

SPECIALY PRICED AT \$1.00

Doyle NO 273

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girder top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shape, and grace, imparts absolute confidence and a superb figure. Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning through, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mfrs.
Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued.)

"I believe so. I have been absent nearly eight months, as you are aware, but I have not heard of any change in the local dynasty."

"Do you think it likely that he has ever visited England?"

"Most improbable," said Hume. "He is an absolute savage. I have seen him only once, and I should be sorry to think that my life depended on his good will. But why do you imagine he might have been in England?"

"Because a native of that name came there with two others last August."

"We have been visited by ju-ju men before, Charles," put in Mrs. Hume.

"Yes, generally they come begging for something they want—usually drugs—which they pretend to concoct themselves out of a snake's liver or the gizzard of a bird. Don't let too much stress on Bambuk's fright. He is a chicken-hearted fellow at the best. If there is really any likelihood of a native disturbance I shall send him with you and Miss Dane down the river."

"I shall not go without you, dear," said Mrs. Hume.

"Nor I—unless both of you come," answered Evelyn.

Hume laughed constrainedly.

"You will both obey orders, I hope," he said, but he did not urge the matter further at the moment.

They were eating their evening meal when the distant tapping of a drum caught their ears. It was not the rhythmic beating of a tom-tom by some musically-inclined bushman. It much more closely resembled the dot and dash code of the Morse alphabet, or that variant of it which Private Thomas Atkins, in a spasm of genius, christened "Umty-iddy." Heard in the stillness of the night, with not a breath of air stirring the leaves of the tallest trees, and even the tawny river murmur in so low a note that it was inaudible from the mission-house, this irregular drum-beating had a depressing, almost sinister effect. It jarred on the nerves. It suggested the unseen and therefore the terrible. At all costs they must find out what it signified.

Bambuk was summoned. He was even more distraught than during the fetich performance of two hours earlier.

"Dem Oku drum play Custom tune," he explained. "Dem Custom melody."

"Do you savvy what they are saying?" broke in Hume sharply. He did not mean to be so harsh, but he had discussed the habits of native potentates with her youthful helper, and even she herself did not know the full extent of the excesses, the sheer lust of bloodshed, hidden under a harmless-sounding word.

"Savvy plenty. Dem drum made of monkey-skin—perhaps other kind of skin—an dem ju-ju man say: 'Come, come! Make sharp dem knife! Come! Come! Load dem gun! Come, dem, come! Dem ribber (river) run red wid blood! Dem dey nail some men to tree an' make dance.'"

The missionary did not check his assistant's recital. It was best that the women should at least understand the peril in which they were placed. The compound held not more than fifty able-bodied men, and the only arms they possessed were native weapons. Hume's influence depended wholly on his skill in treating the ailments of the people and his patience in teaching their children not only the rudiments of English but the simpler forms of handicraft. His experience as an African missionary was not of long standing, but from the outset he had consistently refused to own any fire arm more deadly than a shotgun. Hitherto he had regarded the Upper Benue region as a settled and fairly prosperous one. His cherished day dream was that before he died he might see the pioneer settlement at Kadana transplanted into a well-equipped college and training school, whence Christianity and science might spread their light throughout that part of Africa. It shocked him now to think that all his work might be submerged under a wave of fanaticism, yet he clung to the hope that the warlike preparations of the men of Oku might mean nothing more serious than a tribal quarrel. This had happened once before, and he stepped in as arbitrator. By a liberal distribution of presents, including the whole of the mission stock of wine and brandy, he sent away both parties highly gratified with both his award and his method of arriving at it.

"There are war-drums beating in more than one place," said Evelyn, who was listening in silence to the spasmodic tapping, tap-tap-tap, tap, that voiced the dirge translated by Bambuk.

"Ah, you have hit on my unspoken thought," cried Hume. "Come, now, Bambuk, are you not enlarging your story somewhat? Two chiefs make war-palaver; isn't that the explanation?"

"Dem Oku drum," repeated the native. "all Oku drum. Dey call for Custom to-night."

"What exactly is Custom, Charles?" said Mrs. Hume.

"Unfortunately, it means in this instance an offering of human sacrifice."

He saw no help for it. They must know, sooner or later, and his soul turned sick at the thought of his wife and this gentle girl who had thrown in her lot with theirs, falling into the clutches of the fetich-maddened bushmen. Each minute he grew more assured that some unusual movement was taking place among the surrounding tribes. Even to his untutored ear there was a marked similarity in the drumming, and he determined that the two women should go down the river in the morning as soon as the moon rose. A crew of eight men could take them to the nearest constabulary post, and within twenty-four hours a steam launch would bring back an armed body of Hausa as offered by an Englishman. Till then, he would trust to Providence for the safety of the people under his care. That he himself could desert the mission never entered his mind. Not only would the settlement break up in direct confusion the moment his back was turned, but the society's houses and stores would be looted and destroyed, and the work of years swept away in a single night.

He was considering what excuse would serve to get the women on board the canoe, when the splash of paddles close at hand stirred all four to sudden excitement. It was Bambuk who read instantly the meaning of this unexpected sound. He rushed out, yelling words that proved to be a cry of alarm, and the work of years swept away in a single night.

He was considering what excuse would serve to get the women on board the canoe, when the splash of paddles close at hand stirred all four to sudden excitement. It was Bambuk who read instantly the meaning of this unexpected sound. He rushed out, yelling words that proved to be a cry of alarm, and the work of years swept away in a single night.

NORTH POLE DISCOVERED, HONOR GAINED BY DR. FREDRICK COOK

Gallant Explorer's Story of Momentous Event—Reached There on April 21, 1908—What He Found—Absorbing Narrative of Expedition Told By Himself—King Edward Much Interested

(By Special Arrangement With the New York Herald.)

[To publishers—Reproduction in whole or in part of Dr. Cook's story of the finding of the Pole without the permission of the New York Herald will be followed by prosecution of those who thus violate the copyright laws.

The Herald prints the only story written by Dr. Cook of his trip into the far north. The article has been copyrighted in America and Europe.

Dr. Cook gave to no other publication any account of what he accomplished in the north.

(Copyright, 1909, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part prohibited.)

(By Dr. Frederick A. Cook.)

Lerwick, Shetland Islands, Wednesday, Sept. 1.—After a prolonged fight against famine and frost we have at last succeeded in reaching the North Pole.

A new highway, with an interesting strip of animated nature, has at last been explored.

Big game haunts were located, which will delight the sportsman and extend the Eskimo horizon.

Land has been discovered upon which rest the earth's northernmost rocks. A triangle of 30,000 square miles has been cut out of the territorial unknown.

The expedition was the outcome of a summer cruise in the Arctic seas.

The yacht Bradley arrived at the limits of navigation in Smith Sound late in August, 1907. Here conditions were found favorable to launch a venture for the pole.

John R. Bradley liberally supplied from his yacht suitable provisions for local use, and my own equipment for emergencies.

Many Eskimos had gathered at Greenland shores at Annootook for the winter bear hunt. Immense catches of meat had been gathered. About the camp were plenty of strong dogs.

The combination was lucky, for there was good material for an expedition. The yacht had an efficient motor force and all that was required was conveniently arranged at a point only 700 miles from the Boreal centre.

A house and workshop was built of packing boxes. The willing hands of this northernmost tribe of 250 people were set to the problem of devising a suitable outfit and before the end of the long winter night we were ready for the enterprise.

Plans were made to force a new route over Grinnell Land and northward along its west coast out on to the Polar Sea.

Soon after the polar midnight the campaign opened. A few scouting parties were sent over to the American shores to explore a way and to seek game haunts. Their mission was only partly successful because storms darkened the January moon.

Leave Greenland

At sunrise of 1908 (February 19), the main expedition embarked for the pole. Eleven men and 103 dogs, drawing eleven heavily loaded sledges, left the Greenland shore and pushed westward over the troubled ice of Smith Sound. The gloom of the long night was relieved by only a few hours of daylight. The chill of winter was felt at its worst.

As we crossed the heights of Ellesmere Sound to the Pacific slope the temperature sank to 83 degrees Fahrenheit. Several dogs were frozen and the men suffered severely. But we soon found game trails along which an easy way was forced through Nansen Sound to the Lands End.

In this march were procured 101 musk oxen, seven bears and 333 seal and duck we pushed out into the Polar Sea from the southern point of Heiberg Island.

On March 19 six Eskimos returned from here with four men and fifty-six dogs, moving supplies for eighty days.

Took Only Two Men

The crossing of the circumpolar pack was begun three days later, the other Eskimos forming the last supporting party returned. The trains had now been reduced by the survival of the fittest. Etah-shook and Aswelah, the two best men, and only six dogs were picked for the final dash. There was before us an unknown line of 400 miles to our goal.

The first days prevented long marches and with improving progress the big lead which separated the land ice from the central pack was crossed with little delay. Low temperature and persistent snow made life a torture but, cooped in snow houses, eating dried beef and tallow and drinking hot tea, some animal comforts were occasionally to be gained.

For several days after the site of known land was lost the overcast skies prevented an accurate determination of our position.

On March 30 the horizon was partly cleared of its smoky agitation and over the western mist was discovered a new land.

The observations gave our position latitude 84 degrees 0 minutes 47 seconds, longitude 86 degrees 0 minutes 36 seconds. The urgent need of rapid advance on our main mission did not permit a detour to explore the coast.

Here were seen the last signs of solid earth. Beyond there was nothing stable and even on scaling nothing was noted to mark the terrestrial polar solidity.

We advanced steadily over the monotony of a moving sea of ice.

We now found ourselves beyond the range of all life. Neither the footprints of bears nor the blow holes of seals were detected. Even the microscopic creatures of the deep were no longer under us.

The maddening influence of the shifting desert of glacial ice became most undesirable in the daily routine. The surface of the pack offered less and less trouble. The weather improved, but still there remained a light tipping wind which drove despair to its lowest recesses.

Under the lash of duty, however, interest was forced, while the merciless drive of extreme cold enforced physical action.

Thus, day after day, the weary legs were spread over big distances. The incidents and the positions were recorded but the advance was promptly forgotten in the mental bleaching of the next day's effort.

The night of April 7 was made notable by the swing of the sun at midnight over the northern ice.

Sunburns and frost bites were now recorded on the same day, but the double days of glacial infamy quite an incentive into our life of shivers.

Observations on April 8 placed our camp at latitude 86 degrees 36 seconds, longitude 94 degrees 2 seconds.

In spite of what seemed like long marches we had advanced but little more than 100 miles in nine days.

Much of our hard work was lost in circuitous twists around troublesome pressure lines and high irregular fields of very old ice.

The drift, too, was driving eastward with an insistent force to some anxiety, though we were still equal to about fifteen miles daily.

The extended marches and the long hours of travel with which fortune had favored us earlier were no longer possible.

We were now about 200 miles from the pole and the sled loads were reduced. One dog after another had gone into the stomach of his hungry survivors, until the teams were considerably reduced, but there seemed to remain a sufficient balance of man and brute to push along into the heart of the mystery to which we had set ourselves.

Beyond the eighty-sixth parallel the ice-fields became more extensive and heavier, the crevices fewer and less troublesome, with little or no crushed ice thrown up as barriers.

From the eighty-seventh to the eighty-eighth, much to our surprise, was an indication of land ice.

For two days we traveled over ice which resembled a glacial surface. The usual sea ice lines of demarcation were absent and there was no hummocks or deep crevices.

There was, however, no perceptible elevation and no positive sign of land or sea.

Observations on the 14th gave latitude 88 deg. 21 min., and longitude 95 deg. 52 min.

We were now less than 100 miles from the pole.

The pack was here more active, but the temperature remained below forty, cementing together quickly the new crevices.

Young ice spread on the narrow spaces there was no longer sufficient energy to erect a snow shelter, though the temperature was still very low.

The silk tent was pressed into service and the change proved agreeable. It encouraged a more careful scrutiny of the strange world into which fate had pressed us.

Signs of land were still seen every day, but they were deceptive illusions or a flight of fancy.

It seemed that something must cross the horizon to mark the important area into which we were pushing.

When the sun was low the eye ran over the moving plains of color to dancing horizons. The mirages turned things topsy-turvy. Inverted mountains and queer objects ever rose and fell in shrouds of mystery, but all of this was due to the atmospheric magic of the midnight sun.

Slowly but surely we neared the turning point. Good astronomical observations were daily procured to fix the advancing stages.

The ice steadily improved, but still there was a depressing monotony of scene and life had no pleasures, no spiritual recreation, nothing to relieve the steady physical drag of chronic fatigue.

But there came an end to this, as to all things. On April 21, the first corrected altitude of the sun gave 90 deg. 20 min. 46 sec. The pole, therefore, was in sight.

We advanced the fourteen seconds, made supplementary observations, and prepared to stay long enough to permit a double round of observations.

It was now that the Eskimo was told that he had reached the "Neig Nail," and they sought to celebrate by an advance of savage joys.

Raised Flag at Pole

At last we had pierced the bodical centre and the flag had been raised to the coveted breeches of the North Pole.

The day was April 21, 1908. The sun indicated local noon, but time was a negative problem, for here all meridians meet.

With a step it was possible to go from one part of the globe to the opposite side. From the hour of midnight to that of midday the latitude was 90, the temperature 38 and the barometer 28.83.

North, east and west had vanished. It was south in every direction, with the pointing to the magnetic was as useful as ever.

Though overjoyed with the success of the conquest our spirits began to descend on the following day after all the observations had been taken with a careful study of the location. A sense of intense loneliness came with the further scrutiny of the horizon.

What a cheerless spot to have aroused the ambition of man for so many ages. An endless field of purple snows. No life. No land. No spot to relieve the monotony of frost. We were the only

pulsating creatures in a dead world of ice.

We turned our backs to the pole on April 23 and began the long return march. Counting on a continued easterly drift, the course was forced further west.

With fair weather, good ice and the inspiration of the home run, long distances were at first quickly covered.

Below the eighty-seventh parallel the character of the ice changed very much, and it became evident that the season was advancing rapidly.

With a good deal of anxiety we watched the daily reduction of the food supply.

It now became evident that the crucial stage of the campaign was to be transferred from the taking of the pole to a final battle for life against famine and frost.

The clear blue of the skies changed to a steady, dismal gray. Several days of dire despair followed each other in rapid succession.

There were some violent gales, but usually the wind did not rise to the full force of a storm.

With starvation as the alternative, we could not wait for better weather.

Some advance was made nearly every day, but the cost of the desperate effort pressed life to the edge of extinction.

On May 24 the sky cleared long enough to give us a set of observations.

We had reached the eighty-fourth parallel near the ninety-seventh meridian. The ice was much broken and drifted eastward, leaving many open spaces of water.

There remained on our sleds scarcely enough food to reach our caches on Nansen's sound unless we averaged fifteen miles daily.

With the disrupted "Lalack" and reduced strength we were hardly equal to ten miles daily.

Trying to make the best of our hard lot a straight course was set for the Muskox lands of the inner crossing. At the eighty-third parallel we found ourselves to the west of a large track, extending southward. The ice changed to small fields. The temperature rose to zero and a persistent mist obscured the heavens.

Reduced Food Allowance

The events of the following day were pressed into desperate action. With a few lines of paper to register the life of suffering, the food for man and dog was reduced to a three-quarter ration, while the difficulties of ice travel rose to disheartening heights.

At the end of a struggle of twenty days through a thick fog we found ourselves far down in Cochin Perce Gulf, with open water and impassable small ice as a barrier between us and Heiberg Island.

In the next few days bears came along as life-savers. The empty stomachs were spread and the horizon, for a time, was cleared of trouble.

With the return to Annootook rendered difficult by the unfortunate westerly drift we now sought to follow the ice movement south to Lancaster sound, when we hoped to reach a Scottish whaler.

Early in July further southward progress became impossible, and in quest of food we crossed the Firth of Devon into Jones' sound.

The dogs were here given the freedom of their wolf propensities, and by folding boat and sled we tried to reach Raffen's Bay, but by hand we were unable to make a long line of misfortune. We pushed eastward until the frost of early September stopped progress.

With neither food, fuel nor ammunition we were forced to wrest supplies from what seemed at first like a lifeless desert.

Preceded by hand, new implements were shaped and Cape Sparbo was picked as a likely place to find life. Game was located with the bow and arrow, the line, the lance and the knife. The muskox, bear and wolves yielded meat, skins and fat. An underground den was prepared and it remained until sunrise of 1909.

On Feb. 18 start was made for Annootook. With a newly prepared equipment, the Greenland shores were reached on April 15.

We were greeted by Harry Whitney and an anxious group of friends. To facilitate an early return we moved southward to the Danish settlement and reached Upernivik on May 21, 1909.

Message to Wife

New York, Sept. 1.—"Successful. Well. Address Copenhagen.

(Signed) "FRED."

Full of meaning, if "successful" is interpreted to indicate that he reached the North Pole, the foregoing cable message, cooperating in its brevity, was received in New York today from Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the American explorer, whom the latest cable advances tonight credit with having accomplished what no man ever had before.

The message was sent not to any scientific society nor to any of his associates interested in his expedition, but to his wife, who has been counting the days and hours and praying for his safety since his departure from this city on July 4, 1907.

By chance, Mrs. Cook was not at her Brooklyn home, but spending the summer at Harpswell (Me.), so the despatch was received by B. R. Davidson, a friend of the explorer, who made its contents known and then flashed the good news on to Mrs. Cook.

Brief as it was, it was the first news that she had had from her husband since March 17, 1908, when he wrote from Cape Hubbard, on the edge of the polar ice sea on the northwest side of Ellesmere Land.

At that time he instructed his companion, Rudolph Frank, then stationed at Etah, Greenland, with supplies, to wait there until June for his return, but in the event of Dr. Cook's failure to appear, to proceed to America. Frank waited as directed, but as Dr. Cook failed to come back he caught the Peary auxiliary ship and reached New York last fall. Since that time, Dr. Cook's whereabouts have been a mystery, although members of the Arctic Club in the city, viewing the situation optimistically, were inclined to think that he had reached the pole, despite his long silence.

There was, of course, the ever present probability that he had perished and it will be recalled that a relief ship is en route to Etah, where she is due the middle of this month. The vessel, the schooner Jeanie, left St. John's (Nfld.) about two weeks ago with the double purpose of searching for Dr. Cook and taking supplies to Commander Peary. The expedition was financed by a special committee, headed by Dr. Roswell O. Stebbins, of this city, and composed of friends of Dr. Cook and men of science, who are keenly interested in his venture. By these men the news that he was safe and the report that he had reached the pole were received with rejoicing tonight, although none of them had any further advice.

(Continued on Page 7)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



BRAIDED BLOUSE OF CREPE.

This separate blouse shows an attractive use of braid as a trimming. Formal designs are seen on the entire blouse, and on the sleeves. The front part of the blouse is finished with black ribbon, white buttons and black jet. The neck is Dutch. A fluting of chiffon is seen at the end of the long sleeves, and there is a horizontal cuff showing a finish of the black jet. This blouse is worn with a black voile skirt.

PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS OF ONTARIO PREY OF FLAMES

Toronto, Sept. 1.—Fire did enormous damage to the Ontario parliament buildings at noon today, breaking out in a moment. The cabinet had gone into session in the council chamber at eastern end, and many employees were enjoying the luncheon hour. Parties of tourists were strolling leisurely along corridors when a startling sudden intonation the glass-covered ceiling at the western end of the main building gave way and crashed with a beam of burning timber to the ground floor, three stories below.

Through the aperture the roof glowed vivid in fire and the blaze burst out in wild flames and the building was instantly in an uproar. With commendable promptness Inspector Joseph E. Rogers threw the interior hydrant open, breaking his right wrist in so doing, and C. Jennings and J. H. Bradshaw had the hose playing almost immediately. Meantime the cabinet had hastily risen and the ministers hurried to the scene. Directions were given and messengers flew hither and thither, carrying valuable provincial objects to places of safety.

Under the personal command of Sir Jas. Whitney, who stood at the head of the stairs, the parliamentary fire department commenced operations, throwing four streams of water. The premier had energetic lieutenants in A. W. Campbell, deputy minister of public works, and Architect Heakes, and while his ministerial chief was directing the fire-fighting, Hon. W. C. Hanna, provincial secretary, organized the staff into a salvage corps to save the papers and documents in various departments. The minister assigned to officers of each branch responsibility for the papers in their charge, with the result that all the important documents were speedily deposited in places of safety. The minister worked and sweated like a fireman.

Sir James, in drenching water, his begrimed face sheltered by an upturned collar, and his hat broken in by falling debris, was in the thick of the fire fighting.

Hon. Mr. Hanna equipped in an oil coat and cap and heavy gloves was assisting the men who were removing property. Hon. Foy and Chas. Chase worked near Sir James, the latter with his coat off and the perspiration dripping from his face. Ministers, deputy ministers, and clerks commingled as volunteer fire-fighters.

At 1:30 o'clock with a roar the whole centre of the wing crashed down, wiping out a considerable portion of the library, one of the largest and most important in Canada. The city fire department were now on the scene and taking charge, and his friends urged the premier to desist.

Papers, books, documents and furniture were clogging the smoke-bellied and watery corridors, and were being carried as rapidly as possible. Burning debris seemed to be falling everywhere and men were engaged in removing paintings and pictures from the main corridor.

The young ladies in charge of parliamentary telephone switchboard, Misses Gott and Walmesley, stayed pluckily at their posts throughout all the uproar and excitement answering calls and making connections with unbroken promptness.

The total insurance carried on parliament buildings is \$750,000, distributed among several leading companies. One of these is the Scottish Union, which carries a risk of \$24,000 on the buildings, and Liverpool, London & Globe, \$34,000. There is no insurance on the library. What insurance there was is carried exclusively on the buildings and not on contents.

The departments practically destroyed include the provincial library, the offices of the health department, the labor department, Hon. J. S. Hendrie's offices, Hon. Adam Beck's offices, the registrar-general's offices, offices of Lieut. Colonel Delamore, assistant clerk of house and Sergeant at Arms (Glackmeyer's private offices).

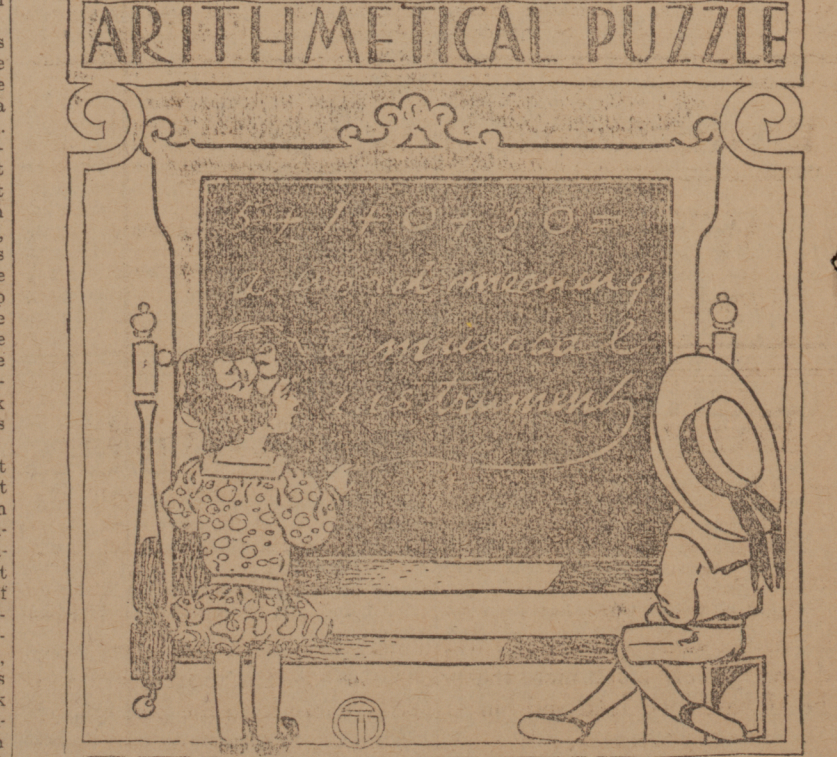
Those badly damaged include the law offices department, Ontario railway board's offices, offices of A. H. Sydere, clerk of house; King's printers' department, offices of archivist, offices of Hon. A. G. MacKay, leader of opposition; offices of provincial geologist; parliamentary committee rooms, members' reading room.

Every one on the grounds is handing out the warmest kind of roasts at the way the fire department handled things. Premier Whitney stood on the steps of the building, watch in hand timing the arrival of the reels. He refused to say anything during the progress of the fire, but stated he would give an interview afterwards and intimated he would have something of importance to say. "If all the officials of the government had told me it was true, there will be an investigation," said Ald. Thomas Church. "There will be a meeting of the fire and light committee Friday morning and we will start things going then."

Estimated damage to building.....\$325,000
Estimated damage to provincial library.....250,000
Estimated damage to furniture and other contents.....120,000
Insurance on buildings only.....850,000
Supposed origin of fire, roofers' charcoal stove.

Belle—Gracious! That cow seems to be coming this way awfully fast.
Bill—Yes; I'm afraid she's lost her calf.
Belle—Well, do something about it quick to make her see that you are not it.

THE TIMES DAILY PUZZLE PICTURE



Five plus one, plus nought, plus fifty equals a musical instrument. Can you add them up and tell the name of the instrument?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Back against right side, head to shoulder.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURABLE KIDNEY DISEASE
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
RHEUMATISM
GOUT
GRAVEL
SCURF
PSORA
ECLAUSE
PILLS
23 THE PRINCE

Your Boy

Ask your doctor how often he prescribes an alcoholic stimulant for children. He will probably say, "Very, very rarely. Ask him how often he prescribes a tonic for them. He will probably answer, 'Very, very frequently.' Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a strong tonic, entirely free from alcohol.