



"I have always admired your tem-per, Carrie," goes on Philippa, in a tone of judicial calmness, "because it is so thoroughly and entirely a bad oae; but to-nigh' you have outdone your self. Never, in my somewhat extended experience, have you shown to greater disadvantage. If one were to ask Lord Neville's opinion of you, what do you think, if he gave it candidly, it would be?" Still silence. "I imagine that he thinks you are a little mad. No one in their right senses

Still silence. "I imagine that he thinks you are a fittle mad. No one in their right senses would treat a stranger and a guest as you have treated him! There is en-thing that consoles me, and that is that he doesn't appear to mind in the very least. How you could sit there and lis-ten to his playing without uttering a word of common thanks passes my com-prehension. He has the touch and ex-pression of an angel." a large amount of hard work. That is, if you are conscientious and do your duty. Lord Cecil's father, the Earl of Fitz-Harwood, was conscientious, and he did his duty, and consequently he was one of the hardest-worked men in Eng-land. We all know who is absolutely and beyond question the hardest-worked of all men, and he stands highest in the land. Perhaps, next to the Prinee, who appears to know no rest, who is at one end of the kingdom on Monday, laying a foundation stone of a hospital, and at the other end on Tuesday, opening a museum, to be back in London on Wed-nesday to preside at a charity dinner.

pression of an angel." Still silence for a minute, then the red lips, closed so tightly, open. "Philippa! I would give half the world to know what was in that tele-

nesday to preside at a charity dinner Lord Fitz-Harwood worked harder than any man. No lease was ever issued from

gram." Philippa starts: it is bed-time, and having delivered herself of her reproof, she has fallen half sleep. "I dare say. Perhaps you would like me to go and ask him." ironically. "Yes, I should," is the candid ed-mission: "not that he would tell you, my gentle Flippa. Oh, no! His lord-ship can keep a secret as well as most men, or I muchly mistaken. Flippa, did you see him when he read that telemen, or I muchly mistaken. Appendid you see him when he read that tele-

gram?" "No," says Philippa, with another yawn. "What a question! Do you think I would be guilty of such unatterably bad form as to stare at a person when he was reading his letters?" "I don't know. I would, and I was," is the calm retort. "Flippa, his face turned as white—as white as that man-telpicee. I saw his hand shake: I saw it!"

Nonsense; he said there was no bad

news

news!" "No, I might say that it is good news," says Carrie, minicking Lord Ne-ville's voice and manner with startling accuracy. "What remarkably good news it must have been to turn his al-ready pale face to the color of marble, and set him shaking like a leaf! For it is not nonsense, Filippa! I saw him, I tell you! I --wonder--what was in that telearam !" that telegram

that telegram:" Philippa laughs and looks round at the bedroom candlesticks covetously. "If you hadn't behaved like a savage to him, you might have asked him," she says, sarcastically. "As it is, my child, you haven't a chance of know-ine."

"No," says Carrie, wistfully, " and I want to know so badly." "For a person who has professed so much indifference to his lordship, you display a remarkable amount of curi-

display a remarkable amount of curi-osity," Philippa remarks, as she gets her candlestick. display osity,"

her candlestick. "Do I not?" assents Carrie, compos-celly, "Yes, I admit it' I would give something to penetrate the mystery." "Yes, mystery," repeats Carrie, purs-ing her lips and frowning at the fire. "We are indeed a highly blessed family. To have a guest with 'rippling hair' who plays the piano 'like an angel' is much; to have a real live lord is more; but to have a real live lord is more; but to have a real with a mystery! Flippa, our cup of happiness is full, 'er-birming! It will hold no more:" She gets up as she speaks and takes her candle, and moves toward the door. As she does so, she utters an exclama-

her candle, and moves toward the door. As she does so, she utters an exclama-tion, and Philippa, turning round, sees her standing in the centre of the room, pointing to a piece of pink paper lying on the carpet. It was the telegram. "Look," says Carrie, in an excited whisper. "An answer to my longing! It is the telegram" and she stoops and picks it up with her finger and thumb, and stands holding it from her, regard-ing it with her head on one side. "Carrie!" exclaims Philippa, color-ing and coming to her side swiftly. "You-you surely don't mean to-Give it to me."

it to me." "Be calm, Flippa." retorts Carrie, whisking the telegram behind her back and out of Philippa's reach. "Let us argue the matter, my sweet sister. Tele-grams are not like letters, you know. You can't send a secret by telegram; all the post-office would know it. Why, the old woman Malfield know met."

like so many of the young fellows that live had to do with, than see you at cross purposes with all the world, as you seem to be." And Lord Ceei had smiled and sighed with a mixture of apology and weariness. "I'm very sorry, Forsyth," he said, in his low, grave voice; "and I think it very hard lines that you should be bored to death by such a miserable apology for a companion as I am—" "Don't mention that, my dear fel-low; I am paid to do it, you know, and if I were not. I've got a sneaking fondness for you that would keep me to your side." ur side." 'Thanks,'' said Lord Cecil, just as he I have always admired your tem- 1 and lands, but also the property which

"Thanks," said Lord Ceeil, just as he had said thanks to Carrie this evening; "I know that, but I am all the more sorry. What is there I can take an in-terest in? Candidly, I don't know. You speak of money; Forsyth, I am inclined to think that that is at the bottom of the trouble. It is just the fact of know-ime that I can cell worth meetin events. ing that I can get pretty nearly every-thing I want that makes nothing worth wishing for Mr. Forsyth stared, laughed, and then

oked grave. "Extraordinary!" he said. "But I can

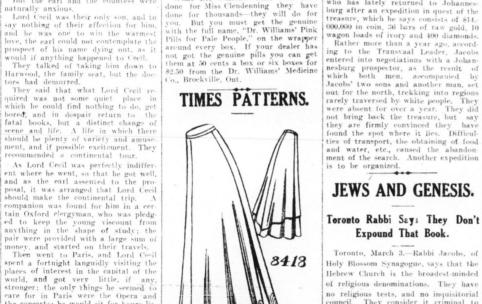
inderstand it. Great Heaven! faney aving too much money. Well, Cecil, 'm half inclined to be thankful that I'm half inclined to be thankful that I've not got enough." Lord Cecil laughed sadly and dropped his cigarette into the water, for they were sitting in the sunset of an autumn evening on the margin of the lake, watching the crimson and violet pink shadows nass over the mountains in front of them.

(To be Continued.) MAKE NEW BLOOD.

That is What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Do-That is Why They Cure So Many Diseases.

any man. No lease was ever issued from his steward's office until he had looked through it; any one of his tenants, ser-vants, or laborers, could procure an audi-ence of him; he answered every letter, examined every charity that was sub-mitted to him, and managed his estates with as much care as a business man old gentleman, with a face deepyl wrin-conducts his office. A tall, thin, wiry kled by his years of toil, with a stoop in his shoulders contracted by bending for hours over his writing-table-just such a stoop as a clerk gets, by the way --with hair that had been white since he was fority, such was the Earl of Fitz-Harwood, Lord Ceell Neville's father. To go by the rule of consistency Ceell Neville should have been a keen man of business also; but nature, who delights in laughing at rules, had designed him on a plan directly opposite to that on which she had modeled his father. She made him a poet, a scholar, a mu-sician. In addition to a face that, as a boy's, was angelie, and now, as a man's, was almost perfectly handSome she had When persons have not enough blood, or when their blood is weak and wat-ery, the doctors name the trouble anae-Bloodlessness is the direct caus of many common diseases, such as indigestion, palpitation of the heart, debility, estion, palpitation of the heart, debitty, teedine, neuragia, nervousness, rneuma-ism and consumption. The surrest signs of poor blood are paleness, bluish ups, old hands and feet; general weakness, ow spirits and headaches and backaches, f anaemia is not checked in time it will robably develop into consumption. Chere is one certain cure for anaemia-p. Williams' Pink Pils. These pills tetually make new, rich, red blood, chich fills the veins and brings new ice, new energy and good heath to which fills the veins and brings new life, new energy and good heath to bloodless people. In proof of this Miss Mabel Clendenning, Niagara Falls, Ont., says: "For two years I suffered from anaemia. I was weak, thin, had no appetite: I sometimes had distressing headaches and felt low spirited. My heart would palpitate violently: I could do no work around the house; I became very pale and my nerves got unstrung. The efforts of two good doctors failed to help me, I was in such a pitiful state. One day a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams? Pink Pills and I di so. Soon I saw the pills were helping me, and by the time I had taken nine boxes I was completely cured. I had a good appeoy's, was angelic, and now, as a man's, ras almost perfectly handsome, she had bestowed upon him a highly strung coul that was as sensitive as a lute, and a mind susceptible to the loftiest imagina At college he had spent his days and At college he had spent his days and most of his nights also in hard study, with the result that he took his degrees with high honors—and a low fever. His father and mother, who were sent for, came post-haste and stood beside the bed of their son and heir almost in despair; but Lord Cecil comforted them, "Don't fret, mother, I don't mean to die." die." And he did not. With the same reso-lution, the same inflexible will, which had enabled him to distance all com-petitors in the race for knowledge, he set himself to get well, and he succeed-al. completely cured. I had a good appe-tite, gained in weight, I hadn't an ache or pain, could sleep well, and I am in far better health now than I ever

cannot speak too highly of what Dr. 'illiams' Pink Pills have done for me." But the earl and the countess were What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have one for Miss Clendenning they have one for thousands-they will do for But you must get the genuine he full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink for Pale People," on the wrapper nd every box. If your dealer has got the genuine pills you can get at 50 cents a box or six boxes for



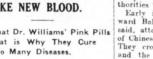
RILEY DEPORTED.

IS ALLEGED TO HAVE MAN DROWNED CHINESE.

Regarded as an Old Smuggler of Chinese-Will be Tried for Manslaughter at Buffalo-Desperate Attempt to Escape.

Niagara Falls, March 2. -William Riley whose last smuggling trip is alleged to have resulted in the death of leged to have resulted in the death of seven Celestials, was deported from Fort Erie this afternon as an undesirable ci-tizen. Riley made a bold attempt at es-cape. He was placed on a ferry boat at Fort Erie and on arrival at Buffalo was immediately arrested by United States Marshal Conkin, who had a warrant against him for manslaughter. Chief Mains, accompanied by Immigra-tion Inspector Willox, arrested Riley this afternon at Fort Erie, where he was working at the crection of a Chin-

this afternon at Fort Erie, where he was working at the erection of a Chin-ese laundry. Riley was conduced to a waiting ferry boat, but before the boat left he made a rush past the guarding officer to the shore. He was quickly captured by officers Key and Chief Mains, and closely guarded until the boat steamed out. While on board Riley tore up several letters and threw the pieces away. The torn pieces were gathered together and found to contain evidence in reference to smuggling. The torn letter will pro-bably be used by the United States au-thorities to convict him. Early in December Riley, with Ed-ward Baltz and George Hanney, it is said, attempted to smuggle a boatload of Chinese into Buffalo from Fort Erie. They crossed the river late at night and the boat capsized near Buffalo. Seven Chinese were drowned. The smugglers were arrested and warrants for manslaughter were issued. Ex-tradition proceedings were taken hy



for manslaughter were issued. Ex-tradition proceedings were taken by the United States, but the evidence was insufficient to extradite them, and was insufficient to extradite them, and they were released. Then the Canadian deportation law was put into force, and the simple pro-cess of sending Riley back to the United States, has brought him within the pale of the law. Similar proceedings, it is said, are under was to be a state of the law. e law. Similar proceedings, it is are under way to bring Baltz and Hanney to justice.

and 400 Diamonds.

is to be organized.



AT R. MCKAY & CO'S. THURSDAY, MARCH 4, 1909

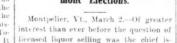
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ne concerts; he would sit for hours lis ning to the divine music of Joachim' olin, or the exugisite melody of Patti' the old woman Maltfield knows what in the paper as well as Lord Neville Why shouldn't we-I?"

Philippa laughs, but uneasily. "Don't be silly, Carrie. Give it to be, and I'll give it to Lord Neville in

e morning." "Why not we?" repeats Carrie, with indicial air, "Now, Flippa, which is licial air, "Now, Flippa, which is be? Are we to read it or not? Is the mystery to be solved or to remain a thorn in my heart—" She stops suddenly, and her face goes a vivid crimson, for noiselessly the door has opened, and Lord Neville stands re-curding her. garding her

"I beg your pardon," he says. "I think I have dropped my telegram." Carrie's arm seems to freeze behind her. Philippa stands open-mouthed and wide-eyed with horror.

"I think I dropped it here," he says, advancing, "or else..." then he stops and looks from one to the other, at-tracted by their guilty countenances.

A second of silence, then Carrie thrusts forward her hand with the hateful pink paper in it. "Yes, you did !" she says. "Here it

He flushes and bites his lips, then he He flushes and bites his lips, then he takes the telegram from her fingers. As he does so, his eyes put the question, "Have you read it?" so distinctly, that Carrie's face turns pale, and, lookingj him steadily in the face, she says: "No, Lord Neville, I have not read your telegram; you have no cause for uneasinese!"

His eyes do not flinch for a moment; he stands for a second looking at her, then, inclining his head, goes out with-out a word.

CHAPTER IV.

Carrie was right; there was a mys-tery attached to that telegram of Lord Ceeil Neville's, and as this is a love Ceeil Neville's, and as this is a love story pure and simple, the mystery shall be placed in the reader's hands. Ceeil Viscount Neville was heir to one of the oldest titles and finest estates in the kingdom. It is a nice thing to be the heir to a title, broad hands, and many houses, but it is still nicer to be not only the heir, but the only son, for in that case you inherit not only title

Mr. Forsyth, his companion, saw that so far, the trip was a failure. "You don't get any stouter, Cecil," he said, "and I am under the impression that music is a kind of poison to you in your present condition. We shall have to cut this." Lord Cecil acquiesced languidly. "Very well," he said. "Where shall we go?" said Mr. For-syth. far, the trip was a failure

in the shape of provided with a large sum their travel

th. "Where you like," answered Lord Cecil,

"Where you like," answered Lord Cecu, indifferently. "I think we'll go to Switzerland," said Mr. Forsyth; and he wrote and told the earl that they were going to Lucerne. They went to Lucerne; they'put up at the Hotel Nationale, overlooking the lake; but Lord Cecil looked at the un-speakably beautiful view, the ever-changing light and color in lake and mountains, with the indifference which had characterized him in Paris. He would sit for hours on the quay, amidst

would sit for hours on the quay, amidst the bustle of the promenaders, and the the bustle of the promenaders, and the watermen, and the fruit-sellers, deaf to every sound, and blind to every sight, communing with his soul, poet-fashion, and wrapt in a dreamy state, which was partly born of his peculiar nature, and partly the result of his illness.

Mr. Forsyth was growing desperate, and yet, apparently, he had not much to complain of.

compain of. A sweeter-tempered young fellow than Lord Cecil Neville no man could desire for a companion. He was always willing to do anywhere his friend wished; but he took no interest in anything that was done, or any place they visited. "I can't make you out, Cecil," said the worthy clergyman. "Is there anything in the wide world that you can get up an interest in? Come, think it over: there must be something, you know; and whatever it is. I suppose you can get it. If you can't. I don't see the use of the stupendous pile of money we are credited with. Just set that astute mind of yours to work on your own behalf for ome, and see if you can't get up a long-ing for something—anything: I don't to beer and skittles, or wine and cards. A sweeter-tempered young fellow that



8418-Many dressy gowns are le with tunics. The skirt here il-No. 848-Many dressy gowns are made with tunics. The skirt here il-lustrated is made over a gored foun-dation that is lengthened by a cir-cular flounce. The tunic has a bias seam in front and back where it is sharply pointed. The pattern is cut in 5 sizes, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 7% yards of 27-inch material for the tunic and flounce for 36-inch waist measure. A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps. The Kind You Have Always Bought

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STUDENT SHOT.

(Special Despatch to the Times.) Toronto, Ont., March 2 .- Kenneth M. ameron, a well-known second year stu-ent, shot himself last night in his room a house on Madison avenue. It is ught he was despondent over sch thought he was lespondent over school work. He was ls years of age. He was a son of J. M. Cameron, lawyer, St. Thomas. He had been in good spirits and spent the evening with companions, and said nothing to indicate suicide.

Little Boy Drowned.

Autogonish, N. S., March 2.—Charles Benjamin Lee, the seven-year-old son of John Lee of this town, was drown-ed this evening while playing on the river ice with a companion.

Bears the Char H. Flitchers DAMAGE SUITS SETTLED.

of religious denominations. They have

no religious tests, and no inquisitorial council. They consider it criminal to

All

have

try to coerce men's consciences. All that they demand is that one believes in the universal love of God. They hold that the Old Testament is the inspired word of God. It has been agreed by the rabbis that there shall be no exposition of the book of Genesis. In this manner there can never be any mistake made by reading into the writings what God never intended.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children.

They consider coerce men's co

Widows of Two Men Who Were Drowned Compensated.

St. Catharines, March 2.-The two damage suits brought against Joseph Battle, public works contractor, of Thorold, by the widows of two Chip-pawa men. Peter Sauve and Louis pawa men, Peter Sauve and Louis Willson, who were drowned in Hamilton Bay last summer, will not come up for trial at the Welland Assizes

ton Bay last summer, will not come up for trial at the Welland Assizes, which opened yesterday, as they were settled out of court. The men were in the employ of Mr. Battle, and while doing some harbor work were out in a small boat. A squall came up, the boat was capsized, and they were drowned. By the terms of set-tlement the widow of each man gets \$900 and costs, which, it is understood, is put up by the London Guarantee & is put up by the London Guarantee & Accident Company.

CRESOLENE ANTISEPTIC TABLETS

A simple and effective remedy for SORE THROATS. AND COUGHS They combine the gernicidal value of Cresolene with the southing properties of slippery ein and lico-rice. Your druggins of from us, 10c in stamps. Lensure, Mazz Co., Limited, Agents, Montreal, 400

The big grist mill and millhouse at Demorestville were dated were destroyed by fire on Tuesday.

happened on the Caronia, a sister ship of the Caronana, during a run from Alexandria. Egypt, to Fuume, Austria. The Caronia nas accommodations for about 400 cabin passengers, and the trip

took five days. Among other honors showered upon them, they were permitted to occupy the royal suite. Miss McLeod had this to say of the two succeeding years, and to-day

outcome was problematical. A strenuous campaign for no licens had been waged in St. Albans, which us ally votes for license. There was a keen mayoralty contest i Rutland, between Frank R. Blanchard

on a so-called "square deal citizens ticket, Henry O. Carpenter, a "citizer candidate, and Geo. C. Underhill, on no license platform

Miss McLeod had this to say of the rare' treat: "We were very much em-barrassed when we found we were to be the only passengers. It was awfully trying on one's nerves to sit at table with so many stewards around. We were afraid to talk to each other during the first breakfast. At huncheon Captain Dow sent in some of his young officers to keep us company. They were all good-looking young men, and he saw we were lonesome on deck without an-other passenger in sight, so he dele-gated Second Officer Venner as a personal escort to take us around the SHOWED APPENDIX. personal escort to take us around the ship. Mr. Venner is a fine fellow Mr. Venner is a fine fellow. received a bunch of telegram Anatomical Evidence Submitted in Case of Arrested Chauffeur.

WOMAN'S DEED. New York, March 1 .- In defence his chauffeur, who was arrested for

eding, Walter F. Graff, a silk mer She Drowned Her Young Son and chant, at the hearing of the chauffeur case to-day, laid on the bench befor the magistrate a small vial containing Herself in a Tank.

the magistrate a small vial containing his vermiform appendix. Mr. Graff told the court that five weeks ago he underwent the operation for the removal of the appendix. He had been weak ever since, he said, and his physician had warned him that it would be fatal for him to ride in a speedy automobile. Regina, Sask., March 2 .- Mrs. William Finlayson this morning murdered her three-year-old son Warren, and then ommitted suicide. The deed was done a moment of insanity, brought on illness. Mr. Finlayson left the house

of the house, and reached nearly to the

The poor woman had evidently to 8600. Thrown the child in and then crawled through the small space between the drowned herself. The tank was cut died in St. Mishael's Hosiptal yest relay open and the bodies removed im- He was an Englishman and undarrad

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Canada, first class, \$70,00; second, \$45.00; other steamers in moderate rate service called second class. Only one class cabin passengers, \$42.50 to \$45.00, according te steamer. Third class to Liverpool, Londoa, Londonerry, Belfast, Glasgow, \$27.50.

St. Lawrence, season 1909, White Star-cominion Line, Royal Mail Steamships.

Laurentia Line, toylet arter scenario, Megantie, 15.302 largest and finest steamers sailing from Mactureal, also excellent one class cabin service, called second class. Apply to local agents, or White Star-Dominion Line, 118 Notro Dame street, Montreal.

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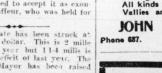
BLACHFORD & SON FUNERAL DIRECTORS 57 King Street West Established 1843. Private Mortuary

In a moment of insanity, brought on by illness. Mr. Finlayson left the house at 7 o'clock to open his store, and when he returned an hour later for breakfast he found the place locked. He knew his wife was ill and was fearful of her actions. Accordingly he broke into the house, and after searching found the bodies of his wife and son in a tank of water. The tank was in the basement of the house and reached wach is the

woman had evidently

would be fatal for him to ride in a speedy antomobile. Without in any way questioning the origin of the anatomical evidence, the magistrate refused to accept it as exon erating the chauffeur, who was held for trial.

Berlin's tax rate has been struck a 22 mills on the doitar. This is 2 mills more than last year but 11-4 mills i to provide for deficit of last year. Th salary of the Mayor has been raise.





LADIES' SKIRT