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Ladies delight in these perfect fitting undergarments. They are knitted all in one piece—not cut to fit—and have no clumsy seams to irritate the skin. The special weave at throat and around the waist (as illustrated) shows how the Knit-to-fit Suits prevent that uncomfortable "bunching." Silk hand crochet around neck and down the front, cuffs and ankles.

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THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO.
225 Papineau Avenue, Montreal.

THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc. etc.

(Continued)

My faculties were rapidly returning to me, yet I stood as one in a dream.

"You say, Mr. Justin Blake, that you do not know where Kaffar is, yet you hold in your hand his knife, which is red with blood. Here is his scarf, which has evidently been stained, and on it are spots of blood, while all around are marks indicating a struggle. I say you do know what this means, and you must tell us." I reeled under this terrible shock. What had I done? Could it be that I had murdered this man? Had I? Had I?

"I do not know what it means," I said.

"Men usually are when they have done what you have done," he said.

"Why, what have I done?" I said, in a dazed kind of a way.

"Done!" he repeated. "You know best about that, in spite of the part you play. Nevertheless, Kaffar has not gone without leaving a friend behind him, and you will have to show how you came by that."

The idea maddened me. I would proclaim the story to every one. If I were hanged I cared not. I opened my mouth to tell Tom the whole truth, but I could not utter a word. My tongue refused to articulate; my power of speech left me.

My position was too terrible. My even wrought nerves yielded at last. I felt my head whirling around, while streams of icy water streamed down my face. Then I fell down at Tom Temple's feet.

For some time after that I remembered nothing distinctly. I have some idea of stumbling along, with Tom on one side of me and Voltaire on the other, but no word was spoken until we came to Temple Hall. Then I heard Tom say—

"He's better now. You go into the drawing-room as if nothing happened, and I'll take him quietly upstairs to bed."

I entered the silent house like one in a dream, and went with Tom to my bedroom, where I undressed like a weary child, and soon sunk into a deep dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XII—A MIDNIGHT CONFERENCE.

Some one was knocking at the door.

"Who's there?"

"Tom Temple."

I sprang out of bed and let him in. He looked very grave, very worried. Instantly everything flashed through my mind in relation to our terrible meeting of the night before.

"It's nine o'clock, Justin."

"Yes, Tom. I suppose it must be," I said confusedly, "but I have only just woken."

"I thought I must come; I want to talk with you."

"Thank you, Tom; I am glad you have come."

"How are you this morning? Is your mind clear?"

"Fairly. Why?"

"I must have some conversation with you about last night. Everything is confusion. I can explain nothing."

"Neither can I."

"He looked at me keenly and sighed. "Were you with Kaffar last night after he had so abominably insulted you and left the house?"

"I do not know."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No."

"No idea whatever?"

"Not the slightest."

"Justin, my friend, this looks very strange. Everything is terribly black, terribly suspicious."

"I tried to tell him all I knew; tried to tell him of my mad passion, and the scenes through which I seemed to go; but I could not. My mind refused to think, my tongue refused to speak, when that was the subject."

"I suppose Voltaire has told every one the circumstances of last night?" I said at length.

"No one."

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, DIABETES, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, AND ALL OTHER KIDNEY AFFECTIONS.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



DRESSY BLOUSE OF LACE AND RIBBON.

This pretty blouse shows a charming method of using a bit of handsome black lace of which there is not enough to build a whole waist. The lace is sewed in broad panels to black satin ribbon of simple quality, and the sleeves are finished with a top of the blouse and big satin-covered buttons make a smart trimming. Such a waist, made up without any lining, may be worn over a slip of black tulle or—as in the illustration—over a dainty white guipure.

THE WOMAN AS A WORKER

The Conflict of Sex in England at the Present Time—The Cry of Competition — Mary Mortimer Maxwell Explains Why Women Work.

Should a woman earn her own living? Actually the question is being seriously asked, seriously disputed in this year of grace 1928 in up-to-date, advancing, progressive England. As well ask, should a woman eat? Should she have shoes put on her feet, a gown to wear, a lodging wherein to shield herself from the inclement weather?

Let us start out with the premise that she really has need of these things, and has not inherited the wherewithal to provide them, which in the case of many young women of the better classes in England, for the life of me I cannot see any other way for her to provide herself with the necessities of life than to work for and earn them. How else, O ye dispirited women of the sphere?

Now comes your answer—and you are making it in a way that is a little dispiriting. We have had it dinned into our ears for days past—"Marriage!" really, the answer is an absurdity. It has no bearing to do with the problem under discussion. It is not an answer at all.

Personally, I have yet to meet a normal woman (and normal women are certainly in the majority) either in the United States, or England, who would hesitate for one moment between marrying a man whom she respected and loved, and who was fully capable of supporting her, and running a typewriting machine in the city "down-town" section. All other things being equal, trust your modern normal woman to take the man, the home, and the child.

WAR CRY OF "CHIVALRY."

Until within the past fortnight I had supposed that the Englishwoman who worked had been taken for granted by the men of England that it was understood when she did it with cause, and that, instead of trying to hinder her, they had become to help her; and found her so valuable, even from the business point of view, that they did not dream of discussing her right to work. To be sure, I have known of an occasional voice raised against the woman who worked, but it has sounded like the cry of a man who is shouting "Competition!" The women are taking the bread from my mouth!

"This!" cried Voltaire. "There is sufficient proof for an English court of law, and that law is terribly hard on murderers."

"Murderers!" cried Miss Forrest. "What do you mean?"

"This!" cried Voltaire. "You saw Kaffar challenge Mr. Blake in the drawing-room."

"I saw him insult Mr. Blake. I saw that Mr. Blake refrained from crushing him beneath his heel like a reptile. I saw that!" she cried excitedly.

"Just so," said Voltaire. "Then Kaffar went out, and Mr. Blake went after him."

"After him! Where?"

"Mr. Temple and I did not like the look on his face, and we followed him. I traced his footsteps along the highroad for a long while, and then we lost sight of them. We knew not where to go, when Mr. Temple thought he heard voices away in the distance. We went in the direction of the sound, and came to Drearwater Pond."

"Drearwater Pond? That terrible place to which we rode the other day?"

"The same, gentle lady."

"And then?"

"When we came there we found Mr. Blake in a reclining position, with a bloody knife in his hand. I recognized it as belonging to Kaffar. I saw something lying on the ground, and, on picking it up, found it to be a scarf which Kaffar had been wearing the very night. It was twisted and soiled, and on it were spots of blood. Footmarks were to be seen on the edge of the deep pond, indicating a struggle; but Kaffar was nowhere to be seen."

"It cannot be! It cannot be!" said Miss Forrest. "But what then?"

"I asked Mr. Blake questions. I accused him of many things, but he denied nothing."

"Denied nothing?"

"Nothing, Miss Forrest. He tacitly admitted everything I wish I could think of otherwise but oh, I am afraid my friend, my old friend, lies murdered at the bottom of Drearwater Pond, and murdered by Mr. Blake."

"It cannot be!" cried Miss Forrest. "Mr. Blake could never, never do so. There is some mistake."

(To be continued.)

HER CIDER WAS THE REAL THING

Sussex Men Could Get That "Joyful" Feeling on Mrs. Greensled's Cider—Sussex Town Elections.

Sussex, N. B., Jan. 5.—Mrs. George Greensled, of the parish of Springfield, was before the police court the greater part of the day charged with violating the temperance act. She was convicted for keeping for sale intoxicating drinks and was fined \$30 and costs or 90 days in jail. It is said that she will pay the fine.

In the evidence taken it was not only proved that she was keeping for sale but was manufacturing intoxicants. Mr. and Mrs. Greensled have a cider plant on their premises. She admitted the making of cider, but claimed it was not intoxicating. The witnesses examined, swore that the cider they got from her had more fire in it and made them drunk quicker than any liquor they ever drank, and they were supposed to have some experience. Scott Act Inspector Weyman prosecuted. Mrs. Greensled defended herself and proved quite alert to the questions asked.

In the civic election which took place here today only one ward was contested. The mayor, alderman at large, and aldermen for wards 2 and 3 all went in by acclamation.

In Ward 1 there were four candidates in the field. Heber Sinnott, George S. Dryden, George Slipp and John J. Rose. Heber Sinnott and Geo. S. Dryden were elected, each polling the same number of votes. Everything passed off quietly. Immediately after the close of the poll the new council was sworn in before Justice Folkins. The present council is as follows: James H. McLean, mayor; W. H. Haynes, alderman-at-large; Ward 1, George S. Dryden and Heber S. Sinnott; Ward 2, Dr. H. Murray and C. H. Perry; Ward 3, H. H. Dryden and George Coggin. Mayor McLean and ex-Mayor Mills both made short addresses.

The new council will hold their first meeting on Monday next.

Palpitation of the Heart.

One of the first danger signals that announce something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or again, there may be a most violent beating, with flutters of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries. The person may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Millburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is, beyond all question, marvellous. "They give such prompt relief that no one need suffer."

Mr. Sylvester Smith, Hampton, N.B., writes:—"I was troubled with palpitation of the heart and tried doctor's medicines, but they only gave me temporary relief. I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes and before I had used them I was completely cured and would recommend them to all similarly afflicted."

Price, 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FIRE IN A HOTEL AT NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

Seventy Guests Were in the House But All Escaped—Two Servants Injured.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Jan. 5.—Fire was discovered early today in the Columbus Hotel, a five-story brick structure. The 70 guests all got out safely, but two employees, a woman and an Indian, aged 21, and Mary Swiasek, aged 17, were found later lying unconscious in an alley where they had dropped from a rope by which they were endeavoring to descend from the fourth floor. Miss Billings legs were broken and she was injured internally. Mary Swiasek was badly injured by the ankles and feet.

The meeting then adjourned with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and it was the feeling of all present that a very enjoyable time had been spent and that the year of 1928 would be a banner one for the C. M. B. A.

On May 31 the branch will celebrate its nineteenth anniversary.

A PRIEST ELOPES WITH YOUNG GIRL

Rev. Fr. Siani, of New York, Ran Away With Julia Testa and Married Her.

Newark, N. J., Jan. 4.—The Rev. Filomena Siani, assistant priest at St. Rocco's Roman Catholic church, this city, and Julia Testa, seventeen years old, disappeared simultaneously last Thursday, and today her father received a letter from the priest saying that they had been married in New York and would not be heard from again.

The Rev. Father Siani had been a curate in the church for two years. He had heard the confessions of the girl with whom he eloped, and times and had called frequently at her home. Rev. James Zucconelli, rector of the church, said that he would take steps to have the eloping priest unfrocked. Bishop O'Connor has been notified.

TROUBLE IN INDIA

British Troops Fire on Hindu Mob Engaged in Religious Riots.

Calcutta, Jan. 5.—The religious riots between Mohammedans and Hindus have taken a more serious turn again, requiring the intervention of British troops today at Titagarh, who fired on the Hindu mob.

FOR SALE This Valuable Property

Situated in the best part of the progressive town of Moncton, including the good-will of the business.



Terms made to suit the purchaser. Apply at once to **HENRY G. MARR** 163 Union Street.

SHORTER HOURS OR A REDUCED FORCE

Minister of Railways Shortened the Hours on the I. C. R. Rather Than Lay Off Men.

Ottawa, Jan. 5.—In explanation of the reduction in time from ten to eight hours a day, with a corresponding decrease in wages, which has been determined upon in the case of mechanical employees of the Intercolonial, Hon. Geo. P. Graham, minister of railways, says the reduction is merely temporary and that probably in a month or so full time and pay will be restored.

In reducing the hours of employment, continued Mr. Graham, "we are acting in deference to well known union principles. The unions have frequently urged that in periods of scarcity of employment it is preferable to divide the work there to be done among the entire staff, rather than reduce the staff and continue the usual hours of work with full pay to those kept on. Were the Intercolonial a company-owned railway, I fear the men would, under similar circumstances, have to submit not only to fewer hours and less pay, but to a reduction of staff as well. However, the new order is but temporary and in a month or so full time and pay will be restored."

OFFICERS INSTALLED BY BRANCH 134, C.M.B.A.

At the weekly meeting of Branch 134, C. M. B. A., on Tuesday evening the following officers were installed by Grand Deputy Thomas Kichham for the year 1929:

President—Joseph Harrington.
First vice-president—Chas. P. O'Neill.
Second vice-president—Wm. J. Magee.
Recording secretary—Arthur S. Goslee.
Assistant recording secretary—Dan. B. Griffith.
Financial secretary—Richard J. Walsh.
Treasurer—Louis McDonald.
Marshal—James E. O'Brien.
Guard—Henry T. Bridgeau.
Board of trustees—Thomas Gorman, Thomas Kichham, John T. Kelly, Wm. J. Goslee, Thomas Caples.
Excellent speeches were made by the speakers. After the installation the members were given a surprise, when the president informed them that the newly elected officers had planned to have a musical programme and smoker, the members to be the guests of the officers, as also were members present from Branch 130, Carleton, and Branch 184, Fairville. The following programme was carried out in pleasing manner: Piano solo, Arthur S. Goslee; vocal solo, Mrs. H. L. Lannan; piano solo, Ed. McCourt; vocal solo, Joseph Stanton; vocal solo, John T. Kelly. Songs were passed around and speeches were made by Hon. R. J. Ritchie, Timothy Donovan, W. Armstrong, J. Butler and L. Armstrong.

The meeting then adjourned with the singing of Auld Lang Syne and it was the feeling of all present that a very enjoyable time had been spent and that the year of 1928 would be a banner one for the C. M. B. A.

On May 31 the branch will celebrate its nineteenth anniversary.

THE MIGHTY POWER OF MI-ONA

MI-ONA, that extraordinary and perfect stomach tonic will relieve dyspepsia in twenty-four hours.

It will cure and is guaranteed by Chas. Watson to the readers of The Evening Times to be the most powerful cases of dyspepsia, if taken according to directions.

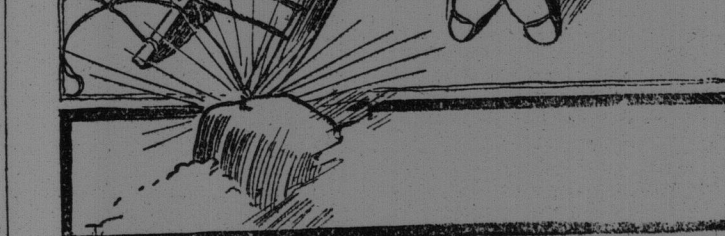
MI-ONA tablets not only cure dyspepsia, but all stomach disturbances, such as vomiting of pregnancy, sea or car sickness, and the stomach sickness after excessive indulgence.

MI-ONA cures by strengthening and invigorating the flabby stomach walls and after a course of MI-ONA treatment, constipation, if there is any, will entirely disappear.

Mrs. S. Keast, of Clarkburg, Ont., says: "A bad stomach trouble had bothered me for years, baffled and puzzled skilled physicians. I was miserably relieved by using MI-ONA. My trouble was on account of food not digesting but fermenting in my stomach, forming a gas that gave me untold suffering and pain and also made me weak, nervous, irritable and unable to rest. Since using MI-ONA I can go to bed at night and sleep and wake up in the morning refreshed. I cannot speak too highly of MI-ONA."

MI-ONA is a most economical treatment, a large box of tablets only costs 20 cents at Chas. Watson's, 100 King Street, and the dyspeptic, nervous or otherwise, who does not give them a trial is losing an opportunity to regain health."

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Find another scene. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. Upside down, nose against nose.