

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Often he fell, three times did the backwash try to drag him to the swirling death behind, but he staggered blindly on, until even the tearing, gale ceased to be laden with the suffocating foam, and his faltering feet sank in deep soft white sand.

Then he fell, not to rise again. With a last weak flicker of exhausted strength he drew the girl closely to him, and the two lay, clasped tightly together, heedless now of all things.

How long the man remained prostrate he could only guess subsequently. The Sirdar struck soon after day-break, and the sailor awoke to a hazy consciousness of his surroundings as he found a shaft of sunshine flickering through the clouds banked up in the east. The gale was already passing away.

Although the wind still whistled with shrill violence it was more blustering than threatening. The sea, too, though running very high, had retreated many yards from the spot where he had finally dropped, and its surface was no longer scoured with venomous spray.

Slowly and painfully he raised himself to a sitting posture, for he was bruised and stiff. With his first movement he became violently ill. He had swallowed much salt water, and it was not until the spasm of sickness had passed that he thought of the girl.

She had slipped from his breast as he rose, and was lying, face downwards, in the sand. The memory of much that had happened surged into his brain with horrifying suddenness.

"She cannot be dead," he hoarsely murmured, feebly trying to lift her. "Surely Providence would not desert her after such an escape. What a weak beggar I must be to give in at the last moment. I am sure she was living when we got ashore. What on earth can I do to revive her?"

Forgetful of his own aching limbs, a new-born anxiety, he sank on his knee and gently pillowed Iris' head and shoulders on the other. Her eyes were closed, her lips and teeth firmly set—a fact to which she undoubtedly owed her life, else she would have been suffocated—and the pallor of her skin seemed to be that terrible bloodless hue which indicates death. The stern lines in the man's face relaxed, and something blurred his vision. He was weak from exhaustion and want of food. For the moment his emotions were easily aroused.

"Oh, it is pitiful," he almost whimpered. "It cannot be!"

With a gesture of despair he drew the sleeve of his thick jersey across his eyes to clear them from the gathering mist. Then he tremblingly endeavored to open the neck of her dress and unclasp her corsets. He had a vague notion that ladies in a fainting condition required such treatment, and he was desperately resolved to bring Iris Deane back to conscious existence if it were possible. His task was rendered difficult by the watchfulness of her dress. He slipped out a clasp-knife and opened the blade.

Not until then did he discover that the nail of the ringfinger on his right hand had been torn out by the quick, probably during his endeavors to grasp the unsteady support which contributed so materially to his escape. It still hung by a shred and hindered the free use of his hand. Without any hesitation he seized the offending nail in his teeth and completed the surgical operation by a rapid jerk.

Bending to resume his task he was startled to find the girl's eyes wide open and surveying him with shadowy alarm. She was quite conscious, absurdly so, in a sense, and had noticed his strange action.

"Thank God!" he cried hoarsely. "You are alive."

Her mind as yet could only work in a single groove.

"Why did you do that?" she whispered.

"Do what?"

"Bite your nail off!"

"It was in my way. I wished to cut open your dress at the waist. You were collapsed, almost dead. I thought and I wanted to unfasten your corsets."

Her color came back with remarkable rapidity. From all the rich variety of the English tongue few words could have been selected of such restorative effect.

She tried to assume a sitting posture, and instinctively her hands traveled to her disarranged costume.

"How ridiculous!" she said, with a little note of annoyance in her voice, which sounded curiously hollow. But her brave spirit could not yet command her enfeebled frame. She was perforce compelled to sink back to the support of his knee and arm.

"Do you think you could lie quiet until I try to find some water?" he gasped anxiously.

She nodded a childlike acquiescence and her eyelids fell. It was only that her eyes smoldered dreadfully from the salt water, but the sailor felt that this was a premonition of a lapse to unconsciousness.

"Please try not to faint again," he said. "Don't you think I had better loosen these things? You can breathe more easily."

A ghost of a smile flickered on her lips. "No—no," she murmured. "My eyes hurt me—that is all. Is there any water?"

object in the waste of foam-capped waves. Not a vestige of the Sirdar remained seaward, but the sand was littered with wreckage, and—mournful spectacle!—a considerable number of inanimate human forms lay huddled up amidst the relics of the steamer.

This discovery stirred him to action. He turned to survey the land on which he was stranded with his helpless companion. To his great relief he discovered that it was lofty and tree-clad. He knew that the ship could not have drifted to Borneo, which still lay far to the south. This must be one of the hundreds of islands which strewed the China Sea, and provide resorts for Hainan fishermen. Probably it was inhabited, though he thought it strange that none of the islanders had put in an appearance. In any event, water and food, of some sort, were assured.

But before setting out upon his quest two things demanded attention. The girl must be removed from her present position. It would be too horrible to permit her first conscious gaze to rest upon those crumpled objects on the beach. Common humanity demanded, too, that he should hastily examine each of the bodies in case life was not wholly extinct.

So he bent over the girl, noting with sudden wonder that, weak as she was, she had managed to refasten part of her bodice.

"You must permit me to carry you a little further inland," he explained gently.

Without another word he lifted her in his arms, marvelling somewhat at the strength which came of necessity, and bore her some little distance, until a sturdy rock, jutting out of the sand, offered shelter from the wind and protection from the sea and its revelations.

"I am so cold, and tired," murmured Iris. "Is there any water? My throat hurts me."

He pressed back the tangled hair from her forehead as he might soothe a child.

"Try to lie still for a very few minutes," he said. "You have not long to suffer. I will return immediately."

His own throat and palate were on fire owing to the brine, but he first hurried back to the edge of the lagoon. There were fourteen bodies in all, three women and eleven men, four of the latter being Lascars. The women were saloon passengers whom he did not know. One of the men was the surgeon, another the first officer, a third Sir John Tozer. The rest were passengers and members of the crew.

They were all dead; some had been peacefully drowned, others were fearfully mangled by the rocks. Two of the Lascars, bearing signs of dreadful injuries, were lying on a cluster of low rocks overhanging the water. The remainder rested on the sand.

The sailor exhibited no visible emotion whilst he conducted his sad scrutiny. When he was assured that a silent company was beyond mortal help he at once strode away towards the nearest belt of trees. He could not tell how long the search for water might be protracted, and there was a pressing need for it.

When he reached the first clump of brushwood he uttered a delighted exclamation. There, growing in prodigal luxuriance, was the beneficent pitcher plant, whose large, curled-up leaf, shaped like a teacup, not only holds a lasting quantity of rain-water, but mixes therewith its own palatable and natural juices.

With his knife he severed two of the leaves, swearing emphatically the while on account of his damaged fingers, and hastened to Iris with the precious beverage. She heard him managed to raise herself on an elbow. The poor girl's eyes glistened at the prospect of relief. Without a word of question or surprise she swallowed the contents of both leaves.

Then she found utterance. "How odd it tastes! What is it?" she inquired.

But the eagerness with which she quenched her thirst renewed his own momentarily forgotten torture. His tongue seemed to reply.

"The water revived Iris like a magic draught. Her quick intuition told her what had happened."

"You have had none yourself," she cried. "Go at once and get some. And please bring me some more."

He required no second bidding. After hastily gulping down the contents of several leaves he returned with a further supply. Iris was now sitting up. The sun had burst royally through the clouds, and her chilled limbs were gaining some degree of warmth and elasticity.

"What is it?" she repeated, after another delicious draught.

"The leaf of the pitcher-plant. Nature is not always cruel. In an unusually generous mood she devised this method of storing water."

Miss Deane reached out her hand for more. Her troubled brain refused to wonder at such a reply from an ordinary seaman. The sailor deliberately spilled the contents of a remaining leaf on the sand.

"No, madam," he said, with an odd mixture of deference and firmness. "No more at present. I must first procure you some food."

She looked up at him in momentary silence.

"The ship is lost," she said after a pause.

"Are we the only people saved?"

"I fear so."

"Is this a desert island?"

"I think not, madam. It may, by chance, be temporarily uninhabited, but fishermen from China come to all these places to collect tortoise-shell and beche-de-mer. I have seen no other living beings except ourselves; nevertheless, the islanders may live on the south side."

denly. Afterwards, fortunately for you, you were unconscious."

"How do you know a fair sailor but a poor steward, so I applied for a transfer. As the crew were short-handed, my offer was accepted."

Iris was now looking at him intently.

"You saved my life," she repeated slowly. It seemed that this obvious fact needed to be indelibly established in her mind. Indeed, the girl was overwrought by all that she had gone through. Only by degrees were her thoughts marshalling themselves with lucid coherence. As yet, she recalled so many drastic incidents that she failed to assume due proportion.

But quickly there came memories of Captain Ross, of Sir John and Lady Tozer, of the doctor, her maid, the hundred and one individualities of her pleasant life aboard ship. Could it be that they were all dead? The notion was monstrous. But this ghastly significance was instantly borne in upon her by the plight in which she stood. Her lips quivered; the tears trembled in her eyes.

"Is it really true that all the ship's company except ourselves are lost?" she brokenly demanded.

The sailor gravely earnest face fell before her. "Unhappily, there is no room for doubt," he said.

"Are you quite, quite sure?"

"I am sure—of course." Involuntarily he turned seawards.

(To Be Continued.)

HER CASH WON

Paid Hotel Servants \$5 a Day Not to Strike.

Denver, Aug. 6.—Ernest Ruffin, a delegate to the recent convention of the Kappa Sigma fraternity in Denver, returned from the Yellowstone Park and told this story:

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of the president, and party reached a crowded hotel in the Yellowstone Park last month, and found the servants on a strike. Mrs. Longworth said:

"Servants all on strike? Oh, that's all right. Just tell the girls I'll give them \$5 a day each if they'll work while we are here. Ask them if they won't do it as a personal favor to me."

The servants, including work, and tiny, when the Longworths arrived, all went well while the Longworths stayed at the hotel. Congressman Longworth footed the bills.

GAVE POLICE A RUN

Escapes from Montreal Court and Makes Great Dash for Liberty.

Montreal, Aug. 6.—The court house was thrown into confusion today by the daring break for freedom made by Antonio Girouard, one of the most hardened of the younger criminals known to the local police. Girouard was in the cells on the ground floor of the court house, waiting trial for a charge of burglary before Judge Choquet in the court of sessions, and by some inadvertence the keys were left in his cell door.

Girouard saw his chance, and, slipping open the door, he made a dash at the partition, scaled it, and fled along the corridor towards the main entrance.

Two policemen who were standing in the hall saw the flight, and went after him hot foot, out on the square and west along the main street.

Passers-by joined in the hue and cry, and soon the constables began to creep up on Girouard, who is more or less weakened by prison fare. He turned down St. Francois Xavier street, and the constables, who were pursuing him, succeeded in catching him and heavily ironed.

A NEW YORK TRAGEDY

Italian Lady Kills Man Who Sought To Enter Her Apartment.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 6.—Mrs. Josephine Amore, the handsome wife of Carmine Amore, an Italian was held without bail today charged with the murder of Michael Mortello last night. Although Mrs. Amore has told the police that she shot and killed Mortello while he was crawling into a window of her apartment, the police are not entirely satisfied with this statement, and have arrested Carmine Amore, chiefly because Mrs. Amore's statement conflicts with that made to the police by Mortello's wife. Mrs. Amore declared that Mortello had been annoying her with attentions for a long time, and that when he attempted to enter her apartment during her husband's absence, she shot Mortello in self-defense. Mrs. Mortello said her husband told her Amore was jealous of him, and that he feared Amore.

Mrs. Mortello said her husband was shot in the hallway of the apartment house in which both the Mortello and Amore families have apartments, as he was returning from an errand. Amore denied all knowledge of the shooting. The police found two letters from Mrs. Amore, one to her husband, and the other to her brother, in which she wrote that Mortello had been trying to induce her to run away with him, and that he had threatened her life, and that he had written her that if she did not get \$500 by Aug. 15 and be prepared then to elope with him, he would kill her. Her idea in writing the letters, the woman wrote, was so that if anything happened to her the world would know after her death that she had died a faithful wife.

TRIES SUICIDE KILLS HUSBAND

Buffalo Woman Says Man Was Shot Attempting to Take Revolver.

Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 6.—Four hours of the third degree was too much for Mrs. Anna Frances Sutherland, wife of Alexander Sutherland, who was found with a bullet hole in his breast at the foot of the stairs of his home yesterday.

About noon today she broke down and confessed to the police that she had fired the shot.

"I killed my husband," she said. "But I did not intend to. I intended to kill myself, but he tried to take the revolver away from me and he was shot."

"We have had so much trouble lately that I got despondent. I have had to run the house, take in boarders and pay all the bills. It was too much for me. We were behind two months on the rent, and we owed the butcher and the baker. My husband was jealous of me and abused me and called me names, and said I had been unfaithful to him with the boarders. That was not true. I worried. I made up my mind to kill myself."

"Two weeks ago I bought the revolver. I just meant to kill myself. Two or three times I got it out to do so, but I was afraid. Yesterday morning I went to my husband's room with the revolver. I turned on the gas and woke him up and told him I was going to kill myself. He got out of bed to stop me and I ran to the stairs. He ran after me in his night-shirt and grasped me. While we were fighting for the revolver I shot him."

AMERICAN

On Saturday, in Miles City, Mont., the temperature reached 108.

Fifteen tramps were captured in an old barn at Tonawanda, N. Y.

In Pitman, N. J., 12,000 people were present Sunday to attend camp meeting.

Ten policemen with rapid-fire revolvers are killing stray dogs in Chicago.

At Rosstter, Pa., James O'Brien, aged 52, was instantly killed in the mines, by a fall of slate.

A big advance guard has reached Boston for the convention this week of the Knights of Pythias.

At Altoona, Pa., the Pennsylvania Railroad shops, employing 12,000 men, are to be closed for a week.

Mrs. Martin L. Pyle, of Pottstown, Pa., found in an oyster a pearl that she sold to a local jeweller for \$10.

An unknown woman was struck by a train near Kelly's Station, Pa., and died on the way to the hospital.

Mine Inspector Paxton, of the Mahanoy district, reports two fatal and two non-fatal accidents for July.

Arabelle Miller, of La Crosse, Wis., was fatally wounded by a jealous lover in an attack after a dance.

The overturning of his automobile near Marion, Ill., killed H. M. Wooster, a rich ranchman of Blairtown.

Jacob H. Dye, chief of the police of Marietta, Ohio, for 30 years, died yesterday of cancer of the stomach.

A cloudburst in San Gabriel Canyon, Cal., has sent 15 feet of water down San Gabriel River, doing great damage.

When ground was broken recently at Templeton, Pa., for a new M. E. church, the first sod was dug by women.

Several barrels of vinegar exploded in the cellar of Edward Ewing, of Woodlawn, Maryland, flooding the place.

For the fifteenth time in a year Edward Conley, 12-year-old, was arrested in Camden yesterday on a charge of theft.

In an effort to stamp out hydrophobia at Newcastle, Pa., all unimmunized dogs found on the street are shot by the police.

A mob at Terry, S. D., a mining camp, almost whipped to death George Corey, who had beaten his wife while on the street.

While Jared Hafer, of Keppner, N. J., was raking oats he discovered a nest of 18 blacksnakes, all of which he succeeded in killing.

At Tyrone, Pa., by upsetting a pot of boiling coffee Albert, the 18-month-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oakwood was fatally scalded.

Cracksmen dynamited two safes in the store of Thomas J. Dunn Company, in New York, and escaped with more than \$10,000 worth of loot.

Washington County officers believe they have under arrest the man who robbed Mrs. Susan Withrow, of Malden, about a year ago of \$1,400.

Wilton Boreland, aged 18 months, of Pittsburg, Pa., was seriously burned all over his body as the result of a bottle of carbolic acid spilling on him.

H. W. Gazell, secretary-treasurer of the Farmers and Merchants' Banking Company at Cleveland, is charged with embezzling \$32,325 of the bank's funds.

At Fenton, Mich., three workmen are dead and a fourth was severely burned as the result of an explosion of coal gas and dust in a coal conveyor.

At the Bethlehem steel works this week the semi-monthly pay roll was \$175,000, or \$2,000 more than the last pay day, and the largest since last fall.

John A. Van Rensselaer, arrested in New York on the charge of sending a threatening letter to his mother, has been discharged from Bellevue Hospital as sane.

Caught by a mine motor in the Laws shaft, at Moose, John Golden, a 15-year-old boy, was nearly cut in two, and died soon after reaching the Taylor Hospital.

One man was killed and five others, probably fatally, when an automobile was struck by a train on the Susquehanna Railroad at a crossing in Bogata, N. J., tonight.

Lightning struck the house of Peter

Tomorrow, Last Day of Our Great SKIRT SALE

Saturday offers you the last chance to buy the smartest Skirts produced this season at from one-third to a half less than their actual worth.

Every Skirt in this sale is a model of good style, beauty and faultless tailoring. These are the very styles that are being worn this summer among particular dressers, and those sold yesterday received unstinted praise from the scores of shrewd women who eagerly snapped up these unusual bargains.

To clean up the remaining Skirts—we purchased 600 of them at less than half price from a manufacturing tailor—we are offering an unrestricted choice at such radical reductions from regular prices, as follows:

Panamas, Lustres and Tweed, \$3 to \$4, for	\$1.50	Voiles, Venetians, Panamas, \$8 to \$10, for	\$5
Venetians, Panamas and Lustres, \$4 to \$6, for	\$2.50	Black Voiles, silk trimmed, \$10, for	\$6.50
Venetians, Panamas, Lustres and Taffeta Cloth, \$6 to \$7.50, for	\$3.95	Black Taffeta Silk Skirt, made from an extra fine silk, would regularly sell from \$12 to \$20, for	\$7.50

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 1182 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST

Kessler, a farmer residing near Jefferson Borough, Pa., killed his 12-year-old son, and injured himself, his wife, and four other children.

At Fairmont, W. Va., O. C. Kinkhead was instantly killed by coming in contact with a live wire while making repairs at the Commercial Hotel Building. He was 58 years old.

Robert C. Carroll, of Pullman, Ill., was rescued by a crew of life savers after he had tossed about the south end of Lake Michigan for six hours in a 20-foot launch he built himself.

At Nebraska City, Neb., Johnson Tem, who shot and mortally injured his wife, and is in jail, spends most of his time praying that a mob may take him out and lynch him for his self-confessed crime.

UNCLE SAM'S CROPS

Country Will Be Favored With Full But Not Big Crop.

New York, Aug. 6.—The Journal of Commerce will publish tomorrow its monthly crop report based on 1,600 special reports received from principal states. In summarizing these reports the Journal of Commerce says:

"All that can be expected is that if early frost is 'escaped' the country will be favored with a full but not big crop. Farmers generally are securing good prices for their produce and agricultural classes seem likely to be favored with another season of prosperity. The average condition of corn is 83.5 which is an increase of 2.2 and compares with 81.1 a year ago. Spring wheat condition is 88, a decrease of 5 points during July, but still 77.10 points above the figures of August of 1907. It is 4.6 above the 10-year average, so the condition must be regarded as satisfactory."

"Winter wheat is practically harvested and the threshing returns thus far received indicate an average yield of 17.1 bushels per acre comparing with 17.5 bushels a year ago. Spring wheat harvesting is now fairly started and it is evident that recent crop damage has been much exaggerated. Applying the Produce Exchange's older formula, the condition of the crops in connection with the acreage gives a promised yield of 2,747,000,000 bushels of corn compared with an actual harvest of 2,592,000,000 bushels last year.

"The winter wheat indication is 351,685,000 bushels against 403,908,000 bushels last harvest, while the spring wheat indication is for 272,734,000 comparing with 230,179,000 bushels last year. The combined wheat indication is 664,429,000 bushels this year as compared with an actual harvest of 634,089,000 bushels in 1907. August, however, it must be noted, is frequently a

period of deterioration, so that the foregoing figures may be a shade too optimistic."

GRAFTED ON NEW SKIN

Clever Surgery May Save the Life of Eugene McAuliffe at St. John.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 6.—Two months ago Eugene McAuliffe, the 14-year-old son of Jere McAuliffe, the actor, fell under a train and had his left leg horribly mangled. Death seemed inevitable from the terrible injuries, but the doctors operated, amputating the limb close to the trunk. McAuliffe rallied, and last evening eight physicians performed a second skin-grafting operation. Some days ago a boy friend gave a large section of skin, which was successfully grafted. Yesterday a young pig was skinned, and skin taken from it to cover a great raw wound on McAuliffe's body. The pigskin has completely taken hold and McAuliffe will recover. This is the first operation of the kind ever attempted in Canada.

CATTLE STARVE IN VICTORIA

Prolonged Drought Has Placed Stock Men in a Serious Situation.

Sydney, N. S. W., Aug. 6.—The transportation of starving cattle from Victoria to New South Wales, owing to drought conditions "in the Southern States, continues, and is bound to last some time.

The recent rainfall was sufficient only to relieve for a time the position, which, by reason of the prolonged drought, had become most acute. Natural feed for stock is beside the question, and in addition to this there is a scarcity of water in dams. The cost of hand-feeding has reached enormous figures; fodder is almost at famine prices, and one owner estimates that his expenditure under this heading will not fall far short of £200 per week.

Naturally losses are very heavy. Property owners with river frontages are going in for a system of irrigation.

The electric tramways of the City of Mexico have been chartered by a company with \$1,000,000 capital.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. See, at all dealers or EDWARDS, BATES & CO., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES BRUISES, COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."



Beaver Flour

is the best pastry flour, just as it is the best bread flour.

It contains the famous pastry-making qualities of Ontario wheat—with the strength and nutriment of Manitoba wheat.

For Bread, Rolls and Biscuits—Cake and Pastry—Beaver Flour has no equal.

Write us for prices on Peas, Beans, Green Beans, etc., and we will send you a copy of our catalogue.

T. H. TAYLOR & CO., LTD., CHATELAIN, ONT.

Diarrhea

There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhea Remedy

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year.