

The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY
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(Continued.)

"I didn't exactly mean to put it that way, Deane, but my temper is a little short these days. My position on board this ship is intolerable. As a matter of fact I should like to see you should put a stop to your daughter's attitude toward Anstruther on the ground that her engagement is neither approved of by you nor desirable under any consideration."

It may be assumed from this remark that even the earl's sardonic temper was ruffled by the girl's outrageous behavior. Nor was it exactly pleasant to him to note how steadily Anstruther advanced in the favor of every officer on the ship. By tacit consent the court martial was taboed, at any rate until the Orient reached Singapore. Every one knew that the quarrel between Robert and Ventnor, and it is not to be wondered at if Iris' influence alone were sufficient to turn the scale in favor of her lover.

The shipowner refused point blank to interfere in any way during the voyage. "You promised your co-operation in business even if we found that the Sirdar had gone down with all hands," he retorted bitterly. "Do you wish me to make my daughter believe she has come back to my life only to bring me irretrievable ruin?"

"That appears to be the result, no matter how you may endeavor to disguise it."

"I thought the days were gone when a man would wish to marry a woman against her will."

"Nonsense! What does she know about it? The glomour of this island romance will soon wear off. It would be different if Anstruther were able to maintain her even decency. He is an absolute beggar, I tell you. Didn't he ship on your vessel as a steward? Take my tip, Deane. Tell him how matters stand with you, and he will cool off."

CHAPTER XVII.
SIR ARTHUR DEANE was sitting alone in his cabin in a state of deep dejection when he was aroused by a knock, and Robert entered.

"Can you give me half an hour?" he asked. "I have something to say to you before we land."

The shipowner silently motioned him to a seat. "It concerns Iris and myself," continued Anstruther. "I gathered from your words when we met on the island that both you and Lord Ventnor regarded Iris as his lordship's promised bride. From your point of view the arrangement was perhaps not altogether equitable, but since your daughter left Hongkong it happens that she and I have fallen in love with each other. No; please listen to me. I am not here to urge my claims on you. I won her fairly and intend to keep her where the whole house of peers opposed, and me. At this moment I want to tell you, her father, why she could never, even under other circumstances, marry Lord Ventnor."

Then he proceeded to place before the astonished baronet a detailed history of his recent career. It was a sordid story of woman's peridy twice told. It carried conviction in every sentence.

At the conclusion Sir Arthur bowed his head between his hands. "You cannot choose but believe you," he admitted humbly. "If you came you to do so unjustly convicted by a tribunal composed of your brother officers?"

"They could not help themselves. To acquit me meant that they discredited the sworn testimony not only of my colonel's wife, but of the chief head of an important government mission, not to mention some bought Chinese evidence."

"But you are powerless now. You can hardly hope to have your case revised. What chance is there that your name will ever be cleared?"

"Mrs. Costobell can do it if she will. The vagaries of such a woman are not to be depended on. If Lord Ventnor has cast her off her hatred may prove stronger than her passion. Anyhow, I should be the last man to despair of God's providence. Compare the condition of Iris and myself today with our plight on the ledge!"

The shipowner sighed heavily. "I hope your faith will be justified. If it is not—the more likely thing to happen—do I understand that my daughter and you intend to get married whether I give or withhold my sanction?"

Anstruther rose and opened the door. "I have ventured to tell you," he said, "why she should not marry Lord Ventnor. When I come to you and ask you for her, which I pray may be soon, it will be time enough to answer that question should you then decide to put it."

financier, Sir Arthur Deane, to raise on his note of hand. A few months ago men offered me one hundred times the amount on no better security. And now to think that a set of jabbering fools in London should so destroy my credit and their own; that not a bank would touch my paper unless they were assured Lord Ventnor has joined the board! Fancy me, of all men, being willing to barter my child for a few pieces of gold!"

The thought was maddening. For a little while he yielded to utter despondency. It was quite true that a comparatively small amount of money would restore the stability of his firm. Even without it, were his credit unimpaired, he could easily tide over the period of depression until the first fruits of his enterprise were garnered. Then all men would hail him as a genius.

Weakly turning over his papers, he suddenly came across the last letter written to him by Iris' mother. How she doted on their only child! He recalled one night shortly before his wife died when the little Iris was brought into her room to kiss her and lip her infantile prayers. She had devised a formula of her own:

"God bless father! God bless mother! God bless me, their little girl!"

And what was it she cried to him from the beach? "Your own little girl given back to you!"

Given back to him! For what? To marry that black hearted scoundrel whose pastime was the degradation of women and the defaming of honest men? That seemed it. Instantly the cloud was lifted from his soul. A great peace came upon him. The ruin of his business he might not be able to avert, but he would save from the wreck that which he prized more than all else, his daughter's love.

The engines dropped to half speed. They were entering the harbor of Singapore. In a few hours the worst would be over. If Ventnor telegraphed to London his withdrawal from the board nothing short of a cable draft for £10,000 would prevent certain creditors from filing a bankruptcy petition.

In the local banks the baronet had about a thousand to his credit. Surely among the rich merchants of the port, men who knew the potentialities of his scheme, he would be able to raise the money needed. He would try hard. Already he felt braver. The old fire had returned to his blood. The very belief that he was acting in the way best calculated to secure his daughter's happiness stimulated and encouraged him.

He went on deck, to meet Iris skipping down the hatchway. "Oh, there you are!" she cried. "I was just coming to find out why you were missing in your cabin. You are missing the most beautiful view—all greens and blues and browns! Run, quick! I want you to see every inch of it."

She held out her hand and pulled him gleefully up the steps. Leaning against the rail, some distance apart from each other, were Anstruther and Lord Ventnor. Near it he said to whom Iris drew her father?

"Here he is, Robert," she laughed. "Do believe he was sulking because Captain Fitzroy was so very attentive to me. Yet you didn't mind it a bit!"

The two men looked into each other's eyes. They smiled. How could they resist the contagion of her sunny nature? "I have been thinking over what you said to me just now, Anstruther," said the shipowner slowly.

"Oh!" cried Iris. "Have you two been talking secrets behind my back?"

"It is no secret to you, my little girl!" Her father's voice lingered on the phrase. "When we are on shore, Robert, I will explain matters to you more fully. Just now I wish only to tell you that where Iris has given her heart, I will not other her."

She took his face between her hands and kissed him. Lord Ventnor, wondering at this effusiveness, strolled forward. "What has happened, Miss Deane?" he inquired. "Have you just discovered what an excellent parent you possess?"

The baronet laughed almost hysterically. "For my honor," he cried, "you could not have hit upon a happier explanation."

not fail to note the malignant purpose of the parting sentence. In his quietly masterful way he placed his hand on the baronet's shoulder.

"What did Lord Ventnor mean?" he asked. Sir Arthur Deane answered, with a calm smile: "It is difficult to talk openly at this moment. Wait until we reach the hotel."

The news flew fast through the settlement that her majesty's ship Orient had returned from her long search for the Sirdar. The warship searched her usual anchorage, and a boat was lowered to take off the passengers.

The boat swung off into the tideway. Her progress shoreward was watched by a small knot of people, mostly loungers and coolies. Among them, however, were two persons who had driven rapidly to the landing place when the arrival of the Orient was reported. One bore all the distinguishing marks of the army officer of high rank, the other was unmistakably a globe trotter. The older gentleman made no pretense that he could "hear the east a-calling!" He swore impartially at the climate, the place and its inhabitants. At this instant he was in a state of wild excitement. He was very tall, very stout, exceedingly red faced.

Producing a tremendous telescope he vainly endeavored to balance it on the shoulder of a native servant. "Can't you stand still, you blithering idiot," he shouted, after futile attempts to focus the advancing boat, "or shall I steady you with a club over the ear?"

His companion, the army man, was looking through a pair of field glasses. "By Jove," he cried, "I can see Sir Arthur Deane and a girl who looks like his daughter. There's that infernal scamp, Ventnor, too."

The big man brushed the servant out of his way and brandished the telescope as though it were a bludgeon. "The dirty beggar! He drove my lad to misery and death, yet he has come back safe and sound. Wait till I meet him, I'll!"

"Now, Anstruther! Remember your promise. I will deal with Lord Ventnor. My vengeance has first claim. What! By the jumping jacks, I do believe—Yes, it is Anstruther! Your nephew is sitting next to the girl!"

The telescope fell on the stones with a crash. The giant's rufous face suddenly blanched. He leaned on his friend for support. "You are not mistaken?" he almost whimpered. "Look again, for God's sake, man! Make sure before you speak. Tell me! Tell me!"

"Calm yourself, Anstruther. It is Robert, as sure as I'm alive. Don't you think I know him, my poor disgraced friend, whom I, like the rest, cast off in his hour of trouble? But I had some excuse. I was misled by his mean and old fellow. Robert himself will be the last man to blame either of us. Who could have suspected that two people—one of them, God help me, my wife—would concoct such a hellish plot!"

The boat glided gracefully alongside the steps of the quay, and Plyden sprang gracefully ashore to help Iris to alight. What happened immediately afterward can best be told in his own words, as he recalled the story to an appreciative audience in the ward-room.

"We had just landed," he said, "and some of the crew were pushing the coals out of the way when two men jumped down the steps, and a most splendid row sprang up—that is, there was no dispute or wrangling, but one chap, who, it turned out, was Colonel Costobell, grabbed Ventnor by the shirt front and threatened to smash his face in if he didn't listen then and there to what he had to say. I really thought about interfering until I heard Colonel Costobell's opening words. After that I would gladly have seen a beggar chucked into the harbor. We never liked him, did we?"

"Ask no questions, Pompey, but go ahead with the yarn," growled the first lieutenant. "Well, it seems that Mrs. Costobell is dead. She died of a week and a half on the Orient sailed with a was a goner in four days. Before she died she owned up."

He paused, with a base eye to effect. Not a man moved a muscle. "All right," he cried. "I will make no more false starts, so you ought to be satisfied. My wife, Costobell begged her husband's forgiveness for her treatment of him and confessed that she and Lord Ventnor planned the affair for court martial. It must have been a beastly business, for Costobell was swearing with rage, though his words were few enough, that he would have seen Ventnor's face when he heard of the depositions, sworn to and signed by Mrs. Costobell and by several Chinese servants whom he bribed to give false evidence. He promised to marry Mrs. Costobell if her husband died, or in any event to bring about a divorce when the Hongkong affair had blown over. Then she learned that he was after Miss Iris, and there is no doubt her fury helped on the fever. Costobell said that, for his wife's sake, he would have kept the wretched thing secret, but he was compelled to clear up Anstruther's name, especially as he came across the other old Johnnie!"

"Pompey, you are incoherent with excitement. Who is 'the other old Johnnie'?" asked the first lieutenant. "Didn't I tell you? Why, Anstruther's uncle, of course, a heavy old swell with just a touch of Yorkshire in his tongue. I gathered that he disinterested his nephew when the news of the court martial reached him. Then he relented and cabied to him. Getting no news, he came east to look for him. He met Costobell the day after the lady died, and the two vowed to be revenged on Ventnor and to clear Anstruther's character, living or dead. Poor old chap! He cried like a baby when he asked the youngster to forgive him. It was quite touching."

"Well, Costobell shook Ventnor off at last, with the final observation that Anstruther's court martial has been quashed. The next batch of general orders will reinstate him in the regiment, and it rests with him to decide whether or not a criminal warrant shall be issued against his lordship for conspiracy."

"What did Miss Deane do?" "Clung to Anstruther like a weeping angel and kissed everybody all round when Ventnor got away. Well—hush off. I mean her father, Anstruther and the stout uncle. Unfortunately I was not on in that scene. But for some reason they all nearly wrung my arm off, and the men were so excited that they gave the party a rousing cheer as their rickshaw went off in a hunch."

The next commotion arose in the hotel when Sir Arthur Deane seized the first opportunity to explain the predicament in which his company was placed and the blow which Lord Ventnor yet had it in his power to deal.

Mr. William Anstruther was an interested auditor. Robert would have spoken, but his uncle restrained him. "Leave this to me, lad," he exclaimed. "When I was coming here in the Sirdar there was a lot of talk about Sir Arthur's scheme, and there should not be much difficulty in raising the brass required if half what I heard to be true. Sit you down, Sir Arthur, and tell us all about it."

The shipowner required no second bidding. With the skill for which he was noted he described his operations in detail, telling how every farthing of the first investments of the two great loans was paid, how the earnings of the fleet went quickly overboard, the deficit in capital value caused by the loss of the three ships and how in six months' time the leading financial houses of London, Paris and Berlin would be offering him more money than he could find to invest.

To a shrewd man of business the project could not fail to commend itself, and the Yorkshire squire, though a trifle obstinate in temper, was singularly clear headed in other respects. He brought his great fist down on the table with a bang.

"Send a cable to your company, Sir Arthur," he cried, "and tell them that your prospective son-in-law will provide the £10,000 you require. I will see that his draft is honored. You can add, if you like, that another ten is ready if wanted when this lot is spent, and that I have a one duced bank return in my life. This time, I think, I am doing him a good one."

"You are, indeed," said Iris' father enthusiastically. "The unalloyed capital he is taking up will be worth four times its face value in two years."

Robert, who had been holding twenty instead of ten pounds of the Yorkshireman. "But, look here. You talk about dropping proceedings against that precious earl whom I saw today. Why not tell him not to try any funny tricks until Robert's money is duly lodged to your account? We'll let him in for a power. Dash it all, let us use him a bit."

Even Iris laughed at this naive suggestion. It was delightful to think that their arch enemy was actually helping the baronet's affairs at that hour, and would continue to do so until he was no longer of any further value. Although Ventnor himself had carefully avoided any formal commitment, the cablegrams awaiting the shipowner at Singapore showed that confidence had already been restored by the uncontradicted reports of his lordship's recovery.

Robert at last obtained a hearing. "You two are quietly assuming the attitude of the financial magnates of this gathering," he said. "I must admit that you have managed things well between you, and I do not propose to interfere with your arrangements. Nevertheless, Iris and I are really the chief moneyed persons present. You spoke of financial houses in England and on the continent backing up your loans six months hence, Sir Arthur. You need not mention them. We will be your bankers."

The baronet laughed with a whole hearted gaiety that revealed whence Iris got some part at least of her bright disposition. "Will you sell your island, Robert?" he cried. "I am afraid that not even gold would wheedle any one into buying it."

"But, father, dear," interrupted the girl earnestly, "what Robert says is true. We have a gold mine there. It is worth so much that you will hardly believe it until there can no longer be any doubt in your mind. I suppose that is why Robert asked me not to mention his discovery to you earlier."

"No, Iris, that was not the reason," said her lover, and the elder man felt that more than idle fancy inspired the astounding intelligence that they had just heard. "Your love was more to me than all the gold in the world. I had won you, I meant to keep you, but I refused to buy you."

He turned to her father. His pent-up emotion mastered him, and he spoke as one who could no longer restrain his feelings. "I have had no chance to thank you for the words you uttered at the moment we quitted the ship. Yet I will give you my word while life lasts. You gave Iris to me when I was poor, disgraced, an outcast from my family and my profession. And I know why you did this thing. It was because you valued her happiness more than riches or reputation. I am sorry now I did not explain matters earlier. It would have saved you needless suffering. But the sorrow has sped like an evil dream, and you will perhaps not regret it, for your action today binds me to you with hoops of steel. And you, too, uncle. You traveled thousands of miles to help and comfort me in my anguish. Were I as bad as I was painted your kind old heart still pitied me. You were prepared to pluck me from the depths of despair and degradation. Why should I hate Lord Ventnor? What man could have served me as he did? He has given me Iris. He gained for me at her father's hands a concession such as mortal has seldom wrested from black browed fate. He brought my uncle to my side in the hour of my adversity. Hate him! I would have his statue carved in marble and set on high to tell all who passed how good may spring out of evil—how God's will prevails."

POLITICS IN THE WEST.
WINNIPEG, Sept. 8.—John Hays has been nominated by the conservatives as a candidate for Gleichen district, in Alberta by-election.

wisdom can manifest itself by putting down the creeping and crawling things of the earth to some useful purpose." "Dash it all, lad," vociferated the elder Anstruther, "what all this stuff never heard you talk like this before?" The old gentleman's amazement was so comical that further tension was out of the question.

Robert, in calmer mood, informed them of the manner in which he hit upon the mine. The story sounded like the wildest romance—this finding of a volcanic dyke guarded by the bones of "J. S." and the poison filled quarry—but the production of the ore samples changed wonder into certainty.

Next day a government metallurgist estimated the value of the contents of the two old tin at about £500, yet the specimens brought from the island were not by any means the richest available.

And now there is not much more to tell of Rainbow island and its coast. The Merritt Undertaking Company, Robert Anstruther's name appeared in the Gazette, reinstating him to his position.

"Sweetheart," said her husband.

rank and regiment, Iris and he were married in the English church at Hongkong, for it was his wife's wish that the place which witnessed his ignominy should also witness his triumph.

Some arrangements Robert resigned his commission. He regretted the necessity, but the demands of his new sphere in life rendered this step imperative. Mining engineers, laborers, stores, portable houses, engines and equipment were obtained with all haste, and the whole party sailed on the 22nd of August. The ship was a very small steamer specially hired to attend to the wants of the miners.

At last, one evening early in July, the two vessels anchored outside Palm Tree rock, and Mir Jan could be seen running frantically about the shore, for no valid reason, the deposit of gold was not stand still. The sahib brought him good news. The governor of Hongkong felt that any reasonable request made by Anstruther should be granted in the possible. He had written such a strong, respectful letter to the Mohomedan's case to the government of India that there was little doubt the returning mail would convey an official notification that Mir Jan had been granted a free pardon.

The mining experts verified Robert's most sanguine hopes after a very brief examination of the deposit. Hardly any preliminary work was needed. In twenty-four hours a small concentrating plant was erected and a ditch made to drain off the carbonic anhydride in the valley. After dusk a party of coolies cleared the quarry of its former occupants. Toward the close of the following day, when the small steamer once more slowly turned her head to the northwest, Iris could hear the steady thud of an engine at work on the first consignment of ore.

Robert had been busy up to the last moment. There was so much to be done in a short space of time. The vessel carried a large number of passengers, and he did not wish to detain them too long, though they one and all expressed their willingness to suit his convenience in this respect.

Now his share of the necessary preparations was concluded. His wife, Sir Arthur and his uncle were gathered in a corner of the promenade deck when he approached and told them that his last instruction ashore was for a light to be fixed on Summit rock as soon as the dynamo was in working order.

"When we all come back in the cold weather," he explained gleefully, "we will not imitate the Sirdar by running the reef should we arrive by night."

Iris answered not. Her blue eyes were fixed on the fast receding cliffs. "Sweetheart," said her husband, "why are you so silent?"

She turned to him. The light of the setting sun illumined her face with its golden radiance. "Because I am so happy," she said. "Oh, Robert, dear, so happy and thankful!"

THE END.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 6-4:45 a. m.—The news of the signing at Portsmouth of the treaty of peace was received here quietly and even with the same apathy that has marked the attitude of the Russian people through the war. There was no demonstration and no special means were adopted to make the news known. No extra editions of the newspapers were issued, and a large part of the population of St. Petersburg will be ignorant of the final act of the plenipotentiaries until they read of it in this morning's newspapers. Two or three of the newspapers this morning printed the text of the treaty as cabled from Portsmouth.

Piles
To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and every cure for hemorrhoids, you can use it and get your money back if not cured. See a box at all dealers or send to Dr. Chase, 115 N. 2nd St., St. John, N. B.

MOTHER IGNORES DAUGHTER'S DEATH

Beautiful Girl Dying From Poison Gave Two Names and Called Her "Next Friend."

Woman at Address Recorded Refuses to Answer Questions and Body Lies Unclaimed in Pauper's Shroud.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Many inquiries were made last night about the history of a beautiful young girl whose body, clothed in a pauper's shroud, lay in the undertaker's rooms of the Stephens Merritt Undertaking Company, at Eighth avenue and Nineteenth street. There were a hundred things which told that the girl had not belonged to the pauper class.

Handsome furnished room in No. 221 West Forty-fifth street to Bellevue Hospital, suffering from poison, the girl died in the hospital at half-past seven o'clock Saturday night. Yesterday Dr. O'Hanlon, coroner's physician, performed an autopsy. He concluded from what "negro information" he had that it was a case of suicide.

All the time physicians were working over her in the hospital she was conscious, and the few words she uttered there only increased the mystery of her case. In answer to the usual questions she said her name was Bessie Graves, that she was nineteen years old and had purposely taken poison.

"What is the name and address of your next friend?" asked the attendant, bending over the cot.

"My mother," answered the girl. "She is Mrs. Minnie Wilson, of No. 101 West Fifty-second street. A few hours later, when she realized that death was rapidly approaching, she told an attendant that her right name was Elizabeth R. Wilson and not Bessie Graves."

No. 101 West Fifty-second street is a well appointed apartment house, one door from Sixth avenue. There are five rooms on the hall floor and the apartments are of the better class. On the sixth floor the name Wilson was found on a door by a reporter for the Herald, who called there last night. When the girl was rung a well dressed, middle aged woman answered. A young child accompanied her, a girl of perhaps fifteen, a lad of perhaps twelve, and a younger girl. When the woman was asked if she was Mrs. Wilson, she replied coldly: "Mrs. Wilson has no information."

"Does Mrs. Wilson know her daughter is dead and that she named her mother as her best friend?" was asked. "Mrs. Wilson has no information," she again answered.

"Will the girl's mother or family claim the body?" was the next question. To that the same answer was given. A dozen questions concerning the case followed, always bringing the same negative answer.

HER BEAUTY EXCEPTIONAL.
In No. 221 West Forty-fifth street an aged woman, who said she was Mrs. French, proprietress of the house, gave what information she could.

"The girl came here last Thursday," she said, "with another girl, who made arrangements for the room. I saw little of either of them until the younger one was taken away in an ambulance. She attracted my attention when I did see her because of her beauty. I have rarely seen a more beautiful girl. I know nothing about her, but I was told by the friend who accompanied her that she was a telephone girl."

Standing near were a young man and young woman. Both spoke of having seen the girl and of having remarked at the time how unusually pretty she was. In the hospital it was said she had been a chorus girl, but no one was able to give her source of information. Nothing could be learned as to the identity of her girl companion, as she left the West Forty-fifth street house after her friend had been taken away in the ambulance. Mrs. French did not know who was in the room when the girl is supposed to have taken the poison or who called the ambulance.

As she was being carried into Bellevue Hospital on a stretcher an attendant asked Mrs. French, you ashamed to do a thing like this?" "No," replied the girl calmly. "I am only too glad it is all over."

DAMAGED BY TORNADO.
GUAM, Sept. 5.—The town of Sapain was badly damaged by a tornado August 27. The American naval officer Supply and the German steamer Moller have been dispatched to the assistance of the inhabitants.

ST. EUSTATACHE, Que., Sept. 5.—Fire which broke out last night in the premises of the St. Eustache Canning Company, owing to the explosion of a magazine run by gasoline, caused fifty thousand dollars damages, with only ten thousand dollars insurance. The company's buildings were entirely destroyed and one hundred men thrown out of employment.

TARTARS MAKE TROUBLE IN THE CAUCASUS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 5.—A despatch from Tiflis, received today, says: "The whole of the southeast Caucasus is now terrorized by Tartars."

"Refugees are pouring in here from Baku, Elizabetopol and Shusha. Details from Shusha show that several engagements were fought between regular positions, and that a considerable part of the town was soon in flames."

"According to an official estimate over 200 houses were destroyed." "The country is in a state of wild direction of the governor are acting with the utmost vigor, but they have not succeeded in restoring order, although there is rather less firing."

Armed rioters today attacked the oil works in the suburb of Baku and after a hot fight set fire to them. Tartar bands are scouring the country, murdering and pillaging. The country is in a state of wild panic and country houses and farms are being abandoned.

The famine in many parts of the country renders the situation more terrible. ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 5.—Fighting continues between Armenians and Tartars and the troops at Baku, Caucasus. Many of the oil fields are in flames. Reinforcements have been sent from Tiflis. Official despatches state that the workmen's quarters at Baku were burning last night.

ELIZABETHPOL, Caucasus, Sept. 5.—Sanguinary fighting has occurred between Tartars and Armenians in the village of Khankeid. There is great alarm here. All the Armenian shops are closed and troops are patrolling the streets day and night.

KUTAIS, Caucasus, Sept. 5.—A conflict between nobles and peasants occurred today in the village of Grandlet. Eleven persons were killed or wounded.

LAURIER WILL TURN THE FIRST SOD.
REGINA, Sept. 5.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier stated today that he would turn the first sod of the Grand Trunk Pacific Lake Superior branch at Fort William on his return east.

MR. McISAAC IS HONORED, Nova Scotia Members and His Constituents Make Presentations.

ANTIGONISH, Sept. 6.—C. F. McIsaac, M. P., for Antigonish, who has recently been appointed to the transcontinental railway commission, was presented today with a handsome silverware cabinet by his colleagues of the house of commons for this province of Nova Scotia, and with a combination of cut glass and silverware of twelve pieces by his constituents of Antigonish in honor of his appointment. In connection with the presentation addresses were made by Hon. H. R. Emmerson, minister of railways; Deputy Minister Butler, Premier Murray, of Nova Scotia, and several of the Liberal representatives of the province. Mr. McIsaac made forcible reply.

CHIPPAN, N. B., Sept. 6.—Chippan Volunteers, L. O. L. No. 150, met last night and elected the following officers. In accordance with a resolution of Grand Lodge permitting county lodges to hold their annual meeting earlier than the constitution provides for: Fred H. Fowler, W. M.; Thomas B. Foster, D. M.; Thos. A. Stewart, Chap.; Hugh McGee, R. Sec.; Arch. W. Wiley, F. Sec.; D. B. McPhee, Trustee; Burbage Bishop, D. of C.; A. L. Stillwell, Lect.; D. W. Dunbar, 1st Com.; G. F. Austin, 2nd Com.; F. J. Brewster, 3rd Com.; M. R. Kadey, 4th Com.; Fred Fowler, 5th Com.

FACIAL PARALYSIS.
Mrs. W. J. Brennan, Western Hill, St. Catharines, Ont., writes: "My face has all twisted out of shape with social paralysis, and five doctors failed to cure or even relieve. By the persistent use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, I have been entirely cured, and have returned to work strong and well. I have gained in weight and feel that I have a new lease of life."

KOMURA AT HARVARD.
BOSTON, Sept. 6.—Baron Komura, the Japanese chief plenipotentiary, and the Japanese secretaries and delegates who accompanied him from Portsmouth, intended to spend the last moments of their stay in New England at Harvard University. The members of the party were about to depart and arrange to leave for Cambridge today. After spending several hours at the university it was planned to return to this city and board a special train for New York.

CHARLTON, Mass., Sept. 5.—Two persons were killed and 19 injured, three or four probably fatally, as the result of a trolley car on the Worcester and South Bridge Street Railway system leaving the rails and running into a tree a mile east of this village early today.

The car was taking to Worcester a party of people who had been attending an old home dance in Charlton and was running at a high rate of speed. Miss Nelson was thrown through a window and was buried beneath the car, which was overturned. The injured were taken to a hospital at Worcester.

CASTORIA.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware of cheap imitations.
Signature of J. C. Watson