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POOR DOCUMENT

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The Finger of God

By William Beatty.

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(Continued.)

"Aye, aye," chorused the smugglers.

"But my wife, man?" groaned the laird.

"Mak your mind easy on that score, laird," answered Pitullo, with a coarse laugh. "Whether ye droon or turn free trader, she'll be a widow a' the same. Isna that so Jan?"

"Dot's so," returned the Dutchman.

"So ye'd better mak the best o' a bad job," counselled Pitullo. "Are ye for a drink o' the German ocean or a stoup o' Hollands?"

Face to face with such a terrible and pressing alternative, the Laird of Drum was not the kind of man to hestitate in his choice.

"Well," said he bitterly, "as I am powerless to help myself I submit. I don't see, though, what good I can be to you."

"Oh, mair than ye think, laird. For ae thing ye'll hae an opportunity gien ye for reflection, and time to resolve on a better way o'leevin'," answered Pitullo—parodying the very speech delivered him by the laird at his trial—chuckling savagely the while, as if he promised himself much satisfaction in paying off, in a fashion of his own, the grudge he bore the man.

Whereupon, having unbound the laird and led him below, he left him there to attend to the wound on his head or drown his cares in drink as he thought fit.

"I t'ink it would have been better to drop him over de side," grumbled Jan, as the smuggler came on deck.

"Aye, aye, but then ye are not of my way of thinkin', an," answered Pitullo viciously. "I owe the man a grudge and will pay it in my ain way. If ye are feared he'll win aff and blow on us, ye can mak your mind easy on that score. He'll never win back to Drum; or if he does, he'll gang back as hardened and devil-may-care a blackguard as the worse of us."

* * * * * * * * * * *

It was somewhere between the islands of Guernsey and Jersey and France that a small packet bound to the port of Falmouth had the misfortune one dark night to meet with an experience only too common in earlier days—common enough on the high seas, that is, but of rare occurrence so near such a busy highway as the British channel. The packet was sailing along easily before a steady and a favouring breeze when suddenly out of the blackness loomed the dark hull and ghostly sails of a strange craft.

"Ahoy, there," hailed the unknown, "What vessel is that?"

"The Dispatch of Falmouth," roared back the captain, "and curse you for a set of landlubbers! Where are your lights?"

"Heave to, or I'll sink you," came back over the waters.

"That's rather peremptory, is it not?" questioned a young man who had been walking the deck with the skipper.

"My God!" gasped the captain, a startled look of horrified recognition shooting out from under his brows as he peared ahead.

"What's the matter?" inquired his companion.

"It's Jack the Batchelor," groaned the captain.

"But who the dickens is"—

But another and more imperative hail from the black craft caused him to pause.

"My God!" murmured the captain, wiping the sweat from his brow. "So near home; it's fiendish—neither to be able to fight or run." And he kicked in his anger and despair a small brass cannon standing by. "She couuld outsail us easily, and there's never an ounce of powder aboard for a signal."

"Zounds!" exclaimed the young man, as he saw the stranger's ports go up. "She's showing her teeth. What's the meaning of that?"

"Aye, aye," answered the captain in reply to another hail. Then, having sung out his orders to bring his vessel up to the wind, he turned to the young fellow and said:

"It means, lad, that if you want to save your mother and sister you must do as I bid you, for in another ten minutes I doubt if there will be another man of us alive to tell our end. Listen. Get your mother and sister up at once. When we wear round place them in the forward boat. You can do that without being seen by those aboard that craft there. Once they are in, lower away and push off into the darkness."

"But you, captain?" said the young man, in some agitation.

"Never heed for me lad; mind the women," returned the captain. "We'll do our best. If we come out all right, we'll pick you up."

Then, having wrung the young fellow's hand and hurried him below, he went forward to his crew and bade them prepare for the worst.

"Lads," said he, "we have fallen foul of that villain, Jack the Batchelor. I know his craft well, for I have seen it often at Naples. A more bloodthirsty hound than he does not sail the sea. We are few against many, and, short of our lives, he may have what he asks. But if he offers violence, remember you are Britons."

Whereupon, arming himself with a handspike, he awaited, together with his crew similarly appointed, the approach of the boarders.

For a space there was nothing to be heard in the quietness of the night but the grating of the rowlocks and the regular dip of the oars, the idle flapping of the ship's sail and the shrill whistling of the air through the rigging.

At length, however, the noise of a boat scraping alongside warned the captain of the Dispatch that the crisis was at hand. With a quick sign he bade the men at the forward boat davits to lower away. The boat was barely out of sight when the first of the rowers gained the deck.

From that moment, indeed, until the captain had delivered up whatever money he had—and, unfortunately, he carried a good sum—little time was lost. Business in these waters was too precarious to allow of procrastination and too dangerous to permit of mercy.

As soon as the spoil was stowed in the boat the butchery the captain had anticipated began. There was never a word said, never a shot fired—it was a hand to hand struggle, the knife or the cutlass or a pitch over the side did the work. For a time the captain fought on with the courage of despair, but at length, feeling himself begin to weaken, he was on the point of jumping overboard, preferring rather to drown than have his throat cut, when he saw that which stayed his purpose and gave him strength of a madman.

Away forward the tackle of one of the davits on which had swung the boat in which he had hoped the women might escape remained taut and quivering as if it had fouled and some one out of sight essayed to sever its strand with a knife. He saw that—and worse. He saw, with a chill of horror, the figure of one of the buccaneers gazing with a horrible glee at the frantic struggle of those below, waiting for the moment when they should think themselves free that he might dash the heavy weight he held poised in his arms through the timbers of the boat. It was even as he beheld the sight that the stranda parted, and the man, with a fiendish exultation let drop his missile. Before, however, he could reach the murderer a terrific blow from behind stretched the captain senseless on the deck.

CHAPTER III.

In the cool of the evening of what had been a sultry June day, Dr. Leslie, as he sat enjoying his pipe in front of his own door, a little without the village of Drum, had his attention drawn to the leisurely approach along the dusty high road of a strange horseman.

Travelers being few and far between in these parts, it was with some curiosity that the doctor awaited a nearer view of the rider. As the distance between them lessened, however, his look of mild and meditative wonder assumed a keener and a more startled expression.

"Singular," he muttered, "very singular. He rides just as the laird himself used to ride. I wonder what brings him to this gate?" he mused. "He seems a stranger, and yet he carries himself as if he kenned the place. God bless my soul! I believe the man's coming here," he ejaculated, as the rider drew into the side of the road and finally brought up at the doctor's gate.

For a space the gentleman, for he was dressed in the latest fashion, failing to note the doctor, who was hidden from view by a laurel bush, sat his beast and scanned the house, desirious apparently of attracting the attention of whosoever was about.

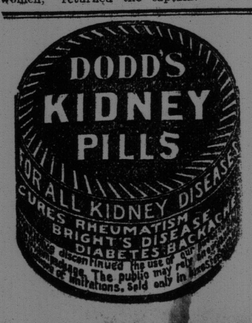
"May I ask, sir, if I can be of any service?" said the owner, rising, with a somewhat perturbed look on his face.

"Ha, Leslie, you are still to the fore, then. Why, confound it. I thought when I looked in just now, that the place had changed hands. Tut, tut, man, what's taken you? Gad," laughed the horseman as he swung off his beast and held out his hand to the doctor, "if my wife and family welcome my return in the same fashion, I shall"—

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated the doctor as he gazed at the brick red evil face, from the left temple to the jaw-bone a grewsome scar. "Merciful powers, alive!"

"Come, come, doctor," remonstrated the stranger jocularly, 'you surely couldn't expect me to turn up in any other way. Eleven years do make a difference, and—well I dare say you all gave me up for dead, eh? Ah, I thought so," he added as the doctor nodded. "It's just as well I should have come here first. But, faith, you don't seem too well pleased to see me. Is there another bird in the nest?" he demanded of a sudden, a lowering expression in his eyes.

(To Be Continued)



DRAWN BATTLE IN THE LICENSE FIGHTS

New England Cities Divided on Question of "Wet" or "Dry" on Same Basis as Last Year—Some Few Changes.

Boston, Dec. 8.—While the total number of cities voting for license remains unchanged as the result of today's election in twenty-one municipalities of the state, thirteen voting against license and eight for it, there were some radical changes in alignment. Fall River, notably, voted no-license for the first time since 1903, and Gloucester also went into the no-license list, while Haverhill and Salem, both of which voted against license last year, voted for it today.

The other cities where elections were held did not change their vote on the license question from that of last year. Those voting for license are Chicopee, Holyoke, Lawrence, Lowell, Springfield and Taunton, while in the no-license list are Beverly, Brockton, Everett, Lynn, Malden, Medford, Melrose, Newton, Woburn, Worcester and Somerville.

Among the mayoralty contests the election of George H. Brown, the Republican candidate in Lowell, was most interesting. Mr. Brown who, while a member of the police force, conducted his own campaign for the nomination, making cart-tail speeches all over the city, was elected mayor by about 2,000 votes over former Mayor James B. Casey, the Democratic candidate.

Another surprise was furnished in Lawrence, where for the first time in many years the Republicans practically swept the city, electing Wm. P. White as mayor by 2,597 votes, the largest majority ever given a candidate in the city.

In Worcester, where there was a hard battle over the head of the ticket as well as over the license question, Mayor Jas. Logan, Republican, was re-elected and the city again declared for no-license, though the majority was considerably under that given last year.

Haverhill held its first election under the new city charter, choosing as mayor Edwin H. Moulton over Mayor Roswell L. Wood, who was a candidate for re-election.

In Lynn, Mayor Thomas F. Porter, Republican, was defeated for reelection by Jas. E. Rich, Democrat, the latter receiving the substantial plurality of 2,551.

William E. Sanderson, Republican, was re-elected mayor of Springfield by a plurality of 625, his opponent being Jas. B. Carroll, Democrat, who conducted a lively campaign.

In Fall River, Mayor John T. Coughlin, Democrat, was chosen for a third term.

Many of the cities cast the largest total vote ever recorded, the interest over the license question being largely responsible.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Is without an Equal for COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS and all Affections of the THROAT and LUNGS.

All the most serious affections of the throat, the lungs and the bronchial tubes, are in the beginning but colds or coughs. Too much stress cannot be laid on this fact, and neglect to cure the cold very often causes years of suffering and in the end comes "Consumption." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup combines all the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines of recognized worth, and is absolutely harmless, prompt and safe.

Mr. J. L. Purdy, Millvale, N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled with a hard, dry cough for a long time, especially at night, but after having used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, for a few weeks, I find my cough has left me. To any person, suffering as I did, I can say that this remedy is well worth a trial. I would not be without it in the house."

So great has been the success of this wonderful remedy, it is only natural that numerous persons have tried to imitate it. Don't be humbugged into taking anything but "Dr. Woods." Put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 cents.

CHIEF AND MAGISTRATE MUST LIVE IN HARMONY

Attorney General Hazen Tells Them They Must Bury the Hatchet and Work Together for City's Good.

Hon. J. D. Hazen, as attorney-general, had a talk with Police Magistrate Ritchie and Chief of Police Clark on Monday relative to the friction between them, and practically told each that the state of affairs now existing could not be allowed to continue.

The attorney-general did not address the magistrate and chief together, but saw each separately. He pointed out to each the necessity which existed that the affairs of the police court should be conducted without friction and how the interests of the city demanded that each work for the sole purpose of good order of the city. Each had his own duties to perform and they were very well defined and it was unnecessary there should be any interference, one with the other.

Mr. Hazen also pointed out that there was a very strong feeling in the city in regard to the matter and that the general feeling all over the city was that the state of affairs reported as existing could not be allowed to continue.

It was claimed, in answer, that the press had grossly exaggerated the state of affairs and that no such friction as would appear to casual readers of the newspapers existed.

The general belief is that as a result of the attorney-general's action better conditions than have been in the past will now obtain.

PORTLAND MOCK COUNCIL

The Portland Y. M. A. Mock Council held an interesting session last night with Mayor R. T. Hayes in the chair. The question was the recent increase of the water assessment on churches.

Chairman McLaughlin, of the water and sewerage board, brought in a recommendation in favor of the appeal of the churches. The report caused a lively discussion but the council decided, by a small majority, against the recommendation. Next Tuesday night the board of works will bring in interesting reports.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE NEW CROWN HAIRDRESSING.

Less hair is being puffed out around the face in the pompadour, and more, consequently, may be used for the coiffure at the back of the head. For this new hairdressing a simple flat parting is made over the forehead, and the waves of hair are held around the crown by a fillet of black velvet ribbon. The ends of the hair are divided and rolled over the finger into little puffs, which, after being pinned in coronet fashion around the head, are held in place by an invisible net.

DR. CURREY SAYS HIS WIFE'S CONDUCT MADE HIM GET OUT

Her Continuous Nagging and Abuse Had the Effect of Driving Him From His Home—He Drank Whiskey to Relieve Gastritis.

Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 8.—The Currey divorce case is dragging along before the court and the end of the hearing is not yet in sight. At this morning's session Miss Ada Tapley, a nurse, although called by Dr. Currey, gave rather strong testimony in favor of his wife.

Dr. Currey.

Dr. Currey was on the stand the whole afternoon and was examined in reference to allegations set forth in Mrs. Currey's libel. Of the thirty allegations in the libel he was examined on thirteen, leaving seventeen yet to be disposed of. He denied emphatically that he ever struck Mrs. Currey or ill-treated her, but he admitted that he objected to her turning the house upside down with her amateur photographic work.

He usually allowed her to have her own way, but he objected strongly to her association with servant girls and to the companions she selected for the children. He declared that his domestic life was marred by continuous nagging and abuse from his wife, and he was simply driven out of his home. When his wife struck him he had not retaliated, but simply pushed her away and then got out. He had frequently told her that he did not want his home turned into a bawdy house by the servant girls. On one occasion he returned home and found a servant girl in a compromising position with a man, and told his wife, but she made light of it. He had never in his life called his wife a prostitute, but admitted calling her a she-devil, although he claimed that he always used an alternative term implying that she was either a she-devil or crazy. He said that he did not swear or use bad language.

Calls Police Visit a Plot.

Referring to the visit of the police to his home, he declared that it was a conspiracy hatched by his wife and others to degrade him. Some bad characters on the street had called the police after his wife had shouted from the window.

He said that he suffered from gastritis, and there were only three things which gave him relief, whiskey, ammonia and Jamaica ginger, and he usually gave the whiskey the preference. He kept some in his room, and when he got up in the night to take it, it was at his wife's suggestion.

He had called his wife a she-devil, as he thought she was one, and still thought so. He had not called his wife a thief, but she had on one occasion extracted a private letter from his trunk and refused to return it. She had certainly acted the part of a thief then. He did not stop her credit at the stores, but told her when she wanted money he would supply it. He merely told some of the merchants that his wife would pay cash in future. In the case of Williams, the grocer, he said that if his wife bought goods in future to charge them to her and not to him.

He denied absolutely that he had instructed the servants not to obey Mrs. Currey. In fact he told them to take their orders from her. He gave them to understand, however, that when Mrs. Currey lost her temper and abused them not to take any notice of her.

On Dec. 20 of last year he got out of bed to answer a telephone and took a message from the telegraph office. His wife always associated a telephone call by night with death, and when he returned to the room she asked if her father was dead, and he answered in the affirmative. She then flew into a great rage, and not only called him a murderer, but abused him in every way, shape and form. Seizing a chair, she swung it towards him in a threatening manner. He said to her: "If you want to kill me, there's a revolver. Take it and shoot me, but don't knock my brains out with my chair."

Her reply to this was: "I'd shoot you quick enough if I wouldn't swing for it." He gave her money to go to her father's funeral and allowed her to take the boy Willie along with her for company.

After some discussion the court was adjourned until 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. The judge expressed regret at the manner in which the case was being dragged out and intimated that he would resort to violent measures if it was not disposed of by Saturday.

Mrs. Currey occupied a seat during today's proceedings between her counsel, and followed the proceedings very closely.

HOUSE-CLEAN YOUR SYSTEM

Keep It Pure and Clean if You Desire Good Health

The inside of your body requires attention just the same as the outside.

A great accumulation of effete matter is clinging to the various organs, and must be moved off.

Some gentle laxative and tonic should be used.

The system must be relieved of its burden if you are to enjoy a happy, healthy summer.

Physicians who have examined the formula of Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butternut Pills say no medicine could be better.

Whether ill or not, thousands rely on Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are truly marvelous in preventing debility and sickness.

Begin Dr. Hamilton's Pills without delay. You'll feel stronger, eat heartier, digest better, sleep sounder, and gain more in weight.

Mr. Ed. Maynard, an old resident of New Westminster, B. C., writes: "I don't say Dr. Hamilton's Pills will cure everything, but they made a quick job of building up my run-down system. I had kidney disease and constipation, and was wholly unfitted for work. Pains shot through my limbs and lodged in my back. Headaches often made me desperate. I had no appetite, an awful color, and felt despondent. Sometimes I was a little rheumatic. After a few days I began to mend and kept up Dr. Hamilton's Pills till I was restored to my present tip-top condition."

Can you afford to miss the benefit of this marvel-working medicine? Think of it. All dealers sell Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for $1.00. By mail from N. C. Polson and Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

THE EVERY DAY CLUB

(Daily Sun.)

The annual meeting of the Every Day Club, a report of which appears elsewhere in this issue, calls attention to the very excellent work which that institution has been able to accomplish during the term of its activity. Inspired by commendable motives and working with somewhat unusual methods, the club has been able to do work hitherto left undone. It is very generally recognized that the saloon has filled an important place in the social life of a large group of men and the success of any reform movement will depend upon the provision of some social substitute. The Every Day Club has been able to make a beginning in that direction. The man who would spend a social hour with other men has been offered the freedom of the rooms.

The success of the club in the conduct of out-door sports is worthy of note. Any movement which acts in the revival of interest in clean amateur athletics is of genuine benefit to the community. The growth of professionalism, whether open or concealed, always endangers the true spirit of sport. The organization promoting out-door athletics for the good they accomplish rather than for the money they make, is always needed.

Those who have watched the work of the club will be glad to know that the very excellent work is not to be stopped because the organization is forced to leave the building it now occupies.

On Monday evening, Dec. 14, Rev. W. W. Rainnie will lecture in St. Stephen's church school room on Thomas Hood, poet and humorist.

You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than

EPPS'S

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

COCOA

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in ½-lb. and ¼-lb Tins.

100 Dozen Black Felt Hats

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50 Cents Each

Our Colored Felt Hats at 25c each

ARE THE BEST VALUES EVER OFFERED.

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Moncton, N. B.

Branch at 163 Union, corner Coburg Street, St. John, N. B

SPECIALLY PRICED AT $1.00

D&A TRADE MARK No 273

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

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning thruout, 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.

THE EXHIBITION DATE

St. John Executive Makes a Change to Avoid Clash With Fredericton.

At a meeting of the St. John exhibition executive yesterday afternoon it was decided, in view of the dates formerly chosen for the 1909 fair clashing with the Fredericton dates, to change the St. John opening date to Sept. 6, Labor day. If St. John gets the dominion exhibition grant, this will be the date of the dominion exhibition opening.

J. F. Gleeson, secretary of the association, was instructed to notify W. S. Hooper, the Fredericton secretary, of the change, and also that the letter he reported having sent to A. O. Skinner had never been received and that none of the executive at the last meeting knew of Fredericton having already selected dates.

OBITUARY

Leander S. Dickson.

The death of Leander S. Dickson, a former resident of St. John, who at one time was engaged in the lumbering business in Paradise Row, occurred in Chicago on Nov. 22. He left St. John twenty-six years ago. Mr. Dickson was a brother of W. B. Dickson, M. P. P., of Albert county. He was fifty- nine years of age, and leaves a wife, two sons and a daughter, all in Chicago.

Mrs. Wm. Beal.

Sackville, Dec. 7.—Mrs. William Beal died last night at the home of her son, C. N. Beal, well known in St. John, and will be buried on Wednesday or possibly on Thursday in case her daughter in Montreal does not get here before that time. Mrs. Beal was in her eighty-fourth year and was prior to her marriage a Miss Barnes, a sister of Amos Barnes, who for many years kept a hotel in St. John. She and her sister, Mrs. John Beal, of Shediac, were the last survivors of a large family—children of John Barnes. Mrs. Beal leaves behind her one son, Charles N., and two daughters, Mrs. Clements, of Sackville, and Mrs. McConkey, of Montreal.

CARLETON IS SAVED FROM WATER FAMINE

Francis McCarthy and His Assistants Did Valuable Work at Spruce Lake.

Residents in Carleton have been accustomed to look with complaisance on the tribulations of citizens on the east side from a shortage in the water supply and probably few of them are aware that but for the vigilance of Francis McCarthy, the aged caretaker at Spruce Lake, they would during the last few days have been in the throes of a water famine.

It appears from a statement made by Director Murdoch last evening that since Thursday last Mr. McCarthy and two or three trusty helpers have been engaged at Spruce Lake in a battle royal with the ice which threatened to block the inlet to the main supplying the west side. Perceiving that large quantities of broken ice were gathering around the gratings which protect the entrance to the pipe, Mr. McCarthy lost no time in collecting what help he could and starting in to keep the inlet clear.

Some twenty years ago the city was without water for a whole day owing to anchor ice in Little River reservoir and Carleton was in danger of a similar break in the supply.

The caretaker procured a boat and for five days has fought a battle with the ice. It was only yesterday that the danger of a water famine was averted.

Mr. McCarthy, who is eighty-four years of age, lives at Spruce Lake in a house owned by the city and receives the salary of $1 a day. But for the director paying one of his periodical visits to the caretaker yesterday the narrow escape which Carleton experienced from a water famine would probably not have been known.

Headaches and Neuralgia From Colds

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world-wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove. 25c.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

GOOD SHOT.

"What should I pop?" the hunter said
As he strolled along with her;
And she responded, blushing red,
"Perhaps the question, sir!"

Find a rabbit.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left side down, in pile.