

ST. JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19, 1905.

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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The other man cast a comprehensive glance over the rock, with its scaling ladders and dangling rope ladder, the cave, the little groups of dead or unconscious pirates—for every wounded man who could move a limb had crawled away after the first shell burst—and drew a deep breath.

"How long were you up there?" he asked.

"Over thirty hours."

"It was a great fight!"

"Somehow worse than it looks," said Anstruther. "This is only the end of it."

"Altogether we have accounted for nearly two-thirds of the poor devils."

Robert looked toward the approaching boat. She would not land yet for a couple of minutes.

"By the way," he said, "will you tell me your name?"

"Playdon—Lieutenant Philip H. Playdon."

"Do you know what nation this island belongs to?"

"It is no man's land, I think. It is marked 'uninhabited' on the chart."

"Then," said Anstruther, "I call upon you, Lieutenant Playdon, and all others here present to witness that I, Robert Anstruther, late of the Indian army, acting on behalf of myself and Miss Iris Deane, declare that we have taken possession of this island in the name of His Britannic Majesty the King of England, that we are the joint occupiers and owners thereof and claim all property rights vested therein."

"These formal phrases, coming at such a moment, amazed his hearers. Iris alone had an inkling of the underlying motive."

"I don't suppose any one will dispute your title," said the naval officer gravely. He unquestionably imagined that snuffing and exposure had slightly disturbed the other man's senses.

"Thank you," replied Robert with equal composure, though he felt inclined to laugh at Playdon's mystification. "I only wished to secure a sufficient number of witnesses for a verbal declaration. When I have a few minutes to spare I will affix a legal notice on the wall in front of our tent."

Playdon bowed silently. There was something in the speaker's manner that puzzled him. He detailed a small guard to accompany Robert and Iris, who now walked toward the beach, and asked Mr. S'All to pilot him as suggested by Anstruther.

The boat was yet many yards from shore when Iris ran forward and stretched out her arms to the man who was staring at her with wistful despair.

"Father! Father!" she cried. "Don't you know me?"

Sir Arthur Deane was looking at the two strange figures on the sands, and such moment his heart sank lower. This island held his final hope. During many weary weeks, since the day when a kindly admiral placed the cruiser Orient at his disposal, he had scoured the China sea, the coasts of Borneo and Java for some tidings of the ill-fated Sirdar.

To examine every sand patch and trace covered shoal in the China sea was an impossible task. All the Orient could do was to visit the principal islands and institute inquiries among the fishermen and small traders. At last, the previous night, a Malay, tempted by hope of reward, boarded the vessel when lying at anchor off the large island away to the south and told the captain a wondrous tale of a devil haunted place inhabited by two white spirits, a male and a female, whither a local pirate named Taung S'All had gone by chance with his men and suffered great loss. But Taung S'All was bewitched by the female spirit and had returned there with a great force, swearing to capture her or perish. The spirit, the Malay said, had dwelt upon the island for many years. His father and grandfather knew the place and feared it. Taung S'All would never be seen again.

"This queer yarn was the first indication they received of the whereabouts of any persons who might possibly be shipwrecked Europeans, though not savers from the Sirdar. Anyhow, the tiny dot lay in the vessel's northward track, so a course was set to arrive off the island soon after dawn."

Events on shore, as seen by the officer on watch, told their own tale. Wherever Dyaks are fighting there is mischief on foot, so the Orient took a hand in the proceedings.

But Sir Arthur Deane, after an agonized scrutiny of the weird looking persons escorted by the sailors to the water's edge, sadly acknowledged that neither of these could be the daughter whom he sought. He bowed his head in humble resignation, and he thought he was the victim of a cruel hallucination when Iris' tremendous accents reached his ears.

"Father, father! Don't you know me?"

He stood up, amazed and trembling.

"Yes, father, dear, it is I, your own little girl given back to you."

"They had some difficulty to keep her in the boat, and the man pulling stroke smashed a stout oar with the next wrench."

And so they met at last, and the sailors left them alone to crowd round Anstruther and ply him with a hundred questions. Although he fell in with their humor and gradually pieced together the stirring story which was supplemented each instant by the arrival of disconsolate Dyaks and the comments of the men, who returned from cave and bench, his soul was filled with the sight of Iris and her father and the happy, inconsequent demands with which each sought to ascertain and relieve the extent of the other's anxiety.

Then Iris called to him:

"Robert, I want you." "The use of his Christian name created something akin to a sensation. Sir Arthur Deane was startled, even in his immeasurable delight at finding his child unharmed, the picture of rude health and happiness. Anstruther advanced. "This is my father," she cried, shrill with joy. "And, father, darling, this



And so they met at last.

is Captain Robert Anstruther, to whom alone, under God's will, I owe my life many, many times since the moment the Sirdar was lost."

It was no time for questioning. Sir Arthur Deane took off his hat and held out his hand.

"Captain Anstruther," he said, "as I owe you my daughter's life I owe you that which I can never repay. And I owe you my own life, too, for I could not have survived the knowledge that she was dead."

Robert took the proffered hand. "I think, Sir Arthur, that of the three I am the more deeply indebted. There are some privileges whose value cannot be measured, and among them the privilege of restoring your daughter to your arms takes the highest place."

"I think," he said, "that your father should take you on board the Orient. There you may perhaps find some suitable clothing, eat something and recover from the exciting events of the morning. Afterward you must bring Sir Arthur ashore again, and we will guide him over the island. I am sure you will find much to tell him meanwhile."

The baronet could not fail to note the manner in which these two addressed each other, the fearless love which leaped from eye to eye, the calm acceptance of a relationship not to be questioned or grieved. Robert and Iris, without spoken word on the subject, had tacitly agreed to avoid the slightest semblance of subterfuge as unworthy alike of their achievements and their love.

"Your suggestion is admirable," cried Sir Arthur. "The ship's stores may provide Iris with some sort of rig-out, and an old friend of hers is on board at this moment, little expecting her presence. Lord Ventnor has accompanied me in my search. He will, of course, be delighted."

Anstruther flushed a deep bronze, but Iris broke in:

"Father, why did he come with you?"

Sir Arthur, driven into this sudden equal of explanation, became dignified.

"Well, you see, my dear, under the circumstances he felt an anxiety almost commensurate with my own."

"But why, why?"

Iris was quite calm. With Robert near, she was courageous. Even the perturbed baronet experienced a new sensation as his troubled glance fell before her searching eyes. His daughter had left him a joyous, heedless girl. He found her a woman, strong, self-reliant, purposeful. Yet he kept on, choosing the most straightforward means as the only honorable way of clearing a course so beset with unsuspected obstacles.

"It is only reasonable, Iris, that your affianced husband should suffer an agony of apprehension on your account and do all that was possible to effect your rescue."

"My affianced—husband?"

"Well, my dear girl, perhaps that is hardly the correct phrase from your point of view. Yet you cannot fail to remember that Lord Ventnor—"

"Father, dear," said Iris solemnly, but in a voice free from all uncertainty, "my affianced husband stands here! We pledged our truth at the very gate of death. It was ratified in the presence of God and has been blessed by him. I have made no compact with Lord Ventnor. He is a base and unworthy man. Did you but know the truth concerning him you would not mention his name in the same breath with mine. Would he, Robert?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FEARFUL HEAT.

Twenty Three Died in New York Yesterday — Other American Cities Suffer Nearly as Much.

NEW YORK, July 18.—An area of oppressive heat has settled down over the eastern and New England states, already numbering hundreds among its victims and causing indescribable suffering to thousands in this and other cities. From all points tonight came the story of the hottest day of the summer, attended with frequent prostrations and not a few deaths. Philadelphia reported a maximum temperature of 93, the highest figure recorded. The official thermometers located in exposed places above the street did not, however, indicate the temperature in which the ordinary mortal moved, and street thermometers indicated a temperature of 100 or higher.

Following are the maximum temperatures recorded in the larger cities, with the known cases of prostration and death:

Table with 2 columns: City, Max. Prostr. Deaths. Includes New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Boston, Pittsburgh, Buffalo.

In the above table the total of prostrations include the fatalities. The above figures by no means represent the sum of human suffering today, as an endless number of victims who collapsed at home, or in the office or workshop, were privately attended. Tonight no relief was in sight.

CAPE BRETON WOMAN DROWNED.

PEMBROKE, Mass., July 18.—Mrs. Herbert E. Lane, 29, 143 Bradford street, Everett, was drowned in Macquon pond last evening while attempting to rescue her daughter, Miss Ethel M. Lane, who appeared to be in danger. The body was recovered a short time after the accident and every effort was made to resuscitate her, but vainly.

Mrs. Lane was a native of Cape Breton, but had lived in Everett for many years and is well known there. She engaged the Burgess cottage at the pond a few days ago and intended to pass the remainder of the summer here with her children. She leaves a husband and two children, Miss Ethel and Wesley H. Lane. The body will be taken to Everett tomorrow for burial.

INGERSOLL WOMAN SHOTS WOULD BE ADMIRER

INGERSOLL, Ont., July 18.—Because he persisted in coming to her home and attempting to interrupt the happiness of her life, Mrs. Emeline Kyle, wife of Robert Kyle, an employe of the Ingersoll Contracting Factory, shot and killed her admirer just outside her home this morning. Three shots were fired from her revolver. The first missed, the others took effect. McGee dropped on the sidewalk after running ten yards, and died a moment later. Mrs. Kyle immediately walked to police headquarters, half mile from her home, and gave herself up.

MONCTON GIRL WEDS AGTOR.

MONCTON, July 17.—George H. Perry of Oldtown, Maine, one of the principals of the Jerry from Kerry Company, now in Nova Scotia, was married here this afternoon to Miss Jennie Vouela Jones, daughter of the late John Jones. The ceremony took place at the residence of Miss Jones, aunt of the bride, and she was given away by her uncle, Thos. B. Ritchie. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Perry left for Nova Scotia.

REV. FATHER WALSH DEAD.

BOSTON, July 18.—The Rev. Father Walsh, C. S. S. R., one of the curates attached to the Mission Church, Roxbury, died at the Carney Hospital, South Boston, yesterday morning, after a lingering illness, brought on by continuous work and study. He was engaged in missionary work, travelling over all this country and Canada. He was permanently located at the Indian mission, Seattle, Wash., and at St. John, N. B. He came to the Mission Church in 1898, where he had since been located.

CABINET SHUFFLE IN PROSPECT.

OTTAWA, July 18.—Reports of cabinet changes come at the close of every session. This time they are on a wider scale than usual. Ottawa liberals contend that Belcourt must be recognized, no matter what happens. To put in Belcourt would be to increase the Quebec-French influence at the expense of Ontario's representation in the cabinet, for Ottawa is within the Ontario dead line. So far Laurier has not even thrown out a hint of any prospective cabinet shuffle.

LAWSON HOME AGAIN.

BOSTON, July 17.—Thomas E. Lawson of this city returned from his western trip tonight. In a statement issued to the press Mr. Lawson declared that his tour had been satisfactory in every way.

STORES, ETC.

— THAT ARE —

OPEN EVENINGS.

JEWELER AND GOLDSMITH.

A fine selection of jewelry of all description can be seen at the establishment of W. Tremaine Gard, on Charlotte street. Visitors requiring souvenirs of the town cannot do better than call and inspect Mr. Gard's selection. Some fine specimens of Antwerp cut diamonds are exciting a great deal of interest at the moment.

HIGH CLASS TAILORS.

Someone has said that the finest asset a young man can possess is a good suit of clothes, and there is a deal of truth in the saying. Edgcombe and Chaisson, 104 King street, have just received per steamer Arraud the latest London novelties with exclusive designs. Those requiring a high class suit of clothes should give them a call.

NEW DULSE.

From the rocky shores of the island of Grand Manan comes in its most perfect form, a large leaf and wholesome vegetable, that very popular and wholesome relish, "Dulse."

CIGARS.

As a special inducement we are selling for a short time ten Small Queen Cigars for 25c. This is a well known 5c. cigar. LOUIS GREEN, 59 King St. (Next door to Waterbury & Rising.)

A FUEL OFFICE.

purely for the sale of fire producing material Gibson & Co.'s, 474 Charlotte st. Open 7 a. m. to 10 p. m. It is the first and only office of the kind in St. John and orders may be placed there for charcoal, kindling, sawed and split wood and hard and soft coals from the best mines in different parts of the world. Prices lowest.

CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.

If you are dissatisfied with your present position and salary, drop into the office of the International Correspondence Schools, 205 Union street, and receive and learn how you can improve both. Circulars and information FREE.

TUFTS.

ONLY REST. If you want style, there are other places—the Clifton House gives inside and outside comfort, is near all trains and steamers, and its rates are low. Corner Princess and Germain sts.

RESTAURANT.

It is seldom so much care is displayed in the cooking and serving of a meal as is met with at the Boston Restaurant, 23 Charlotte street. The menu comprises nearly everything that even an epicure could ask for. The specialty is the after dinner lunches, whilst the dinners in the middle day are very popular.

TOBACCONIST.

There is nothing more delightful when strolling in the park than to smoke a good cigar, or a pipe of your favorite tobacco. If you are in want of either the genial Oscar has erected a delightful bungalow wherein you can obtain them, and indulge in a quiet game of pool to pleasantly while away an hour. Pop in and see him.

HAIR RESTORER.

If your hair is falling out, or you are troubled with dandruff, Dr. Jack's famous hair restorer will positively grow hair and cure you of dandruff. It has been thoroughly tested in this city for months past and there are hundreds using it and recommending it. Dr. Jack's hair restorer is sold by all the leading druggists and barbers.

ROYAL DAIRY LUNCH.

52 Mill st. St. John, N. B. Two minutes walk from the Union Depot; is the best place in the city to get a lunch or a bang up dinner for a quarter. Geo. A. Whitaker, the popular manager, who cater to the St. Anne De Beaupre Grand Pilgrimage, and will be pleased to impart information to all who wish to take the trip.

LIVERY STABLE.

Short Bros' livery stable on Union street, have pleasure in informing their customers and the public that they are adding several new carriages and coaches to their well known stock. They are prepared to fill orders at all hours on the shortest notice. Coaches in attendance at all boats and trains. Phone 263. T. A. and H. J. Short, proprietors. D. H. Short, manager.

MUSIC STORE.

Music hath charms to soothe the troubled breast, and this being a well known maxim, music lovers cannot do better than call on A. L. Spencer, 126 Germain street, who has a splendid selection of both instruments and music. Mr. Spencer's stocks all the little necessities that musicians are in need of. Call and inspect for yourself.

UNDERTAILOR.

Death must always be a painful subject, but when it comes—as come it must—it is gratifying to know that our handiwork to the depot makes it much easier to show them in the last offices. T. Fred. Powers, of Princess street, pays special attention in this respect, and one cannot do better than entrust him when occasion arises.

GENTS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS.

A store which is situated in a very convenient place, is that of E. Komlensky & Co., 48 Mill street, as its handiwork to the depot makes it much sought after by people coming in or going out of the city. A full line of the latest gents' clothing and furnishings are carried by Mr. Komlensky.

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Great July Sale of Furniture.

Commencing July 4th we inaugurate a Special Sale to include all of our High Grade Stock of furniture at Prices never before known in St. John. Come today—or tomorrow and see for yourself.

Bustin & Withers, 99 GERMAIN ST. Store Open Evenings.

Now Is The Time

to have your furnaces taken down, cleaned and repaired; as it can be done cheaper and better at this time of the year. Or better let us install one of our Kelsey Warm Air Generators, and have your home properly heated; not your cellar. Phone 784.

Keenan & Ratchford, WATERLOO STREET.

Bargain Sale of Hosiery!

200 Doz. Ladies' Stockings, 10c. pair, 3 pairs for 25c. Gent's 25c. Hose for 15c. Children's Stockings, 6c. 7c. 10c. 25 Doz. Ladies' and Children's (sample) Hose, only one pair of each kind, at 50 per cent. discount, worth 50c. for 25c. All-over Lace Collars, worth 50c. for 25c. Ladies' Undervests, 10c. and 15c. A few more 75c. and \$1.00 Walists for 30c.; sizes 32 and 34.

PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT STORE, 142 Mill St. 142 Mill Street, St. John, N. B.

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