

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

The Indian translated this order and the chief vociferated some clanging syllables which had the desired effect. The two halted some ten paces in front of the cavern, and the belligerent surveyed each other. It was a fascinating spectacle, this drama in real life. The yellow-faced Dyak, gaudily attired in a crimson jacket and sky-blue pantaloons of Chinese silk—a man with the beauty of a devil, young and powerfully built—and the brown-skinned white-clothed Mahomedan, bony, tall and grey with hard-ship, looked up at the occupants of the ledge. Iris, slim and boyish in her male garments, was dwarfed by the six-foot sailor, but her face was blood-stained, and Jenks wore a steeple of stubble of beard. Holding their Lee-Metfords with alert ease, with revolvers strapped to their sides, they presented a warlike and imposing tableau in their inaccessibly high and in the path of the emissaries lay the bodies of the slain. The Dyak leader scowled again as he passed them.

"Sahib," began the Indian, "my chief, Taung S'Al, does not wish to have any more of the men killed in a foolish quarrel about a woman. Give her up, he says, and he will either leave you here in peace, or carry you safely to some place where you can find a ship manned by white men."

"A woman!" said Jenks, scornfully. "That is idle talk! What woman is here?"

This question nuzzled the native. "The woman whom the chief saw half a month back, sahib."

"Taung S'Al was bewitched. I saw his men so quickly that he saw spirits."

The chief caught his name and broke in with a question. A volley of talk between the two was enlivened with expressive gestures by Taung S'Al, who several times pointed to Iris, and Jenks now anathematized his thoughtless folly in permitting the Dyak to approach the woman. The Mahomedan, of course, had never seen her, and might have persuaded the other that in truth there were two men only on the rock.

His fears were only too well founded. The Mussulman salaamed respectfully and said—

"Protector of the poor, I cannot gainsay your word, but Taung S'Al says that the maid stands by your side and is none the less the woman he seeks in that she wears a man's clothing."

"He has sharp eyes, but his brain is added," retorted the sailor. "Why does he come here to seek a woman who is not of his race? Not only has he brought death to his people and himself, but he has brought death to the whole tribe by an English warship. Tell him to take away his boats and never visit this island again. Perhaps I will then grant his treacherous attempt to murder us whilst we slept last night."

The chief glared back defiantly, whilst the Mahomedan said—

"Sahib, it is best not to anger him too much. He says he means to have the girl. He saw her beauty that day and she inflamed his heart. She has cost him many lives, but she is worth a Sultan's ransom. He cares not for the lives in the hills. By the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, sahib, he will not harm you if you give her up, but if you refuse he will kill you both. And what is one woman more or less in a world of blood-letting?"

The sailor knew the eastern character too well not to understand the man's amazement that he should be so solicitous about the fate of one of the weaker sex. It was seemingly useless to offer terms, yet the native was clearly so anxious for an amicable settlement that he caught at a straw.

"You come from Delhi?" he asked.

"Honored one, you have great wisdom."

"None but a Delhi man swears by the tomb on the road to the Kutub. You have escaped from the Andamans?"

"Sahib, I did but slay a man in self-defense."

"Whatever the cause, you can never again see India. Nevertheless, you mix once more with the bazaar-folk in the Chandni Chowk, and sit at night on a charpoy near the Lahore Gate?"

The brown skin assumed a sallow tinge.

"That is good speaking," he gurgled. "Then help me and my friend to escape. Compel your chief to leave the island. Kill him! Plot against him! I will promise you freedom and plenty of rupees. Do this, and I swear to you I will come in a ship and take you away. The miss-sahib's father is powerful. He has great influence with Shikar."

Taung S'Al was evidently bewildered and annoyed by this passionate appeal which he did not understand. He demanded an explanation, and the ready-witted native was obliged to when he raised his face to Jenks there was the look of a hunted animal in his eyes.

"Sahib," he said, endeavoring to conceal his agitation, "I am one among many. A word from me and they would cut my throat. If I were with you, for I was in the Kumaon Rissala when the trouble befell me, it is of no avail to bargain with a tiger, sahib. I suppose you will not give up the miss-sahib. Pretend to argue with me. I will help in any way possible."

Jenks heart bounded when this unlooked-for offer reached his ears. The unfortunate Mahomedan was evidently eager to get away from the piratical gang into whose power he had fallen. But the chief was impatient. But the chief was impatient. But the chief was impatient.

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"Then, sahib, there is nothing more to be said. Beware of the trees on your right. They can send silent stand. And I will not fail you tonight, on my life," cried the interpreter.

"I believe you. Go! But inform your chief that once you have disappeared round the rock whence you came I will talk to him only with a rifle."

Taung S'Al seemed to comprehend the Englishman's emphatic motions. Waving his hand defiantly, the Dyak turned, and with one parting glance of mute assurance, the Indian followed him.

And now there came to Jenks a great temptation. Iris touched his arm and whispered—

"What have you decided? I did not dare to speak lest he should hear my voice."

Poor girl! She was sure the Dyak could not penetrate her disguise, though she feared from the manner in which the conference broke up that it had not been satisfactory.

Jenks did not answer her. He knew that if he killed Taung S'Al his men would be so dispirited that when the night came they would fly. There was so much at stake—Iris, wealth, love, happiness, life itself—all depended on his plighted word. A man, a human vampire soiled with every conceivable crime, was stalking back to safety with a certain dignified strut, calmly trusting to the white man's bond.

Oh, it was cruel! The ordeal of that ghastly moment was more trying than all that he had hitherto experienced. He gave a choking sob of repulsion, out of sight without even deigning to give another glance at the ledge or at those who silently watched him.

Iris could not guess the nature of the mortal struggle raging in the sailor's soul.

"Tell me," she repeated, "what have you done?"

"I have done nothing," he said, "but I have decided to let the woman go."

"You have done well," she said, "but I am sure you will regret it."

"I am sure of it," he said, "but I have decided to let the woman go."

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"Keep faith with that swaggering ruffian," he said, with an odd feeling of thankfulness that he spoke truly.

"Why? Have you made him any promise?"

"Unhappily I permitted him to come here, so I had to let him go. He recognized you instantly."

This surprised her greatly.

"Are you sure? I saw him pointing at me, but he seemed to be in such a bad temper that I imagined that I was angry with you for exchanging a prophesying young-lady for an ill-favored youth."

Jenks with difficulty suppressed a sigh. Her words for an instant had the old piquant flavor.

Keeping a close watch on the sheltering promontory he told her all that had taken place. Iris became very downcast when she grasped the exact state of affairs. She was almost certain when the Dyaks proposed a parley that reasonable terms would be reached. It horrified her beyond measure to find that she was the rock on which negotiations were wrecked. Hope died within her. The bitterness of death was in her breast.

"What an unlucky intuition I have had on your existence!" she exclaimed. "If it were not for me this trouble at least would be spared you. Because I am here you are condemned."

Again, because I stopped you from shooting that wretched chief and his companions they are now demanding your life as a forfeit. It is all my fault. I cannot bear it."

She was on the verge of tears. The strain had been too great for her. After indulging in a wild dream of freedom, to be told that they must again endure the irksome confinement the active suffering, the slow horrors of a siege in that rocky prison, almost distracted her.

Jenks was very stern and curt in his reply.

"We must make the best of a bad business," he said. "If we are in a tight place, and eighteen of their number are dead or wounded. You forget too, that Providence has sent us a most useful ally in the Mahomedan. When all is said and done, things might be far worse than they are."

Never before had his tone been so cold, his manner so abrupt, not even in the old days when he purposely endeavored to make her dislike him.

She walked along the ledge and timidly bent over him.

"Forgive me!" she whispered. "I did forget for the moment, not only the goodness of Providence, but also your self-sacrificing devotion. I am only a woman, and I don't want to die, but I will not live unless you too are saved."

Once already that day she had expressed this thought in other words. Jenks shivered, though the rock was still warm. He must divert her mind from this dreadful brooding.

"The fact is," he said with a feeble attempt at cheerfulness, "we are both hungry and consequently grumpy. Now, suppose you prepare lunch. We will feel ever so much better after we have eaten."

(To be Continued.)

BIG LOSS BY FIRES

Millions of Dollars' Damage Done in British Columbia.

Victoria, B. C., Sept. 3.—The heavy rains of the past few days have worked incalculable good in all but extinguishing the forest fires that have for weeks been raging in the Cowichan district, and thence toward the heart of Vancouver Island. The fire centred in the vicinity of the Mount Sicker mining camp, where all save five buildings in what is once a flourishing mining village, went up in flames.

The cream of the island's most accessible timber wealth has been licked up by the fires, and the C. P. R., the Victoria and Chemainus Lumber Company and the Cowichan and Ladysmith Lumber Companies are heavy sufferers, their losses running far into six figures.

It is estimated that forest fires thus for this season throughout British Columbia have caused losses approximately \$25,000,000. The heaviest of these losses was in the Crow's Nest section, where the destruction of the town of Fernie was a heavy contribution to the paralyzing total.

PLANTS HAVE MEMORY

Akin to the Nervous Systems of Animals, Says Scientist.

Dublin, Sept. 3.—Sir S. H. Darwin, in an address here today, developed his theory of the consciousness of plants. He contended that plants have a memory, have habits, and can behave differently to what might be called their moods. He argued that plants have something corresponding very nearly to the nervous system of animals. They are quite as sensitive to certain agencies as animals, quite as capable of telegraphing one part of their organism to another, and there exists in them a faint copy of what we call consciousness in ourselves.

Growth itself, he maintained, was a sort of habit made possible by memory in their cells, so that growth could be changed at any period of its progress or surroundings, if that by a sort of will. These changes are growth, remembered by successive generations and thus acquired characters are inherited.

Prof. Darwin developed his argument at great length. He was listened to with deep attention, but there was much shaking of heads by the numerous scientists in the audience.

There is a great deal of talk in Ireland about rents and purchase and dairying and grazing, and about land and beasts and other inanimate and animate things, but very little talk about man, the most neglected creature that walks the earth in Ireland today.

Michigan ranks second of the states in the Union in its potato product.

More than 100,000 railway employees in England are working at a wage of less than \$5 a week. Only about 11 per cent get more than \$7 50 a week.

POPULAR VOTES FOR SUNDAY CARS

Municipal Association Wants Legislation to Allow It.

THE CONTROL OF THE STREETS

Another Request Made to the Legislature—The Burying of the Wires.

Toronto, Sept. 3.—Among the resolutions which were adopted by the Municipal Association today, and for which the association will endeavor to secure legislation, were:

That the Legislature be asked to provide for the operation of Sunday street cars in any municipality where a vote of the people is taken on the subject and is decided in favor of Sunday cars.

That the Dominion Parliament and the Ontario Legislature be asked to pass legislation to the effect that no individual, partnership, or corporation shall have power to place poles, wires, rails pipes, or conduits over, upon or under the highways without the consent of the council.

That the act be amended so as to base the assessment for county purposes on real property alone, and not on business and income.

Legislation will also be sought to compel companies having poles and wires on the streets in cities and towns to base the assessment for the town or city authorities, in any way objectionable, to remove the wires and place them in underground conduits, the company to be compelled to pay the bill.

Hon. Adam Beck addressed the association this afternoon on "Some Phases of the Power Question."

A resolution was adopted in favor of the amendment of the assessment act so as to permit income tax being remitted in cases where the taxed person dies within the assessment year.

The association defeated the motion of Mr. Stephen Grant, of London, for the assessment of loan corporations upon their capital or earnings.

A motion by City Solicitor Doherty, of St. Thomas, in favor of the amendment of the municipal act to exempt municipalities from liability for damages as the result of accidents on the highways, was carried.

After a lengthy debate a resolution was adopted in favor of continuing being secured in the work of towns and cities by the retirement of one-half of the members of the council each year.

A resolution which was carried was recommending that the Liquor License act should be amended to make it illegal for the holder of a shop license in one municipality to establish an agency in another.

The resolution of Mayor Kennedy, of Owen Sound, that the municipal act be amended so as to prohibit from sitting in any council members of joint stock companies in business with the municipality, was thrown out. The association also decided that it was not advisable for that body to recommend any change in the system of municipal auditing.

The association elected the following officers this afternoon: President,

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEAD.

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and promoting this annoying complaint while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure one.

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end there. Those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But get a stick head.

ACHE

These are the kind of Biscuits that Beaver Flour makes—light, flaky, tasty, inviting, appetizing.

is equally good for Bread and Biscuits—Cake and Pies because it combines the famous pastry-making qualities of Ontario flour with the strength of Manitoba wheat flour.

Ask your grocer for "Beaver"

"Beaver Flour"

Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for all every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles.

See testimonials in the press and ask your money back if not satisfied. 50c. at all druggists or J. H. Chapman & Co., Toronto.

PILES

The new electric Fastnet light off Cape Clear, Ireland, is of 750,000-candlepower. The cost was \$420,000. This

reave of Springfield and the warden of Wentworth.

THAW STAYS THERE

Cannot Yet Be Taken to an Asylum for the Insane.

Foughkeepsie, N. Y., Sept. 3.—Justice Moerschauser refused today to grant an order transferring H. K. Thaw from the Dutchess County Jail to some other institution. Application for the order was made by counsel for Sheriff Robert W. Chantler, who alleged that the jail was not a proper place to keep a prisoner who was committed as insane. Judicial comity restraining him from interfering with the order of the justice who committed Thaw to the jail, was the reason given by Justice Moerschauser.

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 WIND 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."

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNT & SONS, 633 Richmond Street, Phone 972.

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100 NEW FALL SKIRTS SPECIALLY PRICED AT \$3.95 Regular \$5.00 to \$7.50 Value

Beyond the price-savings, the charm of these Skirts is their NEWNESS. MADE OF BEAUTIFUL AND SERVICEABLE VENETIANS, PANAMAS, SERGES AND WIDE WHALE CHEVIOTS

To offer new, perfect, correctly-styled and beautifully-made Skirts, at a big saving at the first of the season is well out of the usual course of affairs. But this is a different store. It glories in doing the unusual and practices eternal buying vigilance in order to give bargains which will be all the more appreciated because unexpected.

ONLY 100 IN THE LOT, REMEMBER, SO BE QUICK.

This First Saturday in September Is Bound To Be a Hummer

These economies will appeal to you. Read on and realize how much you can save by buying here tomorrow.

One bale Mill Ends of Factory Cotton, in lengths of 3 yards to 20 yards. Prices ranging from, per yard 4c to 8 1/2c

One case Mill Ends White Cotton, in lengths of 4 yards to 16 yards at, per yard 7 1/2c

Here is a very special purchase of Hemstitched Irish Linen Covers, at less than the wholesale prices. Take note of the prices, then come and see the goods.

Irish Linen Hemstitched Tray Cloths, with lace insertions, each 49c

Five o'clock Teacloths, Irish linen, hemstitched and lace trimmed; 30x30, for 69c and 36x36, at, each 89c

On sale Saturday morning.

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Nothing Gained Without Effort

NO effort—no gain. Yet that does not mean that the greatest gain comes with the greatest effort.

For instance, it requires very little effort to insist on having "Progress Brand" Clothing, and the gain is proportionately great. If, on the other hand, a man is satisfied to accept the first suit or overcoat that is handed down, and will make no effort to secure a reliable make like "Progress Brand"—he can't expect to have other than shabby clothes and be a walking advertisement of his own indifference.

Look what you gain by buying "Progress Brand":

—stylish, perfect fitting garments
—made of dependable goods
—by expert tailors

—and sold with an unconditional guarantee that they must give satisfaction or your money back. The man who looks for the "Progress Brand" dealer and the "Progress Brand" label gains a great deal with very little effort.

The gain is not merely one of dollars and cents (always an important consideration) but is the greater gain of commanding attention and respect by being always well dressed.

Sold and Guaranteed By J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

Mayor Kennedy, Owen Sound; first vice-president, Mayor Geddes, St. Thomas; second vice-president, Controller Hopewell, of Ottawa; third vice-president, G. H. Sheppard, Windsor; fourth vice-president, F. Oakes, Caradoc; fifth vice-president, Controller Spence, Toronto.

The new secretary is K. W. McKay, of St. Thomas.

The executive committee is composed as follows: The mayors of Toronto, Hamilton, Brantford, London, Dundas, W. C. Chisholm, city solicitor, Toronto; J. H. Kent, city clerk, Hamilton; S. R. Armstrong, Peterboro; the

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