

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1908.

STARTLING OFFER! \$10.00 to \$12.00 Suits at \$4.50 A SUIT FOR THE COST OF MAKING AND TRIMMING.

Cloth Free! Cloth Free!

The most remarkable offer ever made by a local clothing house. These Suits are actually worth from \$10.00 to \$12.00. The price \$4.50 establishes a precedent for the most remarkable bargain offer in the clothing history of St. John.

Don't miss this; the saving is real, the value is bona fide.

Another hundred suits received for delivery today between the hours of 10 a. m., and 4 p. m.

Union Clothing Company 26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

The Captain of the Kansas By LOUIS TRACY.

(Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.) (Continued.)

CHAPTER XV

In which the Unexpected Happens.

When Christobal descended to the saloon he found Elsie holding the excited dog. It was instantly perceptible that she was not aware of the grave position of affairs on the ship.

Christobal heard ominous sounds from the fore part of the vessel. The revolver shooting had ceased, for the convincing reason there were no more cartridges.

Courtesy's double-barrelled gun was being fired as quickly as he could reload it, and the sharp snap of one of the rifles in the Indians' possession was recognizable as coming from the poop, the remaining marksmen having preferred to fire wildly from their canoes.

That a deadly struggle was in progress on the fore deck, Tollemache, Frascuelo, and three others were engaged in a hand-to-hand fight with nearly a score of savages; the doctor could distinguish the ages; the doctor could distinguish the irregular stamping of boot-heel feet.

He wondered why the girl, with her acute senses, did not grasp the significance of the yelling and tramping on deck, until it occurred to him, with a quick pang, that she was listening for one voice alone; or, perhaps, she was listening for the sound of a hand striking another.

He placed his hand on her shoulder. She turned and looked at him. There was a gravity in his eyes, which startled her. "Elsie," he said, "you believe in the efficacy of prayer, don't you? Well, then, pray now a little. I shall be glad to think, when this time of danger has passed, that we owe something to your invocation."

It was in his mind that he must shoot her within a few seconds, and the immeasurable agony of the thought reflected itself in his face. He had no notion that she would give his words a more direct significance than he intended them to bear.

She sprang towards the saloon stairs. "Do you hear that?" she cried in a ringing voice. "There are Indians on board. Come! We must not stay here when our friends are fighting for their lives."

Christobal knew that this active girl would readily outstrip him in a race to the deck. She was already several feet distant, but he must detain her, no matter what the cost; if she fell into the clutches of the savages, then over-running the Kan- sas, she might not be killed, but only wounded, and her sufferings would be inconceivable ere the end came.

"You are wrong," he shouted with convincing vehemence. "But if you wish to see for yourself, at least allow me to go first."

While he was speaking, he ran forward. She thought he meant what he said, and waited for him. Then he caught her right arm firmly in his left hand. "Let us wait here for a moment or two," he breathed.

"No, no, I am going now. You shall not hold me back. You don't understand. The man I love is up there, perhaps surrounded by savages. Let me go. I tell you if he is dying I shall die by his side. Let me go! Would you have me to strike you?"

She turned on him like an angry goddess, and strove to wrest herself from his grip. At that instant Tollemache and Frascuelo, the only survivors of the deadly struggle, were driven back by a rush of Indians. They caught sight of others leaping down the bridge companion.

"To the saloon, Courtesy!" roared Tollemache, clearing a path for himself.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS. I know woman's sufferings. I have found them.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—yes, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor.

Men cannot understand women's sufferings. We know women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Uterian Displacement, Falling of the Womb, Profuse and Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pain, nervousness, creeping feelings, dizziness, kidney and bladder troubles, and all the ailments which are caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can be cured at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to get it. It will cost you only about 12 cents to have it sent to you, and I will send you the cost of my book—'WOMAN'S OWN ADVISER' with explanatory illustrations showing how to use it, and learn to think for herself.

Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies, Pimples and Itching on the Face, and all the ailments which afflict women, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is sent, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71 WINDSOR, Ont.

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.

COSTUME COAT SUIT OF SHANTOONG.

The color of this dressy suit is brown— that golden brown which tones so admirably with the fashionable golden brown footwear and the brown hat plume.

The long pleated and untrimmed skirt joins a simple second-hand plaited brown chiffon blouse with trimmings of brown and cream Valenciennes lace. The little coat has

cape-like sleeves over puffs of velvet and a cape effect, which rounds down in the back to meet the top of the square collar trimmed with button-centering rosettes of the silk, which terminate a silk belt fastening in the front with two more of the same rosettes. The little tunic is brown beaver trimmed with shaded brown wings.

with an iron bar which he swung in both hands. Followed by Frascuelo, he jumped inside the saloon gangway. Four savages followed, two entering the doorway behind him. One raised a hatchet-like implement, and would have brained the Englishman had not Christobal whipped out his revolver and shot him through the body, releasing the girl's writ in his flurry.

The Indian pitched headlong down the stairs, falling limply at Elsie's feet. She stooped over the terrifying figure and seized the man's weapon. Her eyes shone with a strange light. She felt her arm tingle. A wonderful power seemed to flow through her body, like a gust of strong wind. She was assured that she, unaided, could just down any of the savages, but Christobal, admirably cool, fired again and brought another Indian to his knees. The second Indian fell cowering to Frascuelo to trip, and the Chilean, locked rib to rib with a somewhat sturdier opponent, rolled into the saloon. Elsie drew back just in time, of the two men would have knocked her down. Even so they were turning over on the steep steps she saw Frascuelo's knife seek that favorite junction of neck and collarbone which Christobal and she were so well understood by those of his ilk. At the foot of the stairs the Indian lay still, and Frascuelo stood to watch the killing no longer appalled.

Each dead or disabled Indian was less an obstacle between her and Courtesy. A third time the revolver barked, but Christobal missed. It did not matter greatly, as Tollemache had shortened his bar, using it twice as a miner delves at a rock. But the doctor did not forget that he had only three cartridges left, two of which were bespoken long before the fight began.

At last, then, the way was clear. Elsie would have mounted the stairs but an ap- pealing hand detained her. "I cannot wait, senorita. My leg has given way. And we can do no good there. They are all down."

A death chill gripped her heart at Frascuelo's words. "A dead man," she repeated, white-lipped. "I thank you," said he, blankly. The man was dazed by the ordeal through which he had passed.

As if to answer and refute him, Joey's hysterical yelp sounded from a point close at hand, and they distinctly heard Courtesy's loud exclamation, "Rally to the bridge!"

"You are mistaken!" shrieked Elsie, wrenching herself free from the Chilean's grasp. Nothing short of violence would stop her now. Tollemache darted out into the darkness, and she mounted the steps two at a time. Christobal panted by her side. He was determined not to be parted from her; if necessary, he would drag her away from any doubtful encounter on the battle-field of the deck.

But his blood was aflame now with the lust of combat. He wished to die fighting rather than by a suicide's bullet. They were not yet clear of the doorway when an extraordinary burst of cheering and shouts in English and Spanish assailed their wondering ears. The sounds seemed to come from the sea, from some point very near to the ship. A loud hubbub arose among the Indians; Courtesy, clutching his gun, rushed past, with the dog at his heels, and ran up the bridge companion. They followed his progress as he raced towards the port side, and they heard his amazed cry:

"What boats are those?" "Your own, captain, came the answering yell, plainly audible above the din. "That is Mr. Gray," screamed Elsie, and she, too, ran towards the bridge, with the doctor close behind.

"Sink every canoe you can get alongside of, and knock those fellows on the head who are swimming," roared Courtesy, who was so carried away by the fierceness of the fight from which he had just emerged that he would have given the same directions to the archangel Michael had that warrior-spirit come to his aid.

He seemed to have eyes in the back of his head, he turned so suddenly when Elsie neared him. "All thank God you are safe!" he said, drawing her to him for an instant. "Stand there, dear heart!"

He placed her in the forward angle of the bridge rail and leaned out over the bridge side. She understood that she must not speak to him then, but a great joy overwhelmed her, and her eyes melted into tears.

(To be Continued.)

KARLAND IS A WONDER

The Handcuff King With the Klark-Urban Co. is a Whole Show in Himself.

The Klark-Urban Company continue to draw good audiences to the Opera House and please them. Last evening they played 'A Web of Fate,' and put it on in a manner which pleased all the spectators. It was a very entertaining and a feature was the wonderful work of Karland, the handcuff king. He has been well styled, for etzel knickerbocks as well as locky mail pouches, straps and bars seem to have no terror for him. In a private ex- hibition yesterday Karland showed some marvelous work in freeing his hands and ankles from the police shackles. Some day this man will be able to break out of any police cell and there will be much in- terest in the trial.

Tonight the company will play 'The Silent Partner.'

NEW SHOW AT NICKEL

New Pictures Today Will be Well Worth Seeing.

Today's new show at the Nickel contains a thrilling incident—an actual happen- ing on the English coast—in which a vessel is wrecked and the coast guards row to the rescue in heroic fashion. The gal- lanting of the wreck, the signals, the launching of the boat, the dash through the surf and the rescue are most vividly shown. It is a very long picture.

Wonderful Mirrors is a hand-painted film of the mystic-photo class. 'The Doings of a Foolie,' a story of an adventures and her accomplice who were outwitted by a faithful dog; 'Undesirable Passengers,' a veritable storm of laughter; and the Par- looned Puppy, something new in the way of comedy.

Mr. Newcomb will sing this afternoon, and this evening Sydney Beckley, the English basso-cantante, will make his bow to Nickel audiences. His song will be that famous English toast number, 'The Gal- lant Signor Foli.' Miss Elsa will also sing.

A play party thronged the Keith assem- bly rooms last evening, the occasion being the annual ball of the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Carriers. About 100 couples attended and all spent a most enjoyable time. Music was furnished by W. J. Conway's orchestra and dancing was indulged in until a late hour. An ef- ficient committee had charge of the affair.

It was composed of: A. G. Stevens, E. J. McCourt, J. H. Wilson, G. M. Coughlan, A. Owens, J. P. Kiernin, W. J. McMahon, George McKee, F. E. Nugent, Ed. Small and E. J. Watkins.

Great Challenge Sale!

Begins Today at 9 A. M. Sharp Closes Sat'y. Jan. 18 at Midnight

This is a sale that does not often occur, and the prices at which goods are being sold will astonish the most economical buyer. Great crowds will be here, so don't hesitate, but come as soon as you can before it is too late.

Get Yesterday's Papers for Prices They Cannot Be Beat

S. W. McMACKIN 335 Main Street. Phone Main 600.

THE JURY FOUND A TRUE BILL FOR MURDER AGAINST DAVID

Assyrian Put On Trial For Killing His Wife and Pleads Not Guilty.

Fredericton, N. B., Jan. 7.—In the York Circuit Court this afternoon the grand jury, after examining a number of wit- nesses returned to court and reported a true bill for murder against Thomas David, the Assyrian, charged with murder- ing his wife, at McAdam Junction, in July last. His honor thanked the jury for their services and dismissed them from further attendance.

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THE MOUNT ROYAL HAD AWFUL FIGHT

She Battled With Angry Waves for Thirty Days—Lake Mani- toba Will Take Her Place.

London, Jan. 8.—(Special)—The Lake Manitoba will arrive at Queenstown to- day to take the Mount Royal's passengers to St. John. One baby passenger died during the voyage. All the rest are well.

Queenstown, Jan. 7.—Battered by a ter- rific hurricane that raged unceasingly for days the C. P. R. steamer Mount Royal limped into port today with machinery disabled.

The Mount Royal's officers described the weather after leaving the Lizard as the worst experienced in Atlantic waters for many years.

One awful hurricane raged unceasingly for days, making the conditions fearful for all on board.

Even after Christmas, ere the gale con- tinued with unabated force for another five days, but with her back to the hurricane the Mount Royal, rode a most unhappy voyage, only able to make about sixty knots daily. One passenger, describing the voyage, said:

"We thought we were lost; we saw nothing for fifteen days but a wall of green sea water at both sides of the ship, nothing but darkness for days together. We should not have dared go on deck, as the ship looked as though she was standing on end. Arriving at Queenstown, the passengers assembled and voted their grateful thanks to the captain and officers of the Mount Royal."

John E. Moore has sold his residence in Douglas street to B. J. Dowling, of Dowling Bros., who will occupy it in the spring.

WHEN?

NO TELLING when your work will be returned from the average print shop.

The small Job office cannot execute orders as neatly and as speedily as the Big TELEGRAPH Printery with its many presses and skillful workmen; and again, you pay just as much for mediocre work and tardy service.

For the best printing at the price you want to pay and prompt delivery,

TRY 'PHONE 31a The Telegraph Job Dept.

The Daily Telegraph Building.

S. E. Elkin, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Mitchell, B. M. Armstrong and A. H. Clements, of St. John, were in Halifax Monday.