

THE RED SPOTTED FROCK.

By Leila Grigson.

CHAPTER I.

"She'll not come! She came nothing for me. How can it be? How can any woman care for such a reckless, unlovely beggar as I am?"

But scarcely had these words of self-depreciation trembled unspoken on his lips when a brown car stopped within a few yards of him, and a young girl—a familiar figure to him—appeared in sight.

The revolution of feeling was almost over whelming. He rushed forward to give her his hand to assist her down, and as he caught her in his arms and she alighted to the ground she felt that he was trembling.

"How he loves me!" she thought, with a sigh. "Poor Bob!"

"I'm sorry I'm late, Bob," she said, "but I couldn't get away from business sooner. Where shall we go—to Hyde Park?"

found it almost impossible to concentrate my thoughts.

"I have it!" I cried. "That note was given to me by a fair-complexioned young man, who bought a red spotted frock, which he said he wanted for a birthday present for his sweetheart. The entry for it—18. 3d.—is in my book. You will find it in the recess there behind the counter."

"Would you know the man again?"

"Yes, I think I would. He was a good-looking young fellow, but had rather a dissipated appearance. But the frock would be more easily traced. It was a conspicuous pattern, and, would be noticeable in a crowd."

The detective seemed struck with a sudden idea. "Come," he said, "you are the only witness we have. You will have to be examined before a magistrate. And then you must help to work out the case."

Well, three nights in the week after I met the detective by appointment, and together we went to various places of amusement. But one Saturday afternoon, as we were standing on the gallery at the Aquarium, looking down at the people promenading below, the detective suddenly clutched my arm.

"There's a young woman with a red and white frock," he said. "Is it the one? Now be careful; remember this is a very serious case. Look at it well before you answer."

"There's no need to look twice," I answered. "That's the frock, and that young man walking by her side is the man who bought it."

So that was the end of my "holiday." I got my expenses paid, and the young fellow, who eventually confessed that he had stolen the lady's purse, got two years.

CHAPTER III.

In a quiet little street off Hampstead Road there is a row of small houses which are chiefly, subtle as furnished apartments, and in the second floor back of one of these a young man sat in an attitude of deep dejection.

A letter lay open on the floor, where he had thrown it in a burst of passion and despair. He took it up and read it again as if to convince himself that he had stolen the lady's purse, got two years.

"Dan Bos—I was surprised to receive your letter. After having fallen so low I wonder you had the courage to write to me. I could have forgiven your drinking, but a thief I could not be. Besides, you know time changes most people's feelings. Since you went away I have got married in three weeks. Trusting your penitence is real."

"Yours no more, "Lucy."

Again the paper fluttered from the unhappy man's fingers and with a deep groan his head sank on his breast, his hands flitting listlessly by his side. He staggered rather than walked to the little room bedstead in a corner of the room and threw himself face downward on the pile of pillows.

For some minutes he remained in that despondent position, but at length he lifted a white, haggard face and drew from under the mattress a large flat bottle, and drank glass after glass of the cheery colored liquid it contained, till all the objects in the room became a blurred, indistinct mass and in memory a blank.

But the god Bacchus, to whom he had appealed for strength and comfort, only hastened his end. "The time came when he thought—saw evil spirits in his room—a devil on every bedpost—riding, dancing, mocking and stretching out their arms to ward him. "So far as he could see the place was peopled with them—hundreds, thousands, myriads. Their eyes were like flashes of fire, their arms were long and fleshless. The boldest and most active seemed to have the face of the man he had seen at the Aquarium—the detestable-looking thing, pointing at him with one long bony finger like an accusing demon."

"Lucy!"

"Poor oh!"

A respite from the terrible nightmare had come at last. For one brief second he was conscious and saw a woman—the woman he loved—bending over him with the tenderest compassion shining in her eyes.

"I heard that you were ill—dying!" she said, with a little catch of the breath, like a sob, "and I couldn't stay away. Bob, after all I love you—and forgive you."

"Thank God!"

Then he turned his face to the wall and closed his eyes. He was quiet and still. There was no need to hold him now. He slept. But he never woke again.

70,000 Deaths Monthly.

St. John, N. B., April 1.—The plague situation is growing worse in the Punjab, where 70,000 deaths are reported monthly.

It Keeps Them Well.

That is exactly what our Vapo-Cresole will do for your children. When any contagious disease is in the neighborhood you can keep your children from having it by allowing them to breathe in the vapor every night. Not a disease germ can live in this vapor, yet it is perfectly safe. You see it is that little "vapor of prevention" you have heard so much about. It brings quick relief from croup, colds, coughs and other throat troubles. Vapo-Cresole is sold at drug stores everywhere. A Vapo-Cresole outfit, including the Vapo-Cresole Lamp, which will burn all night, and a box of Cresole candles, costs \$2.50. For a sample of Cresole candles and a booklet containing the full particulars of the Vapo-Cresole system, write to the Vapo-Cresole Co., 100 Fulton St., New York, U.S.A.

BIRTHS.

PARKER—New York, March 30, to the wife of Dr. H. C. Parker & son.

MARRIAGES.

CLARK-BLAIN—At St. Andrew's church, Ottawa, on April 2, by the Rev. Dr. Herd, C. Walter Clark, of Halifax, N. S., to Marion E., daughter of the Hon. Andrew G. Blair.

DEATHS.

WHEELER—At the home of the aged March 31, Mary Lydia Wheeler, daughter of the late Salmon Wheeler.

CARMICHAEL—At New Glasgow, on Sunday morning, March 30, James M. Carmichael, only son of Hon. J. W. Carmichael, aged 48 years.

WILSON—At Union, on Monday, March 31, Mrs. William Wilson, in the 33rd year of her age, leaving a husband, four sons and four daughters to mourn their sad loss.

RIDDICK—At the residence of Mr. Joseph Riddick, 24 Douglas Avenue, on April 3, Joseph M. Riddick, of Chatham, N. S.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrive, Tuesday, April 1.

Star of Croix, 1,051, Pique, from Boston, W. G. Lee, master and passenger.

Coastwise—Star of Croix, 1,051, Pique, from Boston, W. G. Lee, master and passenger.

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Doesn't this picture correctly portray your regular spring feeling? You may not feel that there is anything particularly the matter, but you do feel easily tired and generally out of sorts. It is certainly an annoying, if not a distressing feeling, and there is no reason why anybody should continue to suffer from it.

In this climate there are many reasons why you should feel all out of gear in the spring, and not only your comfort but your health demands that you take the proper steps to cleanse yourself of the blood impurities that are responsible for your condition. You need a tonic, nerve strengthener, and a general uplifter of the entire system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

meet all these requirements more perfectly than any other medicine. Nature does not require violent measures in the spring, but only a helping hand to assist in throwing off the impurities that have accumulated during the winter, and so toning and strengthening every organ that a condition of perfect health will prevail. Every one ought to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. No other medicine can do so much good.

Mr. James Salmon, postmaster, Salmon Creek, N. B., says:—"Last spring I was decidedly unwell. I was weak, dizzy, and constantly felt tired. My appetite was poor and I was losing in weight. I tried several medicines but nothing did me any good until I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I took a few boxes of these and they made me feel like a new person. I would advise all who feel run down to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Never be persuaded to take a substitute for these pills. Sold by all dealers in medicine, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

What Has Protection Done.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—The above question might well be asked by the ratepayers of St. Stephen, who, with the threat suspended over their heads that the industry may be removed from the town, are being urged to support a bill to protect the industry. It is a question of the right of the people of the town to pay its taxes. What becomes of all the money that the factory makes? Is it to go into the pockets of the few who own the factory? Or is it to be shared, or is it to be stored away as an election campaign fund? It is common sense that Mr. Ganong spent several thousands of dollars to secure his last election. Why should we pay Mr. Ganong's election expenses? Was it not enough that we should have given him our votes? Or why should we contribute of our hard-earned wages to make Mr. Ganong wealthier and more influential? If the industry cannot pay its legitimate share of the taxes of the community now when will it pay them? Mr. Ganong should take the people into his confidence and submit to them a statement of his affairs, showing how his business stands and what he has done with the money he has made.

I, for one, cannot believe that the candy industry is in such a parlous condition that it should be further exempted. If Mr. Ganong is as public spirited as he pretends to be he should not ask the poor people of the town to pay his taxes for him. If he has the industrial future of the town at heart it seems to me that he might withdraw this application and let the people of the town pay their taxes for him. The butchers, and the bakers and the carriage makers would probably like a little economy, too.

We have done a good deal for Mr. Ganong in the past, commercially and politically, and it is pretty nearly time that he began to pay some of his back.

He cannot expect us to give and give of our substance for the time without some return. Politically, he can do nothing for us; the smallest land in the town streets has as much influence at Ottawa as he has, so that we can look for nothing from that quarter. But, commercially, Mr. Ganong can do something for us and he ought to do it. He ought to free us from the burden of this tax exemption and let us have the money to lighten the burden of others, or to assist other industries. Heaven knows we want now in St. Stephen, N. B., a business badly enough. We can never expect them so long as the life-blood of the community is being sap by this candy monopoly.

The growth of our town is being retarded by the high taxes that our people have to pay. And why are they so high? Because many of our citizens are not able to pay their taxes. They are the burden of the community and the load on the town. That is the reason why.

Yours,
St. Stephen, N. B., March 29, 1902.

Standard Time.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—In spite of the fact that the local legislature has agreed to a bill to declare Atlantic Standard time legal throughout the province of New Brunswick, whenever the railways, which have also adopted it, shall declare it in force, the Sun on Thursday gave notice to a letter signed "Business" from a Sackville man, who "would like to see the matter discussed in the press," but who admits that in Sackville they have three kinds of time—standard, local and local. His letter while purporting to favor Atlantic Standard is in fact one of the strongest arguments against it, because the man so very evidently knows nothing at all about the subject.

In declaring Atlantic standard time legal throughout this province our legislature will do more to reform the very evils that "Business" complains of than anything else that possibly could have been done. And the willingness that both the I. C. R. and the C. P. R. have exhibited to make their timetables hereafter under the new system shows conclusively that the management of those roads immensely appreciate the fact that Atlantic Standard is the proper and most decidedly advantageous time system for the maritime provinces. In no other way than by its adoption could the provincial time system be unified. The country will have a debt of gratitude to The Telegraph for having maintained the agitation until the advantages of the reform became so apparent to all that there are now no opponents save some such alleged "Business" man, of Sackville, who "wants the moon to rise for his especial benefit."

REFORM.
St. John, March 29.

The Deaf and Dumb.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—Referring to the correspondence which has lately appeared in the columns of your paper respecting the Fredericton Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in which the question of payments by parents has been raised, I venture to inquire whether or not our government provides for the free education of children enjoying all their faculties. Provision is also made by our government for the payment of one hundred and fifty dollars per annum for the education of each blind person having "a settlement within any county or city of the province" and this amount aggregating some four thousand dollars, is being paid out annually to an institution under our own province, viz: the Halifax School for the Blind, so that our blind are placed on the same footing with the blind and deaf of Nova Scotia, while the deaf and dumb of New Brunswick seem to be treated with less consideration. If you can enlighten your readers as to the cause of this discrimination against this afflicted class you will confer a great favor.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valued space,
JUSTICE.

Message from St. Stephen.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—Please publish the following: "Your St. Stephen correspondent, 'Water Street,' who dares not write over his own name, states what is absolutely false. Our firm has neither directly nor indirectly asked for further exemption from taxation. We are simply attending to our own business as usual, and shall continue to do so and would advise your correspondent to do likewise, instead of playing the assassin and using his knife in the dark." GANONG BROS. LTD., St. Stephen, March 31. (By wire).

To Kill the Prickly Pear.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—I notice in your semi-weekly an advertisement that the government of Queensland has offered a reward of £5,000 for the invention of some means to exterminate the prickly pear. If they will give me surely, I will send them an invention that will kill any growing tree by rubbing it on the bark.

Yours sincerely,
ALONZO HINDON.
Annapolis, N. S., April 2, 1902.

