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The Captain of the Kansas
By LOUIS TRACY.

CHAPTER I.
Items Not in the Manifest.

"I think I shall enjoy this trip," purred Isobel Baring, nestling comfortably among the cushions of her deck chair. A steward was arranging tea for two at a small table. The Kansas, with gleaming hull of eagles, was speeding evenly through an azure sea.

"I agree with that opinion most heartily, though, to be sure, so much depends on the weather," replied her friend, Elsie Maxwell, rising to pour out the tea. Already the bristling sea-breeze had kissed the Chilean pallor from Elsie's face, which had regained its English peach-bloom. Isobel Baring's complexion was tinged with the warmth of a pomegranate. At sea, even in the blue Pacific she carried with her the suggestion of a tropical garden.

"I never gave thought to the weather," purred Isobel again, as she subsided more deeply into the cushions.

"Let us hope such a blustery state of mind may be justified. But you know, dear, we may run into a dreadful gale before we reach the Straits."

Isobel laughed.

"All the better!" she cried. "People tell me I am a most fascinating invalid. I look like a creamy oval. And what luck to have a chum so uninterested as you where a lot of nice men are concerned! What have I done to deserve it? Besides, Elsie handed her friend a cup of tea and a plate of toast.

"Naturally. While you were mooning over the lights and tides of the Andes, I kept an eye, both eyes in fact, on our compulsory acquaintances of the next three weeks. To begin with, there's the captain."

"He is good-looking, certainly. Some-what reserved. Isobel showed all her fine teeth in a smile. Incidentally, she took a satisfactory like of a square of toast. "I'll soon shake the reserve out of him. He is mine. You'll see him play just long before we meet that terrible sea of yours."

"Isobel, you promised your father—"

"To look after my health during the voyage. Do you think that I intend only to sleep and eat, and read novels all the way to London? Then, indeed, I shall be ill. But there is a French Count on the ship. He is mine, too."

"You meant to find safety in numbers?"

"Oh, there are others. Of course, I am sure my little Count. He twisted his moustache with such an air when I skidded past him in the companionway."

Elsie bent forward to give the chatterer another cup of tea.

"And you promised to read Moliere at least two hours daily?" she asked good humoredly. Even the most sensible people, and Elsie was very sensible, begin a long voyage with idiotic programmes of work to be done.

"I mean to substitute a live Frenchman for a dead one—that is all. And I am sure Monsieur le Comte Edouard de Point d'it will do our French far more good than Les Fourberies de Scapin."

"Am I to be included in the lesson? And you actually know the man's name already?"

"Read it on his luggage, dear girl. He has such a lot. See if he doesn't wear three different colored shirts for breakfast, lunch and tea. And, if you refuse to help, who is to take care of the Count while I give the captain a trot?"

Invalid Ladies This Is For You.

There are thousands of females who suffer untold misery common to their sex. This is largely due to the peculiar habits of life and fashion, and the improper training of girlhood. Then, too, the physical changes that mark the three eras of womanhood (the maiden, the wife, and the mother) have much to do with her sufferings, many of which are endured in silence, unknown by even the family physician and most intimate friends.

To all such whose hollow cheeks, pale faces, sunken eyes and feeble footsteps, indicate nervousness, palpitation of the heart, weak spine and nervous trouble, we would earnestly recommend a course of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. J. M. Sharp, Brighton, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, weak spine and nervous trouble, and found no relief until advised to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I got one box and that helped me so much I went and got five more. I am now cured completely."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box or three boxes for \$1.50, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE DINNER DRESS MAY BE OF VELVETEEN.

Velveteen if rightly developed makes a costume quite as handsome as that of silk velvet, equally as fashionable, and at half the cost. This costume, appropriate for afternoon receptions, luncheons, informal dinners, the theatre, and such occasions, is in black velveteen of that lustrous quality dyed and weaved. The very plain skirt is a circular model with centre front bias seam, finished at the bottom with a deep hem. The yoke portion of the finely

stuffed white batiste guimpe is inset with square medallions of duchesse lace, of which material the high collar is made. The sleeves of velveteen are tucked crosswise and inset with lace entire down, and finished with a double lace frill. The cut out front of the velvet bodice is filled in over the bustline with a wide band of gold tulle. Corsia and whorls of the velveteen finish the lower edge of this lace band, and trim the front of the plain girde.

ship, Miss Baring. We are always wide-awake here. My quarters are farther aft. I think I can find a chair for you if you care to sit down while I have my tea."

"The captain led the way to a spacious cabin behind the chart-house.

"I hope you don't mind the chairs being secured to the deck," he said, taking off his hat. "So far above sea level, you know, everything that is loose comes to grief when the ship rolls."

"Then what becomes of your photographs?" demanded Isobel, promptly, her quick eyes having discovered the pictures of two ladies in silver frames on a writing-table.

"Do let me pour your tea," cried Isobel. "I have always plenty of warning. No ordinary sea can trouble a big hull like the Kansas."

"Is that your mother, the dear old lady in the lace cap?"

"Yes, and the other is my sister."

"Oh, really? Is she married?"

"No. Like me, she is wedded to her profession."

"You mean, think it rude as I ask, that she is?"

"She is a hospital nurse; the matron, indeed, of a public institution in the suburbs of London."

"How wonderful! I admire hospital nurses so much. They are so clever and self-sacrificing, and they always have a smile on their sweet faces. Only I don't wouldn't bear of such a thing. I should love to be a nurse myself."

"And Isobel sighed, dropped her long eyelashes, and examined the toe of a smart brown shoe with a wistful resignation. Courtney was getting impatient, but the arrival of the steward with the replenished tray created a diversion.

"Do let me pour your tea," cried Isobel. "I make lovely tea, don't I, Elsie?"

"Elsie laughed so cheerfully that Isobel flashed an interrogatory glance at her. Certainly, the notion of Isobel Baring claiming the domestic virtues was amusing. But Elsie answered at once:

"What a curious library you have, Captain Courtney," she said, looking not at him, but at row of books fitting closely into a small case over the writing-table. Instantly the sailor was interested.

"Why curious, Miss Maxwell?" he asked.

"First, in their assortment; secondly, in the similarity of their kind of things. I have never before seen the Bible, Well Whitman, and Dumas in covers exactly alike."

"That is easily explained. They are bound to order. My real trouble was to secure editions of equal size—an essential, you see—otherwise they would not pack into their shelves."

"But what a gathering! Shakespeare, the Pilgrim's Progress, Montaigne's Essays, Herbert Spencer, Goethe's Life, by Lewes, Marcus Aurelius, Martial, Wordsworth, The Egoist, Thoreau, Hazlitt, and Mitford's Tales of Old Japan! Where

THE SECRET OF CRISP PASTRY.

Keep three things in view, if you want unvarying success with your pastry—cold water, good sheetering, and Blended Flour.

Ice water and butter are preferable, but if you cannot get ice water, use cold water and some other good shortening. But stick to the Blended Flour. It will never fail to give a light, flaky crust—no matter how hot the weather is, and as easy to digest as it is delicious.

The wholesomeness of pie crust depends on the lightness of the flour—the more the crisp flakiness that you look for in a pie crust must be made of flour having a large percentage of starch. Ontario fall wheat contains all the requisites for light pastry, cake and biscuits, while Manitoba wheat has the heavier properties required in a strictly bread flour.

Combine the two, and you will get a perfect flour, that has the full rich flavor and delicacy of Ontario fall wheat, and the strength of Manitoba spring wheat—an ideal combination.

With ordinary care in mixing and rolling the tough, Blended Flour will give you the most delicious pastry you ever ate. Many millers are now blending these two grades of flour scientifically, so do not attempt to do the blending yourself—it is no easy thing to get just the right proportions.

The White Indian

A white Indian is a sick Indian. When the Indians first saw a white man they were sure he was sick. White skin—sick man was their argument—"Pale-face" is the name they gave us. Pale faces can be cured. When blood is properly fed the face glows with health.

Scott's Emulsion

is a rich food. It gives new power to the bone marrow from which the red blood springs.

All Druggists: 50c. and \$1.00.

DYNAMITE ACCIDENT

Three Men Badly Hurt at Tiner's Point on Saturday Morning.

Three men were painfully injured by an explosion of dynamite at Tiner's Point, near Lorneville, on Saturday morning and it seems wonderful that they escaped being killed. Those injured are: James R. Johnson, of Halifax, foreman in the submarine bell department; Michael Driscoll, Lorneville; William Steeves, Lorneville.

None was seriously injured though all received bad cuts on the face and Mr. Johnson a bad gash on his leg.

For some days a crew of men have been engaged at Tiner's Point in doing preparatory work for the new submarine bell, as told in The Telegraph some time ago. Mr. Johnson was in charge of the work and was assisted by Messrs. Driscoll and Steeves and two other men—George Splane and a man named McGuire. About 9 o'clock Saturday morning they were digging the trench for the laying of the cable which carries the power, and had occasion to use dynamite for the removing of some rock.

The proper way to thaw frozen dynamite is to place the can in a large vessel filled with water and the explosive was laid by the fire while Mr. Johnson was preparing to fill the outer can with water. The heat reached the dangerous substance, however, and there was a terrific explosion. The men were but three feet away and it is marvelous they escaped as well as they did.

A large hole was blown in the beach and flying gravel struck the men in the face. Steeves was given a bad cut under the eye and Driscoll also had his cheek torn open. Johnson, who was nearest, was struck by a piece of the can which cut a gash four inches long in his leg and lodged in the flesh. Not a foot away from the stick which exploded were nine packages of dynamite, and if this had been reached, which danger was imminent, little would have been left of the six men.

Splane and McGuire escaped with a few scratches.

Dr. L. M. Curran, of Fairville, was summoned, and did all he could for the sufferers. Two stitches were taken in the cut on Driscoll's face, while Steeves required a great deal of attention. Dr. Curran thought it advisable to remove Johnson to Fairville where the operation necessary to extract the piece of tin from his leg could be performed. He was taken to the Barnhill Hotel, where the doctor subsequently took a piece of tin an inch and a half in length from the injured leg. He was reported to be resting comfortably yesterday. The other men are still under the doctor's care.

The work of installing the bell it seems will be suspended for some days at least. Louis Cole, the government engineer, and P. J. Harding, the marine agent, who are in Halifax, have been notified and will probably come here to see to the matter.

WOULD SEEM SO.

Hook—No matter what you go to see a doctor about, he is bound to end on your lungs.

Cook—How is that?

Hook—Well, he always makes you cough.

I tremble with each breath of air, and yet can bear a heaviest burden bear. 'Tis known that I destroyed the world, and all things in confusion hurried; And yet I do preserve all in it. Through each revolving hour and minute. (Water.)



DULY QUALIFIED.

Proprietor of Dairy—"Have you had any experience in this business?" Applicant—"I used to work in a pump factory."

LOST BOTH.

Grouch—"I'm tired of reading of these bank failures. I've lost all interest in them."

Hardhit—"So have I, and capital, too."

The Skin in Winter.

The condition of the skin during the cold weather has an important bearing on the general health. The skin is more than a mere covering for the body. By means of tiny pores it helps to purify the system, and unless cared for, the damp, raw days of winter will impair its functions, cause cracking and chaps, and sow the first seeds of skin disease.

Zam-Buk is a marvelous healer. It kills diseased germs, prevents inflammation and suppuration and then it heals. It acts upon both young and old with soothing and healing effect.

Winter Face Sores.—Thomas Robinson, Deer Wood (Man) was troubled for three months with bad face sores caused by catching cold. He tried many remedies which did no good. Zam-Buk's turn came and it cured before two boxes were used. Says he would not be without Zam-Buk.

Excema, Hands and Feet.—In two weeks Zam-Buk cured the hands and feet of Mrs. Robert Lewis, Slawville, P.Q. She suffered from Excema. No matter where you are afflicted Zam-Buk will heal you. Cut out coupon and send it to us for a FREE TRIAL BOX.

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Evolutions of a Pear

Hook—No matter what you go to see a doctor about, he is bound to end on your lungs.

Cook—How is that?

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