

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., FRIDAY, JANUARY 22, 1909

Knit-to-fit
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Combination Suits
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. All sizes—all weights—all fabrics from silk to cotton. Write for illustrated catalogue if your dealer does not handle Knit-to-fit.

THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO., 322 Papezau Avenue, Montreal.

THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY
BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

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

(Continued.)
"May I claim your garden, your forgiveness?" he said. "Believe me, lady, it was all because I loved you that I have acted as I have. Say, then, now that I am against me, that you forgive me."
She hesitated a minute before replying; then she said slowly, "It is difficult for me to speak to you without shuddering. Never did I believe such villainy possible; but—but I pray that God may forgive you, as I do."
"Then I will leave you," he said, with a terrible look at me.
"No," I said; "I will not leave you so easily. Know, man, that you are punishable by the law of England."
"How?"
"You are guilty of many things that I need not enumerate here; some Kaffar has told me about, some I knew before. So, instead of my lying in a felon's cell, I will be you."
Then we all received a great shock. Miss Staggles arose from her chair and rushed towards me.
"No, no, Mr. Blake," she cried; "no, not for my sake. He's my only son. For my sake, spare him."
"Your only son? Yours?" cried Miss Forrester's aunt.
"Mine," cried this gaunt old woman.
"Oh, I was married on the Continent when quite a girl, and I dared not tell of it, for my husband was a gambler and a villain; but he was handsome and fascinating, and so he won me. Herod, this son of mine, was born just the day before his father was killed in a duel. Oh, spare him for my sake!"
I need not enter into the further explanations she made, nor how she pleaded for mercy for them, for they were full to all. And did I spare him? Yes; on condition that he left England, never to return again, besides stipulating for Kaffar's safety.
—He left the house soon after, and we all felt a sense of relief when he was gone. Miss Staggles, or rather Mrs. Voltaire, who went up to her room weeping bitterly.
Need I relate what followed that night? Need I tell how I had to recount my doings and journeys over again and again, while Simon and Kaffar were asked to give such information as I was unable to give, and how one circumstance was explained by another until all was plain? I will not tax my patient readers with this; this must be left to their own imagination.
After this, Mrs. Walters insisted that we must have refreshments, and bustled away to order it, while a servant conducted Simon and Kaffar to a room where they were to be detained until I was left alone with the woman I loved.
"Well," I said, when they were gone.
"Well," she replied, looking stony into my face.
"I have done your bidding," I said, after a minute's silence. "I have freed you from that man."
"Thank God, you have!" she said, with a shudder. "Oh, if you only knew how I have prayed and hoped and thought!"
"And I had a promise, too," I said; "will it be painful for you to keep it?"
"Painful, Justin?" she cried. "You know my gladdest days."
"I will not write of what happened then. It is not for the eyes of the world to see. Tears come into my eyes now as I remember how her new-found happiness lit up her eyes with joy, and how the color came into her beautiful cheeks. God alone knows how happy we were. We had been kept asunder by a cruel hand, and had been brought together again by long and bitter struggles, struggles which would never have been but for the love of God and the love in our hearts. Then, when our joy was fullest, a thief from a neighboring church began to sing—
"Christians, awake, salute the happy morn,
Whereupon the Saviour of mankind was born."
It was, indeed, a happy Christmas morn to us. The darkness had rolled away, and the light of heaven shone upon us.
When I left shortly after, I asked whether I should come the next day, or rather when daylight came, and spend Christmas Day with her.
"You must not be later than nine o'clock," she said, with a glad laugh, while my heart seemed ready to break for joy.
I have nearly told my story now; the loving work of months is almost at an end, and soon I must drop my pen. I am very happy, happier than I ever hoped to be. My new-found strength not only brought me freedom from my enemy, not only enabled me to accomplish my purpose, but gave me fuller and richer life.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
GOUT, GRAVEL, BRUISES, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, BACKACHE, SPINDLING, STIFFNESS, SWELLING, PAIN, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY SYSTEM.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



MINK TURBAN, WITH BOA TO MATCH.

The three-piece fur set, comprising muff, neckpiece and hat to match, is now an established vogue; and, besides the luxurious suggestion of the furry outfit, the jaunty fur toque, crusted down over soft waves of hair, is most becoming. Fur hats, however, are seldom included in the ready-to-buy fur muff and neckpiece sets. The headgear must be built by a milliner who matches the pelts, or may be made at home. It should not be difficult to cover a luncheon shape in the style pictured with fur. The circular crown portion is first sewed firmly to the crown crown, stretching the fur smoothly over the shape. A strip of the fur, wide enough to turn in securely, is folded over the brim, and if there is not enough fur for the under side of the brim a satin facing may be sewed on. This turban is trimmed with small animal heads and two uncurled ostrich feathers.

THE TRUE STORY OF A \$1,000 A CHIP POKER GAME

Herman Frash, Standard Oil Man, Didn't Want to Play, and Didn't Know the Figure Was So High, Until John W. Gates Handed Him a Check for Seventy-four Thousand Dollars.

(New York World.)
How would you like to make \$74,000 without knowing it—all by a mistake? And in just the brief space of two hours? One man shortly before "Buck-Million" (Gates) left his quarters at the Waldorf-Astoria corridors now, and it runs through his mind the fact that he had not known what he was winning.
They tell the story in the Waldorf-Astoria corridors now, and it runs through his mind the fact that he had not known what he was winning.
"I'll get stung, I suppose," rejoined Mr. Frash, picking up the first hand dealt to him. "Anyway, it's worth the while to see you boys again, because I've been down in Louisiana. I've lost track of almost all my old friends, and when I get a chance to come to New York I don't have time to see anybody, except on business."
"Cut it out, Herman," laughed Mr. Gates, skinning over his cards. "Your credit is good, but this bank for the amount and you won't have to let go of any of your money until the same is over."
"Play the game," Mr. Frash said, "action to the word. For two hours the game went on, all the players getting more and more absorbed as the luck passed from one side of the table to the other. They smoked incessantly, but only took an occasional sip of the champagne which Mr. Gates had ever ready—they wanted to keep their wits about them. The pile of chips in front of Mr. Frash dropped a bit, and then began to grow.
Mr. Gates opened a jack pot, with kings on treys and all "stayed." Mr. Gates took one card, Mr. Frash drew three. The others dropped out, and then there was a merry fight across the table, each one "raising."
"Three deuces," said Mr. Frash, calling Mr. Gates' last raise.
"That's good," laughed Mr. Gates, "I opened on kings up and didn't improve."
So the game went on. Another big pot. Again Mr. Gates, opened this time with three nines. Again there was a fight across the table. With his eighth and ninth, Mr. Frash wasn't to be "bluffed out," and he stood every raise, until Mr. Gates was content and the others had thrown down their hands.
"One card," said Mr. Gates, with just a note of confidence in his voice.
"The card," said Mr. Frash, and both raised.
Then the betting began, and again Mr. Frash called. He had caught another four and had a full house. Mr. Gates' three aces weren't worth anything, and Mr. Frash scooped in the chips.
By-ones went the telephone. A servant answered.
"Mr. Frash is wanted on the telephone," he said to Mr. Gates.
"He's very busy," laughed Mr. Gates. "Who wants him?"
"It's Mrs. Frash, sir. She says she's heard that old her Mr. Frash was up here, she wants him to come to her rooms right away."
"I'll be about for me," announced Mr. Frash, pushing back his chair. I've promised to take my wife out to supper tonight, and I couldn't get out of it if I would. I'm sorry I've got to break up this pleasant little party, but when I sat in I told you I'd have to go in a little while."
"That's all right, Herman," said Mr. Gates. "We won't hurt Mr. Frash's feelings for all the world. We didn't think you'd stay the whole evening—you're not a good sport, anyway. Pass over your chips and cash in!"
Mr. Frash counted over his chips and showed them in neat little piles toward Mr. Gates, the banker.
"I make it 174," said Mr. Frash.
"Right," answered Mr. Gates, after his count, taking out his check book. He wrote out a check and handed it over to Mr. Frash, who glanced at it, and then jumped to his feet as if he had been shocked by electricity.
"You're wrong, John," he said. "This is for \$74,000!"
"That's right," retorted Mr. Gates, "unless we made the count wrong. You gave me 174 chips, and you started with 100. That's only 74 chips to the good—\$74,000. Do you think you are entitled to any more?"
"It's a hundred times too much!"
"Oh, no," said Mr. Gates, with a smile, "we always play for a \$1,000 a chip up to \$10,000."
"A thousand a chip?" gasped Mr. Frash. "Have I been playing for \$1,000 a chip all the evening? Good Lord! Why, I thought it was \$25." Good Lord! Why, I thought it was \$25, and I've been playing for \$1,000 a chip all the evening! You sure have," laughed Mr. Gates. "Perseveration was running down Mr. Frash's face by this time. He was just beginning to realize that every time he had thrown in a chip to the pot he was putting up \$1,000 more than the annual income of the average American family for a year. He hadn't been used to playing poker that way.
"A thousand a chip?" he stammered. "If I had known that you'd never have got me into this game."
"We don't play a piker's game up here," replied Mr. Gates, with the utmost good nature. "I thought you were. But what's the difference? You're \$74,000 to the good!"
"Why, you're regular gamblers," gasped Mr. Frash. "Let me out of here—I've got to get back to my wife!"
"Good night!" chorused the crowd.
A moment later an excited man was up in the suite five stories further upstairs, explaining to his wife that the reason he was late was because he had made \$74,000 in a business deal. Clutched in his hand was a check for the amount—good as gold—but it was slightly dampened from the perspiration that still oozed from the banker's fingers.
Herman Frash, millionaire, will never sit in a poker game again until he knows the limit and the value of each chip.

WAS IN BED FOR THREE MONTHS. PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Read how Mrs. T. G. Dink, Resebidge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was badly troubled with my lungs, people said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the Fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so bad to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B.S. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with his lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for any of my dear ones. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the genuine. Put up in a yellow wrapper and three pine trees the trade mark."

C. P. R. EXPRESS TRAIN WRECKED NEAR ANDOVER

The Baggage Master Was Seriously Injured and Baggage and Postal Car Burned—Broken Rail Caused It.
Andover, Jan. 21.—The north bound express was partly derailed about a mile beyond Andover Station this afternoon. The baggage and mail cars were burned and Baggage Master Cummings, who had to be cut out of his car, was seriously injured. The accident which is supposed to have been due to a broken or spread rail happened opposite Indian Point. The baggage car, which was next the engine, was the first to leave the rails and went over a low bank and into the water, where it struck the post and express car after it.
Fire broke out almost immediately in the baggage car and Baggage Master Cummings, who was jammed in the wreck, was rescued with difficulty. It was found that he was seriously injured and after being examined by Dr. Peake he was placed on the engine and sent to the Andover Hospital.
The second and first class cars also left the rails and slid along the frozen track for some distance. None of the passengers were injured and all "stayed."
The train for Presque Isle which was waiting at Andover Junction, was sent down to the scene of the wreck, and took the mails and passengers on board.
Wrecking trains are on the way here from McAdam and Woodstock, and it is probable that the track will soon be cleared.
The first news of the wreck reached here in a telephone message from Father Ryan at Indian Point, who saw the accident and the cars catch fire and burn after they left the track.

SOME OF THE HEAVY ONES

List of the Largest Shareholders in the Bank of New Brunswick.
The Bank of New Brunswick, which pays the highest dividend—13 per cent—of any bank in Canada, has the following large shareholders:
E. Edith Alward, St. John, 130
Dartmouth, Mig. Co., Ltd., Dartmouth (N. S.), 100
Estate A. Eaton, St. John, 144
J. E. Gregory (in trust), St. John, 190
Estate F. H. Hazen, St. John, 112
J. Manchester, St. John, 236
W. M. McKay, St. John, 150
Trustees Elizabeth Norman, St. John, 113
Estate J. M. Robinson, St. John, 229
Margaret I. Starr, St. John, 121
Trustees S. H. Thomson, St. John, 28
W. R. Turnbull, Montreal, 100
W. R. Turnbull, Rothesay, 100
Estate J. Vassie, St. John, 20
Grace F. Wilcox, Buffalo (N. Y.), 150

RIBBON SALE
All Silk Ribbons and Satin and Silk Ribbons
Good values at 30c per yard. Our price for a few days
19c per Yard
And no charge for making the bows when the ribbon is purchased from us. Colors, black, white, cream, legions, navy, beige, maroon, mandarin, rose, dahl, rosewood, turquoise, wine, peon, coral, gold, coquelicot, argent, lilac, prus and oyster.
THE BEST RIBBON VALUES EVER OFFERED.
Marr Millinery Co.
Corner Union and Coburg streets, and 637 Main street, North End.
SAME VALUES AGAIN AT MONCTON, N. B.

DOMINION FIRE INSURANCE CO. TAKES OVER THE TRADERS

Proposition to Put the Company in Liquidation Was Rejected by the Shareholders and Absorption by the Dominion Co. Was Decided on.
Toronto, Jan. 21.—The offices of the Traders' Fire Insurance Company were crowded with shareholders at a special general meeting this afternoon, called to decide the fate of the concern.
The subscribed capital stock of the company is about \$337,000, held chiefly in Ontario and the maritime provinces, on which calls have been made up to 60 per cent of the subscribed amount. Only those shareholders having paid full calls were entitled to vote. Of these about 800 shares were represented by some 150 shareholders in person and by special proxies.
It is understood that McLean Stinson, of the Rimouski Fire Insurance Company, made an offer on a basis of reinsurance and management. No vote was taken on this.
Joseph Tait, of Toronto, after hearing the Dominion Fire Insurance Company's offer, moved in amendment that the Traders' Insurance Company should go into liquidation. This motion was defeated by 683 to 85.
Massey's proposition was then carried by practically the same vote reversed. The gist of his offer, as accepted, was that the shareholders who paid up to 60 per cent on their stock might either receive it under the new management or be relieved of any further liability by transferring it to Massey or his nominees; that the present directors should resign at once; and that the management be placed in the hands of the Dominion Fire Insurance Company. This was all agreed to.
The head office here will be closed tomorrow; the directors will resign at once; the management and control hereafter will remain with the Dominion Fire Insurance Company, and the head offices of the two will be at the latter company's present office, Victoria street.
The meeting was held in the offices of the Traders' company, President Joseph Woodworth was in the chair, with General Manager G. E. Corbett, secretary.

BIG DRY GOODS FIRM ASSIGNS BURNING HOUSE

Burton Spence & Co., of Toronto, Wholesale Dry Goods Dealers, Went to the Wall Yesterday.
Toronto, Jan. 21.—The wholesale dry goods firm of Burton, Spence & Co., York street, assigned today to E. R. C. Clarkson for the benefit of their creditors. The liabilities are approximately \$200,000, which must be added the loss of \$100,000 capital, making the amount involved about \$300,000. The assets are about \$200,000.
For some time past the firm, which has carried on business in Toronto for the past thirty years, has been more or less embarrassed, and sympathy has been expressed throughout the trade for P. H. Burton and E. Spence, who will be the chief losers in the crash. Mr. Burton says the trouble is partly due to misrepresentations of a trusted employee.
The firm started about 11 o'clock Wednesday morning from an overhauled stock pile on a business trip to Allentown when the calamity occurred.
The service in the Murray street Mission last night was attended by many Rev. D. Hutchinson, pastor of the Main Street Baptist church, preached an able sermon, telling as his text I Peter 2:18. The Mission of Mr. Williams has been attended by much success, many having expressed conversion. Mr. Williams' subject tonight will be the Valley of Decision.
The High School Alumnae met last evening at the home of Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Princess street. A paper was read on the biography of George Elliot and a synopsis of her work. The Mill on the Floss, was read. Last evening's gathering was the first of a series of monthly meetings taking up studies of different authors, their books and the country in which they wrote.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



DOESN'T CARE.
The creak of wheels is dear to me,
I dote on windows white with frost,
The living in a flat, you see,
Where there is furnished tree of cost.
Find the coal man.
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
Right side down, head against signboard.

SCOTT'S EMULSION
cures coughs and colds, sore, tight chests, not by "dope," but by increasing the strength and enriching the blood.
All Druggists.