies were recovered by the firemen. One child was saved.

Much sympathy is felt for the stricken parents who, on learning of the fire, hurried to their home but too late to be of any avail.

The names of the children are George, aged eight; Gerald, six, and Gretchen, four. Joseph, who was saved by Jeremiah Brown, a boarder in the house, is eleven years old.

Mr. and Mrs. Crossman went down earlier in the evening, leaving the four children and Mr. Brown in the house. Mr. Brown states that they were all in bed by 10 o'clock. No one knows how the fire started but he was awakened by it and tried to save the children. He seized Joseph, the eldest, and dragging him through the house, managed to get him to the front stairs and the boy rolled or plunged down and gained the street. Retrying a search for the other children Brownell was almost overcome with the stifling smoke and was driven back and reached the street with difficulty.

The alarm had been given in the meantime and the firemen were quickly on the scene. Their bodies were hardly recovered by the firemen. One child was saved. The little daughter of Fred Allen was burned here a few days ago while playing with a gas stove. She died from her injuries today. The death of four children from fire in one day has cast a gloom over the community.

Mr. Crossman is a painter by trade. His wife was formerly Miss Hill, of Sackville. The terrible calamity which has befallen them was averted with great sympathy. The little daughter of Fred Allen was burned here a few days ago while playing with a gas stove. She died from her injuries today. The death of four children from fire in one day has cast a gloom over the community.

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG. Do not allow your gray hairs to make you an old man. Gray hairs are back numbers. Do not be one.

May's Hair Health

Will permanently restore the youthful color to your hair, no matter how old you are. Will keep you looking young, even when you are old. Will give you a beautiful head of hair that everyone will admire. **STARTING WITH GRAY BE YOUNG. IS NOT A DYE.**

PITY THE UMPIRE
Dinks—I had no idea you were superstitious.
Winks—I'm not.
Dinks—But you were carrying a horseshoe when you entered the ball park yesterday.
Winks—Oh! that was to have at the umpire in case he got gay.

Bargains in Stock
Won't interest the man who is nursing a bunch of sore corns. Give him a bottle of Putnam's Corn Extractor. It is painless, takes out the corn, cures in one day. Beware of substitutes for "Putnam's," which is the best.

ANOTHER MAN WHO "GREASED THE COP"

More Evidence of Police Graft is Unearthed By Montreal Commission

Montreal, May 4.—At the Montreal royal commission today an ex-barkeeper named Simouneau, testified that when tending bar for a saloon on St. Lawrence street, he had been in the habit of paying Constables Benoit and Castin \$10 a week protection money for the privilege of selling liquor on Sundays without being reported, and that he had given Chief Campeau a \$1000 bribe to keep him out of the matter. Chief Campeau was called and stated that the matter had been brought to his attention, but that both constables denied having been paid in this way. It came to a question of veracity between Simouneau, who was a paid spy for the saloon men, and the constables, and he preferred to take the latter's word, but as a precaution had changed their beat.

With regard to the dropping of sections against the accused saloon men, Chief Campeau implicated other civic officials as having influenced him in the matter, mentioning Ex-Als. Walsh, Tansy and Desrosiers and Ad. Seguin. He, however, declared that he had acted as he thought best in the interests of the city.

HAD TO EMPTY THE TRAPS ON SUNDAY

Fishery Overseer Belyea visited the various fishing traps in the harbor on Sunday and found, it is said, many of the men fishing contrary to law. It appears that from Thursday of last week the tides were so "neap" that the fishermen were unable to get their traps cleaned out and to have operated them as the law directs would have allowed part of Thursday's, Friday's and Saturday's catch to escape. Under the circumstances Inspector Belyea, after consulting with the police magistrate, decided to take no action in the matter.

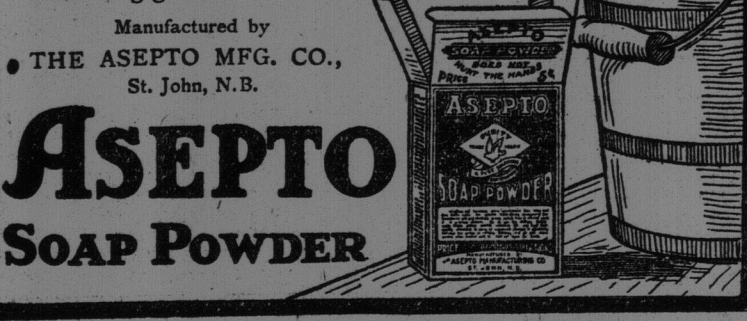
A Tablespoonful to Every Pail of Water.

Just think of the economy of ASEPTO! One tablespoonful to a pail of water is plenty. And there are 25 tablespoonfuls in a 5c. package.

It's simply *extraordinary* to use Soap when ASEPTO does the washing for so little—and does it far better, too.

Just try ASEPTO next wash day. Discerning grocers sell it.

Manufactured by THE ASEPTO MFG. CO., St. John, N.B.



WATCHES & CLOCKS

The most reliable makes and in a great variety of styles and prices.

Special Attention Given to the Repairing and Adjusting of High Grade Watches

FERGUSON & PAGE
Diamond Importers and Jewellers
41 KING STREET

Railway Contractors' Supplies
McKelvey Concrete Mixers
Dump Cars, Hand and Push Cars.
Track Equipment.

The Canadian Fairbanks Co., Ltd.
55 Water Street

A Lazy Sunday Morning

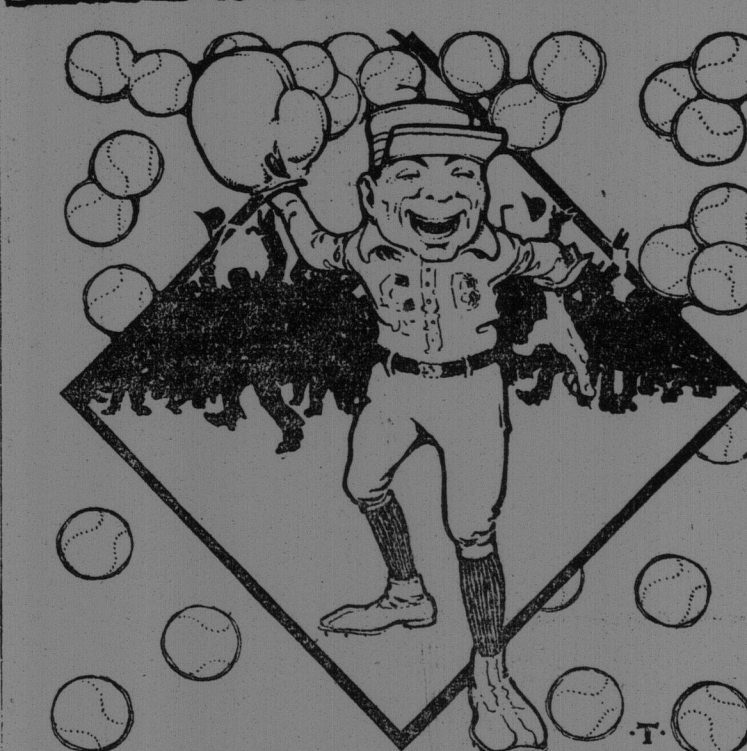
Now is the time when the germ of laziness is in the air, out of doors and indoors, under the table, in the closet, and even on the bookshelf, ready to spring upon you at every opportunity. To escape him one must decide most irrevocably to get right up out of that comfortable chair and get busy with anything, just so it is something.

The average housekeeper feels this desire to rest and take it easy every day of this season—but more keenly on Sunday mornings, when her week's labors are over and everyone else is resting. Even her husband, who usually rushes off to the office with a yawn, is apparently unable to do anything but sprawl in the easy chair and leisurely pursue the morning papers. A late breakfast and its sleepy aftermath make the house seem the most attractive place. The comfortable, roomy chair is inviting, indeed, and the privilege of having nothing to do is a treat, indeed.

But the open window and the streaming sunshine are by no means as enjoyable as a long walk in the suburbs, or into the fields and the woods—if one only will gather sufficient energy to make the attempt. It is hard to change the comfortable morning dress for a walking costume, and the ectasias of dress demanded by convention and style. It is hard to give up the lazy comfort of the easy chair and soft cushions. It is difficult to escape the outstretched tentacles, so to speak, of various germs of laziness in the room, and trudge determinedly out of doors. It is hard to change passive activity into active pedestrianism. But the signs of spring are in the air. Bracing winds; full, deep breaths of rich, warm spring air, the sun and health wait without—and every housekeeper needs these things sorely. The call of the spring is sounding on all sides, and the woman who refuses to listen to it is denying herself much pleasure.

If but one member of the household is content to spend the day in lounging around indoors, the rest of the family indoors become a thing of the past.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



JUST ONE BETTER.

I yearn not for an auto car
(My yearn's in vain, alas!);
I wish for something better far—
A baseball season pass.

Find an enthusiast.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
(Upside down, behind her.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, BURNINGS, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

223 THE PRINCE

FINISHED HIS WORK; THEN DRANK POISON

Charles R. Cutts City Editor of the Lynn Item Committed Suicide Last Night

Lynn, Mass., May 4.—Charles R. Cutts, city editor of the Daily Evening Item, took his own life by drinking cyanide of potassium at his residence in Swampscott tonight. The cause of his act is a mystery to his friends. He was a man of sunny, jovial temperament and today attended to his newspaper duties as usual, seeming to be in his customary good spirits.

This evening about 6 o'clock, the servant at his home found him lying in his room from the poison which he had taken.

Mr. Cutts was 37 years old and a native of this city.

OFFICERS ELECTED

At the semi annual meeting of Martello Lodge, I. O. G. T., last evening the following were elected: Hunter Parsons, C. T.; A. L. Estabrooks, V. T.; Fred A. Christopher, R. S.; L. B. B. Vaughan, treasurer; Rev. J. Heaney, chaplain; Wm. Myles, F. S.; Kenneth L. Curleton, marshal; Thomas Brown, guardian; Charles S. Mullin, sentinel; F. D. Robson, assistant R. S.; Miss Helen D. Dunham, D. M.; Geo. F. Ring, P. C. T. The meeting was attended by many. Martello lodge has been organized only about six months and it is one of the strongest in the city.

LUMBAGO VICTIM GIVES GOOD ADVICE

Tells of a Wonderful Remedy That Brought Him Health and Comfort.

The man whose back is lame and sore can't afford to trifle with the hundred and one so-called cures for lumbago. He needs a powerful, penetrating pain destroying liniment—one that will quickly sink into all the tendons and muscles—such a liniment is "Nerviline," which acts like lightning. Right to the spot it goes, carrying healing, soothing properties to the nerves and muscles that cause all this pain.

"When my back was so painful that I couldn't turn in bed, when rubbing hot iron over my back failed to ease, when I cried aloud with agonizing twinges—then it was that I used Nerviline and got quick relief and was ultimately cured. There is something in Nerviline that isn't to be found in other liniments. Its power over pain and its facility for sinking into the core of the sore parts is simply a marvel. After getting rid of the pain and when I started back to work, of course I wore a Nerviline Plaster over the spot. I have friends that use Nerviline for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sciatica. They all think it does that. Nerviline is the strongest, best and safest liniment made."

The above statement of F. R. Muchmore, the well-known merchant of Greenville, is ample proof that Nerviline can't be beaten, try it yourself—but be sure the dealers give you "Nerviline" only. Large bottles, 25c. each.

Go! I wonder wot dem words in big type means!"