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THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1910

"Davis' Perfection," 10c Cigar

"YOU WILL OBSERVE,
my dear Watson," said the great detective, "that the aroma of the cigar which His Lordship was just smoking is peculiarly pleasing—mild, but the true fragrance of the finest Havana. This ash proves that it was a skillful blend of excellent Vuelta Abajo and a milder tropical leaf. The stump is tiny, showing that our noble friend was rather of a relinquent. I deduce that it was beyond doubt 'Davis' Perfection.'" "Marvelous, marvelous, marvelous!" I exclaimed in admiration.

In this unusual cigar gets a light, mild smoke, with the full, mellow taste which delights the connoisseur.

S. DAVIS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal
Makers of the Famous "NOBLEMAN"
2 for a quarter Cigar.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



AN ATTRACTIVE MORNING COSTUME

The new fashions lend themselves with particular grace to developments in the finer gingham and cotton voiles. This pretty frock is of silk novelty gingham in a neat blue and white pattern, and though the bodice is not cut with a seamless shoulder and sleeve, this effect is suggested. Trimmings of piping in plain color and hand embroidery are arranged to emphasize this shoulder effect. The parasol is of natural pongee, with blue silk ruffles, and the hat is an elegant model of rough blue straw with a blue ribbon band around the crown and a cascade of blue ribbon and straw in front. The white silk gloves are embroidered in blue-forged-metal design.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS
Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER I

Princess of Bandit.

Now Nevada, though robed in gray and white—the gray of sagebrush and the white of the gray summits—had never yet been accounted a nun when once again the early summer aroused the passions of her being and the wild peach burst into bloom.

It was out in Nauvoo valley, at the desert edge, where had been stored in the hungry-looking rock to live man away from fairer pastures. There were mountains everywhere—high, rugged mountains, erected in the igneous fury of world-making, long since calmed. Above them all the sky was almost incredibly blue—an intense ultramarine of extraordinary clearness and profundity.

At the southwest limit of the valley was the one human habitation established thereabout in many miles, a roadside station where a spring of water leaped from the earth. Towards this, on the narrow, sidewalk road, limped a dusty red automobile.

It contained three passengers, two women and a man. Of the women, one was a little German maid, rather pretty and demure, whose duty it was to enact the chaperone. The other, Beth Kent, straight from New York City, well—the wild peach was in bloom!

She was amazingly beautiful and winning. It seemed as if she and not the pink mountain blossoms must be responsible for all that haunting roveliness in this landscape of passionless gray. Her brown eyes burned with glorious luminosity. Her color pulsed with health and the joyance of existence. Her red lips quivered with unnumbered sentences that surged in the depths of her nature. Even the bright brown strands of her hair, escaping the prison of her cap, were caught by the sun and flung it off in the most engaging animation. She loved this new, unpopulated land—the mountains, the sky, the vastness of it all!

For a two-fold reason she had come from New York to Nevada. In the first place her young half-brother, Gleville Kent—all the kin she had remaining in the world—had been for a month at Goldfield, where she was hearing, and all that he wrote had inflamed her unusual love of adventure till she knew she must see it herself. Moreover, he was none too well. She had come to visit and surprise him.

In the second place, her fiancé, Searle Bostwick, who was now at the wheel, had also been marooned, as it were, in this sagebrush land, by the golden alluresments of fortune. Beth had simply made up her mind to come, and for two days past had been waiting with her maid, at the pretty little town of Fremont, on the railroad, for Searle to appear in his modern ship of the desert and treat her to the one-day's drive into Goldfield, whether he also was bound.

The man now intent on the big machine and the sunny road was a noticeable figure, despite the dust upon his raiment. He was a tall, well-modelled man of thirty-five, with an air of distinction upon him, materially heightened by his deep-set, piercing gray eyes, his firm, bushy hair, and the sparkling of frost in his hair.

He wore no mustache. His upper lip, somewhat over long, bore that same bluish tint that a thick growth of beard, even when diligently shaved, imparts to the face. He was, indeed, a handsome

Bostwick bent promptly to his labors with the tire. The girl in the tonneau stepped past her maid and opened the door on the further side of the car. Bostwick stood up at once.

"I wouldn't get out, Beth—I wouldn't get out," he said a little impatiently. "I'll be talking to you in five minutes."

Nevertheless she alighted.

"Don't hurry on my account," she answered. "The day is getting warm."

The eyes of both Bostwick and the horseman followed her graceful figure as she passed the front of the car and proceeded towards the orchard. Above the medium height, and superbly modeled, she appeared more beautiful now than before. She had not descended for a change of position, or even to inspect the place. As a matter of fact she was hoping to secure a profile view of the bold-looking horseman on the pony. Her opportunity soon arrived. He spoke to the station proprietor.

"Want to see you for a moment, Dave," and he rode a little off to a tree.

Dave ceased helping on the tire with his monkey and went to the horseman at once. The two engaged in an earnest conversation, somewhat of which obviously concerned the auto and its passenger, since the link little host made several ill-concealed gestures in the car's direction and once turned to look at the girl.

She had halted by the orchard fence from which, as a post of vantage, she was apparently looking over all the place. Her brown eyes, however, were repeatedly around to the calico pony and its rider.

Yes, she agreed, the horseman was equal to the scene. He fitted it all, mountains, sky, the sense of wildness and freedom in the air, the girl, the pony, the rider. Undoubtedly a native—perhaps part Indian—perhaps.

There was something sinister, she was certain, in the glance he cast towards the car. He was armed. Could it be that he and the station man were road agents, plotting some act of violence? They were certainly talking about the machine, or its owner, with exceptional earnestness of purpose.

Bostwick had finished with the tire.

"Come along, Beth, come along," he called abruptly.

Beth soon had to turn to walk to the car than the horseman rode by in path. Her heart sank suddenly with misgivings. She halted the unknown visitor addressed himself to Bostwick.

"May I speak to you a moment privately?"

Bostwick bristled with suspicions at once.

"I have nothing of a private nature to discuss with you," he answered. "If you're anything to say to me, please say it and be prompt."

The horseman changed color, but lost of the native courtesy that seemed a part of his being.

"It isn't particularly private," he answered. "I only wished to say I've been thinking of you."

"I'd advise you to stay here and rest," Bostwick, already irritated by delay, and impatient of any thought of a possible horseman's attitude, answered him.

"I haven't departed your advice," he answered sharply. "Be good enough to keep it to yourself." He advanced to the station man, and the horseman's countenance grew more impatient and far more angry.

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And It's a Mighty Useful Barrel, Madam

In the spring, you know, once the young man's fancy 'has lightly turned' and he thinks a solitary would be most becoming on her third left-hand finger—

He bestirs himself—counts the "hard-earned"—hies him to the gem shop—insists on a golden quality setting.

For, says Charles: Hang expense. Let the setting match in worth the stone lest both remain on my hands, not hers.

Just so, Madam, because FIVE ROSES flour is a very good, the FIVE ROSES barrel is likewise the best made, admirably.

Because the flour demands a perfect package.

And we make it ourselves. Very few millers make their own barrels—very few experts.

Now, we have our own lumber camps cut at the Western Poplar when the season is at its best. Our grain and ground.

Knowing the big mills require, this is the same FIVE ROSES barrel—the FIVE ROSES barrel.

Which explains why it is the most durable, most sanitary, strongest; proof against big silting, lost, wasted flour, free from end-hole or ventilators.

Refrigerated with wooden rangers, well-aid to know the difference.

A mighty useful article. Mistress, is this the same FIVE ROSES barrel? A useful receipt when empty, adopted to a thousand varied purposes. A long and useful career is before it, and when I have fulfilled all other barrels and old age creeps in, the cross-down remains will apply the flour for many a glorious batch of loaves such as city FIVE ROSES flour can give you.

Don't YOU really want good flour packed in such a barrel as this? Then INSIST on FIVE ROSES—always.

LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD., MONTREAL

COOK WITH GAS

If not, you don't know the pleasures of baking. With your oven at the right temperature, and with no fussing to keep the fire burning, baking with gas is mere play compared with the trouble of heating in a coal stove oven.

From \$10 to \$40
Connected Ready to Burn

The St. John Railway Co.
Telephone 323. Office Cor. Dock and Union Streets

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC

1910	Rises	Sets	High	Low
18-Wed	4:55	7:45	7:43	2:00
19-Thurs	4:55	7:45	7:38	2:30
20-Fri	4:54	7:47	7:28	3:44
21-Sat	4:53	7:48	7:14	4:24

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Arrived Yesterday
Stmr Calvin Austin, 5853 Allan, from Boston via Maine ports, W G Lee, pass and mde.

Cleared Yesterday
Schr Genevieve, 124, Gale, for Salem, for Oregon, Stetson, C & Co, 167,018 feet spruce scantling, 1000 ft of lumber.
Schr W E & W L Tuck (Am), 308, Haley, for City Island and Oregon, Stetson, C & Co, 103,733 feet spruce scantling, 1,273,110 spruce laths.

DOMINION PORTS

St Stephen, N. B., May 17—Sld stmr Kenwick, for Inverness (N. S.).
Montreal, May 17—Arld stmr Montford, from London.
Yarmouth, N. S., May 17—Arld 16th stmr Mornin, from Louisbourg, Amelia, from Halifax; schr Ella Vaughan, from Boston; Nellie, from Providence.

BRITISH PORTS

Liverpool, May 17—Arld stmr Dominion, from Montreal; Mastretta, from New York.
Sld—Stmr Carmania, for New York.
Greenock, May 17—Arld stmr Lunaxa, Dalton, from Cardenas.

FOREIGN PORTS

Vineyard Haven, Mass, May 17—Schr Grace Darling, from Eaton's Neck for Amherst (N. S.); Laura C Hall, from Shulee (N. S.), for City Island (N. Y.).

A Richibucto School Teacher

Once a Dyspeptic—Now Well, Thanks to Father Morrisey's No. 11.

Richibucto, N. B., Nov. 17th 1909.

Father Morrisey Med. Co., Ltd.,
I have been teaching school for upwards of thirty years, during the last twenty-five of which I have suffered severely with stomach trouble, indigestion and dyspepsia.

I have tried many remedies, and while I would get temporary relief from some of them, yet the suffering would return, and I felt that the only way to get relief was to try Father Morrisey's No. 11 Tablets.

Last year I had made up my mind to abandon my profession, feeling that in my condition I could neither do justice to myself, nor to the many pupils under my charge. A friend suggested to me that I try Father Morrisey's No. 11 Stomach Tablets, and so, and have continued to use them with the result that my stomach trouble is cured, my indigestion and dyspepsia gone, and I feel as well as I ever did.

I have, thanks to the Tablets, been able to continue in my profession, and feel that I can once more enjoy my work and am able to give justice to the fifty-four pupils under my care.

Yours Gratefully,
(Signed) MARY CHRYSTAL.

Are you one of the many thousands who, like Miss Chrystal, are prevented from doing their best work, or from enjoying life, by stomach trouble? If you are you cannot do better than she did—take Father Morrisey's No. 11 Tablets.

Each No. 11 Tablet, when dissolved in the stomach, will digest 14 pounds of food—a good, hearty meal—so that no matter how weak your stomach may be, No. 11 Tablets will enable you to get the nourishment out of your food and build up your strength, while the stomach, thus relieved, recovers its vigor. Get a box at your dealer's or from the Father Morrisey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N. B.

Spring Hygms

Come to most people and cause many troubles—pimples, blotches, eruptions, heads, nose, and other ailments. Biliousness, indigestion and headache.

The number of people who suffer from these troubles is so large that it is not surprising to find that a thick growth of beard, even when diligently shaved, imparts to the face. He was, indeed, a handsome

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The Spring Medicine par excellence as shown by unqualified, radical and permanent cures.

Get it today. Sold by all druggists everywhere. 100 Doses \$1.

Dew as Drinking Water

Dew has very seldom been used as drinking water except in poetry, but it has been robbed of its poetic character by the English soldiers stationed at Gibraltar. Water is very scarce at this great fortification, and the dew is collected in the following manner. A large pit is dug in the earth and covered with dry wood or straw, which in turn is covered either with earth or a sheet of iron.

The straw or wood serves as a heat insulator and effectually prevents the condensation of heat from the ground to the layer of earth or the sheet iron above. Consequently the earth or the iron cools after sunset much more rapidly than the ground, so that its temperature soon falls below the dew point of the surrounding air. Hence dew is formed on the layer of earth in very large quantities. The water thus obtained is drained off into receptacles, and, after clarification, is used for drinking.

Too many cooks are apt to spoil the digestion of the policeman.

Diet For Mental Work

Have you ever felt the necessity of it? I am speaking to people who have a certain amount of brain work to do every day and are sometimes hampered in the exercise of their faculties by the indigestion of the intellect, and it is advisable to have recourse to small and frequent supplies of easily digested food if you wish your mind to remain alert.

During long business hours, when you feel exhausted, try a piece of TOBLER'S Pure Swiss Milk Chocolate, which contains the three following elements: Pure Swiss Milk, pure crystallized sugar, and pure cocoa.

This combination is both palatable and nutritious, and it will not overload your stomach.

Sold in 5, 10, 20 and 40c packages and at 50c per lb. See our every package.

Tobler's Swiss Milk Chocolate

(Berne, Switzerland)

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

THE COQUETTISH BAT

The bat looked up at the player bold, And its smile was good to see. Then it turned quite red as it softly said "You have a hit with me."

Find a fan.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE
Upper left hand corner down at her right side.