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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A JUNE GRADUATING

The graduating dress which is to be in lingerie style, should be started early in the season, for the beauty of these sheer dresses is in the amount of dainty needlework thereon. This model shows the use of machine embroidery in combination with tucking and lace—a feature of this year's lingerie dresses. A length of deep flouncing has been made to go a long way in this pretty frock. It forms the upper part of the skirt and the lower part of the bodice and little motifs cut from the embroidery are set in here and there encircled by lace insertion. The edge of the flouncing, cut off from the part used as above, forms a fuller flounce at the bottom of the skirt.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued.)

Quintance has ceased to breathe. His lips were bloodless, compressed. He stood motionless, stricken, staring. Where had he seen the Duc before? Once at the bungalow at Long Island, and yet again that morning at Antouil. And the Duchess? Ah! it was that which hurt.

She was dressed in purple velvet. Her neck and arms and shoulders, her fair, sweet face, from which the wild roses had fled, were all of a tint with that texture of snow before. She was holding her proud head high. Her blue eyes were very sombre as she and her husband stopped where the president stood, while all about them babel went on again as though it had never been suspended.

"Hold up, old chap!" said O'Ferral, for Quintance had clutched at his arm, was swaying, with bent knees, like one on shipboard. His features were grey and drawn. The blow had been cruelly sudden, and he was so crushing it seemed as though the very light of life had been snuffed out in him. His lips twitched. He was speaking, in a low, broken tone.

"Monsieur le Duc—et Madame la Duchesse des Reves! The Duchess of Dreams—my Dagmar!"

"I'm going away now. I'm going away, O'Ferral!"

CHAPTER XVII.

How Monsieur Fared in the Rue des Trois Freres.

Of the three men who, from such widely different motives, has spared no pains in pursuit of her whom Quintance now knew as Dagmar, Duchesse des Reves, Monsieur le Duc was the last to reach Paris, and that in no over-vehement hurry. For, while he may not have wielded such wide powers as Fanchette credited him with, he had always found that his rank in life carried with it advantages denied to individuals less fortunately situated. When the over-watchful Jules had brought him breathless word of the Duchesse's final flight, a cable message from New York had served to set in motion that machinery by means of which she was to be detained in Paris for him. And so he came had he been so in any way hastened his own departure.

But, by the time he reached his ornate bachelor apartment in the Rue St. Honoré, he had forgotten the far cause of that delay, was all impatience to behold her who awaited him. He sat down at his telephone and called up the Palais de Justice.

The creature who had served his purpose there was one Tissot-Latour, an aspirant for social recognition and very ready to oblige a duke. M. Tissot-Latour was out, it seemed, but Monsieur's urgent message would be delivered to him immediately on his return, which would not be until late afternoon or early evening. Monsieur gave vent to his annoyance by cursing Jules Chevreil when he appeared, and then demanded that unimpaired functionary how he might best amuse himself during the intervening hours.

Jules, who was in not a few respects an admirable servant, had foreseen some such demand on his ingenuity and was prepared to meet it with a well-filled programme of all that Paris offered in the way of entertainment. Monsieur decided on the stepphane at Antouil, and, having once more breakfasted at his usual restaurant—he always ate with better appetite in public than at any of his clubs—set forth for the race-course in his most dashing motor, a 1908 127 which he affected in society, taking Jules with him as chauffeur.

He was in a restless frame of mind, and after a turn through the paddock, where he met but few acquaintances and they busily occupied, he sought and found Jules active at the betting booths, face that agitated and sulky speculator drove him back to the boulevards forthwith. There he left the red car at its garage, and sent his valet about those duties from which he had so lately released him, while he himself passed the afternoon in a moody and aimless promenade.

Tissot-Latour was seated in the smoking room when he returned to the Rue St. Honoré, a little vulgar, over-dressed man, plebeian of body as mind, who rose as Monsieur entered, and greeted him effusively.

"Have you brought the address?" the Duc asked bluntly, cutting him short in a long string of compliments and questions.

"Certainly," replied his tool. "You

know that I am at your service, Etienne, and—here it is."

"The Duc des Reves," said Monsieur to himself, as he took the card proffered him. "What under heaven took her to Montmartre!"

"Jules! Phone to the stable to send the landau here at once. Or no (the barouches will be better. And at once."

"What's that, Latour? A card from M. le President's reception. Oh, very well. I'll see what I can do about it, if I remember."

"There was no easy task you set me, Etienne," the others told him, affecting to change the conversation but inwardly much piqued by Monsieur's cavalier acceptance of his good offices. "It would have been extremely awkward for me if the head of my department had got an inquiring of the use to which I put his mandat, to oblige you."

"My dear chap," Monsieur retorted, and at the familiar form of his address, Tissot-Latour wriggled delightedly, "there was not the slightest risk to you. The lady presented herself under one which is not her larval appellation, and that was in itself sufficient to justify you in detaining her. And she has made no protest in any case, which lets you out. I don't act without knowing where I stand, and you will never get into a scrape through my fault."

"Here, help yourself, and—excuse me a moment."

He pushed the tantalus across the table, and left his ally deeply gratified by his curt explanation and the brusque lack of ceremony his displayed. Was it not thus that the aristocracy treated their intimates, thought Tissot-Latour, dishonest offspring of a dishonest dealer in hides and horns. He even entertained some faint hope that Monsieur might seek his company in the discreet narrows, and would have been proud beyond words to show himself therein, but that was doomed to disappointment, and he was sent about his business as soon as the great vehicle with its two champing greys appeared, at speed, from the Faubourg St. Germain. Monsieur drove off in solitary state after a last word with his jockey.

"Is there a man on watch?" he asked.

"There has been one since I had surveillance established," replied the other pompously. "You won't forget my card for the reception, will you, Etienne, mon cher?"

"Phone me about it later," Monsieur called back to him, and "Confound the fellows impudent familiarity!" he muttered to himself.

The concierge at Number 40-bis in the Rue des Trois Freres chuckled explosively when he beheld the fashionable equipage stop outside his door.

"Voilà," said he, when he had got his breath back, he prophesied that there would happen something presently, and her we have the confirmation of my words. The wealthy prince arrives, in an expensive chariot. He is a young man, this one, and of appearance irreproachable. He stops to question the dragage, he has employed to guard his treasure. And now Andre will no doubt earn some small gratuity.

"Out Monsieur. Number 40-bis. What name? Mlle Lorraine. Yes, she is indoors, on the second floor. Permit me to go first that I may show you."

It was Fanchette who first caught sight of Monsieur's carriage as it stopped almost opposite the window she was gazing from, and so extreme was her alarm in consequence that she could only point to it, while her lips moved without sound. The girl and she had just returned from their excursion to the Avenue Marceau, had been discussing the advisability of flight from the Rue des Trois Freres because of their unfortunate encounter with Dick Arden.

That individual had introduced himself to them, even as Miss Sophia had observed, first as a fellow passenger of theirs upon the steamer, in which guise they had already recognized him, and then as a dear friend of the self-styled Stephen Quintance, who was, he averred, searching the city high and low for his errand cousin. He had proved so determinedly insistent that the girl had at length complied with his request for her present address, and she felt glad that she had not yielded to the temptation to mislead him, when Fanchette, looking back as they turned in at the street door, saw that he had followed them thither at a respectful distance. He had set off at once, and she felt that she was thus satisfied that it was safe to do so, and might now be back at any moment with one of the two men they were most anxious to escape. And, in the meantime, came the other.

"It is Monsieur," the girl said listlessly, after she had found out what had so frightened Fanchette. The hour she herself had been dreading for so long had come, but it found her with senses dulled by anticipation.

"It is Monsieur. You must be brave now, Fanchette. And do not leave me for an instant. See, I have something here which will speak for us if our own voices are not loud enough."

She slipped one hand into a pocket of her coat, she was still wearing and brought out the revolver which had served her in such good stead on the occasion of her night journey from New York to Stormport. It was an idle exhibition, and yet achieved its object. Fanchette took heart of grace, and did not feel herself so utterly at Monsieur's mercy.

(To be Continued.)

DISASTROUS FIRE ON HALIFAX WATER FRONT

Halifax, N. S., May 6.—The Halifax waterfront was visited by a heavy conflagration last night which swept away three great warehouses and caused a loss approximately \$100,000. The chief sufferers were H. H. Fuller & Company, whose store and wooden office building, and warehouse were completely destroyed.

The alarm was sent in a little after 11 o'clock and by midnight three immense buildings and Powers' and Cook's wharves were in ashes and cinders, while adjoining structures were in immediate danger and were already partly on fire.

The fire broke out in a three story wooden warehouse back of H. H. Fuller's and next a junk store. The policeman on duty smelt smoke and cutting down Powers' wharf saw the fire. He gave the alarm and there was a quick response of the department, but before they got to work the flames were leaping up from floor to floor and making headway in all directions. Soon Leslie Hart & Company's warehouse and office were on fire. Frank Fraser's warehouse of food products was ablaze and two tiers of warehouses back of Fuller's were a mass of flame, while buildings on the opposite side of the Powers' and Cook's wharves, which adjoining were breaking out.

At 1 o'clock this morning it looked as if the limit of the fire had been reached and the damage to stock and buildings was roughly estimated at \$100,000.

The night was calm and there was a light rain. Assistance was obtained from Danmouth, the opposite side of the harbor, which sent over its apparatus.

CHESTER JORDAN MUST GO TO CHAIR

Murder in the First Degree is the Verdict in East Cambridge Murder Case

Boston, May 5.—After being out from 5:22 p. m. Monday until 11:30 a. m. Tuesday the jury in the case of Chester S. Jordan brought in a verdict in the East Cambridge court against the prisoner of guilty of murder in the first degree! The jury broke the record of Middlesex county for the last ten years by the length at which it deliberated, being out eighteen hours.

The verdict was actually given at 12:33, and under it Jordan must suffer death by electrocution.

Jordan, though he was self-restrained, showed more emotion than he has done at any time during his trial. He had a ten minute wait in the cage before the jury was brought in, and he already knew its verdict. For that ten minutes he was pale, he bit his lip and gnawed his fingernails. But when he had to stand with his right hand upraised to listen to the verdict his face was stolid and there was not a tremor about him.

Rheumatism promptly driven from the blood with Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Remedy. Rub-on a never-fail cure Rheumatism. The blood must be reached—and Dr. Shoop's Remedy is made expressly for the blood. Test it and see! Sold by all druggists.

PROF. MURRAY IN THE CITY

Professor W. C. Murray, the new chancellor of Saskatchewan University, passed through the city last evening from Halifax on his way to Boston, New York and Philadelphia. The object of his visit to the States is to inspect the educational institutions in those cities with a view to forming plans for the new university building which is soon to be erected in Saskatoon.

On his way west Chancellor Murray will make a short stay for the same purpose in Toronto. While in the city yesterday he was the guest of Dr. T. Dyson Walker, who is a close personal friend.

E. S. Hennigar has received word announcing the wedding of his sister, Miss Minnie S. Hennigar, to Norman S. Bergantzel. The happy couple will be taken to their home in Hastings (Neb.).

THE KERNEL OF THE KINRADE CASE

Mr. Blackstock—Did you write Baum between Christmas and New Year's and tell him that if he had written a letter it must have been intercepted by your people, as you did not receive it?

Florence Kinrade—Yes.

Mr. Blackstock—Your mother and Ethel did not tell you they had intercepted Baum's letter?

Florence Kinrade—No.

Mr. Blackstock—And you were angry when you found it out?

Florence Kinrade—Yes.

Mr. Blackstock—You continued writing love letters to Mr. Baum until February 10, two weeks before the tragedy?

Florence Kinrade—Yes.

Mr. Blackstock—And in one you say that sometimes you think you would go crazy with your trouble. What had that reference to?

Florence Kinrade—I don't know.

What had that reference to, Miss Kinrade? Was that a joke?

Florence Kinrade—No. They wanted me to marry, and he wanted me to marry him and go on the stage, and I was very much undecided.

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KINRADE CASE HAS NOT ENDED

Officials Announce That They Will Continue to Probe the Mystery—Inquest Does Not Finish it.

Toronto, May 5.—It was definitely stated at the Attorney-general's department this morning that the Kinrade case will not be dropped but efforts to completely solve the mystery will be prosecuted with vigor.

Deputy Attorney-general Cartwright had a conference with Attorney-general Foy but no particular action will be decided on until they have received the report of the court of appeal has quashed the conviction of John O'Gorman, William J. Muller Daniel Wiley and Geo. M. Reid for their connection with the London election conspiracy case. The indictment containing twenty-three counts, all for offences ranging over several years against the election law. The court of appeals holds that magistrate Denison had no jurisdiction to commit the prisoners for trial and Judge Winchester had no jurisdiction to try them.

"The only natural and proper place of trial was at London, says Justice Garrow, who writes the judgment of the court, which is concurred in by Chief Justice Moss and Judges Osier and Teetzel. He adds: "The attempt to force trial at latter date and opposition to very reasonable proposition to change venue, which if granted would have obviated all difficulties savored of unfairness and even of oppression."

It will be found necessary by the official referee to make a call of \$80 a share on Ontario Bank stock holders to meet the deficit of \$800. Some stockholders paid \$135 for shares and will thus lose \$105 on every share. The capital stock of the bank was a million and a half, but holdings by the bank itself and insolvent share holders reduces the stock available for assessment to a million. The share holders are fighting the claim.

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How Dean Swift Cured Her

An instance of Dean's Swift's straightforward good sense, accompanied by amusing eccentricity, is related in connection with his visit to a farmer near Quilca, with whom he went to dine. The farmer's wife was dressed very expensively and her worn gold lace on his hat. The dean of St. Patrick's saluted her as though she were a duchess, and with low bows, handed her a seat, proposing to her husband that they "look over the farmer's demesne." "The devil a foot a land belongs to me, or any of my line," replied the farmer. "But I have a pretty good lease from my Lord Fingell, but he will not renew it, and I have only two years left." Then Dean Swift asked when he was to see Mrs. Riley, wife of his host. "There she is sitting before you, sir," replied Mr. Riley. The dean raised his eyebrows and shook his head: "No, that is not Mrs. Riley, for I've always heard her spoken of as a woman of sense, and this lady is dressed in the fashion of a duchess. No, Mrs. Riley, the wife of a poor farmer, who only leases, would not wear silks and satins and costly ornaments, she would dress according to her station in life." Mrs. Riley, feeling the rebuke, arose and left the room, soon returning clad in a gown of plain stuff, and without jewelry.

The Dean arising, advanced to her with outstretched hand: "Ah, this is the good wife of the farmer! Why, madam, your husband tried playing a trick on me awhile ago by presenting a gaily-bedecked woman of fashion to me as his wife. But I was not so easily taken in." He then took a penknife and cut the gold lace from the young son's hat, and threw it in the grate. Then resuming his good humour, he entertained the family till dinner was announced. When the hour for his departure arrived he took from his pocket a small bit of paper, neatly folded. Handing it to the son, he explained: "I do not wish to rob you of the value of your gold lace, but I give it you in a more useful form."

After the Dean had gone the young son opened the paper and beheld four shining guineas. Some months later Mr. Riley received notice from his landlord that Dean Swift had asked that his lease be renewed, a request which the Lord Fingell would gladly grant.

And Mrs. Riley and her vain young son were cured of their foolish fondness for dress which had led them into extravagances their poor circumstances could not well allow.

A FAREWELL SOCIAL

At the close of the weekly prayer meeting in the Congregational church last evening, a social hour was spent as a farewell to Harry Upton, who will leave on Friday for Portland (Me.), where he will supply a church during the summer. Mr. Upton is a native of St. John, and a former member of the Congregational church and was connected with the Whitney mission in Mill street. Lately he has been attending the Mt. Hermon Theological Seminary in Northfield (Mass.), where he will return next fall to continue his studies.

The purpose of the gathering last evening was for his friends to say farewell. There was a short programme, in which the following took part: John McEcheran, Charles McEcheran, William McEcheran, James Bond, R. S. Coupe, J. W. Flewelling and Mr. Upton. A short address in farewell was given by Rev. S. W. Anthony, to which Mr. Upton briefly replied. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the Ladies' Aid Society.

\$1,000,000 IN PURSES

Chicago, May 5.—The spring session of the Board of Appeals of the American Trotting Association announces the list of purses, which aggregate \$1,000,000. The handicap total are 155,500; stakes, \$211,000; and futurities, \$49,500; making a grand total of \$1,000,000, one of the largest in the history of trotting racing in the United States.

SHORTAGE OF FAT CATTLE

Dealer Says This is the Reason Why so Much Western Beef Was Imported Last Year.

Speaking as to the cause of so much western beef being imported to St. John last year as was shown in the annual report of the slaughter house commissioner, a wholesale meat dealer in the market said yesterday that shortage of fat cattle in the maritime provinces was the cause.

"This shortage, he said, has been growing more apparent every year, the farmers going in more for dairying, saying that they find it pays better than to fatten cattle."

Recently, however, there had been, he said, a movement among the farmers to return to feeding stock for the butchers and a change might be noticeable in a few years. Out of 5,000 head of cattle said to have been slaughtered in St. John last year, he did not think that more than 1,000 were fattened in the maritime provinces.

POLICEMEN WANT LONGER VACATION

A petition signed by the members of the St. John police force has been sent to the common council asking that the annual vacation, which is now limited to ten days, be extended to a fortnight. Those on the force claim that ten days is too short to allow them to visit other cities for any length of time. It is pointed out that to go to Boston and return by boat takes four days out of the holiday, leaving less than a week to be spent at the end of the journey.

The matter will probably come before the safety board at the next monthly meeting, which will be held the last week in May.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

WIND, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE

NUMBER 23 THE PRO



A WISH.

I wish I was an elephant,
To travel round the track,
With silk-embroidered blankets
To decorate my back.
He ain't so very handsome,
An' his manners ain't so fine,
But he's naturally lucky—
Jus' like certain friends of mine.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.
(Pigs' heads down, above head.)