

EVENING TIMES-STAR MAGAZINE PAGE FOR THE HOME

AFTER MIDNIGHT An Unrivalled Short Story Series By W. L. GEORGE Begins in The Evening Times-Star JANUARY 10



HERE'S A SCENE FROM ONE OF THESE MARVELOUS TALES—"THE SLIPPER OF RED BROCADE."

Critics hail W. L. George as "one of the most brilliant writers of the younger English school."

In "After Midnight" he has surpassed himself.

These stories rank with the gems of Poe, Bret Harte, Robert Louis Stevenson, Kipling—supreme masters of the tale-teller's art. So simple in style that even a child can enjoy them, they are the delight of the most fastidious judges of literature.

For ingenuity of plot, for wit and charm of dialogue, for oddity of situation and incident, for picturesqueness in delineation of character, for unexpectedness in the turn of events and for gripping interest they are unequalled.

Six Stories in the Series:

THE SHOT IN THE NIGHT
IN A LEGATEE'S SHOES
THE STOLEN BABY

THE SLIPPER OF RED BROCADE
THE WAX LADY
THE POISONED GIRL

Each One a Perfect Literary Cameo

KENTVILLE MINISTER HERE

The services in the First Presbyterian church in West St. John yesterday were conducted by Rev. R. B. Layton, of Kentville, N. S., who delivered two inspiring sermons. In the morning his theme was "An Ideal for

youth," and he took for his text, 1. Corinthians, 6:19-20. "We are not our own," he said, "we are bought with a price." For the children of the congregation he related the story of the incident commemorated in the Fred Young monument in King square. The subject of his evening sermon was "The wonder and necessity of conversion." His evening text was taken from Acts, 17:30, "God commands all men everywhere to repent." Mr. and Mrs. Murray Long sang a duet, "Jesus Knows," and the choir sang an anthem acceptably.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS—WILLIE WAS RIGHT



ADAM AND EVA—TRAINING FOR MATRIMONY



JOINGS OF THE DUFFS—DANNY DELIVERED



THE OLD HOME TOWN

By Stanley



WANTS TO GET AT CONTENTS OF SAFE

Administrator of Boston Estate Proceeds Against Simon Goldsmith.

Boston, Jan. 7.—Simon Goldsmith, of 897 Marlboro street, son of the late Henrietta Goldsmith, eccentric but wealthy real estate operator of Roxbury Crossing, is sued in the Suffolk Superior Court by Max E. Bernkopf, of Brookline, as special administrator of Mrs. Goldsmith's estate, who seeks to reach the contents of a safe in Goldsmith's home and in two safe deposit boxes.

The administrator seeks to reach and apply these contents to a claim of \$800,000. This sum, he alleges, Goldsmith appropriated to his own use and benefit by the use of undue influence over his aged mother.

Judge Sisk ordered a special attach-

ment in the sum of \$800,000 to issue against Mr. Goldsmith's real and personal property, and also enjoined him from disposing of the contents of the safe and boxes pending a hearing of the facts.

Mrs. Goldsmith died in 1916 at the age of 87, leaving her son, the present defendant, and two children of a deceased son, Jacob, as next of kin. In 1917 Simon Goldsmith offered for probate a will made by his mother in 1918. A jury broke this will in 1920 on the ground that he had exercised undue influence upon his mother in connection with it. Within the last few days Mr. Goldsmith was sentenced to six months in the House of Correction after being convicted in the criminal side of the court on charges growing out of the same matter, his handling of the property of the estate. Although the will was broken, no property for the other heirs could be found. Mr. Goldsmith obtained a stay of execution of the sentence pending a hearing by the full bench of the supreme court.

Oh, Pardon Us!

"Terribly rough, isn't it?" she observed, as the roadster jolted over the road.

"But I just shaved this evening,"

he replied.—Ohio Sun Dial.

Why Blame Him?
Ma—You ought to be ashamed to be at the foot of your class, Willie! Willie—But it ain't my fault, ma. The feller that's always at the foot is home sick with the measles.—Judge.

Lame muscles?



Try this simple treatment
You can keep your muscles from stiffening up, and you can take out soreness and ache with Sloan's Liniment. Every night stroke it on gently—you don't have to rub it in. Tense muscles relax—aching stops. Get a bottle from your drugstore today—35 cents.

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

And they landed right beside the Old Woman's Shoe. The patch door was open and somebody was inside.

So very cautiously the three of them peeped in, and who, my dears, do you suppose was there? Mister Sandman! He was rushing about from crib to crib and cot to cot, pulling down covers and plumping up pillows as though he had lost his senses.

"Every last one of them!" he kept saying over and over. "Every one as

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"Achoo!" cried Nancy looking down through acres of darkness. "There's a light moving. Do you suppose that's Jack Heart?"

Daddy Gander peered over the edge of the queer airplane. "Yes, sir! It must be," he exclaimed. "Whom, there, Sally?"

And he said a charm in gibberish to the dustpan, which stopped immediately and began to descend.

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