BULGARIA A notification has been received from the British Authorities to the effect that the Parcel Post Service for Prisoners of War in Turkey or Bulgaria is at present suspended. Until this Service is resumed no parcels can be forwarded to Prisoners of War in Turkey or Bulgaria, and persons desiring to help Prisoners of War in these countries are advised to forward remittances to them. These can be sent by means of Post Office Money Orders which de are issued free of commission. Particulars as to how to proceed may be obtained from Postmasters of Accounting Offices. Any parcels for Prisoners of War in these countries which may be intercepted in the course of transmission will be returned to the senders, providing the name of the senders is given on the narcel.

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PARCELS FOR PRISONERS, OF

WAR IN TURKEY AND



Washington, June 25 .- Treaties tween the United States and Great Britain for reciprocal operation of army draft laws to their citizens, including Canadians, were ratified late yesterday by the Senate, without a dissenting vote. British subjects in the United States between 20 and 44 years of age-the British draft ages-and American citizens in the British Empire between the ages of 21 and 31, would be subject to draft

under the treaties, but they would be given the option of returning to their. own countries for service, under their own flag.

It is estimated that some 54,000 American citizens in the British Empire, including 36,000 in Canada, and 310,000 British subjects in the United States, including 60,000 Canadians, will be affected by the treaties. A new clause inserted in the treaties provides that citizens of signatory nations exempt from the draft at home, such as the Irish and Australians, shall not be subject to draft in the country of their foreign residence.

The treaties were signed June 3 by Secretary Lansing and Lord Reading, the British Ambassador.

## A WEEK'S BRITISH CASUALTIES

London, June 21 .- British casualties re ported during the week ended to-day aggregated 36,620.

The losses were divided as follows :--Killed or died of wounds-Officers 235, 1 went as far as Honolulu with him. men 4,247.

## THE BEACON, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1918

cried, "don't you see how it's all

Later I went into the garden to think

over the perplexing situation of the

I sank down again in a wicker chair

and contemplated the stars. But the

short reverie into which I then fell

was interrupted by Mr. Percy, who,

sauntering leisurely about the garden.

gud gittin' them trunks off, what?"

"I suppose you don' know nothin'

about it," he laughed satirically. "You

didn' go over to Lisieux 's aft'noon to

"I went for a long walk this after-

noon, 'Mr. Percy. Naturally I couldn't

have walked so far as Listeux and

'Do you think it will rain tonight?'

upon me and strolled to the other end

I observed him in the act of saluting,

with a gracious nod, some one who

was approaching from the road. Im-

mediately after-and altogether with

in"-a slight figure clad in a long coat,

veil bound brown hat came into full-

I sprang to my feet and started to-

"Good evening, Mr. Percy," she said

view in the light of the reflector.

ward her, uttering an exclamation.

ship 'em? Oh: no. not you!"

t' git that feller off t' Paris?"

paused to address me.

proved to me?"

of his meaning

I inquired.

of the courtyard.

Harmans.

know this before dinner!\ They'll bear went on bravely: "And the next cay the whole thing within two hours." "There is nothing they shouldn't know," said Mrs. Harman. George turned to her with a smile made about my name. You see, he'd so bravely managed that I was proud heard I was called Mme. d'Armand. of him. "Oh, yes, there is," he said. and I wanted him to keep on thinking "We're going to get you out of all that, for I thought if he knew I was Mrs. Harman he might find out"-She paused, her lip beginning to trem-

"All this!" she repeated. "All this mire!" be answered. "We're ble. going to get you out of it. I don't know whether your revelation to the to suffer as he would-as he does now. Spanish woman will make that easier poor child-but most of all I wanted-I or harder, but I do know that it makes the mire deeper." wanted to see if he would fall in love with me again! I kept him from know-

Her anxious eyes grew wider. "How ing because if he thought I was a have I made it deeper for him? Wasn't stranger and the same thing happened it pecessary that the poor woman again-his caring for me, I mean"should be told the truth?" She had began to weep now, freely and She turned to Keredec with a frightopenly, but not from grief. "Oh," she

ened gesture and an unintelligible word of appeal. "It was because," he repeated, run-

this.

ning a nervous hand through his beard-"because the knowledge would put us so utterly in this people's power. Already they demand more than

we could give them; now they can do still more." George intervened, and he spoke with-

out sarcasm. "To put it roughly, these people have been asking more than the Harman estate is worth-that was on the strength of the woman's claim as a wife-but now they know she is not one her position is immensely strengthened, for she has only to go before the nearest commissaire de police "

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Harman cried passionately. "I haven't done that!"

"Never!" he answered. "There could not be a greater lie than to say you have done it. The responsibility is with the wretched and vicious boy who brought the catastrophe upon himself. But don't you see that you've got to keep out of it, that we've got to take you out of it?"

"You can't! I'm part of it. Better or worse, it's as much mine as his. My separation from my husband is over. I shall be with him now for"-

"I won't listen to you!" Miss Eliza beth lifted her wet face from George's shoulder, and there was a note of deep the air of a person merely "happening anger in her voice. "You haven't the faintest idea of what a hideous situation that creature has made for hima short skirt and a broad brimmed. self. Don't you know that that awful

woman was right? You talk of being with him! Do you imagine they encourage family housekeeping in French prisons?"

cheerily. "It's the most exuberant "You're going much too far," Cresnight. You're quite hearty, I hope?" son Ingle said, touching his betrothed "Takin' a walk, I see, littl: lady," upon the arm. "My dear Elizabeth, he observed with genial patronage. there is no use exaggerating. The case My visitor paused upon my veranda. is unpleasant enough just as it is." humming "Quand l'Amour Meurt,' "In what have I exaggerated?" she while I went within and lit a lamp.

demanded. "Shall I bring the light out there?" "Why, I knew Larrabee Harman." I asked, but, turning, found that she he returned. "I knew him fairly well.

was already in the room. and I remember that papers were

Wounded or missing-Officers 1,414, served on him in San Francisco. He was traveling continually, and I don't

gravely on Miss Elizabeth's.

he came and waited for me-i should a tope that threatened to become trem have come here for him if he hadn t- Blous, "what sort of an afternoon alous, "what sort of an afternoon and I fell in with the mistake be had we've been having up there." "Has it been"- | began. "Oh, heartbreaking! Louise came to my room as soon as they got back

from here this morning and told me the whole pitiful story. But they didn't let her stay there long, poor "Oh, don't you see why I didn't woman!" want him to know? I didn't want him "They?" I asked.

"Oh. Elizabeth and her brother. They've been at her all afternoon, off and on.' "To do what?"

"To 'save berself,' so they call it. They're insisting that she must not see her poor husband again. They're determined she shan't." "But George wouldn't worry her." "Oh, wouldn't he?" The girl laughed sadly. "I don't suppose he could help it, he's in such a state himself, but between him and Elizabeth it's hard to see how poor Mrs. Harman lived

through the day:" "Well." I said slowly, "I don't see that they're not right. She ought to be kept out of all this as much as possible, especially if her husband has to so through a trial." "Are you"- the girl began, then

"You folks, thinks you was all to the stopped for a moment, looking at me "You speak in mysterious numbers." steadily. "Aren't you a little in love I returned, having no comprehension with Louise Harman?" "Yes." I answered honestly. "Aren't

you?" "That's what I wanted to know,"

she said, and as she turned a page in the sketchbook for the benefit of Mr. Percy I saw that her hand had begun to tremble.

"Why?" I asked, leaning toward her across the table. "Because if she were involved in

"Luk here, m' friend." he said sharp some undertaking-something that, if ly: "do you think you got any chanst it went wrong, would endanger her happiness and, I think, even her life, for it might actually kill her if she failed and brought on a worse catas-In simple dignity he turned his back

trophe"-"Yes?" I said anxiously as she paused again.

"You'd help her?" she said.

ly. "I told her once I'd do anything in the world for her." "Even if it involved something that George Ward might never forgive. you for?"

"I said 'anything in the world,'" I returned, perhaps a little huskily. She gave a low cry of triumph, but immediately checked it. . Then she

leaned far over the table. "I wasn't afraid to come through the woods alone," she said in a very low voice, "because I wasn't alone. Louise came with me."

"What?" I gasped. "Where is she?" "At the Baudry cottage down the road. They won't miss her at the chateau until morning. I locked her door on the outside, and if they go to "You weren't afraid to come through bother her again-though I don't think the woods alone?" I asked, uncomfort- they will-they'll believe she's fasten-

managed to get a note to Keredec late

the veranda. We crossed the garden as far as the steps. Mr. Percy signi fied his approval. "Gunna see the lit tle lady home, are you?" he said graclously. "I was thinkin' it was about time m'self." The salon door of the "grande suite"

opened above me, and at the sound the youth started, springing back to see what it portended, but I ran quickly up the steps. Keredec stood in the doorway bareheaded and in his shirt sleeves. In one hand he held a traveling bag, which he immediately gave me.

He went back into the room, closing the door, and I descended the steps as rapidly as I had run up them. Without pausing I started for the rear of the courtyard, Miss Elliott accompany. ing me.

The sentry had watched these proceedings open mouthed, more mystified than alarmed. "Luk here," he said, "I want t' know whut this means.

"Anything you choose to think it means," I laughed, beginning to walk a little more rapidly. He glanced up at the windows of the "grande suite." which were again dark, and began to follow us slowly. "What you gut in that grip?" he asked.

"You don't think we're carrying off Mr. Harman?" "I reckon he's in his room all right,"

said the youth grimly, "unless he's flew out.' We emerged at the foot of a lane he

hind the inn. It was long and narrow, bordered by stone walls and at the



"You long legged devil!" he yelled. other end debouched upon a road which passed the rear of the Baudry

"You long legged devil!" he yelled and I instantly received a series of concussions upon the face and bead which put me in supreme doubt of my surroundings, for I seemed to have planged eyes foremost into the Milky Way. I was conscious of some one screaming, and it seemed a consoling part of my delirium that the cheek of Miss Anne Elliott should be jammed tight against mine through one phase of the explosion. I hung to him, as Pere Baudry testifies, for a minute and a half, which seems no inconsiderable lapse of time to a person undergoing such experiences as were then afflicting me.

It appeared to me that we were revolving in enormous circles in the ether and I had long since given my last gasp when there came a great roaring wind in my ears and a range of mountains toppled upon us both. We went to earth beneath it.

"Ha! You must create violence. then!" roared the avalanche.

The voice was the voice of Keredec. Some one pulled me from underneath my struggling antagonist, and, the power of sight in a hazy, zigzagging fashion coming back to me, I perceived the figure of Miss Anne Riliott recumbent beside me, her arme about Mr. Percy's prostrate body. The extraordinary girl had fastened upon him, too, though I had not known and she had gone to ground with but it is to be said for Mr. Barl Percy that no blow of his touched her, and she was not hurt. Even in the final extremities of temper he had carefully discriminated in my favor.

Mrs. Harman was bending over ber and as the girl sprang up lightly, threw her arms about her. For my part, I rose more slowly, section by section, wondering why I did not fall apart, lips, nose and cheeks bleeding, and I had a fear that I should need to be led like a blind man through my eyelids swelling shut. That was something I earnestly desired should not happen; but, whether it did or did not or if the heavens fell, I meant to walk back to Quesnay with Anne Elliott that night, and, mangled, broken or half dead, presenting whatever appearance of the prize ring or the abattoir that 1 might, 1 intended to take the same train for Paris on the morrow that she did.

For our days together were not as an end, nor was it hers nor my desire that they should be.

It was Oliver Saffren-as I like to think of him-who helped me to my feet and wiped my face with his handkerchief and when that one was ruined brought others from his bag and stanched the wounds gladly received in the service of his wife. "I will remember"- he said, and his voice broke. "These are the memories which Keredec says make a man

good. I pray they will help to redeem me." And for the last time I heard the child in him speaking: "I ought to be redeemed. I must be, don't you think, for her sake?" "Lose no time!" shouted Keredet. "You must be gone if you will reach that certain town for the 5 o'clock train of the morning." This was for the spy's benefit. It indicated Lisieur and the train to Paris. Mr. Percy struggled. The professor knelt over him, pinioning his wrists in one great hand and holding him easily to earth. "Ha, my friend"-he addressed his captive-"you shall not have cause to say we do you any harm. There shall be no law, for you are not hurt, and you are not going to be. But here you shall stay quiet for a little while-the I say you can go." As he spoke he bound the other's wrists with a short rope which he took from his pocket performing the same office immediate ly afterward for Mr. Percy's ankles, "I take the count!" was the sole remark of that philosopher. "L can't ge up against no herd of elephants." The two women were crying in each other's arms. "Goodby!" sobbed Anne Elliott. Mrs. Harman turned to Keredec. "Goodby for a little while!"

"I would, indeed," I assented earnest-

men 30.724.

think he knew much of what was go-It is several weeks since the British ing on, even right around him, most of army has been engaged in any prolonged the time. He began with cognac and fighting on a large scale, although British absinth in the morning, you know. divisions were involved in the German For myself, I always supposed the suit attack which began the ofiensive on May had been carried through. So did peo-27 on the Aisne front. The bulk of the ple generally, I think. He'll probably casualties now being reported, which still have to stand trial, and of course he's technically guilty, but I don't believe are running between 30,000 and 40,000 he'd be convicted, though I must say weekly, evidently represent accumulations it would have been a most devilish of names from the intensive operations in good thing for him if he could have which the British were engaged during been got out of France before la Murthe heavy German attacks of this spring siana heard the truth." on the British front. "Nothing is changed," Louise Harman said finally, her eyes still fixed

## **TOUGH ON FREAKS**

Toronto, Jnne 10-Mr. William Banks. chief theatrical censor for Toronto, has received information from the Immigration Department stating that particular care is to be taken at border points this year to prevent the admission into Canada of human monstrosities, freaks, and alien enemies in fall fair troups, Should any of these cross the border,

city and government inspectors are to see that they are at once deported.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Tor-kins in a tone that was kind but firm, "did you tell me you were up late last night with a sick friend?" "Yes." "What made your friend feel sick? Was he a heavy loser?"—Washington Star.

THE GUEST OF

QUESNAY

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

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CHAPTER XIII.

finger nails of Mariana's right hand

touched the pretty white hat, but only

touched it and no more

professor appealingly.

be worse than this!"

is impossible to say what Mari-ana would have done had there

mation. "Oh," she cried, "you've fallen in love with playing the martyr! It's self love! No one on earth could make me believe you're in love with this degraded imbecile. It's because you want to make a shining example of yourself. You want to get down on your knees and wash off the vileness from this befouled creature. You want". "Madame," Keredec interrupted trem-

ulously, "you speak out of no knowledge! There is no vileness. No one who is clean remains befouled because

of the things that are gone." "They do not?" She laughed hysterically. "The soul that stands clean and pure/ today is clean and pure," insisted the

professor: "But a soul with evil tendencies," Ward began impatiently. "Ha, my dear sir, those evil tenden-

cies would be in the soiling memories. and my boy is free from them." "Surely you can't pretend he may not take that direction again?"\_

"That," returned the professor quickly, "is his to choose. If this lady can be with him now he will choose right." "So!" cried Miss Elizabeth. "First she is to be his companion through a trial for bigamy and if he is acquitted his purse, teacher and moral preceptor." She turned swiftly to her consin. "That's your conception of a woman's

been no interference, for she had worked berself into one of those "I haven't any mission." Mrs. Haruries which women of her type can man answered quietly. "I only know attain when they feel the occasion demands it. But Rameau threw his I belong to him; that's all I ever thought about it. I don't pretend to arms about ber, Mr. Percy came to his explain it. And when I met him again assistance, and Ward and I sprang in here it was-it was-it was proved to between her and the too fearless lady me." she strove to reach. Even at that the

"Will you tell us?" It was I who asked the question.

spoke involuntarily. "Oh, when I first met him," she said

Rameau and the little spy managed tremulously, "I was frightened, but it to get their vociferating burden across was not he who frightened me. It was the rush of my own feeling. I did not know what I felt but I thought I might die, and he was so like himself the courtyard and into her own door. t'Professor Keredec"- Mrs. Harman began, resisting and turning to the as I had first known him. but so chang-ed too. There was something so won-"Oh, let him come, too!" said Miss Elizabeth desperately. "Nothing could

She led the star back to the pervilion. Not a sout at thesaux," withed the mortified chatchine-"not one but wit

ous that her gayety met a dull response from me. 44

"But if Miss Ward finds that you're not at the chateau"---

"She won't. She thinks I'm asleep. She brought me up a sleeping powder herself."

"She thinks you took it?"

"She knows I did," said Miss Elliott. I'm full of it! And that will be the reason-if you notice that I'm particularly nervous or excited."

"You seem all of that," I said, looking at her eyes, which were very wide and very brilliant. "However, I believe you always do."

"Ah." she smiled, "I knew you, At that the other's face flamed up, thought me atrocious from the first. and she uttered a half choked excla-You find myriads of objections to me. don't you?"

I had forgotten to look away from her eyes, and I kept on forgetting.

this afternoon. It explained everything, and he had some trunks carried out the fear gate of the inn and carted over to Lisieux to be shipped to Paris from there. It is to be supposed-or hoped at least-that this woman and her people will believe that means Professor Keredec and Mr. Harman will try to get to Paris in the same way." "So," I said, "that's what Percy meant about the trunks. I didn't understand."

it on the inc

"He's on watch, you see," she continued. "Mr. Percy!" She laughed nervously. "That's why it's almost necessary for us to have you." "If you have me for what?" I asked. "I'll help you"-and as she looked up her eyes, now very close to mine, were dazzling indeed-"I'll adore you forever and ever: Oh, much longer than you'd like me to!"

"You mean she's going to"-"I mean that she's going to run away with him again," she whispered.

CHAPTER XIV.

midnight there was no mistaking the palpable uneasiness with which Mr. Percy, faithful sentry, regarded the behavior of Miss Elliott and myself as we sat conversing upon the veranda of the pavilion. The lights of the inn were all set. The Spanish woman and M. Rameau had made their appearance for a moment, half an hour earlier, to exchange a word with their fellow vigilant, and soon after the extinguishing of the lamps in their respective apartments denoted their retirement for the night. In the "grande suite" all had been dark and silent for an hour.

I kept going over and over the details of Louise Harman's plan as the girl beside me had outlined it, bending above the smudgy sketchbook. "To make them think the flight is for Paris," she had urged-"to Paris by way of Lisieux. To make that man yonder believe that it is toward Lisieux while they turn at the crossroads and drive across the country to Trouville for the morning boat to Ha-

It was simple. That was its great virtue. If they were well started they were safe, and well started meant only that Larrabee Harman should leave the inn without an alarm. With two bours' start and the pursuit spending most of its energy in the wrong direction-that is, toward Lisieux and

Paris-they would be on the deak of the French-Canadian liner temorrow noon, sailing out of the marbor of Le Havre with nothing but the Atlantic ocean between them and the St. Law-

Suddenly I saw a light shine from Keredec's window.

I remarked, "Now, if you will permit me, I'll offer you my escort back to Quesnay," I said to Miss Elliott. I went into my room, put on my cap. derful about him, something that must make any stranger feel sorry for him, and yet it is beautiful." She stopped for a moment and wiped her eyes, then seriously for several moments. "I went for a mattern and returned with it te

cottage. Miss Elliott took my arm, and we entered the lane. Mr. Percy paused undecidedly. "I want t' know whut you think y're doin'," he repeated angrily, calling after us.

"It's very simple," I called in turn. think you may as well go back. We're not going far enough to need a guard."

Mr. Percy allowed an oath to escape him, and we heard him muttering to himself. Then his footsteps sounded behind us.

"He's coming!" Miss Elliott whispered, with nervous exultation, look ing over her shoulder. "He's going th follow."

We trudged briskly on, followed at some fifty paces by the perturbed watchman. We were embarked upon a singular adventure. not unattended by a certain danger. We were tingling with a hundred apprehensions, occupied with the vital necessity of drawing the little spy after us-and that was a strange moment for a man (and an elderly painter man of no mark at that) to hear himself called what I

was called then in a tremulous whisper close to my ear. Of course she has denied it since. Nevertheless she said it-twice, for I pretended not to hear her the first time. I made no answer, for something in the word she called me and in her seeming to mean it made me choke up so that I could cheek. I remember it now. not even whisper. But I made up my mind that after that if this girl saw Mr. Earl Percy on his way back to the inn before she wished him to go it would be because he had killed me. We were near the end of the lane when the neigh of a horse sounded sonorously from the road beyond. Mr. Percy came running up swiftly

and darted by us. "Who's that?" he called loudly. Who's that in the cart yonder?" I set my lantern down close to the wall, and a borse and cart drew up on the road. It was Pere Baudry's best horse, a stout gray, that would easily make Trouville by daylight. A woman's figure and a man's (the latter that of Pere Bandry himself) could be made out dimly on the cart seat. "Who is it. I say?" shouted our excited friend. "What kind of a game d'ye think y're puttin' up on me here?" A glance at the occupants satisfied him. "Mrs. Harman!" be yelled. "Mrs. Barman! I knowed I was a fool to come away without wakin' up Ra mean. But you haven't beat us yet." He drove back into the lane, but ust inside its entrance I met him.

"Where are you going?" I asked. "Back to the Pigeon house in a hurry. There's devilment here. 1 want Rameau!"

"You're not going back." said I. "The h- I ain't!" said Mr. Percy. "I give ye two seconds t' git out o' my--Take yer hands offs me!"

1 made sure of my grip, not upon th refulgent overcoat, for 'I feared he might slip out of that, but upon the collars of his coat and waistcoat.

He kissed her hand. "Dear lady, I shall come within the year."

She came to me, and I took her hand, meaning to kiss it as Keredee had done, but suddenly she was closed and I felt her lips upon my battered

1 wrung her husband's hand, and then he took her in his arms, lifted her to the footboard of the cart and sprang up beside her

"God bless you, and goodby!" we called

And their voices came back to us "God bless you, and goodby!"

THE END.

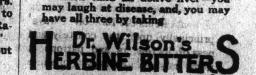


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She gave a low cry of triumph

'Dazzling" is a good old fashioned word for eyes like bers. At least it might define their effect on me. "If I did manage to object to you." I

said slowly, "it would be a good thing for me, wouldn't it?" "Oh, I've won!" she cried.

"Won?" I echoed. "Yes. L laid a wager with myself

that I'd have a pretty speech from you before I went out of your life"she checked a taugh and concluded thrillingly-"forever. I leave Quesnay tomorrow."

"Your father has returned from America?"

"Ob, dear, no," she murmured. "File e quite at the world's mercy. I must be go up to Paris and retire from pu life until be does come. I shall take