Greatest Sale Yet at
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MEN AND WOMEN

Don't Waste a Moment, Take the First Car and Hurry Up and Share in the Great Bargains That are Waiting Here For You.

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Bring yourself and your whole family, we can fit you all out with new up-to-date clothing at half regular prices.

$12,000.00 Worth of the World's best clothing and furnishings for Men, Women and Children still on hand, and this stock

Must Be Sold By August 28th.

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STORE OPEN 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Don't Miss This Greatest Feast of Clothing Bargains where all Sexes Can Be Fitted Out For Little or Nothing.

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

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

(Continued)

Great marble columns, many erect, but the majority overthrown, indicated the quadrangle of what was meant to be a gigantic mosque. Warden passed quickly through these and other ruins; he caught a hint of an aqueduct, looked into a deep excavation evidently designed as a cistern, and then, with somewhat more rapid pulse-beat, and a certain awed wonderment dominating his mind, made straight for the causeway that led to the "door three cubits from the ground."

To his chagrin though the inclined plane itself might be ridden by a man on horseback, the arched door was solidly built up.

Here was an unforeseen check. It was one thing to be conscious of a cooling of the ardor that vowed the adornment of Evelyn's fair hand with a "gem of great price," but it was none the less baffling and exasperating to be at the foot of the tower and meet an apparently insuperable obstacle of this nature. Was he brought to Rabat by the most extraordinary series of events that could well have befallen him, only to find blind fate smiling maliciously? The thought was not to be borne. Somehow, anyhow, that tower must be entered, or the spirit of the hapless Garcia would haunt him forever.

He looked around, thinking his Arabic would serve him in good stead were there a goat-herder or other tender of flocks near at hand. But he was quite alone on the tiny plateau. A couple of great storks which had built their nest on top of the tower looked down at him with wise eyes. Hundreds of pigeons fluttered about the summit or clung to the ridges of fretted stone, while the only window visible above the doorway was a hundred feet from the base.

But a soldier knows that every position, however impregnable in front, may be turned from the flanks. Before formulating any method of attack, he decided to survey the stronghold from all points of view, and, because Garcia mentioned the "third window on the left," he went to the left. On that side there were only two windows, each twenty feet or more above his head, and Warden was nearly six feet in height. Then he reflected that the Portuguese, writing his sorrowful legend "to pleasure that loathly barbarian, M'Wanga, King of Benin," would surely count from the inside of the tower.

On he went, noting each cranny and fissure in the weather-beaten mass, until he reached the opposite side. Here were three windows, and, most gratifying of discoveries, he saw that the Arabs had contrived a means of entry and egress through the centre window by scooping away the mortar between the huge blocks of granite used for the foundation story. Debris had accumulated close to the wall in such quantity that the window-sill was not more than fourteen feet from his eyes. To an active, barefooted Moor, with toes and fingers like the talons of a vulture, the climb would present no difficulty whatever. To a man whose nails were well kept, and whose toes would speedily be lacerated if not protected by boots, the scaling of the rough wall was no child's play. But Warden began to crawl upwards without a moment's hesitation.

He knew that the ascent would be easy compared with the return, while a fall meant the risk of a bad sprain, so he memorized each suitable foothold as he mounted, and often paused to make sure of the deepest niches. It must be confessed that no thought of other danger entered into his calculations. His military training should have made him more wary, but what had either experience or text-book to do with this quest of a jewel, hidden for safety in a Moorish tomb so many years ago?

And he was armed, too, quite sufficiently to account for any prowling thieves who might be tempted to attack a stranger. A service revolver reposed in one pocket, and the chisel in another—but there did not seem to be the remotest possibility of human interference; he had not seen a living thing save the birds since he breasted the hill.

Wehn his hands rested on the broken stonework of the window he was naturally elated. Soon his eyes drew level with it, and he could peer into the interior. It was all one great apartment, not lofty, though an arched roof gave an impression of height. A staircase led to the upper stories, but it was broken. Desolation reigned supreme. Some startled pigeons flew out with loud clutter of wings at the sight of him. Then he raised himself steadily up, and leaped inside, while the walls echoed the noise of his spring with the hollow sound of sheer emptiness.

There was plenty of light, but, after a first hasty glance, he gave no further scrtiny to his surroundings. Were he spying out the land in an enemy's country, he would have looked at the littered floor to find traces of any recent visitor. Most certainly he would not have begun operations in Garcia's hiding-place without first visiting the upper rooms. But he was too eager and excited to be prudent. Evelyn seemed to be very near him at that moment. He remembered how her impetuous attempt to throw the calabash into the Solent had led to the discovery of Garcia's amazing manuscript ,and there was the spice of true romance in the fact that now, little more than two months later, he should actually be standing in "the the tomb of the infidel buried outside the wall" of Rabat. His fingers itched to be at work. He was spurred by an intense curiosity. He felt that the finding of the ruby would lend credence to an otherwise unbelievable story. It connected Oku and the wild Benue of two and a half centuries ago with Cowes and the Solent in Regatta Week. It made real the personality of a long-forgotten tyrant, who perchance lived again today in one of those three negroes he had seen in Figuero's company. No wonder, then, that Warden was impatient. Ten seconds after he had reached the interior of the building, he was bent over the "deep crack between the centre stones" of the window described by Garcia.

There could be no doubting now which window the scribe meant. It stood next to that by which Warden had entered, and, sure enough, just in that place the stones were more than ordinarily wide apart. The word "crack" was ambiguous. It might be applied more accurately to a break in one particular stone, but Warden was no adept in the Portuguese tongue, and the dictionary maker might be translating "interstice," or "crevice," or "division," when he wrote "crack." At any rate, the "centre stones" were sound, but the mortar between them was partly eaten away, and Warden saw at once that in order to make good his search one of the stones must be prised out bodily. A crowbar would have ended the job in a minute when once the chisel had cut a leverage, but, in the absence of a crowbar, he set to work with the chisel.

The mortar became flint-like when the deodorizing influence of the weather ceased to make itself felt. Nevertheless, the amateur house-breaker labored manfully. Half an hour's persistent chipping and twisting of the tool was rewarded by a sullen loosening of the stone.

Then he lifted it out of its bed, and there, nestling between it and its fellow, hidden beneath a layer of dust and feathers, lay a ring!

Now Domenico Garcia spoke of a "ruby," not of a ring, but it needed no skilled eye to detect the cause of that seeming discrepancy. The ring was a crude affair, made of gold, it is true, but fashioned with rough strength merely to provide a safe means of carrying the great, dark stone in its claws. Garcia did not waste words. To him the ring was naught, so why mention it?

The gold was discolored, of course, and the ruby did not reveal its red splendor until Warden had cleansed it with his handkerchief and breathed on it repeatedly to soften the dirt deposited on its bright facets by thousands of rainstorms. Then it was born again before his eyes. With a thrill of pity rather than gratification he gazed on its new and glowing life. "Friend, I am many marches from Rabat but few from death!" said the man who placed it there, thinking that perchance he "might escape." Now his very bones were as the dust which had shrouded it during all those years, yet the wondrous fire in its heart shone forth as though it had left the lapidary's bench but yesterday. Warden even smiled sadly when he realized that, no matter how his wooing fared, such a huge gem could never shine on Evelyn Dan's slim finger. It was large enough to form the centre-piece of some stately necklace or tiara. He knew little about the value of precious stones, but this ruby was the size of a large marble. He had once seen a diamond that weighed twenty-four carats, and the ruby was much the larger of the two. He fancied he had read somewhere that a flawless ruby was of considerably higher intrinsic worth than a diamond of the same dimensions. The diamond he had in mind was priced at three thousand pounds. If, then, this ruby were flawles, its appearance in England would create something of a sensation.

And Garcia's story was true — that was the most astounding part of the business. The magnificent jewel winked and blinked in the sunlight. It might almost be alive, and telling him in plain language that the gods do not lead men into strange paths without just cause.

Suddenly he caught a blood-red flash that reminded him of the uncanny gleam in the eyes of the face on the gourd. The thought was disquieting, but he laughed.

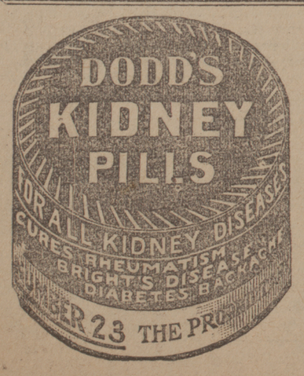
"I am becoming a mere bundle of nerves," he said aloud. "The sooner I get soaked with quinine the fitter I shall be. It must be the malaria in my system that makes me see things. Really, the proper thing to do just now is to give that beastly mask to the head ju-ju man at Oku. Then it will be off my hands, and he will own the boss fetish of the whole West Coast."

He was about to pocket the ring when the question of its subsequent disposal occurred to him. It was such a remarkable object that any one who saw it could not fail to question him as to its history. Under existing circumstances, he did not court inquiry in that shape, and the queer notion came that, in all likelihood, its prior owner carried it slung around his neck.

"Yes, by Jove, and the cord strangled him," murmured Warden. Nevertheless, not being in the least superstitious, he might have adopted that plan of concealing it if he possessed a stout piece of cord or strong ribbon. But his pockets contained neither one nor the other and a sharp pang came with the recollection that, in a case of similar need not so long ago, Evelyn's hussif held a neat coil of tape that would have suited his purpose exactly.

Inside his waistcoat, however, was a secret pocket for carrying paper money. It was provided with a flap and a button, and would serve admirably as a hiding-place until he was able to entrust the ruby to a bank for transference to London. So there it went, making a little lump over his heart, and reminding him constanly that Domenico Garcia had not deceived him.

(To Be Continued)



FREDERICTON NEWS

G. T. P. Liquor Cases—Miss Davis is Appointed to School Staff.

Fredericton, Aug. 16—Hon. L. P. Farris, commissioner of police for the Transcontinental Railway, is here this evening en route to Edmundston, where he will try nine liquor cases tomorrow.

The Houlton base ball team will arrive here at noon tomorrow to play two games with the Tartars.

E. R. Golding, barrister, who has been at Vienna undergoing treatment for deafness, has returned home. He underwent an operation at the hands of Dr. Alexander, an eminent specialist, and has been greatly benefited by his treatment.

The Methodist Sabbath school picnic will be held tomorrow at Burton. A number of other Sabbath school picnics will be held during the week.

The school board at its meeting today appointed Miss Edith Davis, B. A., to the vacant position on the High school staff caused by the resignation of A. S. McFarlane, lately appointed to the Normal school. Miss Davis is a native of this city and a graduate of the U. N. B. She has recently been teaching at Moncton and formerly taught at Riverside.

Robert Vandine and T. Amos Wilson left this evening for Halifax to attend a meeting of the Grand Lodge K. of P.

Dr. Allan Sterling, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway physician on the construction work in the Stanley district, stated today that five men who went over with the work train when the trestle at Mullin's Brook collapsed on Saturday afternoon, killing John McMullin, of Cape Breton, instantly, would recover, and that several of them were about ready to resume work again. Only one man suffered any broken bones, James Reynolds, a laborer from Ontario, having his hip dislocated. Most of the men were painfully burned by the steam and hot water from the boiler of the "dinky" engine, which went over with the rest of the train.

Howard Patterson, an Ontario man, who was in charge of the engine, did not have time to jump, and he was frightfully burned about the right shoulder and was also badly bruised about the groin and abdomen and may be internally injured. Reynolds was also badly scalded about the left arm and body, and was taken to Griffiths' Hotel across the creek. The other men who went over with the train and all of whom were badly scalded, were John Robinson, of Scotland; Fino Dominic and Dominiic Dontimo, Italians, and John McAuley, laborers. The last two named were not badly hurt.

A GONE CASE.

Katharine—I saw him flirting with a girl last month, and he's a married man.

Kidder—Well, that's always the way. If a man gives a girl the least encouragement she'll marry him.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

PICTURE HAT TRIMMED IN AIGRETTES.

For dressy wear there is nothing so suitable as a big hat of the Gainsboro type. It is a style that comes every season; true there are slight variations in shape and great difference in the trimming. This chapeau has a slightly rolling brim toward the left side, and is trimmed with great masses of Paradise aigrettes and finished with an ornament on the right side. The hat itself is of white moire. A hat of this type requires a handsome gown to be worn with it.

EARL GREY AN "ARCTIC BROTHER"

Dawson, Aug. 16—The people of Yukon have presented Earl Grey who is on his first visit to the gold country, with an address inscribed on moose skin, decorated with native gold. His excellency was initiated an honorary member of the Arctic Brothers ,and throughout his visit charmed the people by his democratic manners, and his evident interest in the progress of the territory. As usual, all his excellency's speeches have been felicitous touching the people on the right spot.

He predicted a great future for the gold-dredging country and was very happy in his references to the settlers from the United States, both in the Yukon and in the new provinces, asserting that they were welcome and pointing out that by coming they were but paying back a debt which the United States owed to Canada for the 1,000,000 men loaned in the early days of developments of the republic.

FLAG HALF MAST, FISHERMEN LOST?

Canso, N. B., Aug. 16—The arrival of the schooner J. W. Mills, Captain Hiltz, this morning, with flag at half mast, tells another story of the loss of two of her crew.

Sam Hiltz and William Hyson left the vessel on Wednesday, as usual, with the other dories to get their gear and did not return. A heavy fog shut in early in the day and although the schooner lay by for two days, making search in every direction, no trace of the missing men could be found.

On Wednesday night a heavy gale developed and blew almost a hurricane all day Thursday, so Captain Hiltz does not think it possible for the dories to have weathered such a high wind.

Both men were unmarried. Hiltz belongs to the Narrows, and Hyson to Pleasant Point, Lunenburg county.

Captain Hiltz reports very good fishing and has 1,000 quintals.

A NEW BLUFF.

Howard—Hello! Your hair is full of sand!

Evelyn—Yes, balloon ballast. It's the fashionable thing nowadays. Makes people think that one goes in for aeronautics, don't you know?

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

CARRIED OVER NIAGARA FALLS

Niagara Falls, N. Y., Aug. 16.—August Sporer, an eighteen year old boy of this city, went to his death this afternoon in the whirlpool rapids after a gallant battle with the giant waves between the lower bridges and the pool.

With three companions Sporer went for a swim in the river at the Old Maid of the Mist landing. He struck out at once for the middle of the stream and then turned toward the bridges. His companions called to him to turn back for the current is very swift at that point, but he kept on down stream and was caught in the great sweep, the first break from the smoother water to the rapids.

The boy battled for a time against the current but to no avail.

Then evidently realizing that he was beyond human help and was to be carried through the rapids which took the life of Captain Webb, the great English swimmer, and which have resisted every unaided human effort at passage, he deliberately turned down stream and began a grim fight for life.

Not in all the history of the river has such a brave battle been witnessed. Sporer went into the rapids swimming strongly and held his own until he struck the giant wave which curls up opposite the Old Battery elevator. Then he went under and for a second was lost to the view of the score of people who stood on the lower arch bridge.

Again and again he disappeared only to re-appear each time fighting desperately against the terrible current, but when within 300 yards of the whirlpool his strength gave out, he sank and was lost to view. Even then he had swam perhaps 100 yards further than did Captain Webb. The body can now be seen in the whirlpool where rivermen are waiting for it to be brought in shore far enough to be caught.

MURDER OF OLD MAN, BOY CAUGHT

Simcoe, Ont., Aug. 16.—Michael Hall, an old man seventy years of age, and a cripple, was shot at his home two miles west of Walsh shortly after 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, the ball entering the back of the head, and he died in ten minutes. Five shots in all were fired, and Mrs. Hall narrowly escaped.

Emmerson Schelly, a lad of fifteen years, is charged with the shooting. He has been carrying firearms, and has been warned several times about being careful. The boy says he was not near the Hall property when the shooting occurred, but admits he was shooting with a rifle.

The boy has been placed under arrest, and was brought to Simcoe at noon today in charge of Constable Able. His hearing is set for Friday.

BRYCE CHEERED AS HE ARRIVES IN ST. JOHN

British Ambassador Gets Hearty Welcome—Meeting With Lumbermen Added to His Programme—His Canadian Club Address.

(From the Daily Telegraph)

The Right Honorable JamesBryce,British ambassador to the United States, accompanied by Mrs. Bryce, arrived in the city on the Boston train last night and will, this evening, address the Canadian Club after their luncheon in the assembly rooms. Sir Frederick Pollock, the noted author, who has been visiting Mr. Bryce at his summer home, North East Harbor, Maine, came as far as McAdam with him and will return home after a brief visit at St. Andrews.

Premier Hazen, C. R. Allan, J. N. Harvey and Dr. A. W. MacRae were the gentlemen officially designated to meet Great Britain's most distinguished representative at the Union depot, the premier representing the governemnt and Messrs. Allan, Harvey and MacRae the Canadian Club. They performed their duties informally, entering Mr. Bryce's private car as soon as it arrived in the depot and extended to him a hearty welcome to St. John. It was when he appeared on the car steps, however, that the ambassador received the unofficial, spontaneous welcome of St. John's people. A ripple of applause, three cheers, and then the crowd parted in respectful silence and Mr. Bryce walked between two lines of welcoming faces to the waiting coaches.

The party drove at once to the Royal Hotel, where a suite of rooms had been engaged for them. At the hotel Host Doherty was introduced and in person accompanied the party to their rooms.

A Telegraph representative had a minute's chat with Mr. Bryce in the parlors of the Royal but speedily found that, in newspaper parlance, there was no "copy" in him.

"I never give an interview," said the ambassador. "One of the papers sent a man up the line to come down with me and other papers have sent men to North East Harbor, but as I refused to talk to them it would be hardly fair to give an interview to you. We have had a pleasant trip. At the Canadian Club tomorrow evening I shall speak in general terms on Canada's prospects and chances of development. I would not care to discuss that now but I have a typewritten abstract of the address which I shall be pleased to let you have tomorrow if you wish it. Good night," and he walked to his rooms.

The British ambassador at Washington is a big figure in the world of international politics and consequently he is most discreet as to what he says and when he says it. When he has a statement to make or an address to deliver he likes to make sure that the printed word is as the spoken word, and the best way to ensure this is by the course Mr. Bryce has adopted. As he has a typewritten abstract of his address he does not intend to be misquoted.

Although Mr. Bryce did not say so, The Telegraph learned that he will meet a delegation of lumbermen this evening and will discuss with them various matters affecting the lumber industry, including the conditions on the St. John river. An instance of his diplomatic caution and care is found in the fact that although he received a communication from the lumbermen at North East Harbor he did not agree to meet them until he had first wired to Sir Wilfred Laurier. As the St. John river commission is considering matters in connection with the lumbermen and the river Mr. Bryce refused in any way to commit himself until he had Sir Wilfrid's sanction. This was obtained and the meeting will be held.

The Right Honorable James Bryce does not present any external evidence of his high position and those who expected to see a Windsor uniform decoration and elaborate trappings were disappointed. In fact as the party stepped off the car last night the ambassador looked like any one of the many men in the depot. The waiting crowd saw an elderly gentleman slightly under medium height, with a splendidly shaped head, white beard, and moustache, bushy eye brows and a brisk, kindly expression. He wore a panama hat in fedora shape, a dark overcoat and walked with a barely perceptible limp. He speaks quickly in a deep melodious voice but one can easily picture the great energy and intelligence of the man which have combined to place him among the mighty ones. In fact the Right Honorable James Bryce is quite the most distinguished visitor St. John has had for many days.

TAKAHIRA TO STAY HOME

Seattle, Wash., Aug. 16—That Baron Takahira, Japanese ambassador to the United States, will return no more to this country but will be made minister of foreign affairs by his government, was stated today by a well informed Papanese who named as his successor Yasuya Uchida, now ambassador to Austria. Baron Takahira will sail for Japan tomorrow.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

VACATION TIME

Heat expands, cold contracts.
We learned when lads together;
But pocketbooks never expand—
They contract this sultry weather.

Find another spender.

ANSWER TO YES TERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Pie, minus E, plus Peach, plus E, minus Ache equals Pipe.