



GASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Wm. S. Porter* In Use For Over Thirty Years **GASTORIA**

The Story away

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Message," etc.

CHAPTER XV. (Continued.)
Coke's narrative was picturesque and vivid. At times, he called himself to order; at times, both Iris and Carmela affected not to have heard him. But Carmela's interest never flagged. Nor did Bulmer's. As the years progressed, for them, and the whole party was seated in an inner room where an impromptu Brazil and the man of Lancashire seized upon the same unspoken motif. Every incident centered in the striking personality of Philip Hozier. From the instant the second bell struck the fore-castle, to the very hour of this coming together at Las Flores, Hozier held the stage. It was he who took Iris on his shoulders and brought her to safety through the spume of the wrathful sea, he who carried her to the hut, he who crossed Fernando Nerucha alone to protect her.
Coke was impartial. He would have minimized his own singular bravery in running up the ship's signals had not Iris given him a breathing-space while she enthralled the others with her description. Otherwise, Coke shipped no line of his epic.
"I'll recite," he wheezed, in a voice that rasped like a file, "you'll recite, Mr. Verity, as I said to you that Hozier was good enough to take charge of the bridge of a battleship. By—well, anyway, if I said the Channel Fleet I shouldn't 'ave him talkin' through me at. Look of 'em now. 'E's the only red live man Bone Wot's name as got. Sink me! if it wasn't for the folks at home, an' the fact that the Andromeda's skipper ought to keep clear of politics in this crimson country, I'd ave cut in at the game meself! It might be hoped that Carmela's mood would soften when she discovered her rival's hapless love, but that would be expecting something which her burning southern heart could not give. A volcano pours forth lava, not water. It scorches, but it never will or can be appeased to see those cursed lips writhe in pain. Those brown eyes dimmed, that smooth brow wrung with the grief that knows no remedy.
A fierce joy leaped up in her when Verity spoke of an early departure.
"You see, Iris," he explained, "these Brazilian bucks may be months in settlin' their differences. Dooty an' me, elped a lot by our Consul, squeezed a pass out of the President—leg pardon, miss, but 'e is President, in Pernambuco, at all events," he said in an apologetic "said," "Carmela—an' the sooner we make tracks for ole England, miss, the better for all of us. Wot do you say to an early I'm feared my rheumaty bones wouldn't stand the racket."
The color ebbed from Iris's face, but she said at once:
"I shall be ready, uncle dear. I promised Dom Corria to look after the hospital appliances that are so much needed by the poor soldiers, but the Senhora De Sylva will attend to that much more effectually than I."
"Good. That's that settled,"
David pursed out his thick lips with a sigh of relief. Though he had watched the spoken record of the Andromeda and her company for craftier hands than was suspected by his fellow travelers, he was not deaf to Coke's appreciation of Hozier. The silence of his niece on that same point was alarming, but the position could not be so so had she was willing to leave for the coast without seeing him again. The secret was made of Philip's errand into the interior. The home-ward-bound cavalcade would be at Postumera ere he returned to the line.
Carmela, of course, did not believe in a woman's complacency in such a vital matter. She was ever prepared to spring to strike, whenever their plans to suit her own ends; but, contrive as she might, she could not succeed in leaving Iris alone with Bulmer. Full of desire, she was on duty at each turn. The day wore, the sun went down, the starry sky made beautiful a pearly earth, but never a word, previously, had Iris exchanged with her husband.
Carmela's malice was not hidden from her, but she despised it. There was some case for her tortured brain in defeating it. If the Senhora De Sylva had only understood how thoroughly the English woman loathed her petty jealousy, it was possible that the few remaining hours of their enforced intimacy might have been rendered less irksome.
But, by this time, fate had gathered the slackened strings of their destinies. Thereafter, they became her puppets. Permitted for a little while to play their own inclinations, now the stern edict had gone forth that they were to act their allotted parts in one of those fascinating if blood-stained dramas that the history of nations so often puts on the stage. The

lecture is the most cunning of playwrights. No man may tell what the next scene shall be. And no man, nor any woman, could guess the misty veil of fate and war that would rage that night around the placid homestead of Las Flores.
Behind the veranda was a huge ballroom, converted, by the exigencies of the campaign, into a dining hall for the many inmates of the lines. The Brazilian ladies, who were not confined to bed, even the household servants, took their meals there in common. Supper was served soon after nine o'clock. When cigars and cigarettes were lighted and the company broken up into laughing, gossiping, noisy groups, the place looked more like a popular continental cafe than a room in a private mansion.
Though De Sylva, General Russo, San Benavides, and some score of members of the president's staff who usually dined at the time, were now absent, there was no lack of lively chatter. A very babel of tongues mixed in amity. The prevalent note was one of cheery animation. Carmela exerted herself to win popularity, and a president's daughter need not put forth very strenuous efforts in that direction to be acclaimed by most.
Iris was listening, with real interest, to Verity's description of the finding of Macfarlane in the Andromeda's boat by a Cardiff-bound edler three days after he had drifted away from Fernando Nerucha.
"The yarn seem to us through the Consul at Pernambuco," he said. "Evidently, from wot you tell me, 'e's all right. Poor ole Mac' ad a bad time afore 'e was picked up, but 'e was alive, an' 'e's jolly glad of it, for 'e'll be a first-rate witness w'ot this business comes up in court."
"Wot court?" demanded Coke sharply.
"The court that settles our claim, of course," retorted Verity, with a quick ferret look at his fellow-commutator.
"There'll be no claim. The President means to stomp up in style. You take my tip, an' shut up about courts," said Coke.
"It'll cost Brazil a tidy penny," remarked Bulmer thoughtfully. "Nobody would ever imagine wot bags of gold an' parcels of diamonds saloon an' firemen carry around in their kit-bags ill a ship is lost an' a Government 'as to pay."
"Watis deemed this an exquisted joke. He laughed loudly.
"That reminds me," he cried. "W'en the Gen of the Sea turned turtle on the James 'Mary."
A criado, a nondescript man-servant attached to the household, stooped over Iris and whispered something. She gathered that she was wanted in the patio, or courtyard, which, owing to the construction of the house, stood on one side in its usual position.
"Who is it?" she asked.
"The vone sank even lower."
"Colonel San Benavides, Senhora."
She had gathered sufficient of Brazilian ways to understand that the man had been bribed to convey this request to her without attracting attention.
"Tell him to wait," she said, hoping to gain a moment wherein to decide how best to act.
"It is urgent, Senhora—so mesmo tempo the colonel said."
"Go! That is my answer."
The man's unwillingness to obey showed how imperative were his instructions. She rose, and the criado hurried out, satisfied that she would follow. But Iris had no wish to meet San Benavides. If she were seen with him in the dark patio at this late hour, word would be added to the fire of Carmela's foolish spite. She was her from the other end of the long room, she came to the door.
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THE NEW BRUNSWICK TELEPHONE COMPANY (LIMITED) WILL ISSUE IN JUNE 1st A New Telephone Directory MAY 10th NO ENTRIES OR CORRECTIONS WILL BE RECEIVED AFTER MAY 10th

EXHIBITION TENDERS—ROOFING TENDERS FOR ROOFING will be received by the Exhibition Association at their offices, No. 56 Prince William St., on May 5th. Particulars of the work can be had at any time during the day. Packages to be included contract are: Cattle Shed, Sheep Pen, Piggyery, Agricultural Hall and Box Store. H. A. PORTER, Secretary

PING
E ALMANAC
Tides
New York, April 30—Sid, strm Carthagenian, for St John's (Nfld), Halifax and Philadelphia.
Quebec, April 30—Sid, strm Manchester, for Montreal.
Quebec, April 30—Sid, strm Indrani, for St John.
Quebec, May 1—Sid, strm Celtic, from New York for Liverpool, and proceeded.
Liverpool, May 1—Sid, strm Transonic, from St John.
Southampton, May 1—Sid, strm New York, from New York.
Quebec, May 1—Sid, strm Baltic, from New York for Montreal, for New York.
Liverpool, May 1—Sid, strm Grampani, for Montreal; Laurentic, for Quebec.
FOREIGN PORTS.
New York, April 30—Sid, strm Fran, for Chatham (N B).
New York, April 30—Sid, strm Roth, for Lumburg.
City Island, April 30—Bound south, strm Peerless, from St John for New York; Alaska, from Windsor for New York.
Gloucester, April 30—Sid, strm Flora, from St John for New York.
Salon, April 30—Sid, strm Alameda, from St John; Nettie Shipman, from New York for Fredericton (N B).
Vineyard Haven, April 30—Sid, strm J. Nelson, from Philadelphia for Sydney (C B); Norvia Queen, from South Amboy to Westport (N B); Mamel R Cruz, from St John for New Bedford.
Boston, April 30—Sid, strm Bavola, from St John; Nellie Eaton, from St John; Vineyard Haven, May 1—Sid, strm Miel R Coza, from St John for New York; Joseph Hart, 2nd, from Galia for New York; Mattie J. Allen, from St John (N B) for Norwalk (Conn); Oriole, from St John for New Bedford.
May 1—Sid, strm Orosimbo, from St John.
London, May 1—Sid, strm George, from New York for St John; Young, from New York for St John.
May 1—Sid, strm Yokindo, from St John (to rejoin).
May, from St John for New York; Cheever (N B); Reed, from Perth (port); Centennial, from Perth; Geo V Anderson, from Newswale; I-Ad, strm Rhode, from Reading.
1—Sid, strm Orling, from Perth.
IN PORT.

"EVEN IN YOUTH NEVER STRONG"
Now the Rich, Happy Possessor of Good Health Which was Restored by DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS
"Even when I was young I was not robust and healthy like other girls. I suffered from headaches and had sort of blue feelings that deprived me of the joyful spirits and pleasures other girls seemed to get. After I married I found I could not throw worries off like other women, and those dull feelings of despondency and weariness made me very unhappy. There was no cause to feel so, and my doctor said my liver was sluggish and this accounted for my poor color, my tiredness, languor and pain. The pills the doctor gave me and I became more robust and healthy because they were too a cure for my liver. Dozens of my friends recommended Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I got a mild and healthful. Well, I tried them and acted so quietly as Dr. Hamilton's. They were so comfortable and so quick that they might not be out in a week I

"I shall be sorry to lose you," she said.
"Though I admit it will be pleasant to occupy my own room again."
Then Iris was genuinely distressed.
"I had not the least notion," she began, but Carmela nodded and made off, leaving no word behind.
"What matter—for one night?"
"Not at all, she would learn the truth, Salvador was out there alone. She would know, if he had merely been made ready to forgive. In a more amiable mood since her arrival at Las Flores, Carmela had passed through a porch, and searched the shadows of the patio for the form of her one-time lover.
A voice whispered in French:
"Come quickly, Senhora. I pray you!"
French until it occurred to her that Iris had been conversing in that language or French. The saloon stirred again.
"Senhora, je vous prie!" again pleaded the man, who was on horseback under the trees.
She did not hesitate, but ran to him. Without a word of explanation, he bent sideways, caught her in his arms, drew her up until she was seated on the balcony and wheeled his horse into a gallop. Filled with a grim determination she uttered a protest. Not assailable crossed her lips no blunder—"

Capt. Butler Sign G. H. Flood, agent of Fisheries department here, re Saturday of the appointment of signal master of St. John by the death of the late I. Captain Butler is a native country, but has made his North End for the past several years during which time he has the port of St. John. For he has been master of the service.

Rev. Dr. Falconer, of Halifax at both services in St. Andrews yesterday to large and appreciative congregations. Rev. H. P. DeWolfe, principal of the Ladies College, preached to large congregations morning and evening in Green Baptist church yesterday. His discourse was strongly evangelical in text was "Even as Moses lifted serpent in the wilderness, so Son of Man be lifted up."

Don't feed a Col A Peruvian proverb. The Real Facts in the Case One of the commonest of proverbs is, "Feed a cold and starve a fever,"—advice which has bedeviled many a churchyard. The fallacy lies in assuming that a cold is a fever and a fever is a cold. In fact, a cold is a fever. When the terms of etymology are applied to the words, the