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MONCTON AND ST. JOHN

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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"You ought to be careful in your choice of words," he said pompously.

"There is no question of 'dare' or 'dare not' where I am concerned. Signora, do me the favor of sitting here while I discuss matters briefly with Signor Alfieri. Signor, be good enough to precede me."

He pointed to the door. With a queer catching at her breath, Mrs. Haxton sank into a chair. Alfieri folded his arms and gazed at the Governor with eyes that blazed under his heavy brows.

"You are the representative of Italy," he said, making a great effort to speak quietly. "I call on you to lodge that woman in a cell so that she may be tried with her accomplices."

"If you do not go instantly, and in silence, into the corridor, I shall call on my guards to take you there by force," exclaimed Marchetti with a more successful assumption of ease.

Alfieri turned his lambent glance on Mrs. Haxton, but the governor stopped the imminent outbreak.

"I said in silence," he roared, stretching a hand to give a bell-ring. Alfieri, with a fierce gesture of disdain, went out. His Excellency bowed to the lady.

"Two minutes," he murmured. "The wine on the table is Capri. You will find it grateful after this somewhat heated interview."

But Mrs. Haxton drank no wine when the Governor followed Alfieri. She bit her lips and clenched her hands in an agony of restraint. This lull in the storm was more trying than the full fury of the blast.

The Governor's two minutes lengthened into ten. Then he hurried back alone. He was manifestly ill at ease, though he spoke lightly enough.

"I am taking a grave case, signora," he said, "but I feel that the peculiar circumstances warrant it. I have released the Baron von Kerber. He is now awaiting trial, and it will give me much pleasure to conduct you to your carriage. Yet I pray you give earnest heed to me. I have told him what I now tell you—his undertaking of yours must be abandoned. Not only is it my duty to prevent it at all costs, but an expedition starts for the Five Hills this very night. So, you see, you are sure to fall in any case. The exact locality is known, and Signor Alfieri has an armed escort. I repeat, you have failed. May I hope, without being rude, that your love affairs may be more prosperous. Charming woman that you are, I cannot compliment you on either of your present suitors. My advice is, go back to England and help me tomorrow in persuading Signor Fenshawe to let matters rest where they are."

As one walking in a dream, Mrs. Haxton accompanied Marchetti to the courtyard. There she found von Kerber, who ran to meet her.

"So it is you," he cried in English. "I guessed it, though they would tell me nothing."

The Governor was most polite. He would not lecture her before natives.

"I have spoken as a friend tonight," he murmured. "Tomorrow I shall be an official once more."

The alabaster rattled across the paved square towards the gateway. Alfieri, on an expedition starts for the Five Hills this very night. So, you see, you are sure to fall in any case. The exact locality is known, and Signor Alfieri has an armed escort. I repeat, you have failed. May I hope, without being rude, that your love affairs may be more prosperous. Charming woman that you are, I cannot compliment you on either of your present suitors. My advice is, go back to England and help me tomorrow in persuading Signor Fenshawe to let matters rest where they are."

"The driver swung his horses towards the sea front."

"No, no," cried Mrs. Haxton, "Go through the bazaar. Drive slowly." And in the next breath she explained to von Kerber: "We must find Abdullah. He is somewhere in the main street. Above all things, we must find Abdullah. Alfieri leaves Massawa tonight, he is making for the Five Hills. Our only hope lies with Abdullah."

CHAPTER XII. Stump Depends on Observation. After eight hours of dreamless sleep, Irene awoke to a torpid but blissful conviction that bed is a most comfortable place when bones ache and the slightest movement is made through patches of chafed skin. In fact, having buried her hands gingerly in the wealth of brown hair that streamed over the pillow, she lay and watched the white planks of the deck overhead, wondering idly what time it was. The effort to guess the hour brought her a stage horror complete consciousness. Her first precise recollection was also pleasant. She thought of the way in which Royson had carried her in his arms not so many hours earlier, and the memory banished all others for many minutes.

If she smiled and blushed a little, it may be pleaded that she was twenty years of age, and had passed her girlhood amidst surroundings from which young men eligible to carry young ladies in their arms, or even hold them there, were rigorously excluded. Not that her grandfather was a misanthrope, but his interests were bound up so thoroughly in Egyptian research that his friends were, for the most part, elderly savants with kindred tastes. The wreck of the Bokhara, too, with Irene's father and mother among its passengers, had helped to cut him away from the social world. When the grief of that tragedy had yielded to the passing years he had hardly realized that the child who had crept into his affections was growing up into a beautiful and light-hearted girl. Quite inasmuch she assimilated herself to his hobbies and studies, became mistress of his London house and fine estate in Berkshire, and by operation of forces more effective in their way than any Puritanical safeguards, lived apart from the gay throng in which she was eminently fitted to take a leading place.

Irene offered, then, a somewhat unusual type. While other girls might recite the number of male hearts they had subdued during the past season, Irene could state, with equal accuracy, the names of the gods of the Memphis order, though her grandfather's wealth and eagerness of a skilled maid compelled her to take a passing interest in fashions, she was far more devoted to variations in accents. Such attainments, so sedulously pursued during the succeeding decade, might have converted her into an alarmingly precise Blue Bird. As it was, the Memphis gods smiled on her, and the scarab might buzz off to their museums contentedly at any moment, for Irene was only waiting the advent of an unrequited influence into her life to develop into a tender, sympathetic, delightful womanhood.

Indeed, if Ka and Ra and beetle-headed Khepra were so important in the scheme of existence that this dainty scientist carried naught for the moth-life of society, why, then, did she blush when she remembered how closely Dick Royson had clasped her to his breast overnight? Perhaps she might have asked herself that question, only to blush more deeply in reply. It is said that the goddess Isis was distracted by the extraordinary behavior of a silk undershirt hanging on a peg at the foot of the bed. It was swinging to and fro with the regularity of a pendulum, and that which is regular is a pendulum is fantastically irregular in its undertone. She set up quickly, and listened. There was a swish of water under the eaves. Now and again she heard a slight movement of the rudder chains as their boxes. Then, all aglow with wonder and excitement, she jumped out of bed and drew the curtain of one of the two tiny portholes that gave light to her cabin.

Yes, another marvel had happened. The yacht was speeding along under canvas, was already far out at sea. Where Maso-wah's yellow sandpit shone yesterday were now blue waterlilies dancing in the sun, and Irene was sailor enough to know that the Aphrodite was bound south. She rang an electric bell, and her maid came.

"Yes, miss," said the girl, "we've been going since midnight. As soon as Mrs. Haxton and Baron von Kerber came on board—"

"Baron von Kerber, did you say?" broke in Irene breathlessly. (To be Continued.)

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ST. ANDREW'S MEN WANT TO OWN A HOME

At Annual Meeting Last Night St. Andrew's Society Took Initial Step Toward Securing a Building.

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's Society last night, Dr. J. R. McIntosh was elected president for the ensuing year. It was decided that St. Andrew's day be celebrated this year by a "Scottish Night," and the old and new officers were appointed a committee to make arrangements.

The members of the society will attend divine services at St. David's church on the 29th inst. at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. An important step was taken towards the augmentation of the building fund of the society. It had long been felt among members that it was desirable to secure better quarters. It did not seem possible to rent suitable rooms and an agitation was set on foot in favor of erecting a building. A good many years ago one of the members, the late Robert Milligan, left a small sum to the society as a building fund. This with interest now amounts to \$385.00.

The following motion which was introduced by R. R. Macaulay, and seconded by J. Roy Campbell, was carried unanimously:

"That a committee be appointed to prepare and submit at the February quarterly meeting, such amendments or amendments to the constitution as will provide for a proposition of the members to be carried to the building fund, provided that such change shall not come into effect until the capital of the charitable funds of the society shall amount to \$10,000."

The committee was appointed in accordance with the motion. Mr. White, submitted his annual report which was certified by the auditors, R. B. Kessen and J. F. MacIntyre, his vice president; Robert B. Patterson, 2nd vice president; Rev. A. A. Graham, chaplain; Alexander Wilson, historian; John White, treasurer; Cyrus F. Inches, secretary; P. S. Burpee and C. W. Bell, marshals; Dr. P. R. Inches, Andrew MacIntyre and James Mack, committee of charity. The president appointed H. S. Cruikshank, Alex. Cruikshank, W. H. Ross, John Gibson and Lawrence McLellan, the society pipers. B. Kessen and J. B. Patterson were chosen auditors.

The society received from St. Andrew's Society in Edinburgh a large box of beautiful charity. The president appointed H. S. Cruikshank, Alex. Cruikshank, W. H. Ross, John Gibson and Lawrence McLellan, the society pipers. B. Kessen and J. B. Patterson were chosen auditors. The society received from St. Andrew's Society in Edinburgh a large box of beautiful charity. The president appointed H. S. Cruikshank, Alex. Cruikshank, W. H. Ross, John Gibson and Lawrence McLellan, the society pipers. B. Kessen and J. B. Patterson were chosen auditors.

After adjournment, the members, on invitation of the new president and escorted by the pipers, marched to White's restaurant, where a pleasant evening was spent, aided by refreshments, songs and stories. After the gathering broke up Dr. McIntosh was escorted to his home according to the time honored custom, the pipers marching in front playing stirring national airs.

The ferry committee enquire into the recent accident at the East Side floats and the society pipers, B. Kessen and J. B. Patterson, will be re-opened on next Tuesday evening. An opportunity will then be given for hearing the additional evidence which Mr. Lewis claims he will bring forward. Aid. Baxter and Superintendent Glasgow will also give evidence on the charge, which is said to have been made that undue influence was at the bottom of the dismissal of the engineer.

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Fashion Hint for Times Readers



FROM PARIS COMES THIS PRETTY BLOUSE.

So marvelously like fine hand needlework are some of the sheer embroideries produced by the St. Gall manufacturers that there is more and more tendency to incorporate these dainty trimmings in high-class lingerie houses. The embroidery is done on "hand looms" and has almost the individuality of painstaking hand-wrought work turned out in the French convents and by the inimitable Apennine needlewomen. The pretty waist illustrated is built entirely of strips of this fine "hand loom" needlework, showing a conventional figure on a delicate background, alternating with insertions of Normande Valenciennes lace. Needlework and lace in this instance are put together with entire ease—"seaming"—a most painstaking task, but well worth the extra trouble in the effect of distinction achieved. The deep yoke of Valenciennes lace to match the insertions is made by laying upon top of the lace up to the top of the high collar. An extra touch of elaboration is the butterfly inset of Venice, which helps to make this really quite simple little model rather intricate in effect.

DOMINION BAPTISTS ADOPT A SCHEME FOR FEDERATION

It Now Remains for the District Conventions to Ratify the Decision in Order to Bring it into Effect.

Ottawa, Nov. 5.—Baptist Union in the Dominion is practically accomplished. The report of the committee with its draft constitution was adopted substantially without change, the only thing that remains to be done for the three provinces, Ontario and Quebec, Maritime Provinces and the West to ratify the proceedings and to nominate representatives for the first meeting of the new union to be held in Toronto. It was suggested that all meetings in the future be held in Toronto but this is a question which the union itself will have to determine.

To give the plan of union definite form, a resolution was proposed by Rev. Dr. Norton of Toronto, which was accepted, declaring that formation of a Baptist union was both desirable and practicable. It recommended the appointment of a committee of fifteen to prepare a report on the subject to be presented to the annual meeting of the union in 1910. The committee was composed of Rev. Dr. Norton, Rev. J. A. Cameron, Rev. H. M. Fowler, Rev. I. A. Corbett, Rev. H. W. Snyder, Rev. J. A. Corbett, Rev. H. McDonald, and Rev. George R. White. The application of Brandon College to the Manitoba legislature for a charter was endorsed. This concluded the business of the conference.

MRS. SARAH WIGMORE MET AWFUL DEATH IN HER HOME

Burned to Death Last Night While Alone in Son-in-Law's House—Clothing Caught From Lamp.

Mrs. Sarah Wigmore, widow of W. A. Wigmore, was burned to death last night about 7.30 o'clock in the home of her son-in-law, Robert Bailey, 22 Erin street. No one knows exactly how the tragedy occurred as the old lady was alone in the house at the time.

The fire department, responding to an alarm from box 17, was promptly reaching the house, and just as the firemen entered the front door they heard Mrs. Wigmore fall to the floor in the parlor.

Hurrying in, they saw her writhing on the floor between the table and the window with her head touching the wall. The clothing was burned from her body. It was a horrible sight. It did not take long to smother out the flames but the unfortunate woman was by that time dead. The house was quickly cleared of the curious crowd which had gathered, and Mrs. Wigmore was between sixty and sixty-five years of age, and it appears had been subject to fainting spells. When the body was lifted from the floor the remains of a small lamp were found under her and it is supposed that she was carrying the lamp lighted when it set fire to her dress. Nothing else in the room was burned, and even the carpet on which she lay was only charred.

It was only a few minutes after the tragedy when Mr. Bailey, the son-in-law, who had been sent for, arrived. In conversation with a Telegraph reporter he said he was unable to account for the fatal fall. "Mrs. Bailey and I had left her alone in the house only five minutes when it happened," he said. "She had been subject to fainting spells for thirty or forty years, but she always took them in bed at night. I never knew or heard of her having them in the daytime. She was my mother-in-law and came to live with us last May. Our relations were always of the pleasantest. Mrs. Wigmore was a woman of a very gentle, obliging disposition, and was very thoughtful of the comfort of others."

Coroner Berryman, after viewing the body, gave permission to have it prepared for burial. The lower limbs were fearfully burned and the whole body was badly marked by the disease.

Mrs. Wigmore, before she went to live

A FOOD PERFORMANCE BY BOSTON OPERA CO. LAST NIGHT

Gounod's Faust was Excellently Sung at the Opera House—Lucia is Tonight's Bill.

The Boston Opera Singers made a distinctly big hit last night in their presentation of Gounod's Faust. The merit of the performance by this talented aggregation seems to increase with each succeeding night, and the general rendering of this opera was in every sense a greater success than that given on their previous visit to St. John. The artists have become accustomed to each other and to the director and all goes as smoothly as the proverbial marriage bell.

The plot of this opera is so well known that it needs no retelling and it is only necessary to dwell upon special points of the generally excellent presentation last evening. Lyman Wheeler had not previously been seen in the title role, but he created a most favorable impression, using his rich vibrant voice with telling effect. The one thing he needs to make his work still higher perfect is greater abandon. His stage attitude generally is little too formal to be sufficiently convincing, and in this way he fails to carry his audience with him. With this point reminding his work would be fine indeed.

Francis excelled herself last night and at most times rose to the full height of her powers. She much strengthened the high opinion formed of her by her previous performance two months ago, and she was free from nervousness from which she evidently suffered on that occasion. She was at her best in the garden scene with Faust, which was emotionally strong, and her exquisite voice displayed itself in the ravishing strains throughout the act and she delivered the Jewel song brilliantly.

F. J. Boyle makes a supreme by satisfying the audience with his performance. He is a contradiction, that is one of the few great personations of Mephistopheles on the operatic stage today. It is understood that he studied the part in Paris, and assimilated all that was to be learnt of its traditions. This coupled with a powerful personality and splendid vocal equipment, makes Mephisto a thing to be remembered. A grim and menacing figure, his Mephisto permeates all with his sardonic humor and pervades the action with his infernal machinations.

Miss Stetler is to be congratulated on the great success that she achieved as Siebel, the youth. Her fine and flexible contralto voice proved to be a sympathetic medium for the music of the part, and she received a well deserved encore in the Flower Song.

Mr. Cantoni makes a most acceptable Valentine and his reading of the part is evidently the result of careful study. He was specially impressive in the death scene. Miss Preston and C. A. Pardon acquitted themselves worthily in their respective parts of Martha and Wagner. The chorus were exceptionally praiseworthy, their bright tone being noticeable. The Soldiers chorus was heartily accorded. In view of the full orchestra that is called for in the work, it is a pity that it could not be rendered in anything like its entirety last night, but Mr. Francis did wonders at the piano.

Lucia is the bill tonight, and the excellence of this aggregation merits full praise for the remainder of the week.

LECTURE ON FOLK LORE

The second lecture on "Folk-Lore" given by the Ladies' Association of the Natural History Society, was held on Thursday afternoon and was listened to with much attention and interest by the large number present. The lecturer, Mrs. Grandlund, took as her subject the "Folk-Lore of Finland."

Before the president introduced the speaker, Miss Knight sang a folk song of Finland, and Miss Murray gave a violin solo, both of which were much enjoyed. After the lecture, Mrs. Knight sang the Finnish national anthem. Tea was served by Mrs. A. R. Melrose, Mrs. W. P. Bonnell, Mrs. A. B. Gilmour and the Misses Fotherley.

WEDDINGS

Porter-Coughlin. A quiet wedding was solemnized Thursday in the Methodist parsonage, 48 Duke street, when John Porter and Miss Nora Coughlin, both of this city, were married by Rev. H. D. Marr. The bride was attended by the groom's sister, Miss Alice Porter, and the groom's brother, George Porter, was groomsman.

Temple Fair.

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