MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

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

(Continued).

It was spinning a coin with death for any one to descend either to the right or left, yet that is what Evelyn did when Lord Fairholme's bizarre explanation brought her back to the world which she had quitted in imagination. Owing to the tomb-like blackness of the room neither man was aware of her intent until the door was opened and she was speeding down the shattered stairs.

In her white dress she was a most conspicuous object. A pent-house roof shielded the stairs from sun and rain, but the moment she emerged into the moonlit compound she resembled some ethereal creature sent by the gods to still the wretched strife waged by foolish men. And spirit-like, she passed unscathed through the hissing and biting rain of lead. She had but one thought, and it fluttered tremulously from her lips.

"Arthur!" she wailed, "Arthur! I am here!"

And again, "Arthur! Come to me! Why don't you speak? . . . It is I, Evelyn. . . . Where are you? Oh, Arthur dear, answer me."

Warden was lying by Colville's side behind a main pillar at an angle of the house when he heard the girl's rapt cry. Turning on an elbow he saw her flitting past. He was up in an instant. Without spoken word he leaped up and clasped her in his arms.

Colville rose too.

"Oh, good Lord!", he muttered, "they will both be killed!"

But fate had chosen for Warden a strange path to a woman's love, and the fickle goddess shielded him now when he, all a-quiver with the thrill of holding Evelyn in his arms, clasped her tightly and ran with her up the rickety stairs. Even as he hurried to place her in shelter the bushmen had seen the white-robed apparation and concentrated their fire in that direction. Bullets spat against the ground, crashed through the flimsy wooden structure, and pierced their clothing many times—but neither was injured. A few seconds after she had passed the door Evelyn was carried back again. But it was a fitting outcome of the madness that had fallen on the quiet mission-station that she should be blithely heedless of the mortal peril which both she and her lover had escaped. Even while death was missing them by a hair's breadth, she began to tell Warden in broken phrases how she had never faltered in her belief that he would one day be restored to her, and that she had come to Africa and the Benue strong in the conviction that they would meet there and nowhere else in the wide world.

All of this, and more, was delightfully inaccurate, but Evelyn believed it and the man who listened believed it, and love was more potent that cold reason, so cold reason was barred out among the shrieking hail of lead that had failed to secure its victims.

Yet their idyll was soon cut short. A red glare became visible through the chinks of door and windows, and Warden knew what it meant.

"They have set fire to the native huts," he said. "They want to see where our men are stationed before they try a rush. I must go, sweetheart. Kiss me! If it is good-by I shall die content, for I have passed through much tribulation ere this divine moment was vouchsafed."

Not for all the gold in Africa would she prove herself unworthy of him at that supreme moment.

"Go, then!" she said. "Whether in life or death we shall not be separated again."

Warden was at the door when some one sprang after him. In the growing light of the burning building he recognized Colville's companion in the launch.

"I suppose I can count for one in the scrum," said the stranger. "Evelyn promised to be my sister, old chap, an' before we all go under I'll d——n well down a nigger or two for the sake of the family. Can you spare a gun? I'm a good man at driven birds, an' these black jokers are several sizes bigger than blackcock — eh, what?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Five Minutes' Fight.

Fairholme was soon equipped with a rifle. He was crouching behind a wooden pillar close to Warden and Colville, when a Hausa who had incautiously exposed himself uttered a queer cough and pitched forward on his face, shot through the lungs. The earl took the man's gun and bandolier, but noticed that none of the others were firing, though a number of black forms were dimly visible through the murk created by the smoke of the blazing huts.

Warden was watching him.

"You will soon get busy," he said. "They are preparing for a rush. Pick out the leaders, the fellows wearing the gaudiest feathers, or carrying a leopard- skin slung across their shoulders."

"You're a funny lookin' bird yourself," chuckled Fairholme. "What price you for the Kingdom Come stakes when the niggers spot you? Every black son of a gun will want to add you to the bag."

"That's right, Warden," put in Colville anxiously. "Chuck away that burnous, and stick on poor Toomba's cap. Fairholme can pull it in with the clearing-rod."

"No," said Warden. My Arab's livery has served me in good stead thus far. I shall not abandon it until I borrow the togs of civilization, if ever I need them. Hello, here they come!"

A slackening in the fusillade and a terrific outburst of yells showed that the enemy were breaking cover in force. In an instant the compound seemed to become alive with armed negroes, many of whom had already discarded their modern rifles for the more familiar matchet and spear.

Colville shouted something in the Hausa tongue, and his men, all but two, leaped to their feet. Firing with deadly accuracy at such short range, they brought down a score of the foremost savages. Fairholme, imbued with the traditions of Europen warfare, naturally expected that the attack would be pressed home, so he set his teeth and resolved to enter the next world with a royal bodyguard. Remembering Warden's instructions, he looked only for the most gorgeously decorated warriors, and found three including Loanda himself. Warden, who had secured the rifle of the second wounded Hausa, saw the earl bowl over a ju-ju at sixty yards, no mean shooting at night in an atmosphre rapidly becoming smoke-laden.

"Well done, brother-in-law!" he cried, and in the throes of that deadly strife those two began a friendship not to be severed on this side of the great boundary. As the house was attacked simultaneously on three sides. Colville ran around to tell each member of his tiny force to fall back on the staircase when hard pressed. The instruction was given not a second too soon. Trusting to their great numbers, the men of Oku came on boldly. They were first-rate soldiers in their own way, they anticipated an easy victory, and they were filled with the frenzied desire to use steel rather than lead. That is the bushman's temperament; killing loses half its ferocious joy if he cannot "paint" his weapon. This sheer lust of blood now served the little garrison in good stead. True, it exposed them to the combined onslaught of hundreds of sinewy negroes, but it saved them from the speedy extermination that must have been their lot were their assailants content to shoot them down at close quarters. In less than a minute after the stockade was passed by the enemy, Warden, Colville, Fairholme, Beni Kalli—who used an adze he stumbled across in the doorway of the store — the Hausa sergeant, and seven of the rank and file—twelve men all told—were in a half circle around the foot of the stairs, plying rifle and bayonet on a wall of black humanity. The very strength of the attacking force placed it at a disadvantage. The men in front were hindered by those who surged up in ever-increasing waves from the rear. Every shot fired by the defenders effected losses out of all proportion to the general run of wounds inflicted by musketry even in a hand-to-hand engagement. Though the wretched warriors who bore the brunt of the assault might have escaped bullet or butt or bayonet thrust, there was no dodging the withering blasts of powder which blinded and scorched them, and smote their naked limbs with strange buffets. The eerie of yells of those who thought the mission had fallen mingled with the screams of the wounded and groans of the dying. The place reeked like a slaughter-house, and the corpses of those who were killed outright, or the maimed and writhing men who had sustained injuries which rendered them incapable of crawling out of that packed space, formed a veritable rampart around the defenders.

At this stage the loss of a skilled leader like Loanda made itself felt among his followers. He would either have set fire to the unprotected rear of the building or drawn off part of his force and renewed the shooting from a flank. Any such diversion by a tithe of the warriors engaged would render the position immediately untenable by the three white men and the Hausas. When, at last, the flanking movement was attempted by half a dozen negroes who had extricated themselves unharmed from the press beneath the overhanging roof of the stairs, the disastrous effect of their strategy showed what might have been accomplished but for the smallness of their number. Colville fell, and the Hausa sergeant and two men. A bullet plowed through Warden's hair, and another ripped Fairholme's coat and shirt, and grazed his breast, and these casualties resulted before the few men attempting the enfilade had fired two rounds per rifle.

Warden, alive to a danger that promised instant collapse, slung Colville across his shoulder and gave the order that the few who remained alive should fall back, still fighting steadily, until they had mounted the double stairs and gained the veranda.

There was no doubt in his mind that the end had come. His surprise had failed. He had hoped that the unexpected presence of the Hausas and a party of white people might damp the ardor of the men of Oku, who had looked forward to securing an easy prey in the mission, and who could not possibly have anticipated a stubborn resistance by troops whom they had learned to fear. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred his belief would have been justified. That there was an exception arose from the fact that the tribal witch-doctors had made much of the modern arms which the tribesmen possessed.

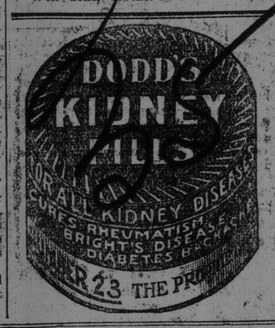
(To be Continued)

For Headaches

Caused by sick stomach, ill-regulated bile, sluggish bowels, nervous strain or overwork, the safest and surest remedy is

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25 cents.



RECUPERATION—there is not so much in the ordinary vacation as there is in a single bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, which refreshes the tired blood, sharpens the dulled appetite, restores the lost courage. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla this summer.

THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

Readers of the Evening Times know something of the heartless traffic in young girls for immoral purposes, carried on by abandoned wretches of both sexes, who do not scruple to traffice in guileless and weak humanity. Hon. E. W. Sims, of Chicago, believes that there are not less than 15,000 foreign girls imported and sold into this traffic annually in the United States and Canada, and probably three or four times as many native born girls find their way into the same hopeless life of vice. And all to line the pockets of wealthy traffickers in women.

Two comparatively poor women have recently sent in each $5, the one to Rev. Dr. Carman, the other to the Rev. Dr. Shearer, president and secretary respectively of the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada, which has undertaken the laudable and difficult task of fighting this horrible traffic.

This council is interdenominational, and represents: The Church of England in Canada, the Methodist Church in Canada, the Presbyterian Church in Canada, the Baptist Church in Canada, the Congregational Church in Canada, the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada, the Dominion Grange and Farmers' Association, and the Savlation Army.

Are there not countless other women, as well as men, throughout Canada, who would esteem it a privilege to have a similar share in this humane and much needed work? If so, money may be sent to, and will be duly acknowledged by the treasurer, Mr. Henry Moyle, or the secretary, Dr. Shearer, either of whom may be addressed at 435 Confederation Life Building, Toronto. These gentlemen, and those associated with them, are doing this work entirely without remuneration.

THREE ARRESTED

Newcastle, N. B., Sept. 7—(Special)—Three young men of Douglastown are in jail here charged with being the parties who Friday night grievously assaulted one Boudreau, of Douglastown, after having broken into his house. Their trial takes place Friday before Justice Maltby.

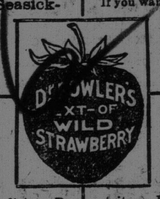
Light, old rose tints are genuinely girlish colors for millinery purposes.

Good Prospect for Corn Crop.

Every one with corns will be pleased to know that Putnam's Corn Extractor is guaranteed to cure hard, soft or bleeding corns in twenty-four hours. Painless and sure is Putnam's. Try it.

CURES

Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasickness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness or Fluxes of the Bowels.



MRS. THOS. W. WEAVER, Coal Creek, N.B., writes: "My little girl was taken ill with a very bad attack of diarrhœa. Nothing seemed to do her any good. Hearing of your wonderful medicine, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I went at once and got a bottle, and to my great surprise, after taking a few doses, she was completely cured."

NOTICE—We wish to warn the public against being imposed on by unscrupulous dealers who substitute the so-called "Strawberry Compounds" for Dr. Fowler's.

If you want to be on the safe side, ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and insist on getting what you ask for.

The original is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

MR. ALBERT JEFFRIES, Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "I always keep a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, and would not care to be without it, as I have proved it again and again to be a never-failing remedy for diarrhœa. Whenever I am threatened with it one teaspoonful of the 'Extract' fixes me completely."

FAST ATLANTIC SERVICE NEWS SOON

London, Sept. 8—Inquiries among well-informed Anglo-Canadians, lead to the conclusion that during Lord Strathcona's present trip to Canada, or very soon after his return, a definite announcement will be made regarding an agreement between the British and Canadian governments as to a subsidy to be paid for a fast Transatlantic service.

This will be followed soon afterwards by full particulars of the route decided upon and the names of the successful tenderers.

Ostrich feathers hold their own, but most of those now seen are curled.

NINETY PER CENT CROP HARVESTED

Winnipeg, Sept. 7—Reports from all points of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta say that that fully ninety per cent. of the crop has been harvested in splendid shape.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., TORONTO.
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

"BOARDERS TAKEN IN."

The farmer has a little tin,
Which he has saved with care;
All summer he took boarders in
And now takes in the fair.

Find a summer boarder.

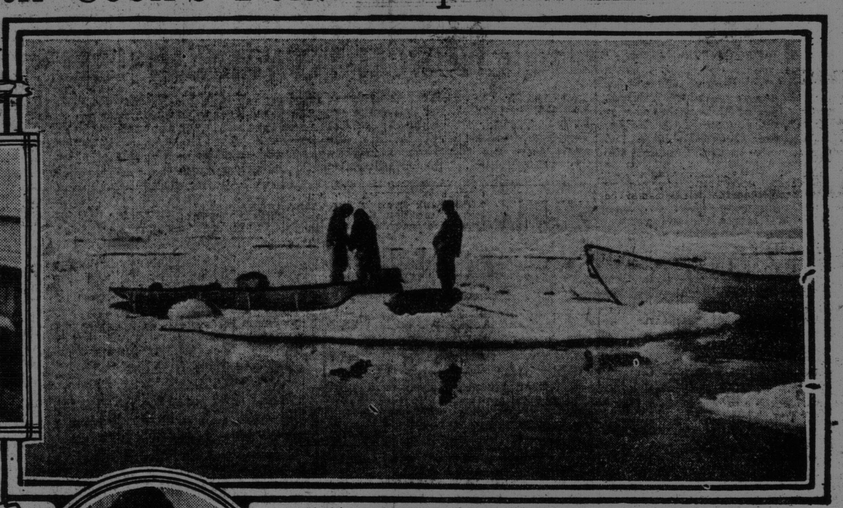
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

C plus L plus 1 plus M plus 8 equals Climate.

People and Scenes in Connection With Cook's Polar Exploration.

CAPTAIN BARTLETT WITH DR. COOK'S SEXTANT MAKING DAILY OBSERVATION. MICHAEL WISE, MATE AT THE LEFT.

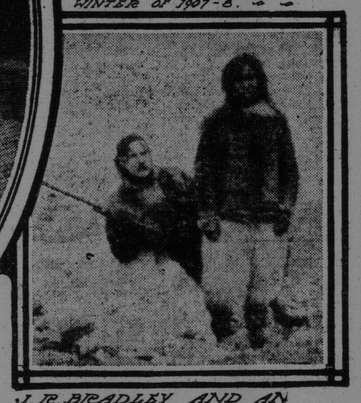
ESKIMO DOG



GETTING WALRUS MEAT IN THE ARCTIC

J. R. BRADLEY

RUDOLPH FRANCKE, WHO WAS DR. COOK'S COMPANION AT ANNOTOK DURING THE WINTER OF 1907-8.



J. R. BRADLEY AND AN ESKIMO AT ETAH.

MORNING NEWS OVER THE WIRES

The plant of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company at Sydney is reported ready to supply raw material for shipbuilding.

E. Lefebvre, a French aviator, was killed in France yesterday, while practicing with his aeroplane.

The body of an unknown man was found in a deserted lumber camp at West Seboois, Maine, yesterday.

The shipwrecked passengers and crew of the steamer Laurentian will be forwarded to Glasgow on the steamer Mongolian from St. John's, Nfld.

It is thought that the Bible society of this province will have only one auxiliary in future, and that at St. John. This was practically decided on at a recent conference in Fredericton.

The firm of Corbett & Floesch, working at present on the G. T. P. between Moncton and Chipman, has secured a contract for a new railroad in Pennsylvania, amounting to $4,000,000. Mr. and Mrs. Corbett passed through the city last night.

The town council of Woodstock has received a petition signed by a number of citizens asking for the repeal of the beer law. John A. Lindsay, Scott Act and beer inspector, has been relieved of office.

In the court at Andover before Judge Carleton, a Jew named Seinkowicz was yesterday charged with stealing $200 from the Bank of Montreal's junior clerk, Wm. Hay, a Woodstock boy.

The Canadian Cement Company of Montreal will have $8,000,000 of 6 per cent gold bonds, of which $5,000,000 will be issued at present. Of the capital stock of $30,000,000, it is intended to issue at present $10,000,000 of the total of $11,000,000 of preference shares, and $12,500,000 of the total of $19,000,000 of common shares, making the amount of total stock to be issued at present, $22,500,000.

Ivy M. Nightingale.

The death of Ivy M. Nightingale, third daughter of Levi Nightingale, occurred at her home, The Range, Queens County, on September 2, aged twenty-two years, after an illness of more than a year. She leaves her father, mother, three brothers and three sisters, besides a large circle of friends to mourn their sad loss. She professed faith in Christ and was baptized and joined the George street United Baptist church, in Fredericton, in 1908, while she was attending Normal School, there. She was a faithful Christian and her end was peace.

HON. W. S. FIELDING AND PREMIER MURRAY SPEAK AT PICNIC

Yarmouth, N. S., Sept. 7—The series of Liberal political picnics was opened here today. Hon. W. S. Fielding, Hon. G. H. Murray and Hon. J. N. Armstrong, G. U. Mader, M. P. P., and Hon. H. S. LeBlanc were the principal speakers. The chair was occupied by E. S. McKay, president of the Yarmouth County Liberal Association.

Premier Murray was the first speaker and made the chief speech of the day. He was followed by Hon. Mr. Fielding, who spoke for half an hour. Hon. J. N. Armstrong, R. M. McGregor, M. P. P., and E. N. Armstrong, M. P. P., followed.

Premier Murray expressed regrets that he was not better acquainted with the electors of the county of Yarmouth. The Whitney syndicate which had built up the eastern part of the province had, he said, been opposed by the Conservative party and press, and when an attempt was made to increase the coal royalty there was a hue and cry by the opponents of the government.

The Eastern Extension claim for $671,000 had been kept before the federal government for years, but not until the advent of the Laurier government was the claim recognized.

The terms of the B. N. A. act had been found unsatisfactory to the people of the province, but after a long struggle the Liberal government at Ottawa increased the subsidy by $177,000.

All those important matters were, said Mr. Murray, opposed by the Conservatives.

The speaker pointed with pride to the educational act, and said that his government was giving more to education than any other province in Canada, in proportion to population. He briefly referred to the technical education and claimed that in this matter Nova Scotia was ahead of every province in the dominion and every state in the American union. His government was doing everything in its power for agriculture and fully 400 pupils were attending the college at Truro. He defended the road act and made the statement that no government would change it.

The premier closed with a reference to the temperance question, claiming that recent amendments to the Scott act afforded the people better protection against the liquor traffic than any prohibitory legislation could accomplish. He looked in vain for the Conservative policy, but he saw none.

In the last appeal he made to the people he was sustained in every county from Cape North to Yarmouth, the opposition winning a seat here and there by accident.

Speeches were also delivered by the others mentioned as being present.

Hon. Mr. Fielding, the finance minister, devoted most of his time to an eulogy of the provincial government and its leader. He said that the time had arrived when Canada should follow Australia, New Zealand and other colonies in lending an additional hand to the Mother Country.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

Count Bragga Docia—My castles in Italy are so distant from each other that I had to get a motor car.

Stockson Bonds—Don't you think it would have been wiser to have invested in an airship?