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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.)

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 deck. She knew, of course, that the Alaculof men had become active again, but the first attack had been beaten off so easily that she was sure this later effort would fail.

The dog was better informed. His alert ears told him that there were strange beings on board. He struggled so resolutely that Elsie freed him just as the Spaniard reached the foot of the stairs. Forgetting his wounded paw, and all a-quiver with the fine courage of his race, Joey galloped up the companion and appeared. Elsie was much distressed by her four-footed friend's useless pugacity. "I could not keep him back," she said, "and I am afraid he runs some risk of being hit. Do you think he will go to the chart-house? That is so exposed—Captain Courtenay is not there, is he?"

"No, I left him a moment ago, close to the saloon entrance," she said. She listened intently. Her imagination led her astray, it was hopelessly on the wrong tack.

"There does not appear to be much stone-throwing now," but I suppose I ought not to go on deck," she cried.

"It is not to be thought of, Miss Maxwell. Indeed, the captain asked me to come and bear you company."

"Just fancy those horrid Indians venturing to approach the ship tonight after the dreadful lesson they received this afternoon! And what will poor Senor Suarez say? He was positive they would never come near us after dark."

"I saw him, also, on the promenade deck," answered Christobal quietly. "He had very much the semblance of a false prophet."

The Spaniard meant to meet grim fate with a jest on his lips. He had seen Suarez lying dead or insensible close to the rails. In fact, the unlucky Argentine was only separated by the thickness of the ship's deck from the table near which Elsie was standing. Unless he were speedily rescued he would bleed to death.

"Ah, I heard Joey barking. He has gone aft," cried Elsie. "And what is that?" she added, moving suddenly towards the centre of the saloon. She had caught the fierce hiss of steam, and she was well aware that steam would only be brought into use if the Indians were endeavoring to climb the ship's sides; not yet had it occurred that they could possibly be on board.

"Some of our friends the enemy have come near enough to be scolded," said the man, coolly. "That should soon drive them away. You are not frightened, I hope?"

"Not a bit. My only regret is that I am not permitted to help in the fight. It must be inkhorn for you, Dr. Christobal, to be stationed here when the ship is in danger. I am certain you would prefer to be up with the others."

"Thank you for saying that. I wish you were able to read all my thought so accurately."

His right hand went to the pocket in which he had placed the revolver. The stock appeared to have a peculiar clamminess as his fingers closed around it. Though he was proud of the iron nerve which had won him reputation in his profession, he almost trembled now that it might not fail him in the last. What a horror, to be compelled with his parting glance to see this bright and gracious woman crumple up on the deck!

"But I know you are a brave man," she said with a confident smile. "I demanded a higher courage to pass undaunted through the ordeal of the storm than to face these ill-mannered Indians. Please

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

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 hatch-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 wrist in his fury. 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 arms tingle. A wonderful power seemed to flow through her body, like a gust of strong wind. She was assured that she, unaided, could beat down all the puny creatures who barred her path to her lover. She vaulted over the writhing form of the Alaculof, and made to climb the stairs, but Christobal, admirably cool, fired again and brought another Indian to his knees. The second Indian's fall caused Frascuelo to trip; and the Chilean, locked rib to rib with a somewhat sturdy opponent, rolled into the saloon. Elsie drew back just in time, or the two men would have knocked her down. Even as they were turning over on the steep steps she saw Frascuelo's knife eek that favorite junction of neck and collar-bone which Christobal said was so well understood by those of his ilk. At the foot of the stairs the Indian lay still and Frascuelo tried to rise. She helped him gladly. The swiftness of the killing no longer appalled her. Each dead or disabled Indian was one less obstacle between her and Courtenay. A third time the revolver barked, but Christobal missed. It did not matter to him, for he intended them to bear. But a strange hoarse yell of triumph, the war-cry of an Alaculof leader who had hauled himself to the bridge and found it undefended, warned her in the same moment that all was not well with the defense.

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 ghouls then over-running the Kan-
sas, she might not be killed, but only wounded, and her sufferings would be un-
conceivable 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 strike you?" She turned on him like an angry fire, and strove to wrest herself from his grip. At that instant Tollenmache and Frascuelo, the only survivors of the deadly struggle forward, were driven back by a rush of Indians. They caught sight of others leaping down the bridge companion.

"To the saloon, Courtenay!" roared Tollenmache, clearing a path for himself.

"All down!" she repeated, white-lipped. "I think so," 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 the distinctly heard Courtenay's loud command.

"This way, Boyle! 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. Tollenmache 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; Courtenay, clubbing 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 dog close behind.

"Sink every canoe you can get alongside of, and knock those fellows on the head who are swimming!" roared Courtenay, 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.

"Ah, 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.)

The annual meeting of the Algonquin Amateur Association will be held at 8 o'clock this evening in the club rooms, Metcalf street. A full attendance is requested.

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
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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 witnesses returned to court and reported a true bill for murder against Thomas David, the Assyrian, charged with murdering his wife at McAdam Junction, in July last. His honor thanked the jury for their services and dismissed them from further attendance.

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

Obstinate contumacy yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the relaxing, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often effecting a permanent cure."

Mrs. C. Townsend, Lockport, N.S., writes: "I feel it my duty to let you know of my experience with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I was troubled with a cold and severe cough all the time, and very severe spells of Asthma. The doctors did all they could for me, but could only give me relief for a short time. I happened to see your medicine advertised and purchased three bottles, and it gave me great relief, and I do not cough at all. I do not know how to express my gratitude for what Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup has done for me."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

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 in a manner which pleased all. The specialties were, as usual, very entertaining, and a feature was the wonderful work of Karland, the handcuff king. He has been well styled, for steel bracelets as well as locks of mail, pouches, straps and have seem to have no terror for him. In a private exhibition yesterday Karland did some marvelous work in freeing his hands and ankles from the police shackles. Some day this week he is to try to break out of a city police cell and there will be much interest 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 happening on the English coast—in which a vessel is wrecked and the coast guards row to the rescue in heroic fashion. The sighting 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 Poodle, a story of an adventures and her accomplice who were outwitted by a faithful dog; Undesirable Passengers, a veritable storm of laughter; and The Puddled Puppy, something new in the way of comedy.

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

A gay party thronged the Keith assembly rooms last evening, the occasion being the annual ball of the local lodge of the Brotherhood of Railway Clerks. 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 efficient committee had charge of the affair. It was composed of A. G. Stevens, E. J. McCourt, J. H. Wilson, C. M. Coughlan, A. Owens, J. P. Kiernan, W. J. McMahon, George McKee, F. E. Nugent, Ed. Small and E. J. Watterson.

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

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 today 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 terrific 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.

Fortunately the steamship had a huge store of extra provisions. No one could be allowed on deck, but all were assured that the vessel was in a perfectly seaworthy condition. There was much disappointment when it became known that the vessel was putting back to Queenstown. Despite the terrible experiences there was only one case of serious illness, that of a baby, which died on reaching Queenstown.

Even after Christmas eve the gale continued with unabated force for another five days, but with her back to the hurricane, the Mount Royal rode easier, although the 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 at times. We spent a most unhappy Christmas, many of us being sick. When at last we came safely to port, we could only thank Heaven for our escape."

Arriving at Queenstown, the passengers assembled and voted their grateful thanks to the captain and officers of the Mount Royal.

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

His Flesh Horribly Burnt

His druggist sold him a cheap acid corn cure. What he should have bought was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's purely vegetable and acts in 24 hours. Injure on only Putnam's.

Tom David.

at once arose and moved for the arraignment of the prisoner. Fifteen minutes later David, securely handcuffed, was brought in court by City Marshal Roberts and placed in the prisoners' dock. He presented a rather forlorn appearance, showing plainly the effects of his six months' sojourn in the county jail. His clothes, which were the same as he wore when arrested, looked much the worse for wear. He had not shaved for more than a week and the prison pallor of his features added to his general dilapidated appearance.

The prisoner was ordered to stand up and, as Clerk Campbell read over the bill of indictment to him, he seemed to be all attention. When the question, "Are you guilty or not guilty?" was asked him, he made no reply, but gazed in amazement at the clerk. Asked by the court if he could understand English, he replied "not very much."

J. D. Hazen, addressing the court, said that he appeared for the prisoner and it was the intention of the latter to plead not guilty. The court replied that the prisoner would have to plead for himself.

After further questioning the prisoner Judge McLeod concluded that an interpreter was necessary and Michael Ansar, of Lowell, was ordered to act in that capacity. The indictment was then read over and interpreted by Ansar. Being asked to plead David replied through the interpreter "I ain't guilty at all."

The solicitor general moved for trial and counsel, although it was 4 o'clock, expressed a willingness to go and empanel the jury.

It was given out by the judge when the jurors were sworn they would not be allowed to separate and as several of those on the panel had neglected to arrange for a week's stay in the city it was finally decided to proceed no further until tomorrow morning. Court then adjourned.

The crown case is said to be very simple and will not occupy more than a day or two. Witnesses will be called to prove the shooting at McAdam and the subsequent death of the woman from her wounds in Woodstock hospital.

The defense will undertake to prove that David was insane before and at the time he committed the rash deed. Drs. Sullivan and Leary, of Lowell, who had to do with David in a professional capacity while he was a resident of that city are here to testify in his behalf. Dr. Anglin, of the Provincial Hospital, has been subpoenaed as an expert in insanity by both the crown and the defense. He was in court this afternoon and observed the prisoner's actions very closely. Chief Clerk, of St. John, was also an interested spectator in court this afternoon.

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

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.

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FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER



treatment a complete trial; and if you cannot wait a week, or less than two cents a day. I will send you my name and address, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entire, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book, "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says, "You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speeds and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies, Pimples and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to my own locality who know and will gladly tell you whether this home treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71.

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AFFLICTIONS.

I am a woman.
I know women's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
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—your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the aid of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home remedy is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea, White Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head; back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex. I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free, to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment which speeds and effectually cures. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. You can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speeds and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Discharge, Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies, Pimples and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to my own locality who know and will gladly tell you whether this home treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten day's treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address: MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 71.

WINDSOR, Ont.