

Store closes evenings at 6 o'clock  
Saturdays 11 p. m.

## Union Clothing Co.

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Old Y. M. C. A. Building. ALEX CORBET, Mgr.

### See Here, Harry!

It's just like this---I have tried all the clothing stores in town and have at last settled down on the Union Clothing Co. The suit I get there is always sure to be stylish and of good material. Everything about it is right in every way. Now go around town and see for yourself, and I will wager you a good cigar that you can't beat the Union Clothing Co. on a \$10, \$12, or \$15 suit. Try it.

## Union Clothing Co.

### ...That... Preposterous... ..Will..

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

(Continued.)  
"Alarmed? Not she," was the scornful answer, "she will be glad enough to get rid of me for ever. She wanted to kill me, don't you understand? What I said first was true---she tried to poison me."  
"Oh, my dear!" Mrs. Grey's voice was very shocked and grave. "Indeed, I think you must be mistaken. Why should you imagine such dreadful things?"  
"I don't imagine anything," Molly's eyes opened wide with surprise, "it's likely I'd go about imagining people wanted to poison me, is it? And I'm not the sort that's easily scared by nothing. I've seen too much unpleasantness in my life," she added philosophically.  
"But Molly dear," Mrs. Grey bent over the bed and stroked the girl's luxuriant hair that lay spread round her on the pillow, a gorgeous mass of color, "tell me the story clearly, and try to explain to me why you should suppose Mrs. Bedworth would wish to do anything so terrible. I cannot understand it; a lady of her birth and in her position does not go about poisoning people!"  
"She may be a lady," Molly said, "but she's not a lady!"  
"What do you mean?" Mrs. Grey asked.  
"She's got a go to her," Molly said, "and she's got a go to her!"  
"What do you mean?" Mrs. Grey asked.  
"She's got a go to her," Molly said, "and she's got a go to her!"

ly and breathlessly, "close on six o'clock she was in her boudoir, all smiles and sweetness, and she said it was so late for tea, and she ordered up some lemonade and cool things like that for us. The tray was there on the table by her, and I stood looking out of the window, and Stella sat down to the piano, and began playing something we'd heard at the concert. Mrs. Bedworth began pouring out the lemonade for us, and talking all the time. Talked very fast she did, about a party in the evening, and a new dress for me, and this and that, till I thought the hot weather had got in her head, and I was going to turn and look at her, when all at once, as I stood with my head half turned, I found I could see into a looking glass on the wall. I saw Mrs. Bedworth's face, and it sort of kept me standing there like somebody struck with palsy. I couldn't move, and I couldn't speak. Her face was all the world like a fiend's, chuckling with late and wickedness. She kept on talking and she smiled too, and her smile fairly turned me cold, so that I shivered, though the evening was so hot you could hardly hear it. She'd poured out two tumblers of lemonade, and then I saw her look up quick, first at Stella playing and then at me, then she came at me, standing by the window, and seemingly looking out; but she never guessed I could see her. She came to me, then I saw her put her hand in her pocket, and the smile on her face would have made your blood run cold, as she drew out a packet of paper ever so quick."  
Mrs. Grey gave a gasp of dismay, and her hand that lay on Molly's tightened its grip.

"She opened her pocket ever so gently and as quick as quick, and tipped a bit of white powder into one of the tumblers. And then Molly paused, and a look of horror came into her eyes---then she said, very sweet and smooth, 'Now dear, come and have your drink; you must both be melting, and she picked up the tumbler what she'd put the white powder in, and she handed it to me. And when I saw the girl she smiled at me, I---I can tell you I felt like throwing the tumbler into her face.'"  
"What did you do?" Mrs. Grey's own face grew as white as Molly's. "Did you say anything to her?"  
"I took the tumbler," Molly answered. "I said, 'Thank you very much, I'll drink it upstairs whilst I change my dress,' and Mrs. Bedworth she looked at me with a queer look I couldn't make out, and she said, 'Very well, dear, but the late in her green eyes fairly frightened me, and I ran upstairs to my room, locked the door, and sat on my bed and shook all over like an aspen. Then I poured the lemonade out of the tumbler into an old hair wash bottle I had saw there, and I put it in my pocket, not knowing in my mind quite what I meant to do, but feeling I'd got to do something. And whilst I was there shivering and thinking, I heard a step outside and a soft rustle of skirts, ever so soft, and somebody tried the handle of my door very gently and without a bit of noise. And I knew Mrs. Bedworth had come up to see if I had drunk the stuff---and it---it was the girl herself, and she came in, and her eyes grew wide and strained---'And I was frightened,' she went on, 'deadly frightened. I knew she wanted me dead, and I was afraid of her---oh I was afraid. And I never stopped to think any more; I never took off the hat and dress I'd worn at the concert, but I just snatched up the first cloak handy, and my purse, and I opened my door just as gently as I could, and peeped out. There was nobody about, and I heard Mrs. Bedworth's voice coming from Stella's room, and talking very fast and loud. I heard what she said when I went by the door. She was talking about Stella's trousseau and her wedding dress. She reckoned on me being dead and gone, I suppose.'"  
Molly smiled strangely and Mrs. Grey shuddered again---"but I stole down the stairs like a mouse, and out at the front door. And when I got out into the street all my fear took hold of me again, and I ran along as if she was behind me, never stopping and never looking round till I was ever so far away from her house. And then I took a cab and went to the station. I made up my mind all in a minute to come to you. I knew I should be safe with you."

"You are safe with me, dear," Mrs. Grey answered gravely, "and you shall stay here as long as you wish to stay. Tomorrow we will send for Mr. Bray and ask his advice. Now you must go to sleep."

But it was a long time before the little lady could leave the girl's side, for far into the night Molly tossed and moaned and started up in bed in wild terrors, bathed in perspiration from head to foot, with a pitiful cry---  
"I won't drink it, I tell you I won't drink it. Why do you want to hurt me? I haven't done you any harm. No---I won't drink it---take it away, oh! take it away."

(To be continued.)

### Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



GOWN OF LAVENDER BROADCLOTH.

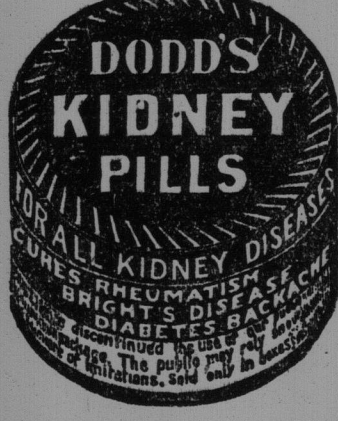
The sketch shows a dressy and very attractive model for a cloth gown, the original costume being of pale violet chiffon broadcloth. The skirt was cut in five gores and was trimmed with applied bands of satin exactly matching the cloth, and

### THE CHAMPLAIN FUND

Though Hamilton MacCarthy, designer of the Champlain monument, has returned to Ottawa, the interest awakened in the proposed memorial to the great explorer does not show abatement and the expectation that contributions would still continue to come in after the personal canvas by Mr. MacCarthy had ended is being realized.

On Saturday three generous donations were received and are acknowledged in the list of contributors here printed. Emerson & Fisher sent a check for \$25 to the fund and donations of \$5 each were received from Alex. B. Holly and L. H. Northrup. These bring the fund total to \$7,085, leaving a balance of \$2,915 yet to be gathered in. It is hoped that this will be very materially reduced in the next few days and that before long grants from the city and local government will clear up the balance then left and that the monument building will then go speedily along. The contributions to date are:

Champlain Monument Fund:	
Dominion Government	\$5,000 00
The Daily Telegraph	250 00
The Evening Times	250 00
Senator Ellis	100 00
Hon. A. G. Blair	100 00
D. Russell Jack	100 00
Kendall Hall	50 00
Robert Thomson	50 00
W. E. Earle	50 00
John O'Regan	100 00
George Robertson, M. P.	50 00
R. W. W. Frink	50 00
T. D. Walker	100 00
Manchester, Robertson	50 00
Allison Ltd.	100 00
Dr. A. A. Stockton, M. P.	15 00
Rev. W. O. Raymond	15 00
Rev. W. C. Gaynor	15 00
W. H. Thorne	50 00
T. H. Estabrooks	25 00
J. N. Harvey	50 00
James Collins	50 00
Vassie & Co.	10 00
J. M. Humphrey & Co.	10 00
Waterbury & Rising	10 00
James Myles	50 00
H. Horton & Son	50 00
James Fleming	25 00
O. H. Warwick	25 00
A. B. Gilmour	50 00
A. O. Skinner	50 00
F. E. Holman & Co.	50 00
J. White	30 00
W. Tremaine Gard	30 00
Hon. A. R. McClellan	50 00
Barnhill, Ewing & Sanford	15 00
Dr. A. W. Macrae	10 00



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Phillip Grannan, 5 00  
Emerson & Fisher Ltd., 25 00  
Alexander B. Holly, 5 00  
I. H. Northrup, 5 00

Total to date, \$7,085 00

Amount yet to be raised, 2,915 00

The Telegraph and Times will gladly acknowledge subscriptions.

TORONTO YOUTH HOLDS UP MILLIONAIRE'S WIFE WITH REVOLVER

Nervy Woman Invites Him into House; Gives Him Money; Gets Him to Unload Weapon, and Then Notifies Police.

Pittsburg, Feb. 3.--Ernest Davis, 18 years of age, who says his home is in Toronto, Canada, was looked up in the central police station in Allegheny today charged with threatening to shoot Mrs. Charles A. Davis, wife of a retired millionaire steel

painter, wife of a retired millionaire steel painter, at her home in Western avenue, Allegheny, yesterday.

Young Davis, who says he is well connected in Canada, met Mrs. Davis as she was leaving the house. He drew a revolver and said he had no money, that he was desperate. He demanded that she give him money and food and said if she refused he would "blow her brains out."

Mrs. Davis expressed sympathy for his distressed condition and invited him into the house. Inside she asked him to take the carter dollar and asked him to take the carter dollar and asked him to take the carter dollar.

Following his story she gave him a silver dollar and asked him to take the carter dollar and asked him to take the carter dollar.

Mrs. Davis immediately called police headquarters on the telephone and told her story.

Early today word was sent to headquarters that a man named Davis had robbed his roommate of a gold watch and a sum of money. Several hours after the robbery Davis was arrested and confessed that he had visited the Painter home.

Mrs. Davis said tonight that if the police ascertained that the story told by Davis was true regarding his unfortunate circumstances she would not prosecute him.

Senator King, of Chipman, has received a telegram that his son, Malcolm B. King, manager of the King Lumber Company at Cranbrook (P. C.), is critically ill with blood poisoning. The senator will leave for Cranbrook early in the week. It is understood that Mr. King has been operated on but complications are feared.

Col. Anderson and F. J. Harding, of the marine department, went to Ottawa Saturday.

CORA MCKINNON TAKES STAND IN SYDNEY SCANDAL  
Declares Father McAdam Forced Her to Tell How She Was Treated by Dr. Rice.

Sydney, N. S., Feb. 3.--Something in the nature of a surprise developed at the preliminary hearing today of the case against Dr. W. H. Rice, who is charged with procuring a criminal operation, when Cora McKinnon, the principal witness against him, testified to having told different stories as to her condition. She said that the Rev. Father McAdam threatened that he could have her put in jail if she did not tell all about what had been done to her. This story she again repeated to Crown Prosecutor Hearn. It was at the instance of Father McAdam that Crown Prosecutor Hearn was called in. She said she was frightened and that was why she told different stories. She denied having brought the matter up on the train with Constable Edwards. He himself brought it up. She did not know how the doctor had treated her. She said nothing to him about payment.

She said she knew Dr. Rice and had called at his office last May or June but had never seen him previously. She had come down town to see some doctor because she was ill and had called to see Dr. Morrison, but as he was out, she came along and noticed Dr. Rice's sign, went into his office. The doctor had told her to return home and he would call to see her later. She did not tell where she was staying. He never treated her at Mrs. Reid's house. She saw him at the office between 5 and 6 o'clock that day. The court proceedings came to an abrupt end while the crown prosecutor was conducting his examination.

The crown prosecutor asked her if she had consulted Dr. Brookman on a previous occasion. Mr. Maddin objected, saying that the question had no bearing on the case in hand. Mr. Maddin had previously objected to questions as to her condition at any time previous. The stipendiary said the case would not be used against her in her own. Mr. Hearn thought as this was the case, they were losing a great deal of time. All the counsel for defense had to do was to object to the evidence.

Mr. Maddin advised the witness, and his client, not to answer the question. The stipendiary thought that she would have to do so and said he would be forced to demand her to jail on a bread and water diet if she made no answer. Mr. Maddin thought that wouldn't make a very great difference. After present bill was read was not much of an improvement on that suggested.

Mr. Hearn asked that the case be conducted in a gentlemanly way. He deprecated the stand taken by Mr. Maddin, emphasizing his words by tossing down a rubber stencil he had in his hand. Mr. Maddin submitted that that was not the act of a gentleman either. A hot discussion followed. The magistrate came to the rescue and dismissed the court, adjourning it until 2 p. m. Monday, saying that they would require Dr. Rice to give additional names. He modified this later and allowed the usual bounds.

ORIGIN OF PLEURITIC PAIN

Just now they are very common, and many people seem subject to a mild inflammation of the lining of the lung which, if neglected, spreads to the lung itself.

Prompt treatment with Nervine is needed. Rub it in deeply---pain vanishes, relief is instant---pleurisy is cured. Quicker than a mustard plaster, more soothing and healing. Nervine is sure to cure any ache, pain or congestion because it contains a combination of remedies that destroy internal and external pain of every kind; try a 25c. bottle---that will convince you.

KINGSTON WANTS \$5,000,000 LOAN FROM BRITISH GOVERNMENT

Kingston, Jamaica, Feb. 3.--The reconstruction committee appointed by the Most Rev. Dr. Nuttall, Lord Archbishop of the West Indies, to carry out proposals for the rebuilding of the city, met Saturday and passed a resolution to ask the imperial government to advance a loan of \$5,000,000 at a low rate of interest, to be repaid in 20 years.

WINNIPEG WINS THE EARL GREY TROPHY

Ottawa, Feb. 3.--(Special)--Winnipeg won the governor-general's trophy in the dramatic contest and the Quebec Symphony Club won the musical trophy. These trophies are to be competed for annually.

The release of Allan Danvers is the name of the piece given by the Winnipeggers and it was decided by all to be well put on the boards. They were held to be the winners as soon as it was over.

Rev. Christopher Burnett, of Winnipeg, formerly of St. John, has broken down in health and is to go south to recuperate.



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