

TAXI

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

With a feeling of great relief over the fact that he had placed with his tailor nine days previously for complete new afternoon and evening outfit, the successful hunch-buster collected one hundred and thirty-two thousand, thirty-eight and no hundredths dollars and proceeded to turn in his wagon to the Village Cab Company, together with the highest and reading ever known in the history of Manhattan. He then chartered one of the vehicles for hire of that concern and directed it to carry him to his new clothing store.

At ten minutes to four, he emerged from his tailor's garb in the very latest thing in slim-line morning coats, a top-hat, neatly striped trousers, gloves, spats, a mottled, platinum-handled, snuffwood stick, and a gardenia in his buttonhole. Ignoring the wise and friendly smiling look on the face of the cab-driver, who was none other than his old friend of Saturday evening, Patrick O'Reilly by name, he dashed to wear it in her day at a fancy-dress ball, pacing up and down Mr. Randolph's recent sitting-room and counting off nine on her fingers for the hundred and thirty-two thousand.

"Tomlinson, today is the ninth since Mr. Milnyus called, isn't it?"

"Yes, miss. As I've been telling you all morning, if you will pardon me, it is."

"Well," said Pamela; "don't forget, I'm not at home to any one but Mr. Randolph."

Tomlinson passed a thin hand across a worried brow.

"I won't forget, miss. Them words will ring in my ears to my dying day." And then, at last, something else rang—the bell. Pamela fluttered hither and thither like a bird just caged, snatched up a book, opened it at a random, and finally came to a section on one end of the big couch before the fire. Tomlinson, his jaw set grimly, advanced upon the door. For an agonizing small moment Pamela held her breath, and then let it go with a rush as she heard the old maid's serious voice urged, nay, resolute, with the joy of seeing back Master Robert. Miss Thornton will receive you in the sitting-room. Followed jingling sounds as the door opened and the old maid's voice called, "Pamela, hold the doorbell. He was right in surmising that his former employer did not require a guide, but as it turned out, there was no reason why he should not have witnessed the very proper meeting which took place between the two outwardly cool young members of society who were inwardly, nevertheless, combining with more emotion than there are flames in a time-kiln.

"Miss Thornton," exclaimed Mr. Randolph, as he forced a wig habit on her, "he had a look and gloves on a side-table and then advanced with a tentatively outstretched hand."

"Oh, how do you do?" asked Pamela, rising and offering her hand. "Won't you sit at dawn?"

"Thank you, I will."

He took the other end of the couch, crossed his legs in an effort to appear thoroughly at home, and gazed almost furtively at the apparition before him. Ye gods and heaps of odds! What a vision of loveliness, of charm, grace, breeding, carriage and nurtured beauty! What a bubbling well of mirth, what a source of the light of youth that never fades, what an auroral of divine delight! If seven men with seven hearts should serve for seven years, would they, at the end of that time, have attained sufficient collective virtue to justify their approaching on bended knees to lick her swaying, maddening, slippered little foot?

"Eg—eg—eg—old Mr. Milnyus 'd call," said Mr. Randolph.

"Yes," eagerly countered Miss Thornton.

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"Yes," eagerly countered Miss Thornton.

"So it is," agreed Miss Thornton quite coolly, glancing at the clock and registering surprise—none quite calm and dignified. "Do you think it's too early for tea?"

"No; not at all. That is, I don't know much about what hours are suited to tea. Eg—eg—eg—never take it."

"Oh, don't you?"

"A long silence intervenes. The lady could easily break it, but won't. She has gathered somewhere that silence is often a club. Mr. Randolph evidently shares the intuition; he must say something and does."

"I've been very busy since I saw you last."

"How interesting!"

"Yes; it has been—in spots. I've been studying the under side of the upper world through a hole in the front glass of a taxi. It has given me a great idea."

"Really?"

"Yes, I'm going to start the Manhattan Chaperoned Cab Company."

"The what?" asked Miss Thornton, forced to show interest in the grotesque project in spite of the fact that her eyes were growing more and more wounded and the corners of her tempestuous mouth were drooping farther and farther south.

"Chaperoned Cab Company," repeated Mr. Randolph, his broad brows pecking in serious thought over his wide blue eyes. "It doesn't sound like an idea until you follow it out. Would you like to have me explain it to you?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well, it all hangs on an invention of my own—an attachment to the ordinary taxi-meter of a miniature map of New York and vicinity and a set of automatic needles. You set the needle on the point in the map corresponding to where the cab starts in its journey—real life. Wherever the needle shows the route in red ink on the map, with a time signal of how long it stopped at any given house, park, store—eg—eg—

colours. Do you begin to get the idea?"

"No—no," said Miss Thornton.

"Just think a minute. Tired old couple of conventional ideas and actually beyond the age of dancing are in horror at sitting up all night watching daughter have a good time. Send her in one of my cabs; the ink-roller will show just how straight she went to the party, how long she stayed, and how she came back. I forgot to mention the dictograph attachment in every vehicle. Take another case: Man married to a pretty and very young wife. Can't you hear him say, 'Yes, my d-d-dear; you can go where if you'll take a Chaperoned Cab'?"

"No, I can't," said Miss Thornton decisively, and stared meaningly at the clock, as though she were worrying over her next engagement.

Mr. Randolph flushed, rose hastily, and possessed himself of hat, stick and gloves.

"I mustn't keep you," he said. "I've an appointment in about five minutes myself."

She rose, an absent-minded look in her eyes, and accompanied him to the door of the room. He opened it and took his hand from the knob to shake good-bye. Her hand reached out toward his listlessly, as though it had become infected with the selfsame droop that had assailed the corners of her lips.

"May I—call again?"

"No!" cried Pamela, snatched back her hand, drew both arms up against the door-jamb, dropped her curly head upon them, and burst into tears.

Mr. Randolph's platinum-headed cane fell with a clatter; his gloves fluttered to the floor, and his now top-hat, emitting a clucking, mournful sound, hurtled across the room. In a few moments he had taken to his heels, and he had set the sobbing girl in his arms and was babbling as follows:

"Miss Thornton—Pamela—Pamela—dearest and sweetest of all the little women in the world! Oh, darling, don't cry; but if you must, then cry me—oh! That's right, my precious! Put your arms round me, neck and hold me close. S—strangle me, b—but never, never let me go."

He stopped gradually, picked her up, and made for the couch. Just before he got there, he reached a small prayer-rug of Persian design and of great value, one of many such ones in the large spaces of beautiful fully waxed flooring. The specified rug seemed to take sudden offense at Mr. Randolph's rude footfall. It took the little wings of fear from under him. The crash of two of the choicest bits of Manhattan's humanity was terrific. Above the din of scattering furniture could be heard the peal of a girl's clear laughter, and presently a voice ringing merrily through half-swallowed sobs:

"W—my—what a b—bump!"

"They sat on the floor, face to face and matched a treble: 'Ha! Ha! Ha!' with a heavy male: 'Haw! Haw!' The treble then burst in upon the scene, and there were two voices, both of which were full of adjectives that would have fitted the look on his countenance, the first five being 'astounded,' 'scandalized,' 'amazed,' 'deprecating,' 'appalled.'"

"Master Robert! M—Miss Imogene!"

Pamela pointed one finger at him weakly, and was off again to tumble down another cascade of laughter. Tomlinson shook his solemn head from side to side in a pained and pained motion.

"Such doings! I never—no—I never!"

"Tomlinson is right," said Mr. Randolph solemnly, as he rose and helped Pamela to her feet. "I consider this the most astonishing sample of deportment that has come to my immediate attention for ten years."

He turned to the unmoved servant. "Tomlinson," he continued, still supporting the laughter-weakened due to explain that Miss Thornton and I were merely rehearsing, or rather reviving the occasion of our first meeting. It was sitting just as you found us that we first made each other's acquaintance a decade ago, except that the encounter took place on the western sidewalk of Fifth Avenue at about the corner of Forty-eighth Street. I trust that this information will clear up all doubts in your mind as to our sanity, and that you will now leave us to the big settlement of certain personal affairs of great moment."

Tomlinson withdrew, still shaking his old head from side to side, and mumbling his opinion that the explanation, far from condoning an affront to what had once been an orderly establishment, was in the nature of a plant on his credulity. No sooner had he closed the door softly but firmly on the scene of wreckage than Mr. Randolph turned all his attention to the lady in his arms.

"Pam," he said, "I want you to stop laughing. He laid his hands on her shoulders, held her to a long and forced her eyes to a long and breathlessly solemn meeting with his own. 'My dear girl,' he continued, 'when I came here this afternoon, I was full of my usually confident mental bearings. I saw how completely disastrous you are and my courage sank and left me as though some one had said, 'You can have her if you'll just stop up to Mars. When I was running away, so that I might live to fight for you in many other days, the flame of my sweet devotion and seized my coward heart. It's yours, darling, forever—if you'll only take it!'"

And then they kissed each other—one of those long, unburied marriages during eyes so closely that the barriers of flesh and space and time are pushed aside, and all the whole wide world together with seven heavens are crowded into the tiny space of a single lucid orb. Look at them, you growing public; watch them do it. For while it is customary to draw the veil on these intimate first contacts of the soul, let it be said that such conventional literary hypocrisy is herein abjured on the grounds that the real thing in youth in love doesn't give a whoop who sees."

Even such a kiss as is under review has an end as well as a beginning, brief but crowded span of life came the book three times repeated of a motor-horn, as though the world at

Economy

See ad in Saturdays paper

HARTT Shoes

BELGIUM ENTERS PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY

Brussels, Sept. 8.—(By Canadian Press.)—The supremacy of Canada and the Scandinavian countries in the pulp and paper industry may be challenged soon by the Belgian Congo. Papaya, which grows in great abundance in the Congo, is to be exploited by a large company which has been granted a concession. It is planned to establish a large plant, costing two and a half million francs, which will have an initial production of 20,000 tons of pulp.

The pulp of the Congo has shown an analysis of 75 per cent of cellulose. After research and experiment, a process has been discovered for bleaching the plants. This had been vainly sought for fifty years. The Papaya grows principally along the lower Lualaba River, near the lakes of Kubuli, Sjemba, Kikali, and Neaga.

SLEEPING CAR SERVICE

ST. JOHN TO CAMPBELLTON.

Convenient to travellers is the Through Sleeping Car Service between St. John and Campbellton.

No. 10 passenger train on the Canadian National Railway carries a through standard sleeper (except on Saturday and Sunday nights) leaving at 11:45 p.m. This car is attached to No. 31 train which leaves Montreal at 3:20 a.m. and arrives at Campbellton at 9:30 a.m.

Returning sleeper leaves Campbellton at 8:25 p.m. on No. 32 passenger train (except Saturday and Sunday) and connects at Montreal with No. 9 train reaching St. John at 6:05 a.m.

By this train North Shore points are comfortably and conveniently reached, also points in the Gaspé Peninsula, or stations between Campbellton and Lewis.

Further information with regard to fares, reservations, etc., will be furnished at the St. John City Ticket Office, 49 King Street, or Ticket Agent at Station.

MIGRATORY BIRDS' CONVENTION ACT.

Open Seasons. Ducks, Geese, Brant, Coots, Gallinules and Rails: September 15th to December 31st, both dates inclusive.

Black-bellied Plover, Golden Plover, Greater Yellowlegs and Lesser Yellowlegs: August 15th to November 30th, both dates inclusive.

Woodcock, Wilson or Jack Snipe: September 15th to November 30th, both dates inclusive.

Bag Limits. 5 ducks; 15 geese; 15 brant; 15 plovers; 25 Wilson or Jack snipe; 15 woodcock per day.

Shooting Restrictions. Guns larger than 10 gauge, automatic, semi-automatic, gas, or battery, forbidden.

Use of power boat, sail boat, sunken boat, or aeroplane, forbidden.

Night shooting forbidden.

For further particulars address: Mr. W. TUFTS, Chief Game Officer, Migratory Birds' Convention Act, Wolfville, Nova Scotia.

large had availed itself of that means to cap the shameless osculation with three exclamations—points.

"Why, Bobby," cried Pamela, "you've never kept your waiting?"

"Sometime tonight," said Mr. Randolph dreamily, sadly, wistfully, "I'll have to go somewhere away from here. Let him wait."

(The End.)

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.

SALE OF LIGHTER AT HALIFAX, N. S.

TENDERS for the purchase of the undermentioned will be received until 12 o'clock noon, on September 22, 1920.

ONE LIGHTER.

Length, 65 feet.

Breadth, 29 feet.

Depth of hold, 7 feet.

Gross tons, 80.

Net tons, 50.

draught aft, 6 feet 6 inches.

draught forward, 4 feet.

draught boiler, 7 feet 3 inches diameter, lined with 95-2 1-2 inch tubes.

Crane power—4 1-2 tons.

Water tank—250 gallons.

MARINE NEWS

High water Low water

8 Wed. 7.35 19.67 1.05 13.56

9 Th. 8.30 20.38 3.16 14.46

10 Fri. 9.26 21.54 3.19 15.48

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Thursday, Sept. 9, 1920

Arrived Wednesday

Coastwise—Stmr Valinda, 56, Lewis, from Bridgetown, N. S.; stmr Ruby, 51, Baker, from Margareville, N. S.; stmr Harbinger, 70, Moore, from Beaver Harbor, N. B.; gas schr King Daniel, 23, Milson, from Alma, N. B.

Cleared Wednesday

Coastwise—Stmr Empress, 612, McDonald, for Digby, N. S.; gas schr Venture, 24, Mills, for Apple River, N. S.; stmr Valinda, 56, Lewis, for Clements, N. S.; stmr Ruby, 51, Baker, for Margareville, N. S.; stmr Harbinger, 70, Moore, for Beaver Harbor, N. B.; gas schr King Daniel, 23, Milson, for Alma, N. B.

CANADIAN PORTS

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 7—Sts. Adakokan, Louisa; Rosalind, New York; D. G. B. Lassy Laurier, Sable Island.

BRITISH PORTS

Gibraltar, Sept. 6—Arrd, stmr Radham, Montreal.

Port Natal, Sept. 4—Arrd, stmr New Brooklyn, Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS

New York, Sept. 8—Arrd stmr Lake Gliding, Montreal.

MARINE NOTES

Furness Withy & Company, Limited, announce the following movements of ships for which they are local agents:

The Furness liner Digby sailed yesterday morning from Halifax for Liverpool via St. John's, Nfld.; the steamer Mendip Range sailed from Montreal for Hull Eng.; Sept. 6; the steamer Manchester Brigade is expected to sail.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

The New Brunswick Electric Power Commission will be received by the above named Commission up to noon 21st day of September, A. D. 1920, for the following work:

(1) The construction of an earth dam across the East Branch of the Musquash River, including Spillway, intake, bypass, etc., and the grading of a bed to carry a penstock from the dam to the power house.

(2) The construction of an earth dam across the West Branch of the Musquash River, including the named above, together with the construction of a canal and the grading for the penstock from the dam to the power house.

(3) The construction of an earth dam across the Shogomac River, including items named above, together with the construction of a canal and the grading for the penstock from the dam to the power house.

Sites one and two are situated about twelve miles from St. John and about one mile from the line of the New Brunswick Southern Railway.

Site three is situated about 40 miles North from Fredericton on the line of the St. John and Quebec Railway.

Plans, Profiles and specifications can be seen and detailed information obtained at the office of the Commission, Canada Permanent Building, St. John's.

A certified cheque for 5 per cent of the estimated cost of the work must be attached to tenders.

Tenders must not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

HON. C. W. ROBINSON, Chairman.

REED McMANUS, Secretary.

C. O. FOSS, Chief Engineer.

Specification are to be seen at this Office for general repairs and painting to Quarantine Buildings at Partridge Island.

Tenders will close twelve o'clock noon on 11th September.

DEPT. PUBLIC WORKS, CANADA, Chief Architect's Branch, Custom House, St. John, N. B.

from Montreal for Manchester today; the steamer Rhode Island is expected to sail from Philadelphia for Glasgow today; the steamer Lexington is expected to sail for Montreal today for London.

CUNARD

ANCHOR

ANCHOR-DONALDSON

MONTREAL-GLASGOW

Sept. 11, Oct. 16, Nov. 20, Cassandra

Sept. 25, Oct. 30, Nov. 3, Saturday

N. Y.-GLASGOW (Via Mobile)

Sept. 11, Oct. 9, Nov. 6, Columbia

NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL

Sept. 14, Oct. 9, Nov. 6, K. Aug. Viet

Sept. 16, Oct. 11, Nov. 4, Vaulan

Sept. 25, Oct. 23, Nov. 20, Carmania

N. Y., PLY., & CHER.

Sept. 28, Oct. 21, Nov. 25, Caronia

N. Y.-CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON

Sept. 3, Oct. 7, Nov. 11, Imperator

Sept. 21, Oct. 12, Nov. 2, Aquitania

Sept. 30, Oct. 23, Nov. 6, Mauretania

N. Y., PLY., CHER., HAMBURG.

Oct. 30, Dec. 9, Saxonia

N. Y., PATRAS, DUBROVNIK AND TRIESTE.

Sept. 23, Oct. 17, Nov. 21, Italia

For rates of passage, freight and further particulars apply to local agents or

THE ROBERT REFORM CO., LTD.

542 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET

ST. JOHN, N. B.

Furness Line

From London. To London.

About September 30. A steamer. October 15

Manchester Line

From Manchester To Philadelphia

Direct

Sept. 18 Manchester Merchant Oct. 2

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.

FURNESS, WITHY CO., LTD.

Royal Bank Bldg.

Tel. Main 2616 St. John, N. B.

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The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co.

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Minimum charge twenty-five cents.

MALE HELP WANTED

WANTED

Several smart reliable boys, 15 or 16 years of age, to learn dry goods business. Good wages to begin and good chances for a d v a ncement. Apply Manchester, Robertson & Allison.

District Manager Wanted

for Campbellton. Salary or commission. Also agents wanted in unrepresented districts. Apply N. B. Branch THE NATIONAL LIFE, Union Bank Building, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Single young man to travel with manager and solicit. Experience unnecessary. Salary and expenses on commission. White Chas. P. Fitch, Woodstock, N. B.

WANTED—A first or second-class female school teacher, District No. 3, New Brunswick, Gloucester County. Apply to Horace Hornebrook, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Second-class female teacher for District No. 14, Parish of Johnston. Apply, stating salary, to Roy M. Pearson, Secretary, Highfield, Queens County, N. B.

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