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D & A DE LUXE CORSET

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

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

(Continued).

With his disengaged hand he gave her a smooth, highly polished oval object which proved to be a good deal larger than it looked afloat. The girl threw it into the bottom of the boat without paying the least heed to it. She was greatly flurried, and, womanlike, wanted to box Warden's ears for his absurd action.

"You have terrified me out of my wits," she gasped. "Can you manage to climb on board?"

"That would be difficult—perhaps dangerous. Peter, pull up to the nearest ship's ladder. Then I can regain my perch forrard."

But Peter was gazing with an extraordinary expression of awe, almost of fear, at the unusual cause of so much commotion.

"Well, sink me!" he muttered, "if that ain't Ole Nick's own himmidge, it's his head stoker's. I've never seen anything like it, not in all my born days. My aunt! It's ugly enough to cause a riot."

CHAPTER II

How the Message Was Delivered.

Owing to the return of the rival boat, Peter's agitation passed unnoticed. A superior person was apologizing for the accident, though inclined to tax Warden with foolhardiness.

"You have only yourself to blame for that knock on the head, which might have been far more serious than it is," he said.

"Will you kindly go to — Jericho?" said the man in the water.

The superior persons tone grew more civil when he found that he was talking to one whom he condescended to regard as an equal.

"Don't you want any assistance?" he inquired.

"No, thanks, unless you will allow me to use your gangway in order to climb aboard the dinghy."

"By all means. I am sorry the oar caught you. But you annexed the prize, so I suppose you are satisfied. What was it?"

"A calabash, I fancy. You will see it lying in the boat."

Peter, who was really fascinated by the carved face which drew the girl's attention in the first instance, suddenly kicked it and turned it upside down with his wooden leg. The men in the second boat saw only the glazed yellow ring of an oval gourd, some twelve inches long and eight or nine in diameter.

"The pot was hardly worth the scurry," laughed one of them.

"If Greeks once strove for a crown of wild olive, why not Englishmen for a calabash?" said Warden.

Ther was an element of the ludiscrous in the unexpected comment from a man in his predicament. Every true-born Briton resents any remark that he does not undersand, and some among the strangers grinned. The girl, still holding Warden's wrist as though she feared he would vanish in the depths if she let go, darted a scornful look at them.

"The truth is that these gentlemen competed because they thought they were sure to win," she cried.

"It was a fair race, madam," expostulated the leader of the yacht's boat.

"Y-yes," she admitted. "My presence equalized matters."

As the men were four to two she scored distinctly.

"Give way, Peter," said Warden. "If I laugh I shall swallow more salt water than is good for me."

He was soon seated astride the bows of the dinghy, which Peter's strong arms brought quickly alongside the San Souci. By that time, the girl's composure was somewhat restored. Warden obviously made so light of the ducking that she did not allude to it again. As for the gourd, it rested at her feet, but she seemed to have lost all interest in it. In truth, she was annoyed with herself for having championed her new friend's cause, and thus, in a sense, condoned his folly.

It did not occur to her that the San Souci's deck was singularly untenanted, until a gruff voice hailed the occupants of the dinghy from the top of the gangway.

"Below there," came the cry. "Worcher want here?"

The girl looked up with a flush of surprise in her expressive face. But she answered instantly:

"I am Miss Evelyn Dane, and I wish to see Mrs. Baumgartner."

She's ashore," was the reply.

"Well, I must wait until she returns."

"You can't wait here."

"But that is nonsense. I have come from Oxfordshire at her request.' '

"It don't matter tuppence where you've come from. No one is allowed aboard. Them's my orders."

Miss Dane turned bewildered eyes on Warden.

"How can one reason with a surly person like this?" she asked.

"He is incapable of reason—he wants a hiding," said Warden.

A bewhiskered visage of the freak variety glared down at him.

"Does he, you swob," roared the apparition, "an' oo's goin' to give it 'im?"

"I am. Take this lady to the saloon, and come with me to the cutter yonder. My man will bring you to your bunk in five minutes, or even less."

"For goodness' sake, Mr. Warden, do not make my ridiculous position worse," cried the girl, reddening with annoyance. "Mrs. Baumgartner wrote and urged me to see her without any delay on board this yacht. I telegraphed her early this morning saying I would be here soon after midday. What am I to do?"

"If I were you, I would go back to Oxfordshire," he said.

"But I cannot—at least, not until I have spoken to her. I am—poor. I am practically engaged as companion—another name for governess, I suspect—to Mrs. Baumgartner's daughter, and I dare not throw away the chance of obtaining a good situation."

Warden, who was dabbing his forehead with a handkerchief, did not reply at once, and Evelyn Dane, in her distress, little guessed the irrational conceit that danced in his brain just then. But the presence of Peter, and the torrent of sarcastic objurgation that flowed from the guardian of the Sans Souci, imposed restraint. It was on the tip of his tongue to suggest that, under the conditions, it would be a capital notion if they got married, and took a honeymoon cruise in the Nancy!—Long afterward he wondered what would have been the outcome of any such fantastic proposal. Would she have listened? At any rate, it amused him at the time to think that there was little difference between a lover and a lunatic.

But he contented himself with saying.

"I fear I am rather light-headed today, Miss Dane. Let us appeal to Peter the solid, and draw upon his wide experience. Tell us then, O pilot, what course shall we shape?"

Peter, rapidly restored to the normal by the familiar language coming from the rail of the yacht, glanced up.

"If I was you, sir, I'd ax monkey-face there wot time 'is misses was due aboard. Mebbe the young leddy would find her bearin's then, so to speak."

Excellent. Do you hear, Cerberus? When does Mrs. Baumgartner return?"

The watchman, taking thought, decided to suspend his taunts.

"Why didn't you ax me that at fust?" he growled. "I'm on'y obeyin' orders. Seven o'clock, they said. An' it didn't matter 'oo kem here, if it was the Pope o' Rome hisself, it's as much as my place is worth to let him aboard."

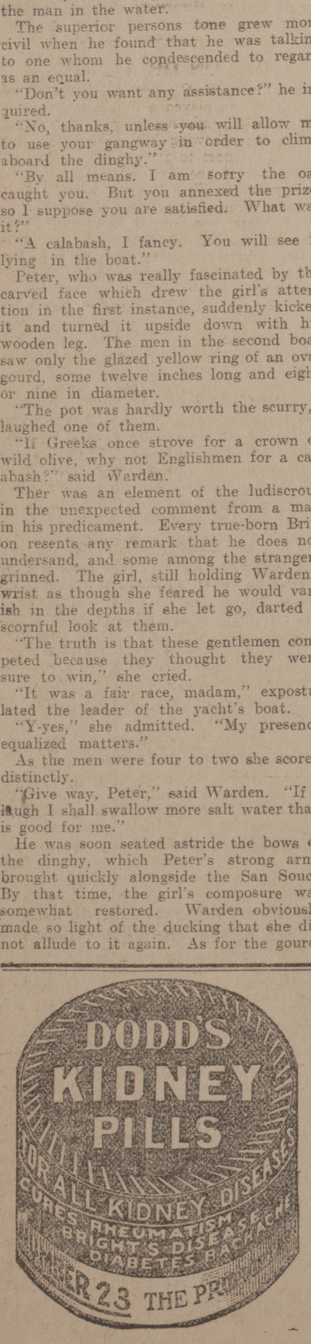
"That is final, Miss Dane," said Warden. "There are two alternatives before you. I can either gag and bind the person who has just spoken, thus securing by force your admission to the yacht, or I can entertain you on the Nancy until seven o'clock."

"But I ought to go ashore."

"It is not to be dreamed of, I assure you. Cowes is overrun with excursionists. You will be much happier with Peter and me, and we are no mean cooks when put on our mettle."

She yielded disconsolately. Dislike of the Sans Souci and every one connected with that palatial vessel was already germinating in her mind. If it were not for the considerations outlined in her brief statement to Warden she would have caught the next ferry to Portsmouth and allowed Mrs. Baumgartner to make other provisions for her daughter's companionship, or tuition.

(To Be Continued)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LINEN COSTUME IN TWO SHADES OF BLUE.

Porcelain blue and a shade darker in tone have been combined in this artistic morning frock. The linen is in the lighter blue, the sash and necktie being of satin in the dark shade. The trimming, which is of darned net, shows both sides of the blue. Frogs of cord covered with the linen decorate the front revers at either side of a little vest of the darned net. White frills of lace-edged lawn add daintiness at collar and sleeve ends.

EVERYTHING POINTS TO GROWTH OF PROSPERITY

Ottawa Citizen Takes Rosy View of Conditions in Canada at the Present Time, With Splendid Harvest Prospects.

(Ottawa Citizen.)

Everything points at present not only to a return of prosperity but, so far as Canada is concerned, to a prosperity of probably unparalleled exuberance. This country came through the spasm of trade depression probably better than any of the other countries affected. With us it was not so much a case of hard times or even of money stringency, as of putting on the brakes and slowing down. That this was the case was shown by the comparatively few failures and the fact that in the spring of this year the deposits in the banks were one hundred million dollars greater than ever before in the history of the country. It was in reality only a shortening of sail in deference to the financial squall which swept through the republic to the south of us, wrecking monetary institutions and for a time paralyzing business. As a matter of fact the storm scarcely touched us, but it had the salutary effect of instilling a feeling of caution, and the canny Canadians merely got their money together and placed it in the banks until such time as normal conditions again prevailed.

Now the prospects are of the most roseate description. Not only do all reports indicate a bumper harvest in grain and fruits, but the prices are the highest that have prevailed in many years, and in the face of the crop prospects both in Canada and the United States these prices show no evidence of declining. Yesterday July wheat advanced six points, and there is also a likelihood that the Bank of England rate will be reduced to two per cent., pointing to a plentitude of money to meet the expanding necessities of trade. Throughout the Northwest prosperity is resuming sway on a scale of imposing magnitude. Five additional large elevators are to be erected at Fort William; at Winnipeg the building permits for the first six months of this year aggregate $1,900,000, as against $1,000,000 for the whole twelve months of the previous year. Vancouver is expanding on a colossal scale, the price of real estate is reaching unheard of values, and it is said that the suburbs are being surveyed over an area that would almost accommodate the population of the city of London. Already the Western ports are getting ready for the halcyon days when the Panama canal will be open and Northwest wheat from thef urther side of the continent will seek the Liverpool market on steamers clearing from Vancouver and Prince Rupert. If the present prices keep up and the Canadian crop fulfils its promise, the Northwest farmers will become capitalists, and their money will flow westward in exchange for the manufactured products and the goods of our wholesale houses.

In the United States the crop reports promise an unparalleled harvest. The production of corn alone will be over three billion bushels more than last year, and over two hundred million in excess of the crop of 1906. The oat crop is nearly a billion bushels, and only slightly surpassed in size by the record breaking crop of 1902. Even wheat, whose price with that of flour has risen of late, promises to come within a million bushels of last year's output. The holdings of this cereal in farmers' hands have been reduced, however, by something like over fifteen million bushels in the twelve months past. In the face of such a record the tinkering of congress with the tariff or the antics of Wall street cut no ice whatever. The prices of stocks are nearly back to the old high level of ante-panic days, and in view of the vigorous business reaction, there is a general prediction that they will go still higher and the oncoming wave of prosperity will enhance the earning power of securities beyond previous records.

What seems to be most needed at the present juncture is a general determination for the people of this country to view their opportunities soberly, to exercise a wise business caution in taking advantage of them, and not to lose their heads or allow themselves to be carried away by excessive anxiety to get rich quick. Canada is in a sound position to reap the fruits of long yeafs of preparation. Its day is at hand. Everything points to a growth in wealth and population such as has never been equalled by any young country. The meeting of this future in an adequate manner will involve both a task and a strain that will test the national character as well as the strength and elasticity of our institutions.

SIX MONTHS FOR TORONTO GIRLS

Charged With Frequenting Chinese Restaurant They are Speedily Disposed of.

Toronto, July 19—(Special)—Three young well dressed and prepossessing white girls, Mary De Rosie, Beatrice McMahon and Jessie McMillan, the youngest nineteen and the eldest twenty-two, were each sent to Mercer for six months this morning for frequenting Chinese restaurants late at night.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN.
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

William Egan, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. Egan, North End.

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.

RUNAWAY LAD IS ARRESTED HERE

Oscar B. White Charged With Stealing Watch Chain and Gold Piece.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday Deputy Chief Jenkins and Dective Killen arrested a fifteen year old lad, Oscar B. White, on suspicion of stealing a gold watch and chain and a $1 gold piece from the house of J. A. Floyd at Central Norton.

White, who claims to belong in South Sherburne (Mass.), went to Floyd's place on Saturday and engaged to work for him for the season.. On Sunday, however, it is claimed, he stole the gold watch and chain and the gold piece, and left suddenly. Suspicion fell on the lad and as it was thought he had headed for St. John, a message was sent to Chief Clark here asking the police to be on the lookout for him.

The trains and river boats were watched yesterday, and when the Champlain came in it was found that White was aboard and he was arrested.

The watch, which is a hunting case lady's time-piece, the chain and the gold piece which is attached to the chain as a charm, were found upon him.

The Norwegian who was arrested a couple of weeks ago on charge of threatening to assault a saloon keeper and who appeared to be taken violently insane in the jail, has become well again and will probably be discharged this morning. Sheriff Ritchie has learned that the man's name is Niller Christiansen and that he belongs to Bergen, Norway. He told the sheriff that he had a spell similar to this one once before when he was in Scotland.

JULY 20, '09.

No Store Anywhere Can Match These Clothing Bargains

The reason why these clothing bargains are so far ahead of any other store's offerings is because our prices were at least 25 per cent. below those of any other store in the first place. So when our original prices are reduced as they have been for this mid-summer sale, you can readily see why you can still get much more for your money here than anywhere else even if you could buy elsewhere at half price.

And these suits, overcoats and trousers are of such good style and quality that after the weeks of service you can still get out of them this season---you can put them away until next spring and then have practically new clothes, to wear then. So every way you look at it, this sale offers you unusual advantages.

MEN'S CLOTHING, Really Reduced BOYS' CLOTHING, Really Reduced

Great Savings in Men's Furnishings

Soft Negligee Shirts, regular price 75c., 85c., $1.00—Sale price ..... 59c.
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular price, $1.25, $1.50—Sale price ..... 79c.
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular price, $1.75, $2.50—Sale price $1.13
Workingmen's Shirts, regular price, 50c., 65c.—Sale price ..... 37c.
Balbriggan Shirts and Drawers, rgular price, 30c.—Sale price ..... 19c.
Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, regular price, 75c., 85c.—Sale price ..... 59c.
Black and Tan Cashmere Hose, rgular price, 35c.—Sale price ..... 19c.
Cotton and Flanelette Nightshirts, regular price, $1.00—Sale price ..... 59c.
All-Wool Sweaters, regular price, $1.00—Sale price ..... 79c.
30c., 35c. and 40c. Suspenders, during this sale ..... 19c.
Neckwear, silk four-in-hands, regular price, 35c.—Sale price ..... 19c.
Umbrellas, regular price $2.00—Sale price $1.19
All Straw and Felt Hats greatly reduced.

Don't Forget—Sale Ends Saturday, July 24

King Street Cor. Germain GREATER OAK HALL SCOVIL BROS. LIMITED, St. John, N. B.

GORDON GRANT IS NOW G. T. P. CHIEF ENGINEER

Ottawa, July 19—On the recommendation of Deputy Minister of Railways M. J. Butler, the government has appointed Gordon Grant, chief inspecting engineer of the National Transcontinental Railway, to be chief engineer over the whole road in succession to Hugh Lumsden, whose resignation was formally accepted last week.

Mr. Grant joined the commission staff in 1905 as district engineer for district B. In May, 1907, he was promoted to be chief inspecting engineer. He is a much younger man than the retiring chief engineer and is better fitted for personal inspection of the actual work of construction of the road than was the retiring chief engineer, who, because of his advancing years, did not make as frequent trips of inspection over the line in unsettled and remote districts as the commission thought desirable.

Mr. Grant has filled many important positions in railway engineering work both in Canada and in the United States. He is very highly spoken of by all members of his profession who have worked with him.

In 1887 he was engineer of construction for the Intercolonial Railway in Cape Breton and in 1893 he became assistant engineer for the C. P. R. In 1903 he became chief draughtsman for the latter road. As chief engineer he will receive a salary of $6,000, the same as that paid to Mr. Lumsden.

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.

OBITUARY

Harry Armstrong

Bridgetown, N. S., July 19—(Special)—The community was shocked this morning to learn of the sudden and unexpected death of Harry Armstrong, the fourteen year old son of Dr. M. E. Armstrong of this town.

The boy had complained slightly during a few days back, but nothing serious was anticipated, and this morning he sat up in bed and read a storybook and no one imagined that he was then at the very threshold of death, but he began to develop startling symptoms a little later, and Dr. Sponagle and Dr. Deblois were called in and pronounced the trouble to be appendicitis but thought conditions did not favor an operation, and early this morning he died.

Mrs. David Patterson

Amherst, N. S., July 19—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Briggs, Amherst, yesterday, the death took place of Mrs. David Patterson, of Midgic. The deceased, who was eighty years of age, had been ill for some time. Mrs. Patterson is survived by her husband, four daughters, four sons, and two brothers. The daughters are: Mrs. Briggs, Mrs. Thomas Wheaton, Midgic; Mrs. Melbourne Wry, Sackville; Mrs. W. H. Daigle, New Britain (Conn.) The sons are: Edgar and Emery, of Meridan (Conn.), and James and Gordon, Midgic. William Cassidy, Bangor (Me.), and James Cassidy, Newcastle, are the surviving brothers.

Mrs. David Caldwell

Norton, July 19—Mrs. David Caldwell died in the States and her two sons brought her body home. She was buried on Sunday in the cemetery at Bloomfield.

Mrs. Oscar Patriquin is lying very ill at her home here.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Callahan, of Silver Falls, who were thrown from their carriage near Kane's Corner on Sunday night, are progressing favorably in the hospital. Mrs. Callahan has a deep scalp wound, but no internal injuries, as at first feared; while Mr. Callahan has a broken collar-bone.

Be wise and have a glass of iced "Salada" Tea when you feel warm. A small piece of lemon will add to its flavor. 61.

The self-satisfied man never sees himself as others see him.

Mr. Good Fellow on Wise Guy Fans

"Now, I haven't got a word to say against the baseball fan," remarked Mr. A. Good Fellow, as he swung aboard the car for the ball park and squeezed in beside an old friend, "for I'm one of 'em myself, as you well know. But I do want to register a gentle protest against these wise guys, these Mr. Know-it-alls, who lay down the law as to how the team ought to be run and knock everyone when the team is losing.

"You know how it is, Bo; they've got an explanation of just why the team is hitting the down grade, and all sorts of dope to show why it should not be. If this were only done, they argue, or if the other change had been made a month ago, why then so and so would be the case. There is a certain place I have heard tell of, Bo, hotter than the inside of a dozen Turkish baths rolled into one, they say it is paved with good intentions and 'ifs.' I have one, and only one, reason for possessing a curious and morbid curiosity to see the inside of it, and that is—to count the number of disgruntled wise-guy baseball fans there engaged in laying the afore-mentioned paving blocks.

"Honest, Bo, sometimes it gets on my nerves. Went out to the game yesterday and sat next to one of them. He knew all about baseball. Yes, sir-ree! What he didn't know about the great national game couldn't be found in any rule book, and, to hear him tell it, all the magnates were in the habit of consulting him about their lineups. This same ball game highbrow had another of like calibre with him, and the way they tore off single, double and home run knocks with their little hammers, was a lesson in batting the stuffing out of every or any old thing.

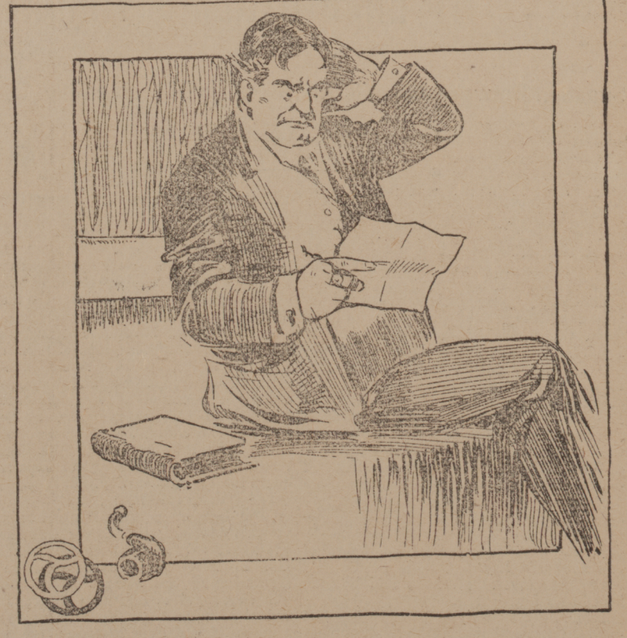
"They started in on the manager. He was trying to run the team too much, they claimed, and he was hopelessly killing all the natural ability of his players by making them live up to signals. Not 10 minutes later one of the players tried to stretch a double into a three-bagger, and these wise gazabos turned right around and knocked the verbal Sam Hill out of the poor old manager for not signaling the runner to stand pat on second!

"They didn't like the pitcher when he began the game, and branded him all sorts of a has-been. The next inning this same twirler struck out three men in succession—and they wondered what sort of dope he had been taking. They sized up every batter as he stepped up to the plate in a tone of voice loud enough to jar upon the enthusiasm of every fan within a radius of 10 feet from them. And in every case, I noticed, they were all wrong in their dope. Invariably the batters they called dubs lined out the ball for a single at least, and the men they touted as the real goods with the stick, either struck out or died on little pop flies. But they knew all about it — so the rest of us round about let them dream on.

"In the ninth inning our boys came to the bat, two runs to the bad. These Mr. Wise-Fans just set back and bemoaned the idiotic brains directing the flabby brawn that dared hope to knock out a-victory. When the first man up sent a beaut of a bunt toward short and then beat the ball to first—they savagely declared that to attempt to work the hit and run game at this stage of the game was worse than the floating straw to the drowning man. And when the next batter made a corking sacrifice they raved and moaned and tore their hair. And yet, when the next stick-artist lined out a sizzling single, advancing the runner to third, they solemnly declared the manager had evidently come round to their way of thinking at last. You know the end—we won by a run—and would you believe it, the wise yaps took all the glory upon their own shoulders and explained to each other how they would have conducted the battle in almost precisely the same manner if they had been in charge.

"During the whole game they never rooted, that is, really rooted for the home—look out, Bo; there they are three seats ahead of us! Keep your eye on them and get as far away as possible, even if we have to go over the bleachers—if you want to really enjoy the game!"

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



LIFE ALGEDRA.

We figure some with a, b, c;
We also work with x, y, z,
But when we've serious sums to do
To oft we call in I O U.

Find a creditor.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

1. Lincoln. 2. Hayes. 3. Tyler. 4. Pierce. 5. Monroe. 6. Jackson. 7. Buchanan. 8. Adams.