

THE THREE KEYS

BY FREDERICK ORMOND.

(Continued)

"Oh, that brings me back to what I was saying," Lathrop exclaimed. "Really, sir, this partnership affair should not be carried on."

"But I insist on it," the financier cried, hotly. "Besides, my boy, you have signed, so that the thing is settled. And, Morris," he added, gently, "I want you here with me."

"You said that the agreement was dated thirty days back?" Lathrop asked, reflectively.

"Yes."

"Very well, then," the young man conceded, after a short pause. "Let things go on as they are for a month longer. If, at the end of that time, you are still anxious to have me here with you, I shall be very glad to come, sir."

"Very well," Trevor agreed. "And now come with me. I'll drive you to the club. Afterward, you must go home to dinner with me."

"Not tonight, father," Lathrop said. "I'll ride with you as far as the club, but I must leave you there. I have something of importance that I must attend to before the day is done. I had formed plans yesterday which were upset by our conversation last night. I wrote a letter concerning them to a very dear friend of mine, and I fear that I may have caused unnecessary pain. So, I must straighten the matter out, without a minute of needless delay."

Both men were silent during the drive, and, soon after entering the club, they separated. Lathrop was absorbed in thinking of that complication which he had forgotten throughout the day. In consequence, he did not linger long at the club, but hurried off to his apartment.

As he entered the elevator, he was met by the announcement:

"There is a lady waiting for you, sir."

"A lady?" Lathrop repeated, in some perplexity.

"She came early this afternoon, sir," the attendant answered. "She is in the reception-room for a long time. It is the same one who was here once before, so I took the liberty of admitting her to your parlor. She said she must wait until you came. I hope I did right, sir."

"Oh, certainly," Lathrop replied. He spoke quietly, but he was excessively annoyed nevertheless, and showed it by the impatient haste of his stride as he advanced along the passage to the door of his suite. This stood wide open, and, through it, in a far corner, he perceived the form of a woman, half-buried within a huge chair.

The visitor sprang up as he entered the room, and ran toward him with both hands eagerly outstretched in welcome. There were tears in her eyes; her face was flushed with the deep emotion of the moment. And that face was tender, sympathetic, beautiful. It was very beautiful, as well as the dark loveliness of the Spanish woman. The perfectly-fitting tinge the curving lines of her slender body.

"Oh, Morris! Morris! You have returned. Thank heaven!" she exclaimed, fervently, in a soft, sweet voice, musically vibrant. She dropped to Lathrop's breast, and gave way to a passion of weeping.

He waited patiently until the paroxysm was past; then he led her back to the chair which she had vacated.

"There! there," he said soothingly, as to a child. "I have changed my mind since I wrote you that letter yesterday. I should have been up to see you within the half-hour. How long have you been here?"

"Oh, since ten o'clock this morning," the girl answered placidly. "I received your letter at that time, and so, of course, I came at once. Oh, Morris, you are not going away as you said in the letter?"

"No, dear, I am not going away," Lathrop assured her. "At least, not at present—not for two weeks I think, anyway. But you should not have come here, Rita. I told you that when you came tailored suit she wore showed to advantage."

"I could not help it; indeed, I could not," the girl pleaded, with a tremulousness. "Your letter was so strange, Morris, that it frightened me. It made me think that I might never see you again, and I should have died if that were true. You will not go away without coming to bid me goodbye, will you? Ever? Promise me that, Morris!"

"Yes, I promise, if in return you will promise never to come here again, under any circumstances—that is, alone. I don't suppose you have had any luncheon, have you?" he demanded.

"No, nor breakfast either. I came at once, when I received the letter."

"Poor child, you must be starved!" Lathrop exclaimed. "Come, we will go at once."

"Where were you going, Morris?" the girl asked, as he buttoned her coat around her. The clouds had all disappeared, and now sunshine sparkled in her eyes and upon her face.

"Well," he replied somewhat grimly, "I am not exactly certain where I was going. The route that I had selected might have taken me to either of two destinations, but I am in some doubt as to which one would have fitted me the better. . . . Are you ready?"

He turned toward the door. His hand was upon the knob, when there came a sudden and sharp rap upon the panels.

"Step into the next room, Rita," Lathrop directed. "Then, when I return, after giving her time to obey, he threw open the door, and immediately uttered an involuntary ejaculation of astonishment, for at the threshold stood Edna Trevor.

"May I come in, Morris?" she demanded, brightly, with a mischievous smile at her own audacity in this expedition. Without waiting for her host's permission, she stepped past him into the room, and paused in the centre of it, devouring with eager eyes the decorated walls, the bric-a-brac, the curios—everything, while Lathrop, excessively annoyed, stood in silence, regarding her with frowning brows.

"It's lovely! just lovely!" the girl exclaimed presently, with enthusiasm. "I never saw a bachelor-apartment before, you know, and I have so wanted to! Pipes and swords and armor and shields! I was going by, and the temptation to run in was too great for my powers of resistance. So, here I am! Aren't you going to give me some tea, Morris?"

"I am very sorry, but I haven't time to do that," Lathrop replied, rather coldly. "I was on the point of going out when you came."

"Oh, you were?" Edna exclaimed, with a pout of disappointment. Then, in an instant, her manner changed. "What is that?" she cried, sharply. She had been moving about the room inquisitively while speaking; now, she stopped short and picked something up from the floor. It was a tiny, wine-colored glove—a tiny thing, much too small even for her own shapely hand. She held it between her

fingers disdainfully for a moment; then, she turned slowly toward Lathrop.

"Whose glove is this? Where did it come from?" she demanded.

"I found it in the elevator," Lathrop lied, glibly.

"Nonsense, Morris!" Edna retorted, with manifest contempt. "If you had found it there, you would have left it to be claimed. There has been someone here. Ah, there was someone here when I came. She is here now. Yes, I can smell her, I know I can."

"You can—what?" Lathrop cried, aghast.

"I can smell her," Edna repeated, no whit dismayed. "Yes, violet perfume. Morris! Lathrop," she continued, sternly, "have you a woman concealed in your apartments?"

As the young man maintained a sullen silence before the question, she darted a last angry glance at him, then started toward the door. Before she had taken three steps, she was arrested by the appearance, from the room beyond, of the other visitor, whose cheeks were flushed with excitement and anger.

"You have guessed rightly, seniorita," the new comer said haughtily. "I am here."

For a brief space the two women stood facing each other, the one defiant, the other speechless with indignation and amazement. Finally, Lathrop deemed it wiser to interfere, and he went forward.

"Miss Trevor," he said, "permit me to introduce to you Senorita Ortega, Clarita, this is Miss Edna Trevor. You have heard me speak of her."

Clarita bowed coldly. But Edna drew herself stiffly erect, and turned away without a sign of recognition. As she faced Lathrop, she addressed him in a voice of wrath.

"How dare you!" she exclaimed. "How dare you introduce such a person to me! And forthwith she swept past him, opened the door, passed out, closed it behind her and was gone."

CHAPTER VI.

"What did she mean by calling me 'such a person'?" Clarita questioned, when the door was shut behind the departing visitor.

"I wouldn't bother about that now," Rita, Lathrop urged, wearily. "Come; if you are ready, let us go, please."

"Did she mean to imply that I had no right to be here?" the girl persisted.

"Probably. For that matter, neither had she any right to come here, so the matter is even between you. But do come now."

"Wait," Clarita entreated. "Tell me: Is she the lady to whom you are engaged?"

"No," Lathrop replied; "her sister."

"No," Lathrop replied; "her sister whom you are to marry?" Was the next question.

The discomfited young man sighed fretfully, as he answered:

"Clarita."

"And this one is Edna," his tormentor murmured.

"Yes, this is Edna," Lathrop agreed, impatiently.

"Will she tell her sister that I was here, concealed in your rooms?" Clarita asked, after a meditative pause.

"Oh, no; I think not—that is, I don't know—I hope not," she said, sharply, for he was greatly annoyed. "There is no occasion for any jealousy."

The girl went close to him, and took one of his hands in hers. Then, raising it to her lips, she kissed it gently.

"I think that, were I in her place, I should be jealous," she said. "As she spoke, she cast on him a gaze so filled with adoration it seemed impossible that he could fail to perceive it. And," Clarita continued, "this Edna will tell her, I am sure. I saw it in her eyes. She loves me, yes! I think that she loves you, Morris."

"What! Edna?" Lathrop ejaculated, flushing. "That is nonsense. Really, Rita, you are absurd."

"Well, I think that it is true," was the unperturbed answer. "Perhaps even she herself did not know it until just now, when she found me here. But I believe that she knows it now. That is what made her so angry. She is jealous."

Lathrop realized that any effort to convince the girl against her will must be futile at this time; therefore, he made no rejoinder, but led the way to the door in silence. He was too much of a man of the world not to know that his two visitors were, in a measure, compromised by the incident which had taken place, but he depended on the loyalty of Edna to keep the matter secret until he should have opportunity for adequate explanation of the situation. He regretted bitterly now that he had requested Clarita to conceal herself in the adjoining room. The thing was done, however, and there remained only to make the best of an extremely unfortunate occurrence.

"You will spend the evening with me, Morris?" Clarita questioned, as an hour later they went out of the restaurant.

Lathrop did not reply until the cab to which he had signaled had drawn up to the curb.

"No, not tonight, Rita," he said then.

"I must," she insisted.

"—hasten to Carla, I suppose," the girl interrupted, petulantly. "Is it so?"

"No, dear," Lathrop replied. "I—He broke off by saying good-evening to Chapman, who passed at this moment. Then, he spoke to the girl again. "I'll come tomorrow evening, if you like; but tonight it is impossible."

He put her into the hansom. Afterward, as it drove away, he turned to Chapman, who stood near by, awaiting him.

"Step inside for a moment, Chapman," he said. "I wish to give you a check for that L. O. U."

"Oh, never mind now," the other protested.

"You will be at the club tonight, won't you?"

Lathrop made no reply as he led Chapman into the vestibule. But, after the check had been filled out and delivered, he said:

"Ah, a date, I suppose," Chapman exclaimed, banteringly. "I say, old man, who was the charmer? You seem to be on pretty good terms with her. I heard you call her 'dear.'"

Lathrop raised his eyes until he encountered those of his club acquaintance. For a long moment, he stared full at the fellow; then, he deliberately turned his back, and walked away without another word. But Chapman hastened to follow. (To be continued)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



DRESSY BLOUSE TO MATCH A WOOL SUIT

This year the white blouse is not considered correct with a colored wool skirt; the suit must be matched with a dainty blouse in the same shade, or a shade blending with the color of coat and skirt. This dainty blouse might be developed in any desired color, though in this case old blue messaline satin has been used in combination with braiding of the same color and steel buttons. A little yoke and undersleeves of dotted net add daintiness to the blouse, and yoke and collar are separated by a band of blue velvet with a steel clasp.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS, CHATTY NEWS OF THE GREEN ROOM

"Dick," the young son of Sam Bernard, entertained the members of his father's company to a dinner last week at his father's home and it proved a most enjoyable affair. All the members of The Girl and the Wizard were present and spent a pleasant evening.

The New York Review is holding a contest in which votes are cast for the popular actress in America. Maxine Elliott is now leading with a vote of 750. A large tourist car is to be given to the winner of the contest.

May Kinder, for some time a member of Erolman's London company, presenting "The Dollar Princess," has married into the English nobility. A short time ago she was wedded to Henry J. D. Astley, a son of Lady Florence Willoughby.

The long anticipated recital of Mme. Marcella Sembrich, given on Tuesday in New York, was very largely attended and proved a memorable occasion. She had prepared an excellent programme.

The inauguration of the New Theatre on Monday night last brought New York above the level of continental capitals as regards facilities for presenting modern dramatic efforts. The erection of the building was a momentous undertaking, but it is expected that it will be crowned with success.

The W. S. Harkins company, as is usual with them, have added further laurels to those they have already won and have ably upheld the reputation so long held with their admirers in St. John.

They will remain for another week at the Opera House. Tonight the comedy which scored such a success last night, "More and After," will be given again; tomorrow and Saturday nights the play will be "After Midnight," while the opening bill next week will be Hall Caine's "The Manxman."

Mary Garden, the prima donna, arrived this week in New York, to appear in the production of "Sappho," to be given in Hammerstein's Opera House. Miss Garden greeted the reporters who boarded the liner at quarantine with effusiveness. She talked in half humorous vein about the report that she was going to be married. She said that she had picked out the man

Got \$595 with \$1 Waist

New York, N. Y.—A young woman walked into the store of Mrs. Anna Wassermann, 270 Grand street, and purchased a shirt waist for one dollar.

Mrs. Wassermann was making up her bank deposit and had \$110 in cash and checks amounting to \$185, on the counter. These, she crumpled up with the waist. As soon as she discovered her loss, Mrs. Wassermann reported it to the police, but no trace of the young woman could be found.

It is much more difficult to recover lost money than it is to recover lost health. Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Lame Back, Aching Limbs, Bladder and Skin Troubles quickly disappear under the curative influence of "Fruit-atives."

"Fruit-atives"—the famous tablets made from fruit juice and food—have given the most gratifying results even in the most serious cases of Stomach, Liver, Kidney and Bowel Troubles.

50c. a box, 5 for \$2.50, or trial size, 25c.—at all dealers or from the Fruit-atives Limited, Ottawa.

PLAYGROUNDS

IN ENGLAND

Good Work—Lord Alverstone's Opinion—What Has Been Done in London and Manchester

London, Nov. 8.—The great industrial revolution in England which dates from the early part of last century has much to answer for; so also have had land laws and the almost entire absence of town-planning by municipal authorities. The condition of affairs today in England is that 80 per cent. of the population live in towns which have grown up anyhow according to the whim of the speculative builder. If the industrial revolution must force us to live among bricks and mortar, it might at least have been arranged that they should not monopolize all the available space. But it has always been a case of houses upon houses, and streets upon streets, with just a few public parks, well provided with "keep off the grass" notices.

Consider the hordes of city boys and girls, mostly endowed with a healthy love of play, and nowhere to indulge it but in the street or in some old brick croft on the edge of the town. One has here at once the main cause of a stunted population and a growing passion for some unhealthy excitement as betting, gambling and general hooliganism. Still it is never too late to mend, and now municipal authorities are considering town planning schemes, while among the voluntary efforts for improving matters, the societies for acquiring playing fields and organizing games come easily first. As far back as 1890 London realized the mischief that was being done, and inaugurated a Playing Fields society, which today owns and manages 250 acres devoted entirely to cricket, football and lawn tennis. This society has also done excellent work in persuading the London county council to throw its parks open for the playing of well organized games.

In 1907 Manchester followed the good lead by establishing a Playing Fields' society. This city is particularly badly off in the matter of parks where games can be played, and it seemed essential that voluntary effort should step in. Though only just two years old, the society owns 46 acres, and which furnishes room for 31 football and cricket grounds, and it is a most inspiring sight to see 600 young fellows engaged in strenuous play under well-organized regulations. It should be understood that the land has been bought outright by the council, and the council obtain leases for suburban land, and to rent from year to year simply means waiting on the pleasure of the speculative builder.

It is interesting to note that the fields are entirely self-supporting by reason of the payments made by the lads themselves.

It is the ambition of the society to establish a ring of playing fields round the city to cater for the needs of the different districts. Under the conditions of today, it is no wonder that the competition to obtain pitches on the society's fields is keen, and it is pitiful to have to refuse any demands.

It is to be hoped that many other towns will go and do likewise. Lord Alverstone has truly said, "Second to drink, and second only to drinking, the real cause of crime is the difficulty of finding healthy recreation and innocent amusement for the young among the working classes."

THE COLLECTOR'S REPORT.

(The Bookkeeper.)

Learning that it was difficult for his regular collector to get results in collecting from the Swedish population of the town—of which there was quite a sprinkling on his books—the credit man employed a Swedish collector to corral the payments of his dilatory countrymen. The new collector spent three days in the field; then he came in to make a report of progress.

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"Good!" interrupted the credit man. "You've brought the best news I've had today. That's the first time John Johnson has ever promised to pay anything at all."

"Vell," returned the collector, a trifle doubtfully, "hay say it be a tam cold day yet, hay do pay, an' Ay reckon hay mean Yonson."

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 him.

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.

COLL'S SOAP

You pay 5c. for a wrapped bar of soap. Why don't you pay 6c. and get a full pound of Coll's Soap? Insist on getting it.

PICTURE OF A TORONTO HOME

A tiny kitchen, with heaps of rags, a couple of chairs, a table. The wind was blowing coldly through the boards which formed the lower half of the window and through a broken pane above. There was a stove near the centre of the room, from which the life and heat had entirely gone; and around the stove five little half-clad, bare-footed, huddling children trying to get warmth and food. For "Jenny," the eldest, 11, with soft grey eyes glancing through the dark hair falling over her face, had, before she took baby Jimmy in her arms, put some raw potatoes on the hearth, possibly thinking she could roast them. Three-year-old Bobby, clad only in a tiny shirt, which was pulled down off his small shoulders, was trying to warm on top of the stove a piece of bread covered with a thin coating of jam.

Mother and father both out, leaving the little ones daily like this in a hovel, to live as best they could. And the little ones living because young things must find some way even in their bare-footed, wretched lives.

A baker was the raven who fed them, beside the almost dried-up brooks of existence, throwing out to them a loaf each day, perhaps not knowing whether he would ever receive material pay. Yet, for the sake of humanity, if not for the sake of the Christ who loved little children, doing it "even so."

Montreal, Nov. 9.—A terrible case of poverty and starvation was brought to light by two police officers. In a lane off Richmond street, a family was found, the mother ill and terribly emaciated, a nine-months-old infant lying dead beside her on the bed, and the six other children far gone from starvation. Two weeks ago, the father, a man called Joseph Cadieux, had left for the States to take up a job he had secured, leaving his wife and seven children with forty cents to buy food. He was a heavy drinker and it is thought he may have gone on a spree and forgotten his family, as he did once before. The three rooms they lived in were found in an indescribable state of filth and neglect.

ABYSSINIA TRANQUIL

London, Nov. 10.—An official despatch today from Addis Beba, the capital of Abyssinia, states that the country is tranquil and that the condition of King Menelik continues to improve.

The story circulated yesterday that there had been a battle between the forces of rival princes is apparently an exaggerated version of a conflict at Tigra when chief Abreha was defeated, and the said and brought a prisoner to the capital.

If you will slip a thin piece of whalebone into the beam when hooks and eyes are to be sewn you will avoid running the thread through on the wrong side. Slip the whalebone out after the work is completed.

TROLLEY WRECK IN VANCOUVER, 15 PEOPLE KILLED

Vancouver, B. C., Nov. 10.—A terrible accident by which fifteen people lost their lives and a score were injured, occurred on the Inter-urban tram line to New Westminster this morning.

The first passenger car from Vancouver had just got outside the city limits when a freight car which had broken away from the electric train ahead of it came crashing down the hill with the motorman at the lever. He jumped, but a majority of the passengers had not time to save themselves before the crash came.

Three of those killed are unrecognizable, they are so badly mangled. They were identified from their effects. The known victims are:

R. Bowes.
R. S. Lyons.
T. Farmer.
J. P. Stevens.
J. H. Crowther.
Wm. Johnston, conductor.
George Thorburn, motorman.
S. M. Mitchell, 241 Keefer street.
A. S. Wilkinson.
Harry Dayton.
Thomas Tuttle.
W. Stevens.
Conductor Harris.
E. Holland.
W. K. Harris.
R. Forsythe.
T. W. Carlson.
T. W. Ralston.
T. B. Jeppson.
George Harris.
Two of them will die.

MORSE FIGHTS YET

New York, Nov. 10.—Chas. W. Morse has decided not to pay all his eggs into one basket. Besides the petition filed today at Washington before the United States Supreme Court, Martin W. Littleton, his counsel, has served notice on the United States district attorney here that he will move for a new trial before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals on the ground that members of the jury which convicted him indulged habitually in intoxicating liquors before they were empaneled and that they drank without restraint throughout the trial.

GERMAN SUBSIDIES FOR WAR AUTOMOBILES

Consul-General A. M. Thackeray, of Berlin, makes the following report on the subsidies granted by the German government for motor trucks for army service:

Subsidies are granted by the German government to owners of industrial and mobile vans provided the vans and motors are constructed according to the specifications of the War Department, and the owner enters into a contract with the military authorities whenever the army is mobilized and to keep the trucks always in such a condition during a period of five years that they can be utilized for military purposes. The cars are tested by military experts to ascertain if they fulfill the requirements of the specifications and are subject to inspection by army officials at any time.

Sales of subsidized trucks during the five-year period can only be made in Germany and then only on the condition that the buyer binds himself to carry out the terms of the unexpired contract. Sales of the subsidized trucks to residents of foreign countries are not permissible. In time of war any automobile may be seized by the military authorities, the indemnity to be paid to the owner being fixed by a board of military appraisers.

The manufacture of fine rubber goods has been going on for some years, but the most expert rubber manufacturers never turned out a Hot Water Bottle of absolutely one piece of rubber until Mr. F. J. Gleason, Vice-President of this Company invented the WALPOLE Hot Water Bottle. Now rubber experts all over the world pay him the deference due him. Scientific papers have published papers regarding this invention—the greatest in the history of rubber manufacture.

You can buy these bottles of your drug-gist—they are guaranteed two years against boiling hot water or any possible accident. They will last a life-time with proper care because they are perfectly steam-cured and perfectly made by the Walpole Rubber Co., Limited, Montreal.

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Sale of Ladies' Winter Underwear

Turnbull's Unshrinkable. White or Natural Color.

Vests and Drawers, all sizes 25c. Each
Extra Heavy Vests and Drawers 38c. Each
Out Size, Vests and Drawers 45c. Each
Heavy Fleece Vests, white only 50c. Each
Fine Wool Vests and Drawers 50c. Each
40c. Heavy White Knit Corset Covers 29c. Each

I. CHESTER BROWN

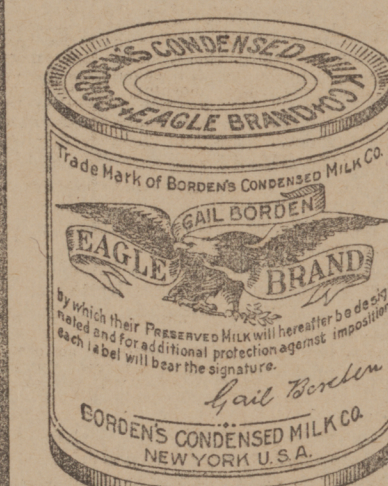
32 and 36 King Square.

Take No Substitute

FOR

BORDEN'S EAGLE BRAND CONDENSED MILK

IT HAS NO EQUAL AS AN INFANT FOOD



The Original Borden's Condensed Milk Co.,

Wm. H. DUNN, Agent

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"Vell," returned the collector, a trifle doubtfully, "hay say it be a tam cold day yet, hay do pay, an' Ay reckon hay mean Yonson."

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 him.

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.

COLL'S SOAP

You pay 5c. for a wrapped bar of soap. Why don't you pay 6c. and get a full pound of Coll's Soap? Insist on getting it.

PICTURE OF A TORONTO HOME

A tiny kitchen, with heaps of rags, a couple of chairs, a table. The wind was blowing coldly through the boards which formed the lower half of the window and through a broken pane above. There was a stove near the centre of the room, from which the life and heat had entirely gone; and around the stove five little half-clad, bare-footed, huddling children trying to get warmth and food. For "Jenny," the eldest, 11, with soft grey eyes glancing through the dark hair falling over her face, had, before