MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

.... By Hudson Douglas ....

(Continued)

He groaned disgustedly. That, then, was why the other had been so assiduous in his investigations. And what was he, Quaintance, going to do now? The bungalow had evidently been vacated for good. There was nothing to be gained by standing there gaping at it. He must hurry into Stormport, and there make such inquiry as he might regarding its recent inmates. It was still his obvious duty to deliver the bracelet into its owner's hands.

He made for his automobile in haste, half hoping that he might still overtake the travelers before their train should have left the station. Failing that he would learn more to-morrow when he came back for the runabout. But how was he to obtain possession of that if they had gone off for good! Mrs. Smith's idea of a square deal seemed elementary in the extreme!

Utterly disconcerted, he turned into the tangle within which he had secreted his car, and received a still more distressing shock, for the car was no longer there.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Smith's idea of a Square Deal.

Fanchette had raised no objections when her young mistress had spoken of selling the runabout, since it seemed that, otherwise, they would soon be reduced to dire straits. Count as she might, there were but twenty dollars left in the oaken coffer which was their only available treasury since Jules Chevrel had despoiled them of their small balance in the New York bank. And further forcible argument in favor of the sale was that furnished by the week's bills which she settled in Stormport on Saturday. It proved most convincing that twenty dollars would not last them long.

On Sunday, therefore, they definitely decided to advertise the car which had been such a source of pleasure to both of them. Fanchette had very often accompanied the girl on her excursions, and had even become, under her tuition, a fairly expert mechanic. Now all she had to solace her was the thought that, since Jules Chevrel was no further away than New York, it would not have been safe for either of them to be seen about so openly. The dread that the Frenchman would yet discover their whereabouts was always with her, and she even feared that their modest advertisement might bring undesirable visitors to the bungalow.

Of the half dozen envelopes which came to them from the newspaper office, five were circulars from agencies and salesrooms, and only the sixth seemed to hold out any hope of business resulting. It was dated from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, subscribed by A. Newman, conveyed no just cause for suspicion as to its good faith, and Fanchette answered it according to the girl's dictation, signing herself, for public reasons, F. Smith, a free translation of Fanchette Lefevre. She was known as F. Smith in Stormport, the bungalow was rented to her in that name, and her charge passed colloquially as the Smith woman's boarder."

Their tenancy of the tiny dwelling expired at the end of that month, and, after having despatched her reply, Fanchette devoted herself to packing up their belongings, as some precaution against any hostile movement in their direction. It was for the girl that she feared, and she was devoted body and soul to her mistress, would fight for her to the last ditch.

For these reasons she received Quaintance with a distrust which was somewhat too evident, although it must be conceded, that his subsequent behavior afforded her justification. In the first place he seemed disappointed to see her, as though he had half expected to see some one else, and, while she was still congratulating herself on the fact that the girl had gone off to the beach, he stumbled over the name he gave. Then he asked idle questions, appeared to be interested in the car's recent movements rather than in its actual efficiency, which was what he had come there to determine. She was almost tempted to turn him away before he at last proceeded with his inspection and so, to some extent, lulled her doubts.

It was no slight relief to her when he decided to buy the car, but that again was detracted from by his invasion of their tiny stronghold and his vacillation as to when he would take delivery of his purchase. She did not quite know what to make of him in the end. His appearance was all in his favor, and he looked too frank a gentleman to act as a spy in their camp. But, none the less, Fanchette, who trusted nothing in trousers, followed him as he departed, for all that she had ostensibly bolted the door behind him.

When he backed the big touring car in among the trees half way down the track her distrust increased. It was evident that he had came there with double intention of some sort. She shadowed him through the thicket as far as the road, and stayed there on watch under cover while he turned a long toward the creek.

After he disappeared she stood undecided whether to walk as far as the bend and see if he had crossed the bridge on his way to Stormport, or to take to the shore in search of her mistress, but that was determined for her by the approach of a second pedestrian, who came into view precisely where she had lost sight of the other, at a point where the road zigzags to avoid a marsh. Fanchette knew him at once, and all her worst fears were confirmed, for he was none other than their arch-enemy, source of their every misfortune.

To fly from him would have been futile since he had found out their poor secret. She stayed where she was, in hiding, and watched him as he drew nearer. Her face was pale now, her lips moved tremulously, although, to be fair to the oncomer, there was nothing to terrify her in his outward appearance.

He was a man of medium height, a young man, about thirty, wearing a light tweed suit and a panama. He had a flower in his buttonhole, and carried a cane with much silver about it. His features were dark, and most women would have described them as handsome, but a man, a man of the world especially, would have discovered about them the ugly stamp left by evil living. At any rate they were very well moulded and regular, like the white teeth which showed when he smiled. He was smiling now.

Fanchette augered no good from that fact. She was staring out at him from under the leaves with despair in her eyes, and, when he came to the narrow track leading through the trees to the bungalow, he halted there, almost opposite her.

"Peste!" said he aloud, looking down it as far as was possible, speaking quick French. "Where does that path lead to? A field, no doubt. What human being would live in such wilds! Forward, then, Etienne, mon brave gar! We've the whole afternoon to devote to our search. There will be time enough to explore this later, if need be.

He passed on, and Fanchette still stared, but it was at his back now. Her pale lips parted and the breath came quickly through them. Her bosom heaved. She started, as if from a trance, crossed herself, wrung her hands, and fled swiftly toward the bungalow.

Half-way up the lane she paused, a desperate scheme of escape already afloat in her mind. There was only the stranger's motor, and—her need was very urgent. In it lay a last rash resort, the sole, slender thread of hope that she might yet save the situation and with every chance against her.

"Heaven help us if I'm caught at it!" said Fanchette, and pushed through the branches behind which the big car was hidden.

In action she soon recovered her self-mand, became once more cool and resourceful. The possibility of success in such enterprise was of the slightest, but, be the upshot what it might, she was ready to run the risk. She drove the big-touring-car up to the porch, managing it without difficulty, and left it there while she was preparing for flight. In case its owner should return inopportunely she could explain to him that it had been unsafe where he had left it.

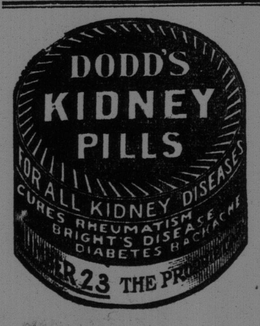
It did not take ten minutes to finish the light packing left to be done, and, having dragged the heavy baggage as far as the kitchen, she set shutters on the windows, working with method, at her best speed. She was wonderfully active for a woman of her years, and excitement lent her added strength. When all was ready for the road she loaded the car up, its folding seats allowing her space sufficient. The entire personal property of the bungalow's two inmates was much less bulky than it might have been.

At the crucial moment, she remembered that she must leave word for the owner of the car, lest he should think she had stolen it outright. She sat down, trembling with nervous impatience, and penned a hurried note, assuring him that it would be safely returned to him at his hotel in Manhattan, imploring him to excuse the liberty which she had perforce taken, telling him that the key of the barn in which the runabout was housed might be found hanging in the outer porch. In it, she thought, he might well reach New York, and, on the whole, he would not be excessively inconvenienced.

This she left in an envelope transfixed to a tree-trunk where he could not but catch sight of it when he came for his car, and drove on with the keys of the empty bungalow on the seat beside her. These she would leave in Stormport. And the house was clean as a new pin. There need be no notoriety or unpleasantness about their departure—if they were only allowed to depart.

Her heart was thumping audibly as she slowed down to take the turn into the public road, and she felt sure she must scream if she should discover any man on the open stretch there. It was empty, and she gulped down a great, dry sob as she sped forward recklessly, knowing that it was now far too late to falter or turn back. She took the curves at a dangerous pace, scarcely using the horn in case it should attract unfriendly attention, and, as she stopped at the roadside before the bridge, sent a long, whailing cry ringing shorewards, the call of a sea-bird which she had learned as a child on the rocks of La Roche-Segur.

(To Be Continued)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE NEW LONG WAIST AND FULL SKIRT.

Paris has at last put the ban on Direc toire styles pure and simple, and slowly, but surely, the fuller skirt is coming in. These new skirts continue to fit snugly about the hips, and often the bodice extends down over the hips, as in this gown of blue crepe meteor. Bodice and sleeves are of chiffon in the blue shade laid over silver gauze, and touches of the silver are seen in the Egyptian embroidery motif and on the crocheted blue silk fringe. These fringes are often crocheted by dressmakers when the right color may not be had by the yard, and this fringe, weighing down a long scarf drapery, is particularly graceful and modish.

PATTEN'S WAY IS NOT HONORABLE

His Millions Made By Practically Robbing the Poor—The "Corner" in Wheat

(New York Journal of Commerce.)

If a dispatch to the Herald is to be relied upon, James A. Patten of the Chicago wheat "pit" has been stung by criticism in newspapers and in the pulpit into utterances as ill-advised as that imputed years ago to W. H. Vanderbilt in regard to the public's concern in railroad management. He is reported as saying: "I don't care what the newspapers say, there is no corner. I don't care what a lot of sensation-seeking preachers say, I don't care what the state legislature does. I am in this deal to make money. I have never denied it. It is not my fault that the crop is short and the demand high. Those are the things that make the price, not what I say or do."

Nobody suspected Mr. Patten of being "in the deal" for his health or for any other purpose than to make money, and nobody has blamed him because the crop is short and the demand high, so far as that may be the fact and the cause of the price. But he ought not to get excited and talk in that defiant way, because his manner of making money, however he may protest that there is no corner, and that what he says or does does not make the price, is in bad repute and is considered by many people as little better than robbing the poor. If the crop is short, or if the available supply of wheat for the market is unusually restricted, buying up millions of bushels and holding it for an advance may not be getting up a "corner" exactly, but it is using the advantage of a large bank account, much credit and "cheap money" to make that advance decidedly greater than it would otherwise be, at least for a time. If price is determined by supply and demand and one person can get possession or control of a large portion of the supply, what he does makes the price for the time being, and if he manipulates sales skillfully and no unexpected addition to supply appears, he may make much money, but where does it come from?

If, as has been reported, Patten and his clique have made $4,000,000 to $5,000,000 in a few weeks it has come from somewhere. Somebody has earned it; he and his "crowd" have not. They have made millers pay more for wheat before they could get more for flour, and to lose some of the money they win. They have made bakers pay more for flour before they could get more for bread and so contribute to their gains. Finally the loaf of bread costs more and the mites of the poor begin to be drawn to the empty places which their suction has produced.

Nobody gets money without earning it unless by some device that takes the earnings of others without rendering an equivalent in service or benefit. The "bull" speculator may say that the price would have been adjusted to the higher level any way, and the paying more for flour and for bread would have had to come. Perhaps so, but the gradual and normal adjustment would have been more equitable and less painful. The gains and losses would have been gradually and widely diffused and gone to those to whom they fairly belonged. When the powerful and unscrupulous speculator intervenes to hasten and manipulate the process by the control of money and credit and the machinery of the market, he is grabbing what belongs to others and aggrevating such losses as might have been inevitable in attenuated form. His way of making money is not honorable and ought not to be reputable, and it would be more prudent for him not to say "I don't care" or "the public be damned."

The Open Door for Consumption

And How "Father Morriscy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) Closes it.

A low run-down condition, with perhaps a neglected cold and a little cough, is a cordial invitation to the White Plague, Consumption, to come in and make itself at home. And it seldom overlooks the invitation.

In such a case there is no time to be lost. The door must be promptly closed. This can be done by taking a complete rest, with plenty of fresh air, and "Father Morriscy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic). This medicine clears out the passages, relieves the cough and heals the delicate membrane of lungs and air passages. But perhaps most important of all, it builds up the whole system, giving Nature the needed assistance in fighting off the dread disease.

Though other remedies may have failed, don't give up. Try "Father Morriscy's No. 10", combined with fresh air and exercise, and even though you are in the first stages of consumption there is hope of a permanent cure. Sample bottle 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 14

MRS. THOS. WALKER AGAIN CHOSEN PRESIDENT

Annual Meeting of Women's Auxiliary Closed with Yesterday Afternoon's Session

The annual meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Missionary Society of the Church of England in Canada was brought to a close yesterday afternoon when officers were elected and a large amount of business transacted. Mrs. Thomas Walker was elected president. A pleasant feature of the session was the presentation of a life membership in the W. A. to the recording secretary, Mrs. W. B. Howard.

At the afternoon session Mrs. W. O. Raymond, on behalf of St. Mary's Sunday school, offered the sum of $50 toward the education of Richard Thomas Weaver, in Ridley College, St. Catherines (Ont.) This was gratefully accepted and a vote of thanks moved by Mrs. Howard and seconded by Mrs. G. F. Smith, was ordered sent to the Sunday school for their handsome gift.

Mrs. Foster gave notice that Mrs. E. M. Shadbolt, president of the Mission Church branch, would be glad to give a service book to the church at Oromocto and that St. Luke's branch would give a Bible to the church at Johnston.

Reports were received from St. Luke's, St. James', St. Jude's, Rothesay, Dorchester, Fredericton, Simonds, Hampton, Norton and Clifton.

Miss Jessie Connor, president of the junior branch of St. Jude's, gave some questions which were answered by the girls present.

Mrs. John Robertson spoke of the money to be disposed of after the meeting, $470, and several grants were made as follows:

Bishop's fund, $50; Miss McKim, $25; Mrs. Heber Hamilton, $25; Fernie fire sufferers, $10, and the same amount toward putting a wire fence around the clergymen's church at Peace River, Athabasca.

Resolutions of thanks were extended to the church wardens and vestrymen of St. John, to the ladies who had entertained the delegates at their homes and at the church, and to Mrs. Hamilton for her very interesting addresses.

The presentation of a life membership in the W. A. to Mrs. W. B. Howard, the energetic secretary, was then made by Mrs. W. S. Neales, who spoke highly of the work Mrs. Howard had done in the interests of the society.

The recipient of the honor made a fitting reply in conveying her thanks.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

Mrs. J. A. Richardson, honorary president.
Mrs. Thomas Walker, president.
Mrs. Geo. F. Smith, 1st vice-president.
Mrs. L. R. Harrison, 2nd vice-president.
Mrs. W. D. Forster, cor. secretary.
Mrs. W. B. Howard, rec. secretary.
Miss Louise Simonds, treasurer.
Mrs. John M. Hay, Dorcas secretary.
Mrs. James F. Robertson, literature secretary.
Mrs. G. A. Kuhring, baby's branch secretary.
Miss Edith Coster, junior secretary.
Miss J. G. Sadlier, leaflet editor.

At the close of the meeting refreshments were served by the ladies of Stone church.

At a meeting of the creditors of J. B. Hamm held Thursday afternoon in the sheriff's office, it was decided to dispose of the assets by public auction. The sale will take place at the livery stable in Germain street next Thursday. H. H. Pickett and A. G. Edgecombe were appointed inspectors. No statement of liabilities was submitted. It is understood they consist principally of notes held by the banks. It is generally supposed that the indebtedness will not be large.

IRISHMEN PLAN BIG HOME GOING

Meet Me at Kilkenny in 1910 Is The Slogan—Aim at Industrial Revival of Country

Washington, April 21—"Ireland for the Irish, 1910—Meet me at Kilkenny." With this as their slogan, the friends of the proposed Irish home-going movement in 1910 want not less than 50,000 of the sons and daughters of Erin to make the pilgrimage to Ireland, for an industrial revival of that country. The occasion promises to be the greatest epoch-making event in the history of Ireland.

Backed, as it is, by the encouragement and support of prominent members of the Irish race both in this country and in Ireland, the projected home-going movement to Ireland has assumed such proportions that confidence is expressed in the success of the undertaking, and a great influx of visitors to the old land on that occasion is expected. Among those who have pledged themselves and are lending their aid to the movement is Richard Croker, the former Tammany chieftain. The principal motive underlying the proposed pilgrimage is the development of the natural resources of Ireland and the upbuilding of its industries. The request is made that Irishmen who have made a success in the United States can carry back to Ireland ideas relative to government, manufacture, commerce and capital which may be employed advantageously there. The inaugurator of the movement is Frank J. Kilkenny, a son of the Emerald Isle. Scarcely fifteen years ago Kilkenny, then a poor emigrant Irish lad, landed in the United States and step by step has advanced to his present position of confidential clerk to the comptroller of the currency. The home-going will be held during July, August and September, 1910.

THE KINRADES WERE NOT THERE

Sister and Mother of Murdered Girl Did Not Obey Summons to Inquest—They Will Be Subpoenaed Now

Hamilton, April 22.—Failure on the part of Mrs. Kinrade and Florence Kinrade to comply with the desire of the crown to be in attendance at the adjourned inquiry as to the murder of Ethel Kinrade, brought the proceedings to an abrupt termination tonight.

Both women were notified to be in attendance and during the day the crown authorities had endeavored to get into communication but were compelled to ask for an adjournment until tomorrow night and in the meantime the crown will take steps to secure the attendance of Mrs. and Miss Kinrade. G. Lynch Staunton, legal representative of the family, was in court during the earlier part of the proceedings, but he offered no explanation for the ladies' absence.

The procedure will now be to resubpoena the witnesses, who are considered essential.

FRENCH CANADIANS ARE TRULY LOYAL

Quebec M. P. Says Every Resident of That Province Would Rush to Defence of British Flag

Montreal, Que., April 22—(Special)—A patriotic demonstration took place at the Letellier Club last evening when an address was given by Arthur Delisle, M. P. for Port Neuf.

Mr. Delisle devoted himself to the question of naval defense, the first time it has been discussed by French-Canadians outside of parliament or government circles.

Mr. Delisle supported the government position but he aroused great enthusiasm when he declared "There is not a French-Canadian in the whole province who would not out of gratitude as well as patriotism fly to the defense of the British flag if he thought the empire was really in danger."

SETTLEMENT REACHED IN P. E. I. ELECTIONS CASES

Both Sides Admit Corrupt Practices, but Not Sufficent to Affect the Result

Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 22.—In the election court at Souris today the case against Hon. L. McDonald, Liberal, and John McLean, Conservative, came to an abrupt conclusion this afternoon.

The lawyers on both sides held a consultation and thereafter made a statement to the judge, representing that though there was evidence of corrupt practices, they felt it to be improbable that enough votes could be proven to have been corruptly influenced to equal the majorities obtained.

This the law here requires to be done in order to void an election. Judge Fitzgerald therefore dismissed both petitions with costs.

ARTILLERYMEN DINE

No. 1 Battery 3rd Regiment, Canadian Artillery, with their guests, enjoyed their annual dinner in the Park Hotel last night. There were about 100 around the tables. The tables were decorated with the Solomon cup and the Mercier trophies recently won by No. 1 at Petewawa.

Major Harrison was in the chair and the guests of honor were Colonel Baxter and Colonel Armstrong. After the dinner the following toast list was given: The King, the 3rd Regiment C. A., No. 1 Battery, Our Guests and The Ladies.

A number of excellent speeches were made during the course of the evening and a good programme of literary and musical numbers was given.

Right Food
Is a strong factor of SUCCESS—
Grape-Nuts
Helps one to Win!
"There's a Reason"

"ENGLISH" LIQUID PAINT

An Economical Paint

"English" Liquid Paint, made by Brandram-Henderson Limited, is all paint—there is no adulterants in it to give it extra weight, to thicken it, or to "cheapen" it in any way.

It is 70% pure white lead, 30% pure zinc white, pure linseed oil, turpentine and dryer—100% pure paint.

You get dollar for dollar paint value.

Come in for a color card. 2

John Le Lacheur Jr. St. John

ABOUT THOSE FURS

With summer "just around the corner"—Warm days already here its time to think of storing your furs.

In this connection it behooves us to say that our facilities for storing valuable furs are second to none.

You may still believe in the old method of Moth Balls, Cedar Chest etc., but you overlook the other potent factors---Fire and Burglary.

Your furs with us are safe from all danger and always at your disposal or for inspection.

The charge is only 3 per cent of your own valuation, and includes insurance.

With such a small charge, security considered, we should hear from you today.

Call up Main 1023 or 1024 and Talk It Over

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WATCHES AND CLOCKS

The most reliable makes and in a great variety of styles and prices

Special Attention Given to the Repairing and Adjusting of High Grade Watches

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Diamond Importers and Jewelers
41 KING STREET

SCHOONER ASHORE

Word was received here by D. J. Purdy yesterday that the American schooner Rebecca W. Huddell, for which he was agent here, was ashore at Libby Island (Me.), and would probably be a total wreck.

She sailed from here on Wednesday for Norwalk (Conn.), and had a cargo of 170,000 feet of deals, etc.; 115,000 laths and 517,000 shingles shipped by Stetson, Cutler & Co. The vessel was owned by L. C Hanson, of Quincy (Mass.), and was valued at about $5,000. The Huddell is well known here, having been sailing out of this port for some years.

There is Only One "BROMO QUININE"
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

E. J. Hipwell, for nine years in the employe of Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd., and S. D. Morgan left for Vancouver Wednesday evening to locate. Both are popular and there was a large number at the station to see them away.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

HE WAS WISE.

And then two maids began to sing—
The key they sang was flat—
One took the alto, one the air;
The man—well, he took his hat.

Find him.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, in coat.