MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning thruout, one of the best sellers ever made.

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mafrs.

Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued)

"Now take me to the Sans Souci, Peter" he said. "When I reach the gangway, pull off a couple of lengths, and stand by."

"What's doin'?" asked Peter, who was by no means unobservant.

"Nothing, I hope. I may have to talk big and twelve ounces of lead lend weight to an argument. But I am puzzled, Peter, and I hate that condition. You remember our nigger friend o nthe gourd?"

"Remember 'im. Shall I ever forget 'im?"—and the ex-pilot spat.

"Well, three live members of his tribe, and the worst Portuguese slave-trader and gin-runner now known in West Africa, have just boarded the sans Souci. I don't consider them fit company for Miss Dane. What do you say?"

Peter hung on his oars.

"W'y not let Chris come an' look after the dinghy?" he said. "You may need a friendly hand wen the 'band plays."

Warden laughed.

"We are in England, Peter," he replied; but the words had a far less convincing sound in his ears now than when he protested against Evelyn Dane's unreasoning detestation of the carved gourd. One of the weapons in his pockets was actually resting on the crackling skin of a man who had been flayed alive—and most likely so flayed by ancestors of the negroes who were on board the Sans Souci at that instant. The thought strengthened his determination to see and speak to the girl that night. At all costs he would presevere until she herself assured him that she had no wish to go ashore. He even made up his mind to persuade her to return to Portsmouth for the night, and it seemed to him that no consideration could move him from his purpose.

Whereat Lachesis, she who spins the thread of life, must have smiled. Short as was the distance to be traversed by the dinghy under the impetus of Peter Evans's strong arms, the cruel goddess who pays no regard to human desires had already contrived the warp and weft of circumstances that would deter even a bolder man than Warden from thrusting himself unbidden into the queer company gathered on the yacht.

The pilot was pulling straight to the gangway when a large steam launch whistled an angry warning that he was crossing her bows. He twisted the dinghy broadside on, and both Warden and he saw two officers in the uniform of a foreign navy step on to the Sans Souci gangway. Baumgartner, bare - headed and obsequious of manner, was standing to receive them.

The Nancy's boat was so near that her occupants could hear the millionaire's words distinctly as he greeted the first of his two latest visitors. He spoke in German, and Peter was none the wiser, but Warden understood, and his errant fears for Evelyn Dane's welfare were promptly merged in a very ocean of bewilderment.

"The Nancy for us, Peter," he murmured. "As they say in the States. I have bitten off more than I can chew. Do you know who that is?"

"Which?—the little one?"

"Yes."

"Mebbe he's the skipper of the Dutchman yonder. That's her launch."

"He is skipper of many Dutchmen. Mr. Baumgartner addressed him as 'emperor' Give way, Peter. We must watch and eke pray, but there are affairs afoot—or shall I say afloat—that it behooves not a simple official in the Nigeria Protectorate to meddle with. God wot! I have earned a captaincy and a year's leave by serving my country in a humble capacity. Let me not lose both by an act of less majeste, and it would be none else were I to break in on the remarkable conclave now assembled on board the Sans Souci."

CHAPTER IV

Figuero Makes a Discovery

"You dont mean to say——" gasped Peter.

"I do. And the less notice we attract during the next five minutes the better I shall be pleased. Bear away to the nearest yacht, and let me apologize for being late."

So, if there were eyes on board the Sans Souci that paid heed to aught save the coming of an august visitor, they would have seen nothing more remarkable than a small boat visiting at least two vessels in seemingly unsuccessful quest of one among the hundreds of yachts in the roadstead.

Following a devious route, the dinghy reached the cutter from the port side. Warden secured a pair of night binoculars, seated himself on the hatch, and mounted guard over the Sans Souci. The cruiser's launch was still alongside, and the time passed slowly until the two officers descended the gangway and were borne swiftly in the direction of the Royal Yacht Club landing-slip. They had been on board three-quarters of an hour.

There was now so little movement afloat that the pulsation of the screw could be heard until it was quite near the private pier. Finally it was dominated by the strains of the Castle band beginning the evening programme with the "Boulanger March," and Warden smiled as he thought how singularly inappropriate the lively tune must sound in the ears of the potentate hurrying shoreward.

The band broke off abruptly: after a brief pause it struck up again.

"The King, Gord bless 'im!" said Peter loyally.

"No. That is not for the King. They are playing Heil dir im Sieger Krantz," said Warden, still peering at the Sans Souci.

"Well, it's the fust time I've ever heerd 'Gord save the King' called that," expostulated the pilot.

"Same tune, different words."

Peter sniffed in his scorn.

"They'll be sayin' the Old Hundreth is a Dutch hornpipe next," he growled.

The Prussian National hymn might have acted as a toosin to Mr. Baumgartner, for a light was hoisted forwith over the poop of the Sans Souci, and Warden discerned the tall forms of the three West African natives standing near the tubby man who manipulated rope and pulley. Figuero was not visible at first. Warden began to be annoyed. Could it be possible that such a social outcast could be left in Evelyn Dane's company? Developments soon relieved the tension. A launch puffed up and took away the visitors, Figuero being the last to step on board. The noisy little vessel was succeeded by two boats filled with sailors and servants. Within a few minutes the yachts officers arrived, the deck saloons were brilliantly illuminated, and the Sans Souci became a jeweled palace like unto the host of her congeners in the Solent.

By this time Peter was as interested as his employer in the comings and goings of their neighbors.

"There's more in that than meets the eye, Mr. Warden," he said, rolling some tobacco between his palms preparatory to filling his pipe.

"Yet a good deal has met our eyes tonight," was the quiet answer.

Peter worked his great hands methodically. He was not a man of many words; and when he expressed an opinion it was the outcome of calm deliberation.

"Tell me who them niggers an' the other party wos, an' I'll do some fair guessin'," he said. "Rum thing, too, that such a gazebo as that murderous looking swab on the calabash should cross our course just when it did. W'ere did it come from—that's wot I want to know. Has there bin an earthquake? If looks count for anythink, it might have risen straight up from — —"

"Peter," broke in Warden, "I hope Chris is in bed?"

The pilot laughed.

"Time we wos, too, sir. May I ax w'ere his black nibs is stowed?"

"Among my traps. Forget it. I shall send it to London in the morning."

"An' a good job to be rid of it. I've seen queer fish in the sea, from bottle-nosed whales an' sharks to dead pigs who 'ad cut their own throats with their fore feet by swimmin' from a wrecked ship, but never before 'ave I clapped my peepers on a fizzy-mahog like that."

Twice had an unusually long speech betrayed his irate sentiment. He was deeply stirred. Warden, smoking and listening in silence, but never relaxing his vigilant scrutiny of the Sans Souci, felt that, in very truth these must be some malign influence in the carved head on the gourd ere it would arouse the intense repugnance of two such different natures as those of the bluff, good-tempered stilor and the dainty, well-bred girl who had come so suddenly into his life.

He did not pursue the conversation. Though Evans was quite trustworthy, there was no need to make him a confidant in matters which might have the gravest bearing on an already troubled position in West Africa. The pilot's carefully charged pipe was nearly empty when Warden surprised him with an abrupt question.

"What time does the train leave for London in the morning?"

"Round about seven o'clock he said."

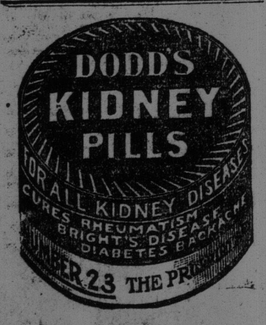
"You ain't hhinkin'of chuckin' the cruise I hope, sir," he went on, and the dejection in his voice showed that he was prepared for the worst.

"For a few hours, perhaps a night — that is all."

"So you b'lieve they mean mischief?" growled Peter, jerking a thumb toward the yacht.

This direct and forible reasoning was unexpected. Yet any level-headed man might have reached practically the same conclusions from the night's happenings. They were clear enough to one versed in most of the intricacies and pitfalls of West African politics, nor did Warden endeavor to evade the point.

(To Be Continued)



Laid Behind the Counter Until Relief Came.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING OF AN OWEN SOUND CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

MR. WM. KRANTH, Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "Having read some of the testimonials of cures effected by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I thought it advisable to say a word of praise for its merits.

"Some years ago I was much troubled with stomach trouble and cramps. I used to roll on the floor in agony, and on one occasion I went into a faint after suffering intensely for four hours. A short time after this, in driving to town, I was attacked again and had to lie down in my rig, seeking relief.

"When I reached the drug store I asked the druggist for a quick remedy and laid behind the counter until relief came. The remedy I received from the druggist was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Whenever, after that time, I felt cramps coming on, I found speedy relief in the above mentioned remedy, and I am now cured of this dreadful malady. The bottle is small, but its contents effect a marvelous cure. I can recommend it highly for the cure of cramps."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been on the market for 65 years. It is not a new and untried remedy. Ask for it and insist on getting what you ask for. Refuse substitutes. They're dangerous.

Price 35 cts. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FRED BELL CAPTURED

Alleged Horse Thief Caught in Kings County—Another Lad Behind Bars for Theft of Watch.

Hampton, July 25—Fred Bell, the young man who is charged with stealing a horse, harness and express wagon from the premises of Charles Stackhouse, at Upper Loch Lomond, Friday, and who drove through to Hampton, where he left the wagon and took a lighter driving wagon and harness from the barn of Dr. J. Scovil Murray, with whom he was until recently employed as groom, and after throwing the Stackhouse harness over the embankment into the creek, started up the country, was captured on Saturday afternoon by Sheriff Freeze at Case Settlement, in this county, and before night was safely behind the bars of the county jail.

Enquiries on Saturday morning in various directions brought a reply that Bell had been seen early in the morning in the parish of Norton, driving eastward, and although he had about ten hours start, Sheriff Freeze, who has a fleet-footed mare, and accompanied by James H. Sproul, started in pursuit and once on the trail had no difficulty in running down his man. He will be brought before Stipendiary Magistrate John March at the court house tomorrow.

Young Oscar B. White, who has been in jail for a week under remand, charged with stealing a gold watch and chain from a residence at Central Norton, will also come up for his preliminary trial tomorrow afternoon.

Stipendiary March wrote to the boy's father and laid before him the particulars of his son's escapade, but to Saturday evening had received no reply. About midweek Sheriff Freeze was approached by Oscar Campbell, of Campbell Settlement, with questions about the boy he had in jail, and on closer enquiry it turned out that the lad is the son of Mr. Campbell's deceased sister, that he had been visiting for a few days at his place, and left on Friday, July 16, supposedly to find his aunt, Mrs. Burton, living somewhere in a back settlement, that he brought up at Floyds, where a boy was needed, and where on temptation being presented he yielded and was caught.

Mr. Campbell is desirous of getting charge of the boy, and is said to be willing to meet all expenses in returning him to his parents, who are respectable people, and who have given their son the ground work of a good education. White feels his position very keenly, so much so that, although receiving every kindness while in jail his appetite and health are said to have failed.

DISTRESS IN THE STOMACH

Hundreds of Thousands of Bottles of Nerviline Used Every Year for Curing Cramps, Diarrhoea, and Stomach Disorders.

Deadly cramps—the symptoms are not to be mistaken. Suddenly and without warning the patient experiences such agony in the stomach as to contort the countenance and cause him to cry aloud for help.

LETTER NO. 4877

Then it is that the wonderful power of Nerviline can make itself felt—it cures so quickly, you would think it was made to cure cramps, and cramps only.

"Last summer I was stricken with a frightful attack of cramps. I feared the pain in my stomach would kill me.

"My eyes bulged out and the veins in my forehead stood out like whipcords.

"My cries attracted a neighbor, who came to my assistance, and in a moment or two handed me half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in some sweetened water.

"It seemed as if an angel had charmed away the pain. In ten seconds I was well. Nerviline has a wonderful name in this locality, and is considered best for cramps, diarrhoea, flatulence, stomach and bowel disorders. I urge all my friends to use Nerviline.

"MANLEY M. LEGARDE,
Williamsburg."

No home is safe or can afford to miss the manifold advantages of having Nerviline on hand in case of accident or emergent sickness. 25c. per bottle, five for $1. All dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

Those who attended at the Seamen's Institute on Sunday evening heard an excellent address from Evangelist Morrell and were much interested in his presentation of a sketch of a ship in a storm and the launching of the lifeboat from which he drew a moral lesson. Rev. Mr. MacDonald took part in the service. The music was furnished by J. N. Rogers and Misses A. and N. Thompson.

Frederick Ferguson has been reported by Police Sergeant Campbell for working in the city without license, not being a ratepayer.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A LUCKY SWEATER FOR OUTING WEAR.

No danger that the boat will capsize or the day will be spoiled by rain if one wears a Swastika sweater, with trimming emblems representing the ancient symbol which is said to summon happiness and good fortune from the four winds of heaven. This sweater is of white wool with Swastika in dull blue and the panama outing hat is wound with a blue and white striped scarf in careless, graceful effect.

TWO CANADIANS TIED FOR THIRD IN KING'S PRIZE

Englishman Won First Place With 324 Points, but Canadians Were Close Behind — Some Big Money Prizes Won by Dominion Riflemen.

Bisley, Eng., July 24—Corporal Burr, of the London Rifle Brigade, who tied for and lost the King's prize in 1900 in the shoot-off, today won that valuable prize with a fine score of 324. Lieut. Morris, of Bowmanville (Ont.), finished in third place, thereby winning the shield and twenty guineas offered by the Standard of Empire for the marksman from the British colonies finishing in the highest place in the King's prize. Corporal McInnes was fourth with the same score as Morris, losing by only having scored 38 at the 1,000 yard range, as compared with the 43 put on by Morris. The scores of the Canadians who shot in the final stage were:

	200 yds.	500 yds.	600 yds.	1,000 yds.	Total.	First stage	Second stage	Aggregate.
Sergt. Morris	42	43	43	128	100	88	316	
Corp. McInnes	42	46	38	126	96	94	316	
Sergt. Blackburn	41	41	38	120	95	94	309	
Sergt. Freeborn	37	43	30	120	99	89	308	
Sgt.-Maj. Huggins	33	45	37	115	99	91	305	
Sergt. Steck	32	34	41	117	96	90	303	
Sergt. Smith	38	37	37	112	95	91	298	

Burr's score of 324 was one less than last year's winner. The possible was 355.

The second stage of the St. George's challenge vase competition, open to the 100 marksmen taking the highest places in the first stage, shot off Thursday, was shot for today. There are fifteen shots at 900. The Canadians in the event scored as follows out of a possible 75:

Freeborn, Hamilton	63
Huggins, Hamilton	52
McVittie, Toronto	62
Mitchell, Hamilton	54
Morris, Bowmanville	57
Richardson, Victoria	62
Smith, Chatham	58
Mortimer, Winnipeg	68

Lieut. Morris, of Bowmanville, wins the first of the L. S. A. range prizes given in connection with the St. George's at 500 yards. This is a Lee-Enfield rifle and £5; Sergt. Richardson was third, winning £2; Lieut. Mortimer, 27th, £1; Lieut. Smith, 32nd, £1.

At 600 yards Capt. McVittie was 19th, winning £1; Sergt. W. A. Smith, of Ottawa, and Sergt. Kerr, of Toronto, won $5 each in the Wingrove, making twentieth and twenty-fifth places respectively. This competition is at 800 yards for seven shots.

Sergt. T. Bayles, of Toronto, was the only Canadian "in the money" in the Cortis at 600 yards, which is open only to territorials, retired territorials, or members of rifle clubs affiliated to the N. R. A., who are either of the age of 50 years and upwards, or who are under the age of 21 years on July 24, 1909.

The J. H. Steward cup was given in 1902 by J. H. Steward, optician to the N. R. A., and is accompanied by a silver cup valued at £50, also donated by Mr. Steward. There are forty-five prizes, totalling £75. Capt. McVittie was highest of the Canadians, ninth, winning £2; Blackburn 10th, £2; Higgins, 19th, £1; Kelly, 20th, £1; Freeborn, 30th, £1 Bayles, 34th, £1; Mortimer, 35th, £1.

SUIT AGAINST THE CITY OF TORONTO

Toronto, July 25—John Ross Robertson, proprietor of the Toronto Telegram, has, on the part of himself and other citizens, entered action against the city to prevent the sale by the city to the National Iron Works, Limited, of thirty-two acres of land in Ashbridges marsh. On application of Mr. Robertson an interim injunction was granted by Justice Britton on Saturday. The case will be argued on Thursday.

Mr. Robertson has been all along fighting the sale of the land to the iron company, which is backed by Cawthra Mulock, and he bases his action on the allegation that members of the city council voted for the sale of land on the understanding that the lot in question contained only twenty-two acres. He further holds that the city's agreement to dredge a fourteen-foot channel along the front of the property is in the nature of a bonus and contrary to the statutes governing the bonusing of industries.

BEER SELLERS APPEAL

The appeal in two cases against Timothy Driscoll, of Mill street, convicted a few weeks ago by Judge Ritchie of violating the new act respecting the selling of beer, will come before Judge Forbes tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock.

J. A. Barry will appear for Mr. Driscoll and Dr. A. W. MacRae for the prosecution. The points to be determined are: Is Mr. Driscoll a grocer and if so are the beer license hours applicable to his business. In the cases being appealed fines of $20 and $30 were struck in the police court.

CHIEF CLARK OFF TO NIAGARA

Chief of Police Clark left by the Montreal express last evening for Niagara Falls where he will attend the convention of the Canadian Chiefs of Police.

On his way home he will visit Toronto, Montreal and possibly Ottawa, with the idea of looking into the police protection of those cities. He will be away the better part of two weeks. The chief was accompanied by Mrs. Clark. During his absence Deputy Chief Jenkins will be in charge here.

FINISH BORINGS TODAY

H. M. Davy, the engineer of the public works department, who has charge of the borings at Sand Point, expects to get through there today. So far he reports that the results of the borings taken have been very satisfactory.

From Sand Point the boring apparatus will be moved into Courtenay bay, where a more detailed examination of the bottom will be made. This work Mr. Davy thinks will take about three weeks, after which he will go to the Magdalen Islands.

The Misses Lynch, of Fredericton, who have been spending a few days here, returned home on Saturday evening.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Glanford Station, Ont.—"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for years and never found any medicine to compare with it. I had ulcers and falling of the uterus, and doctors did me no good. I suffered dreadfully until I began taking your medicine. It has also helped other women to whom I have recommended it."—MRS. HENRY CLARK, Glanford Station, Ontario.

Gardiner, Me.—"I was a great sufferer from a female disease. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound completely cured me in three months."—Mrs. S. A. WILLIAMS, R. F. D. No. 14, Box 39, Gardiner, Maine.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

CURREY DIVORCE CASE ADJOURNED TO THURSDAY

Mrs. Currey on the Stand Saturday Tells of Many Incidents in City and Country Homes—The Visit of Mrs. Currey's Parents.

In continuing her evidence in the Currey divorce case Saturday morning, Mrs. Currey enumerated further incidents during her married life with her husband. She told of Mr. Currey's actions the night of her return from Jackson, her home.

Mrs. Currey said she wanted to put the children to bed that night but he insisted that he would do so. She feared him and took the baby in her arms and went into Dick's drug store, followed by two of the children.

Judge McKeown—"Did he approach you?"

Mrs. Currey—"Yes he did." She said he had practically torn the child from her arms.

Judge McKeown—"Did you see Mr. Dick?"

Mrs. Currey—"Yes."

"When she returned on March 1, 1907, he had not spoken to her for five days, except a curse, calling her various names. She said he showed in his manner that he did not want her back.

She told of little Julia's illness. She had herself assisted in the case of her child. She had taken turn about with Miss Tapley, the nurse. She may have dozed at times when sitting by the child's bedside at night, but it was never off her mind. She never had had any trouble with Miss Tapley.

From the child's illness till her recovery her husband, she said, was either totally indifferent or brutally cruel. He ignored her in the sick room in the presence of Miss Tapley. He was offensive. "He was continually asking me why I didn't clear out and said that he was only waiting for Julia's recovery to put her out on the street." It was only at Sunday dinner that they were all together. At dinner Mr. Currey sat on the edge of the chair and glowered at her.

"It wouldn't be a very happy dinner," remarked Mr. Teed.

"It was not a happy dinner." It was April or May, 1908, that she consulted Hanington, Teed & Hanington. Mr. Currey told her that he had received communications from the firm. On the night the police were called Mrs. Currey told of the occurrence. She was awakened by Mr. Currey striking a match. She was sleeping on the sofa in the sitting room. She had not expected him home that night. When the Elaine was in she expected he would sleep there. He lighted the gas at the foot of the sofa and sat down beside her and talked violently about the writ and she said that every time she attempted to rise he would give her a thump on her chest, sending her back on the sofa. He was disturbed mentally by liquor. "I felt every moment that he would hit me a blow on the head. I was terrified and thought he was going to kill me."

She said he damned her and damned Mr. Hanington. Finally she succeeded in getting off the sofa and asked Mr. Currey to stop for the sake of their sick daughter. "He then took me by the arm and flung me back upon the sofa and it was as he flung me back that my head struck the window casing and I thought my skull was broken." She said she had a faint recollection that men entered the room. She heard after that one of them was Mr. Mundee. Mr. Mundee told Mr. Currey the police had been summoned. She could remember nothing previous to the arrival of the policemen.

One of the policemen said "Look at her with her little children all about her." She heard Mr. Currey say that it was all a pre-arranged plot to injure him, but this was absolutely incorrect. While the police were there Mr. Currey said: "Do you know who I am," and they replied, "We know who your are," and one of the policemen said to Mr. Currey, "Are you crazy drunk." She could not remember calling out. He continually refused to give her money, she said, and it was difficult to get sufficient to buy clothes for herself and children. Mr. Currey had once said that she was "a low, dirty degraded creature," this in the presence of their children.

Once, before leaving, she had gone into the kitchen and was reprimanding the servant. He took the part of the servant and said "Why in h—— don't you clear out?" She said he forbade her going to their summer house, saying the house was closed forever against her.

One night while in the summer home she said she heard some one creep up stairs. It was Mr. Currey. He was wild with temper. He said he would burn the house down. He asked her to make the bed for him. There was a suit case on the bed, and he was so ugly that he struck it with his fist and sent it across the room. She said, "For pity sake, if you burn the house, do not burn it over our heads."

She continued to live there during the summer. The next time she met Mr. Currey was when she came to the city house to get the children's snow shoes. Mr. Currey was lying down. He had been called to the telephone, and after answering it he came up stairs to where she was. She said he forcibly took the snow shoes from her and accused her of many things, talking violently.

She saw him again in December when he came up to the country. She said she heard a knock on the door about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. He said he had come up to bring some Christmas gifts for the children. She remarked that it was nice of him to do so. He never said a word to her on that occasion.

In the spring of 1906, in the Queen square house, Willie had dropped some porridge on the stove and Mr. Currey had struck Willie a brutal blow behind the ear. She was highly incensed at the time and struck Mr. Currey a similar blow, saying: 'Now see how you like it.' That was the only time I assaulted Mr. Currey."

Mr. Currey, she said, was too free with the use of the cane in dealing with the children. He would strike them on the legs with the cane. On one occasion when Willie ruffled the table cloth Mr. Currey struck him severely on the legs with the cane.

Mrs. Currey said she did all the work connected with moving. She had objected to moving into the Charlotte street house, as the kitchen was in the basement and the dining room up stairs. Mr. Currey had promised that a two story ell would be built. Mr. Bates had been consulted in connection with the plans, but as the ell was never built she had the same objections. She said she had never told Allan to tear the "d—— old house to pieces." She had never called Mr. Currey "a d—— miserable whelp." She had never called him a devil or threatened to kill him, or say she would make life a hell on earth for him, but did say, when commanded to leave Woodman's Point, that she was going back to a hell on earth.

As to Mr. Currey's assertion that she had to the house persons with whom he would not associate, she supposed it referred to the visit of Mrs. Thomas Burns, a friend of "Vickey's," their girl. Miss Currey said she had been in the habit of calling upon Mrs. Burns. She had never heard the last of this. Eliza had reported it to him. As to other occasions, they had James Highland to do some repairs to the house. "Mr. Highland," said Mrs. Currey, "was a true gentleman." As he had brought a cold lunch she had invited him to have a cup of tea. She had told Mr. Currey of it. Mrs. Currey said that if she had asked rich people to come to the house or well-to-do children to play with their children it would have been all right, "but if I asked kindergarten children or any poor people, there would be a perfect storm. I have not only tried to be a good mother but I believe I have been a good mother."

She had never treated the hired man as an equal. The man one time in the kitchen showed her a picture of his sister and she thought a letter from her. "There never was a time," said Mrs. Currey, "that I was not the mistress of the household and he the man servant." She said she never in her life sat down and talked with the man servant at the table in the kitchen.

Adojurnment was here made till Thursday next at 11 a. m.

Bled to Death

Tried to trim a wart with a razor, and severed an artery. The only wart cure is "Putnam's," which removes warts, corns, callousness in one day. Insist on getting Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor, it's the best.

OTTAWA ROBBERS UNDER ARREST

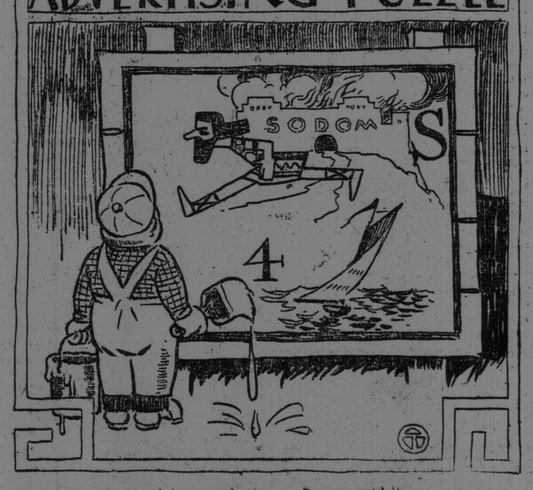
Ottawa, July 25.—The sensational daylight diamond robbery perpetrated last week from McMillan's store on Sparks street, has resulted in three of the four crooks being under arrest and all of the stolen jewelry except one being recovered by the police. It is said that Woods, one of the men under arrest, betrayed the hiding place in order to secure a pal, who was under suspicion, from arrest.

However that may be, Woods and Conrad sent for Chief De La Ronde, and made a full confession, which led to one of the number being taken by the police to the town of Renfrew yesterday. At the hotel where the thieves had been apprehended, the rings, ninety-four in number, were found in the woodwork of an old-fashioned boxed-in bath. The thieves had strung the rings on a length of tape, had removed one of the wood panels of the bath box, and had pinned the tape on the under side of the wooden strip running around the edge.

The rings, taken at the prices on the tags, they still bear, aggregate $3,874. The indiyidual prices range all the way from $7 to $174. Ninety-five rings were in the tray when they were lifted.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

ADVERTISING PUZZLE



This sign was painted in a nearby town. Can you read it.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Dog, Goat, Lamb, Man, Pig, Otter, Bear, Horse.