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A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

She swept through foliage and hit the ferocious turnpike, the purr of the power rising a note or two as she let it out in the open. She had three good lamps to help her along, and was a most expert driver. By the time she had almost recovered her normal spirits, was even enjoying her normal night ride. If all went well now she would yet be home before daylight, and so relieve some part of Fanchette's anxieties.

A silver crescent climbed into the sky and cast strange shadows across her path. Dark clumps of trees, tall bushes, assumed strange shapes as she drew toward them, and passed, and left them behind. The houses she saw were all dark. The eerie stillness of night was only broken by the monotonous whirr which accompanied her, or when some dog barked noisily from a farm at the sound of her flight.

Hour after hour ticked away without other occurrence, and she still sat steadily at her wheel, alert and ready for anything that might befall. But for all her haste, grey dawn was breaking across the east before she turned off the high road on to a rougher one, slowed down to cross an uncertain bridge spanning a shallow salt water creek, and, putting on a last spurt over sand, wheeled into a thick belt of wood which concealed a small dwelling beside the sea.

At the warning horn of her horn a door was flung wide from within, an elderly woman ran forth with uplifted hands, tragic eyes.

"S'est toi, ma'mselle!" cried she in tremulous French, "and called upon God to witness her gratitude as her young mistress stepped down from the car."

"You were not over-anxious, were you?" she asked coaxingly, and put an arm round the other as she saw that her eyes were wet.

"Now, don't cry, there's a dear. I'm here after all, and I'll tell you what happened to me just as soon as we get indoors. I had hard enough work to get home even at this unearthly hour."

Fanchette pulled a bunch of keys from her pocket and loosened the padlock on the barn-door. The two of them backed the motor in, and she locked it again as she followed the girl toward the house. She also drew the bolt behind her on entering.

The girl went wearily through to a tiny sitting-room and threw herself down on a couch by the window, where, while her maid hastily completed the preparations for a late supper or early breakfast which had obviously been in readiness for some time.

"Draw in, dear heart, and eat," said Fanchette coaxingly. She herself had been almost distraught with anxiety the long night, though, was when with her long night, since her daughter's charge was also so far spent as to confess the weakness evident in her whole demeanor, she was fain to forget her own fatigue in fond solicitude. A somewhat homely and harsh-featured serving-woman, this Fanchette, but very faithful.

The girl raised herself listlessly, and sat down in the place prepared for her.

"It was Jules Chevreil who detained me," she said, under an irresistible impulse to unburden herself of her heavy trouble, and Fanchette's face pale as she laid a hand on her heart, crossing herself with the other as though to ward off some imminent evil, at sound of that name.

"Jules Chevreil!" she repeated, in a hoarse whisper, and waited, in fear.

"Jules Chevreil," said the girl. "He caught sight of me and I of him as I came out of a store. There was no chance of escape."

"But there is now?" asked Fanchette eagerly.

The girl did not answer at once. She was calling to mind all she had undergone, and a single hurried glance once more visible on her white forehead.

"Monsieur is in New York," she returned presently, and Fanchette gave vent to a stifled groan.

"Jules said he had been sent in search of me, and that I must go to Monsieur with him. Otherwise—he threatened to call the police, and I—I did not know. I felt stunned. I was afraid to risk such a scandal. I let him seat himself in the car, and I drove him where he would."

"We went up Riverside, and, by the way, he hinted at hush-money. He would

take ten thousand francs," Fanchette held up her hands in mute, stricken protest—"and swear that he had not seen me. I told him that I had only five thousand in my possession, and, in the end, he agreed to accept that sum. We went back to the bank and he stayed outside while I closed my account. And he took it all from me as the price of silence. But I didn't grudge it for that, Fanchette."

Fanchette nodded, and shook her head, speechless.

"It was late enough then, and I begged him to let me go at once since he could write nothing more from me, but he wouldn't. He made me take him to the Park and about the streets on the west side. Twice we stopped and I had to accompany him into cafes, common places everywhere. He sat at my dressing up at a restaurant he pointed out, where he ordered dinner."

"I had no option but to obey him lest he should create a disturbance, and he made mock of my protests. At dinner he drank champagne, and became still more dictatorial. He would dispute with the waiter—he shamed me bitterly in that place—and when that was over would have had me take him back into the car. But I was desperate then. I struck him, and he would have entered, and drove him away before he recovered his wits."

"You were very brave, dear heart," said Fanchette soothingly, for the girl's eyes were downcast as though in shame.

"You were brave indeed! A pity the blow did not end the rascal! But you did well."

"Then I was still further delayed, for the car broke down on a lonely stretch of road, not far from this side of the ferry, and it cost me some time and trouble to get it to go again. I made all the speed I could, Fanchette, knowing that you would be waiting up for me, but I couldn't do any better than this."

"Eat and drink now," Fanchette commanded, ignoring all else in her sympathy for the spent traveler. "Eat and drink now, and then sleep. Afterwards there will be time to think for the future."

"See here, milk from the ice—and cold chicken, and salad. And I have an omelette ready to set on the fire, and coffee is brewing. Eat then. We are still safe."

She hovered over the girl, and pressed on her the simple dishes prepared with such care, restraining with a commendable effort the questioning trembling on the tip of her tongue. But at length the time came when she might ask it without ill effect.

"Monsieur? Will he give up the search now, ma'mselle?"

The girl dropped her dimpled chin on her palm and stared out across the sea as she answered.

"I don't know, Fanchette. Jules made no promise, except—and he would keep himself, and—let me go."

"How much money have you left in our treasury?"

Fanchette went through to the tidy kitchen which was her domain and brought back a black oaken coffer, from which she proceeded to count out a handful of bills and small change.

"A hundred francs in all, ma'mselle," she replied, making use of the more imposing currency with an indomitable optimism. "Quite a large sum, and enough to keep us for some time with care. I shall manage to make ends meet, never fear."

"And now your room is already, if you will be down and rest."

But the girl did not immediately take the hint. She sat where she was for a little, endeavoring to see some way out of the tangle in which she found herself. She could see none, and at length arose.

"There's one thing certain," she told herself with discouraging frankness. "Twenty dollars won't last us long in America. We must have more money without delay, in case we're discovered here. We must sell the car."

"Fanchette," she said, raising her voice, "I'm afraid there's nothing for it but to sell the car."

"Eh, bien," responded Fanchette from beyond, encouragingly. "What matter?—so that by some means we escape Monsieur."

But when her almost exhausted charge was at length safe between the sheets, Fanchette found in the news she had heard cause more than sufficient for the gravest apprehension.

"What chance has my lamb to escape?" she questioned despairingly of the dumb kitchen utensils. "What chance has my lamb—with Monsieur le Duc hard at hand. A duke—and much worse than a wolf!"

(To be Continued)

NICE TROUT CAUGHT IN KENNEBECASIS

Norton, N. B., April 6.—Claude Belding, son of C. B. Belding, yesterday captured a fine trout, weighing one pound and fifteen ounces. On Saturday last the waters of the Kennebecasis gave to the line of Claude Weir, son of Conductor Weir, one weighing one pound and five ounces.

Tenders are asked by the department of marine and fisheries at Ottawa up to April 26 for the removal of the wrecked steamer Crystal Stream, sunk in the Washade-

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



A LIXEN SUIT AND OUTING HAT.

The upper part only of this little rose-colored frock of linen is shown, but the model is a girlish and pretty one, falling from shoulder to foot in quite straight lines, the pinafore-like front having short belt ends which cross over the back panel under a big button, exactly like the big apron which one dons on preserving day. The hat is a flexible straw, with the brim turned up rakishly at one side, the only trimming being a band and bow of the fancy satin ribbon, which has been dubbed "the prosperity dot."

CHIMNEY FALLS THROUGH ROOF OF LONDON SCHOOL

Three Hundred Children Buried in the Debris—Six Seriously Injured and May Die, While Others Have Miraculous Escape—Tornado Yesterday Did Much Damage at Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph and Other Western Ontario Cities.

Toronto, April 7.—Toronto and Western Ontario were visited today by one of the fiercest gales ever experienced here. Buildings were unroofed in all directions, wires blown down and Niagara power cut off. The result of this was stoppage of all street car service for a time, and several newspaper offices and factories depending on this power to run their machines were idle for a time.

Flying signs made the streets dangerous. Communication with Niagara was cut off also, and there was no way of finding out what had gone wrong with the power transmission line. At Hanlon's Point the roof of the grand stand at the oval was unable to stand the strain and collapsed. Fortunately no one was about the structure when it fell. Mr. Solman does not know the extent of the damage, as owing to the storm no boats have crossed the bay this afternoon.

London, Ont., April 7.—A terrific gale which raged all the morning tore down the chimney of the Aberdeen school, Hamilton road, shortly before noon. A great pile of bricks crashed through the roof of the school, badly burying a score of children. There were 300 pupils in the building and a panic followed.

An alarm was speedily rung in for the fire department to rescue them. All but two children escaped unharmed. One of the victims, Mamie Laburtis, eight years old, a colored girl, is badly crushed and not likely to recover. Others most seriously injured were John Clark, Harry Westminster, Mabel McNeil and James Johnson. The chimney as it crashed through the roof brought down upon the children tons of debris, and that some were not instantly killed is considered marvelous.

The children acted like heroes. Mabel McNeil, who was pinned down by a beam, told the first rescuers she could wait, and to help others. At least \$10,000 damage was done to the building.

The fire department was kept busy all the morning extinguishing small blazes due to the storm. Three pinnacles of St. Mary's Roman Catholic church crashed down, doing considerable damage to the roof.

The storm also brought down the 120-foot chimney of the Free Press about 11 o'clock. The chimney toppled over on the boiler house. Fortunately there was no one about. A few minutes later the walls of the Globe casket works, recently destroyed by fire, were blown down. Many skylights, signs and loose windows were swept away in various parts of the city.

Hamilton, Ont., April 7.—(Special)—A sixty-mile an hour wind storm visited the city this morning and created havoc. Signs were blown down in all parts of the city and a number of people hit by flying fragments. The power was off for a short time about noon, owing to the transmission wires being down.

A young man named George Moore was standing on a wood-pile in the yard of the Ontario Box Factory and was blown off. He was rendered unconscious and very seriously bruised about the head and body.

A house approaching completion collapsed on the corner of Wilson and Arthur streets, carrying with it a carpenter, Horace Thoms. He was buried in the debris and was badly injured that his recovery is doubtful.

A 100-foot four-story addition to the Ontario Lantern Company premises was blown down, but no one hurt.

Guelph, Ont., April 7.—(Special)—The upper half of the front wall of the new \$13,000 St. Patrick's school was blown down about 10 o'clock. Three tons of brick and stone fell to the sidewalk where a few minutes before the children were skipping. Owing to the danger of the wind lifting the roof and wrecking the building, the pupils were dismissed for the Easter holidays.

St. Catharines, Ont., April 7.—(Special)—The worst tornado in the history of the Niagara district is raging. Many barns have been blown down in the country. In the city several business blocks have been unroofed and flying slate and bricks from falling chimneys make it dangerous to be out.

TRIAL IS FIXED FOR APRIL 20

Murray and the Hatches will Face Murder Charge on That Day

Fredericton, N. B., April 7.—A report from Centerville which reached here today stated that people there are considerably stirred up over the fact that an outline of the St. John Valley Railway bill, published in The Telegraph today, did not make it plain that the proposed road was to take in Centerville. Mayor Chestnut was communicated with and asked if there was any movement on foot to sidetrack Centerville. He gave assurances that nothing of the kind was in contemplation.

A delegation from the York council, composed of Warden Hinchey, Councillors Pond, Akersley and Fimmins and Secretary-Treasurer Bliss, waited upon the government this afternoon and urged the adoption of the amendments to the highway act as suggested by the council at its January meeting. They were given assurances that the most important of their recommendations had been embodied in an amendment.

It was stated that the rate of taxation would remain at 20 cents per 100, but that the poll tax would be reduced from \$2 to \$1.50. The council will be allowed to appoint the chairman of the board and a member to be appointed by the government will act as secretary. Authority will be given the board to appoint commissioners for sub-districts.

The attorney-general has announced that a commission would issue to Judge McLeod for a special sitting of the Victoria county circuit court to be held on the 20th inst. at Andover to try Sandy Murray and the two Hatches, the Italians who have been sent up for trial as being accomplices in the murder of Paddy Green, the Montreal jewelry peddler. The holding of the special session of the court will make it so that the executions of Tony Arosio and Leon Seppell, the confessed murderers, can take place on May 4 as ordered.

Pains of women, head pains, or any pain stopped in 20 minutes sure, with Dr. Shoop's Pink Pain Tablets. See full formula on 25c. Box. Sold by all druggists.

MIDAIR BATTLES IN FUTURE WARS

Flying Battleships, Skyward-Pointed Artillery and Blazing Battlefields Depicted

London, April 7.—A war like nothing that has yet been known—a war of flying battleships, of skyward-pointed artillery, and of blazing battlefields—was depicted yesterday by Colonel F. G. Stone, when he lectured before the Royal United Service Institution on the defense of harbors against naval airships.

"The employment of motor airships in the navy is seriously engaging the attention of at least one continental power," said Colonel Stone.

"Our harbors in the south of England," he said, "are all open to attack by the larger type of airship, if starting from a land base in the north of France. If starting from Belgium, it may be considered that Portland is about the limit, or at a stretch, Devonport. From Holland, Portland would certainly be the limit; and from the nearest point in Germany, Portsmouth could scarcely be reached if the airship was required to return to German territory."

"The only reliable airship which can be used in conjunction with the navy is one which can actually be stored on board a 'parent' ship, launched from it, and taken back on board when it returns from its flight in moderate weather."

"But apart from their uses as scouts, the airships of an attacking power would prove a new and dangerous means of actual offense, because of their power of dropping bombs."

"Ballast can be replaced by bombs," Colonel Stone declared, "and these bombs will be few in number and large in size."

Then he pictured the illusive target at which the artillery of the defenders would have to aim—enemy ships shot away into the air as it delivered its blow. "It was calculated by the instructor of La Patrie that when she suddenly escaped from her moorings she was at once relieved of a weight of 1653 pounds; she shot up to a height of 6502 feet without any injury and without the valve being touched."

War in the air will have another terror, the lecturer reminded his audience, for the explosives will scatter their deadly fragments far and wider and with far greater force than the modern shell.

The invading airship will come swiftly and secretly, hidden by the clouds or the night.

In the face of all these perils, how will the defenders act? Colonel Stone showed that "existing H. A. batteries would be unable to interfere with airships engaged by day and reconnaissance or observation to any appreciable extent, since in order to attain a height of only 7300 feet, it is necessary that the battery should not be more than 4600 yards from a point vertically below the target."

"Airships can defy them with impunity. It is hopeless for them to attack an airship on the move."

It is only when she hovers over a position comparatively low down, to place her bombs exactly in the right spot, that the batteries will be able to get at her—if they can see her.

They must see her, Colonel Stone added, and as to chase an airship with a searchlight would be useless, another means must be employed. Here he drew an extraordinary picture of a modern battlefield.

Instead of solitary searchlights here and there, he said, the night will be one of a skyward blaze of light from all over the area in danger. The aeronaut, blinded by the continuous glare and himself visible to all the defenders below, will have to fly to the edge of the shining battlefield, there to be sought out by the single searchlight, followed by shells from the guns below.

"But artillery alone will scarcely be able to deny to an enemy's airship such access to the upper air of our harbors and dry-docks as may be necessary for reconnoitering and observation. This role can only be satisfactorily filled by harbor air ships, or, better still, aeroplanes, and the artillery defense in this respect regarded as auxiliary only."

The cheapest tea to use is not the lowest priced. You can buy tea a few cents at most cheaper than you can a drink, but if you want an absolutely pure, healthful, cleanly-prepared tea use "Salada." It is infinitely more delicious and decidedly more economical than other teas, because it goes farther.

Miss Diadem Bell, a missionary of the Congregational church, home on furlough from Chisamba, West Central Africa, gave an address last night in the Congregational church, Union street. The meeting, which was under the auspices of the ladies' missionary auxiliary, was well attended and those present followed the lecture with much appreciation. Miss Bell gave interesting details of the manners and customs of the natives of the district in which she was laboring and of the difficulties the missionaries encountered.

Boils and Pimples

Are caused entirely by the blood being in an impure condition, and the quickest and simplest way to get rid of them is to take a few bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters.

This purely vegetable remedy has cured thousands of cases of these painful and unsightly troubles during the past thirty years.

Mr. S. J. Weir, River-view, Ont., writes:—"Last summer I had nineteen boils on my neck and back. I was off work for over two weeks. I took everything I could think of, but to no effect. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters and before I had used half the bottle the boils were gone. I took the rest of it, however, and I have not had a boil since."

Mrs. W. J. Cranston, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with pimples on my face for a couple of years and tried a good deal of patent medicine, but they were not of much use. Finally I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and am now entirely cured."

For sale by all dealers.
The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Fritz, of Main street, Fairville, will regret to read that their son, Murray Currier, died last night, aged one year and ten months. The little fellow had been sick for two weeks with pneumonia.

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COURT ROOM WAS CROWDED AT INQUEST LAST NIGHT

The Evidence of Several Witnesses Taken at Last Night's Session of the Inquest Into the Death of the Late Mrs. W. W. McLaughlin and Hearing Was Adjourned Until Monday—More Medical Evidence to Be Given

The inquest into the death of Mrs. Annie McLaughlin was resumed last evening. The evidence of several friends and relatives was taken and the further hearing was adjourned until Monday. The police court was again crowded, the number of ladies present being greater than at either of the previous sessions. As an instance of the interest taken, when the adjournment until Monday was announced one lady was heard to complain of the long delay and expressed surprise that there should be any break in the proceedings. When informed by a friend that the jury had probably other business to attend to she said she thought it unreasonable on their part adding that she was prepared to remain there until midnight.

As at the previous hearing Dr. A. W. MacRae, K. C., appeared for the crown, H. A. Powell, K. C., watched the case for the medical council, and M. G. Teed, K. C., and E. P. Raymond represented Dr. Spangler.

Mrs. Clara McDonald was the first witness. Replying to the coroner, she said she was a sister of the patient. She was at the house from time to time during the illness. She was not present on the occasions when Dr. Emery was called.

The coroner—"Do you know of her having surgical or medical aid?"

As he there between 8 and 8.30 p. m. on the day she died?"

"I don't know."

"Of what did she complain?"

"Of her heart and nothing else."

"Was she treated for her heart by Dr. Spangler?"

"As far as I know."

"Do you know what that treatment was?"

"I was never there and she never told me."

"To your knowledge was she up during the last three weeks?"

"She was sitting in her room in a chair."

"Is there any truth in the statement that on the evening of March 28 she was sitting on a dressing gown?"

"I have heard so through others."

The witness said she was not present when Dr. Spangler was called on March 28.

To Mr. Teed—She never saw Dr. Spangler's treatment."

"Did the patient tell you any directions Dr. Spangler gave?"

"She told me Dr. Spangler said she was to keep perfectly quiet, raise her arm or exert herself in any way. That would be within a week or two of her decease."

"Was the patient in bed before Dr. Emery was called?"

"Yes."

Dr. MacRae said he had no questions to ask.

Clarence W. de Forest, called, said he had been acquainted for some time with

the patient. She was ill about a month during which time he went to the house frequently. She was not in bed when he first went there. He could not say that she had a bad attack on March 12. He remembered her having two attacks. He did not telephone for Dr. Emery; he went for him.

The witness said he was telephoned by Miss McNally. He thought she said the patient had taken a bad turn. She wanted him to come up and bring some whisky.

He went and saw the patient. She said she was not feeling very well. He went out of the room and her mother came to him and asked if it would not be advisable to call in another doctor. He said he did not think so at that time. About fifteen minutes after he went into the room again and did not think her condition was improving. William McDonald came in and the witness told him he had better ask Dr. Emery to come. Dr. Emery responded quickly.

There was some confusion at this point as to dates. The witness said he had been speaking of the night the patient died. Continuing, he said that on March 12 he went for Dr. Emery and told him the patient had had a bad turn and that Dr. Spangler insisted on having another doctor called in. He thought Dr. Spangler was there at the time. Dr. Spangler said so personally in his presence. As a result of that conversation, and at Dr. Spangler's suggestion, he went for Dr. Emery. He did not know whether Dr. Spangler was in the house when Dr. Emery arrived. He believed there was a consultation between Dr. Emery and Dr. Spangler as to the patient's condition. He was not sure if it was that evening. It was over the telephone. Dr. Emery did not protest against attending on account of the patient being at home when Dr. Spangler was there. He knew Dr. Emery attended on March 12 and 13. He did not know whether Dr. Spangler paid a visit on March 13. Dr. Spangler continued to visit the patient up to her death. He had an emergency call on that day.

The coroner—"Do you know what Dr. Spangler said or did?"

"Only by hear say."

"Then I don't want it."

"I'm willing to give it."

"I'm trying to get only the actual facts."

Continuing, the witness said on the evening of the patient's death he saw her in bed. She told him she had been sitting up for two hours and that Dr. Spangler had told her she could sit up for a little while. That was the only time the witness knew of her sitting up. Her breath was quick and she was pale. She had all her faculties. He was not particularly alarmed at her condition.

To Dr. MacRae, the witness said he was not in the house when the patient had the attack on March 12. He went for Dr. Emery himself. The patient was opposed to anyone being called in. She did not

(Continued on page 7).

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



We all build castles in the air. As though we all were meant for them. The attractive part about it is. We don't pay any rent for them.

Find a crusty old realist.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down under arm.

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CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
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