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MONCTON AND ST. JOHN

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Copyright, 1908, McLeod & Allen, Toronto)

(Continued.)

While the Baron was speaking he touched an electric bell. The waxen-faced man-servant appeared, laboriously wrote "William Jenkins" where he was bid, and escorted Royson to the door. The Baron merely nodded when Dick said "Good night, sir." He had picked up an opera hat and overcoat from a chair, but was bestowing a hasty farewell glance on the Persi-Arabric letter.

A closed carriage and pair of horses were standing in front of the house, and Royson recognized the coachman. It was that same Spong who had groveled in the mud of Buckingham Palace Road nine hours ago. And the man knew him again, for he raised his whip in a deferential salute.

"Not much damage done this morning?" cried Dick.

"No, sir. I drove 'em home afterwards, broken pole an' all," said Spong.

"That's not the same pair, is it?"

"No, sir. This lot is theayter, the bays is park."

So Mr. Hiram Fenshawe, whoever he was, owned the yacht, and ran at least two fine equipages from his town house. He must be a wealthy man. Was he the father of that patrician maid whose gratitude had not stood the strain of Royson's gruffness? Or, it might be, her brother, seeing that he was associated with von Kerber in some unusual enterprise? What was it? he wondered. "There may be fighting," said von Kerber. Dick was glad of that. He had taken a solemn vow to his dying mother that he would not become a soldier, and the dear lady died happy in the belief that she had snatched her son from the war-dragon which had bereft her of a husband. The vow lay heavy on the boy's heart during many a year, for he was a born man-at-arms, but he had kept it, and meant to keep it, though not exactly according to the tenets of William Penn. Somehow, his mother's beautiful face, wanly exquisite in that unearthly light which foreshadows the merging of time into eternity, rose before him now as he passed from the aristocratic dimness of Prince's Gate into the glare and bustle of Knightsbridge. A newsboy rushed along, yelling at the top of his voice. The raucous cry took shape: "Kroojer's reply. Lytest from Sarth Hafricar." That day's papers had spoken of probable war, and Royson wanted to be there. He had dreamed of doing some work for the press, and was a reader and writer in his spare time, while he kept his muscles fit by gymnastics. But those past yearnings were merged in his new calling. He was a sailor now, a filibuster of sorts. The bo's'n's whistle would take the place of the bugle-call. Would that have pleased his mother? Well, poor soul, she had never imagined that her son would be compelled to chafe his life out at a city desk. The very air of London had become oppressive; the hurrying crowd was unsympathetic to his new-found joy of living; so, without any well-defined motive, he sought the ample solitude of the park.

Be it noted that he usually went straight from point to point without regard to obstacles. Hence, in his devious wanderings of that remarkable day, he was departing from fixed habit, and, were he a student of astrology, he would assuredly have sought to ascertain what planets were in the ascendant at a quarter past ten in the morning, and half past seven in the evening. For he had scarcely reached the quiet gloom of the trees when a man, who had followed him since he quitted von Kerber's house, overtook him and touched his arm.

"Beg pardon," said the stranger, "but are you the gentleman who called on Baron von Kerber half an hour ago?"

"Yes." Taken unawares, Dick was thrown off his guard for the instant.

"And you left his house just now?"

"Yes."

"To prevent a mistake, may I ask your name?"

"Certainly. It is Royson, Richard Royson."

"And address?"

A curious ring of satisfaction in the newcomer's voice carried a warning note with it. Dick was conscious, too, that he had departed from the new role assigned to him by his employer, yet it would be absurd to begin explaining that he was not known as Royson, but as King, in connection with von Kerber. The blunder annoyed him, and he faced his questioner squarely.

"Before I give you any more information I want to know who you are," he said.

His downright way of speaking appeared to carry conviction.

"Well, Mr. Royson, I don't mind telling you that I am a private inquiry agent," was the ominous answer. "I am retained by a gentleman who brings a very serious charge against von Kerber, and, as I have reason to believe that you are only slightly mixed up in this affair at present, I am commissioned to offer you a handsome reward for any valuable information you may give my client or procure for him in the future."

"Indeed!" said Dick, who was debating whether or not to knock the man down.

"Yes. We mean business, I assure you. This is no common matter. Von Kerber is an Austrian, and my client is an Italian. Perhaps you know how they hate each other as nations, and these two have a private quarrel as well."

"What does your employer want to find out?" asked Dick.

"Well, as a start, he wants to know why von Kerber is shipping a crew for a yacht called the Aphrodite."

"Then he has learned something already?"

"Oh, that was too easy. Any one can pump a half-drunken sailor."

The private inquiry agent spoke confidentially. He fancied he had secured the sort of aide he needed, a spy of superior intelligence.

"Suppose I give you that first item of news, what is the figure?"

"Say a fiver."

"But I am almost willing to pay that much for the pleasure of spreading your nose over your face."

There was a sudden gap between the two. Perhaps the stranger felt that the rawness of the atmosphere demanded brisk movement.

"Oh, is that it?" snarled he.

"Yes, that is it."

"You had better be careful what you are doing." Dick had advanced a pace, but the agent sheered off twice as far, as though the air between them was not only cold but resilient.

"I shall be quite careful. Just one small punch, say a sovereign's worth. Come, that is cheap enough."

Then the man ran off at top speed. Royson could have caught him in a few strides, but he did not move. He had not meant to hit, only to scare, yet the incident was perplexing, and the more he pondered over it the less pleased he was at his own lack of finesse, as he might have learnt something without fear of indiscretion, seeing that he had nothing to tell. Nevertheless, his final decision was in favor of the first impulse. Von Kerber had treated him with confidence—why should he wish to possess any disturbing knowledge of von Kerber?

But he refused to be shadowed like a thief. He stepped out, left the park at Stanhope Gate, jumped on to a passing omnibus, changed it for another in the midde of Oxford street, and walked down Regent street with a well-founded belief that he had defeated espionage for the time. Thereafter, he behaved exactly like several hundred thousand young men in London that night. He dined, bought some cigars, rare luxuries to him, went to a music hall, soon wearied of its inanities, and traveled by an early train to Brixton, where he rented cheap lodgings.

He slept the sleep of sound digestion, which is so often confused with a good conscience, and rose betimes. At a city tailoring establishment he was measured dubiously, being far removed from stock size. But a principal made light of difficulties, and Royson noticed that he was to be supplied with riding breeches and boots in addition to a sea-faring kit, while a sola topi, or pitch helmet, appeared in the list.

He asked no questions, was assured that all would be in readiness at four o'clock that day, and found himself turned loose again in London at an early hour with nothing to do. And what do you think he did? He cought a Mansion-House train to Victoria, waylaid the Guards a second time, marched with them valiantly to St. James's, and took a keen delight in their stately pageant. He saw his friend, Seymour, strolling to and fro with a brother officer in the tiny square, and watched him march back to Chelsea with the relieved guard.

(To be continued.)

"BEAUTY PARLOR'S" PROFITS

"Specialists" Charge $1.00 For an Inexpensive Face Lotion'

"Beauty specialists" and "beauty doctors" in New York City are likely to have their reaping of a harvest of dollars interfered with through the publication of a recipe for making a face wash that has been in great demand by the leaders of New York's smart set. In the beauty parlors the charge for one "treatment" was $1.00. It is now known that the cost of the wash used in a treatment is less than 1 cent, for it contains only three simple ingredients that can be purchased at any drug store. The wash produced a fine, white and velvety complexion and its use could not be detected, so the New York ladies have not given up the use of the preparation, but they are now making it themselves. To do so they get 2 ounces of Rose Water, 1 ounce of Cologne Spirits and 4 ounces of Eppotone (skin food). They put the Eppotone in a pint of hot water (not boiling) and after it has dissolved, strain and let cool, then add the Rose Water and Cologne Spirits. This way they get enough of an excellent face wash to last eight or nine months, used daily, for what they have been paying for one treatment. Those who know, say it is the Eppotone that does the work.

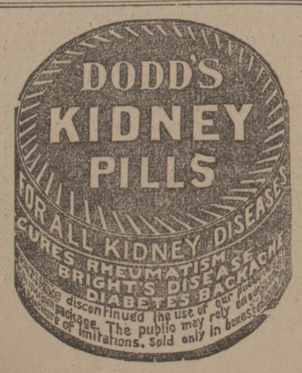
MAXINE IS PLEASED THAT SHE IS FREE

Philadelphia, Oct. 3.—Maxine Elliott, who is playing in this city, refused to be interviewed with reference to the divorce granted her husband, Nat Goodwin, yesterday, on the grounds of desertion. Manager Appleton, however, said: "Miss Elliott is more than glad that the divorce has been granted. For several years she has contemplated bringing the action herself, but the thought has been so distasteful, that she delayed action.'

Hon. W. P. Jones, of Woodstock, will speak at Hampstead on Tuesday, in the Liberal interests and he and Isaac W. Carpenter will be the speakers at meetings in Shannon Settlement on Wednesday night and Nerepis on Thursday evening.



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THE DOCTORS SAID "THERE MUST BE AN OPERATION"

"Fruit-a-tives" Saved Mrs. McCready Untold Suffering and Almost Certain Death.

"Publish this for humanity's sake," writes Mr. C. McCreacy, of Putnam, Ont., in his letter to the owners of "Fruit-a-tives." Physicians said that only an operation could save his wife's life. But again "Fruit-a-tives" proved its wonderful powers. The doctors were wrong—Mrs. McCready is today well and strong—and "Fruit-a-tives" have made friends of every one for miles around Putnam.

"Dear Sirs,—My wife suffered for over a year from Indigestion and Bowel trouble. Several doctors treated her for this trouble and advised her that only an operation would save her life, as they stated it was a tumor that was causing the trouble. The operation was to cost $200 and, while she was debating in her own mind about being operated on, she was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives," which I procured for her from our local merchant. From the first box she improved, and after having taken four boxes she is completely cured and is now as well as ever.

I decided then that "Fruit-a-tives" was the most wonderful remedy in the world and it certainly saved my wife's life. She still takes one tablet every night, we also give them to the children with excellent results, and they have to thank "Fruit-a-tives" for the fact that their mother is now with them, they fully expected she would be in her grave. Publish this for humanity's sake."

(Sgd.) C. McCREADY.

For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness—for all troubles due to defective action of Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, "Fruit-a-tives" is a certain cure. These tablets are made of fruit juices and tonics, are pleasant to take and quick to act. Trial size, 25c.—regular size, 50c. a box or 6 for $2.50.

At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



SEPARATE WAIST OF BLACK AND WHITE NET.

Despite the vogue of the one-piece dress, many women still cling to the separate waist as one of the most practical garments in the feminine wardrobe. This is not surprising when one sees the many splendid designs which the high-class shops are showing this winter developed in net and lace. The finer nets and laces are made much use of in both white and black, black net being especially good posed over white. This waist is a combination of black and white, black point d'esprit being draped over a foundation of fine white net. The sleeves are inset with black filet bands finished at the bottom with tiny tassels. Stoles of the filet are posed over the shoulders and finished with tassel trimmings. There is a front panel which extends several inches over the bustline on to the white lace yoke, and this hangs free below the waistline some five or six inches. This is a new treatment of the lace waist and one which is particularly effective.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

CHILD WONDER AT NICKEL ON MONDAY

Today the Nickel will be the headquarters for all school children again, and a great big wholesome and amusing show awaits them. The programme is printed in the regular advertising column and



MASTER HARRINGTON.
in real Irish costume.

will be read with more than the usual interest.

On Monday the Nickel will introduce to the people of St. John a tiny bit of humanity who has been making great big Montreal take particular notice for more than seven months. This wonderful little fellow is Master Conrad Harrington, a midget mimic who sings popular ditties in costume and gives the funniest of step dances. He has a whole lot of good songs and is the prime favorite among all child performers in Upper Canada. He will arrive Monday at noon and be heard at each show throughout the day.

A BENEFIT FOR EUGENE MCAULIFFE

Jere McAuliffe, the well known actor, who has been in this city since the terrible accident to his son, Eugene, who is still in the hospital, will open his season in the Opera House here on Friday night, Oct. 9. There will be three performances, including a Saturday matinee. The plays selected include three good melodramas, with Mr. McAuliffe in the comedy roles. Mr. McAuliffe has an entire new company including John Taylor of this city. New vaudeville acts of a high order will be presented. Among the list are the well known colored lady singers, Hyers and Bohee. A new act to St. John is the Gay sisters. Gonyer and Gay and Miss Lavean in a new Serpentine dance and of course Jere will have new parodies. Mr. and Mrs. McAuliffe are now residents of this city. The benefit should be a big success, as every one knows the circumstances of the case. Tickets are for sale in several places in the city.

MRS. TOM THUMB AT PALACE THEATRE.

A remarkable offering is announced for the Palace, West End, Monday night, nothing less than the appearance of Mrs. Tom Thumb and her remarkable company of lilliputians who made such a success at the exhibition. The famous little people will be seen in their entire programme, much of which it was impossible to give at the exhibition, owing to lack of proper stage facilities. The little people are making a remarkable success this week in Yarmouth, particularly in their clever act, entitled, "The Enchanted Statue," which is said to be one of the funniest and most unique entertainments ever offered. This will probably be the last opportunity of hearing and seeing Mrs. Tom Thumb in St. John, and undoubtedly City Hall will be crowded to the doors, as the prices have been placed, as will be seen by the advertisement well within the reach of all. The programme starts at eight fifteen sharp, and the entertainment will last the entire evening, and will include the regular moving picture entertainment. 10-3-1t.

AT THE PRINCESS

The vaudeville performance at the Princess theatre is attracting immense crowds and the performances are much enjoyed.

An entire change of programme will take place today, when five long and new films of motion photography will be shown. The pictures are entitled: "The Bully," "Craze Against Microbes," "Curious Dream," "Spot at the 'Phone" and "At the Theatre." Edward Courtney, the Boston baritone, will be heard in a pretty solo, entitled, "Smile on me." This song is illustrated by handsome slides.

W. M. Goldie, the New York Musical artist, has a new act, which is a bigger hit than ever. He performs on new instruments and has a thousand new jokes.

OBITUARY

Thomas P. Williams

Thomas P. Williams died yesterday morning at his residence, 11 Orange street, after a lingering illness. Mr. Williams was seventy-three years of age. He was born in this city and spent most of his life here, although he lived for some years in Moncton. He was formerly employed with J. F. Masters, forwarding agent of this city. Mr. Williams is survived by his wife, one son, Frank Williams, of New York, and one daughter, Miss Ada Williams, at home. General sympathy is extended to his family.

John E. Sancton

John Edward Sancton, who died in Bridgetown on Sept. 23, was a native of St. John, and was 72 years old. He removed to Bridgetown when a young man and opened a jewelry store. In 1873 he became associated with the late H. S. Piper in establishing the Weekly Monitor, the partnership continuing until 1879. Mr. Sancton continued in the jewelry business until his death. He leaves a wife and family.

Miss Ida May Dorcas

Fredericton, Oct. 2—The death occurred at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Dorcas, of Miss Ida May Dorcas, aged 26 years, after a lingering illness from heart trouble. Besides her parents, one brother and three sisters survive.

FIRE ON BRUSSELS ST.

About 10.15 o'clock last night an alarm from box 14 gave the firemen a run to the house in Brussels street owned by William H. Paterson. Mr. Paterson occupies one of the two big stores on the ground floor, and the other was opened as a fruit store yesterday by an Italian named George Filflee. The fire is supposed to have caught from a defective flue in the part occupied by the Italian.

The flames crept up inside the wall and Mr. Paterson's family as well as that of William Wilson, who lives in one of the flats, were forced out by the smoke and found refuge in a neighbor's house. Fortunately the blaze was confined to the part of the wall immediately around the flue. The loss was not heavy and is fully covered by insurance in Wm. Thomson & Co.'s office.

The German government must raise over $500,000,000 by means of new taxes in the next five years.

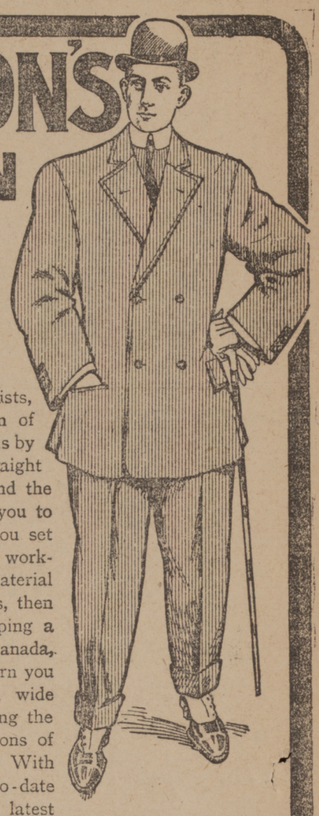
Lake Champlain is nine feet below high water mark.

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SPECIAL NOTICE

As our Mr. J. H. Greene is now touring the West and is not expected back to Winnipeg before November 15, customers desiring early delivery of their fall clothing would be wise in mailing us direct. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money on all mail orders.

THIBIT'S HOLY LAMA TURNS HOBO AND WON'T GO HOME

Head of Buddhist Faith Has Been Vagabondizing in China for 4 Years With Retinue of Bandits.

Pekin, Oct. 2.—The Dalai Lama of Thibet, accompanied by a retinue of eighty attendants, has arrived at Ting-Chow, a city in Chi-li Province, about fifty miles southwest of Pao-ting-fu.

The Dalai Lama, who is the religious head of the Buddhist faith, has been a wanderer over Northern China since the Spring of 1904, when Colonel Sir Francis Younghusband, of the British Army, led a British column over the mountain passes and fought his way into the Holy City of Lhasa. The Chinese authorities are most anxious that he return forthwith to Thibet, where certain necessary reforms await his presence, but the Lama is loath to go.

A throng of emissaries met the Dalai Lama at Pao-ting-fu, and he was received in a royal manner by a large number of imperial as well as Pekin officials, who journeyed out from the capital for the purpose. He was escorted to the Yellow Temple, where he has made his headquarters. His route of march to this building, a distance of four miles, was lined by crowds of Chinamen who had gathered to honor him.

The roadway had been covered with yellow sand, as is done when the emperor travels abroad—yellow is the imperial color in China—and an elaborate programme of royal entertainment has been prepared. This includes the ceremony of "kowtowing" to the Emperor, but it is believed that the Ladai Lama will refuse to perform this function.

During their years of wandering the attendants of the Dalai Lama have become thoroughly demoralized. They have lived at the expense of the local authorities, and their demands have been limited only by the ability of the officials to produce what they wanted. They are a wild, disorderly, unkempt looking crew, giving no impression of their religious affiliations. This, however, is about what the Pekin authorities expected, for full reports of the doings of the Lama and his men have been sent in here.

The most important problem brought out by the absence of the Dalai Lama from Lhassa—he left that holy city because the presence of Colonel Younghusband's force had desecrated it—is that of the Lamaist succession, who is to rule the country.

China's efforts for four years to get the Lama to do what she wanted have proved unavailing, and she has now embarked on a course of religious intrigue with the Tashi Lama, the Grand Lama who rules at Lhassa during the absence of the Dalai Lama. China's purpose in this is to secure a foothold for the political mastery of Thibet and Mongolia, and it is believed here, in view of the recalcitrant attitude maintained by the Dalai Lama, that China will have the Tashai Lama come to Pekin.

The activities already displayed by the foragers and procurers of the Dalai Lama forecast a repetition of the scandalous proceedings that were witnessed at Wutai Shan, where the Dalai Lama held court for three months last summer. The entire retinue of the Lama has not yet arrived at Ting-Chow, still the local authorities have seen fit to place the policing of the city on a military basis.

Mrs. Harry Seybert, a 17-year-old bride of six weeks, at Kalamazoo, Mich., drove her husband from the house, and then administered a severe beating because he found fault with her housekeeping.

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