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POOR DOCUMENT

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MONCTON AND ST. JOHN

THE WHEEL O' FORTUNE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

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(Continued.)

"Good gracious!"

"The statement lends itself to disbelief, I admit—"

"Why do you think me disbelieving?"

"Pray forgive me, Miss Fenshawe. I am in doubting mood myself tonight. At any rate, the lineage of the Roysons has not been disputed during many centuries. Our name is part of our proof, and there has been a Richard Royson associated with Westmoreland ever since Coeur-de-Lion returned from Palestine. That is the kind of family asset a boy will brag of. Joined to a certain proficiency in games, it supplies a ready-made nickname. But the wonderful and wholly inexplicable thing is that while I have been standing here, watching our head-light dancing over the desert, the fantastic conceit has invaded my very soul that I share with my kindly ancestor his love of this land, his ambition to accomplish great deeds in its secret places, his contempt and scorn of all opposing influences. Do you remember how he defied a rain of blood which scared his courtiers? One of his friends has placed on record the opinion that if an angel from heaven bade Richard abandon his work he would have answered with a curse. Well, I am poor, and of slight consequence in the world to-day, but at least it has been vouchsafed me to understand what a strong man and a king can feel when there are those who would thwart his will. At present, I am powerless, as little able to give effect to my energies as Richard himself when pent in an Austrian prison, but I do ask that some Blondel shall free me, no matter what the ransom and that Fate, shall set me a task worthy of the man who fought and dreamed and planned empires out there eight centuries ago."

Royson threw back his head, and stretched his right hand toward the desert where lay Jaffa and Jerusalem. He was quite carried away by the magic of the hour. He had brushed aside the cobwebs of society, and spoke to Irene as a gallant and fearless youth might address the maid at whose feet he hoped to lay the trophies gained in winning his knighthood. And she, as might be expected, responded to the passionate chord which sounded this challenge to fortune. She, too, forgot convention, for which Heaven be praised!

"You have my prayers for your success," she whispered. "What is more, I believe in you, and that is why I am here now, for I have come to ask you, for my sake and the sake of one whom I love, not to leave this ship until I bid you."

At any other moment such a request must have had a sinister sound. Coming then, it seemed to be a direct answer to Dick's excited appeal to the unseen power that governs men's lives. He turned and looked into her eyes. She was so near to him that he could see the wondrous light shining in their limpid depths. He felt the fragrance of her presence, the glow of her tender beauty, and she did not shrink from him when he placed a protecting hand on her shoulder.

"You need no promise from me, Miss Fenshawe," he said, with a labored utterance that was wholly unaccountable to him. "Twice already have I refused to leave you, though I have been summoned to England to resume an inheritance wrongfully withheld. We are stubborn, we Richards, and we are loyal, too. It was you, I now believe, who snatched me from misery, almost from despair. Have no fear, therefore, that I shall desert you."

"You have taken from my heart," she answered softly. "You are the only man on board in whom I have any real confidence. I fear that my grandfather has been misled, wilfully and shamefully misled, but I am unable to prevent it for lack of proof. But to-night, after dinner, I chanced to over hear a conversation with reference to you which redoubled the doubts I have felt ever since this expedition was decided on. I feel that I must tell you. Baron von Kerber distrusts you because you are a gentleman. He fears you will act as one if you have to choose between his interests and your own honor. And today, since your letter arrived—"

"Yes, ma'am," they heard Captain Stump shout from the bridge, "Miss Fenshawe is forward, with Mr. Royson. You'll find it a very pretty sight goin' through the canal on a night like this."

And Mrs. Haxton, hunting the ship for Irene—not to speak of Royson and the girl herself when in calmer mood—may have wondered why Stump should trumpet forth his information as though he wished all on board to hear it. Perhaps it was, as Dick already well knew, that the stout skipper had good eyesight as well as a kind heart.

CHAPTER VI.

At The Portal.

"Why in the world did you hide yourself in this part of the ship, Irene?" cried Mrs. Haxton, advancing with a rapidity that was in marked contrast to her usual languid movements. "I have been searching for you everywhere."

"I have not hidden myself, and you must have missed a rather large section out of your everywhere," said the girl, with a coolness that Royson found admirable.

"But Mr. Fenshawe wants you. He has been vainly awaiteing his partner at the bridge table during the past twenty minutes."

"I would never have believed grandfather could be so callous. Play cards here! Where every prospect pleases and only bridge is vile! Let me bring him forth at once. Good night, Mr. Royson! Thank you so much for a nice talk. I think I shall be able now to pass an examination in the history and geography of the Suez Canal."

Dick lifted his cap, silently thanking Providence that women were more adroit than men. Mrs. Haxton seemed to take no notice of him. Indeed, she had scarcely spoken to him since they met at Marseilless, and, were he a vain man, such studied neglect on the part of a pretty woman might have supplied food for thought. Yet it is possible that Mrs. Haxton herself would confess to a certain chagrin if she realized how small a place she occupied in his mind as he followed her along the deck. Irene flitted in front, light-limbed and agile, humming gaily a verse of some song, but breaking off in the midst to ask Captain Stump not to be very angry if she brought a party of invaders to his tiny domain. She was young enough not to feel fluttered by the knowledge that Mrs. Haxton had broken in on a somewhat dangerous interchange of confidences. She knew that she wanted a friend—some one less opinionative than Mr. Fenshawe—to whom she could appeal for help and guidance when difficulties arose. Royson was already a hero in her eyes, and what more natural than that she should turn to him, especially under the circumstances which had come to her knowledge that evening? As for Dick, he fancied that the Suez Canal was one of the roads to Heaven.

Before he climbed into his bunk, however, he re-read Mr. Forbes's letter, and noticed then that it bore signs of interference, while von Kerber, if he had not opened it, must have jumped to the conclusion that it came from London solely because the stamp was an English one. Added to Iren's veiled warning that all was not well on board, this apparent tampering with his correspondence bore an ugly look. It almost suggested that the Baron feared he was what the London inquiry agent had asked him to become—the paid spy of Alfieri. He wondered what hold the Italian had on the man. Now that he was able to examine recent events in perspective, he saw that von Kerber had traveled alone from London with the hope of throwing off his track any one who was watching him—and had failed. It was evident, too, that neither Mr. Fenshawe nor his granddaughter, nor Mrs. Haxton for that matter, took pains to keep their whereabouts unknown, because Dick had seen an announcement of the Aphrodite's cruise in a London newspaper brought on board by the pilot. Von Kerber's name was not mentioned, but the others were described briefly, the reference to Mrs. Haxton being that she was a "personna grata in Anglo-Egyptian society." Why, then, did the Austrian demand such secrecy from the yacht's crew, and be so perturbed by the advent of a letter addressed to one of them? But Royson's disposition was far too happy-go-lucky to permit of serious ponderings on other people's business. He laughed and reddened a little when his mind swung round to the more pleasing memory of the girl's frank sympathy, and he told himself, with deep and convincing earnestness, that next time they met he must guard his unruly tongue, else it might run away with him again, and find her in less receptive mood.

Then he fell asleep, and slept soundly, too, in blissful ignorance of a conversation then taking place in the chart-house, though it had the most direct bearing on his own future.

For Von Kerber had seized the opportunity, when Mr. Fenshawe and the two ladies went below, to draw Stump into private conclave.

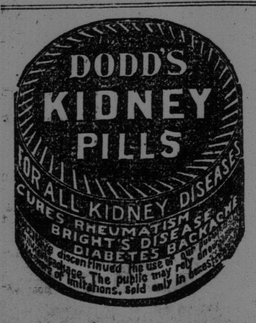
"We reach Suez tomorrow, captain," he said, "and that will be our last chance of getting rid of any of the crew whom you think unsuitable."

"That's so," agreed Stump, "but I can't say I've blacklisted any of 'em. The only fault I find with 'em is that there's too many hands for the work."

"Ah, you regard them as dependable, yes?"

"Good for any game you like to put before 'em," was the brisk summary.

(To be continued.)



WINNIPEG MAN CURED OF RHEUMATISM

Remarkable Case of Cure After Specialists Failed.

Winnipeg, Man.—A prominent resident of this City, who for personal reasons does not wish his name mentioned publicly, but who permits us to show his letter to interested enquirers, writes to say that he was suddenly taken with excruciating pains in the back and side, which were pronounced by his physicians as Rheumatism. Hot applications were at once resorted to, the usual medicines administered, supplemented by electrical treatment, but all to no purpose. In his desperation he took Gin Pills on his own account, and in a few hours after taking the first Pill the pains commenced to subside. He continued taking them and in 48 hours he had not an ache or a pain left.

Gin Pills are sold at 50c a box—6 for $2.50. Send to us if your dealer does not handle them. Sample box free if you mention this paper.

Dept. U., National Drug & Chemical Co., Limited, Toronto. 116

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THE KLARK-URBAN CO.

Despite the remarkable line of plays presented by the Klark-Urban Stock Company and the gorgeousness of the stage settings, the lighter portions of the performances have not been neglected. The various specialties introduced during each performance are said to be far beyond the standard of stock attractions. In "The College Girl," the opening bill Monday night, they will be seen to the best advantage, including the following high class vaudeville artists: Miss Maisie Cecil, in songs and dances; Franklin and Hiat, character change artists; The Great "Tenny," comedy juggler and club manipulator; Klark and Urban, musical artists, and the latest illustrated songs and moving pictures. The Klark-Urban Company will appear in the Opera House for six nights and Saturday matinee, commencing next Monday evening; seats now on sale at the box office.

AT THE NICKEL

One of the many good features in the Nickel's programme for today and Saturday at the Nickel will be the airship trials of the great French aviator, Henri Farman. A dirigible balloon will also be shown in the air. The leading dramatic feature of the show will be a country play called "Village Gossips," with many a stirring climax and some sensationally realistic scenes, including a rescue from death on the railway. "When Reuben Comes to Town" is going to be a long laugh. Master Pat Harrington will create a furore of laughter in his own conception of how the popular song "I'm Afraid To Come Home In The Dark" ought to be sung. Last night he was a hit once more in the Indian idyl "Rainbow." Tomorrow (Saturday) afternoon this little chap will hold a gift-matinee reception for his school children friends and will present to every child and adult present his photograph. He has three different kinds to give away. On Monday the Nickel will commence a season of "Dramagraph" talking pictures, an improvement on the Humanovo of a month ago. Miss Foley and Mr. Cairns will return to St. John to start at the same time. Watch the papers.

AT THE PRINCESS

The best programme yet offered to patrons of the Princess was given last night and the large audience showed their appreciation by attention and hearty applause given to Scottie Provan, the Scotch entertainer and to the fine pictures shown. Tonight there will be an entire change of programme, new vaudeville act by Mr. Provan and five new pictures. For a headliner "Buying a Title," in five acts, from the studios of Thomas A. Edison, is one continuous laugh. There will also be an illustrated song.

A. McArthur, Cecil Mitchell and H. W. Campbell, returned to the city on the Boston train last night after a successful hunting trip on the south branch of the Oromocto. They were away about a week and brought back two large moose.

Contracts for supplying the C. P. R. steamers coming here this winter have been awarded as follows—For meats, poultry and game, F. E. Williams Company; vegetables, Charles Phillips; fish, P. A. Smith.

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, billiousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MR. BECKLEY'S CONCERT WAS LARGELY ATTENDED

The high esteem in which Sydney Beckley is held, both as an artist and a man, and the many warm ties which he has formed since he came to St. John, were amply demonstrated last night by the crowded state of the Stone church school house, the audience which nearly tested the capacity of the building testifying to the excellence of the varied musical bill of fare put before them. The concert giver, though suffering from a slight cold, was in good form and all his selections were well received and encored. The feature of the evening, perhaps, was the rendering of Tennyson's Enoch Arden, with illustrated musical setting by Richard Strauss, a work which tests the dramatic capabilities of the reciter to the utmost. The technical difficulties of the piano score are exacting and the music was ably handled by D. Arnold Fox at the keyboard. It is rich in suggestion and the whole performance was a great treat, and displayed Mr. Beckley's great dramatic powers to the utmost advantage.

Miss Frances Travers, who appears all too seldom on the concert platform, was well received in her artistically rendered numbers receiving an encore for her second song. Mr. Connell's contralto voice was heard to advantage in Elgar's Land of Hope and Glory, while John A. Kelly pleased greatly with his rendering of two songs composed by J. S. Ford, which are distinguished by lyric grace and the accompaniments of which were played by the composer. Mr. Kelly had to respond to an encore. Two quartettes were given by the artists already mentioned and were very effectively rendered. In response to an encore to his rendering of Gounod's Maid of Athens, Mr. Beckley gave the musical monologue, The Lesson of the Watermill. George Morrissey made his debut as a reciter in Kipling's Ballad of the Clamperdown and acquitted himself exceedingly well and at the same time showed Mr. Beckley's tuition to advantage. D. Arnold Fox fulfilled the arduous duties of accompanist very effectively.

Mr. Beckley will leave St. John soon to reside in New York.

Fat Is Out Of Style

To paraphrase Caesar's remark, the directoire gown came—was seen—and has conquered. So fat ladies are reduced, so to speak, to the necessity of either reducing at a very rapid rate for eliminating themselves from public view until the fashion dies out. Otherwise they risk being ridiculous.

Since many fat ladies will not eliminate themselves, however, but, per contra, will insist on wearing the curveless gown, no course is open to this well-meaning scribe other than to tell them how they may eliminate the fat.

What is there, then, that reduces fat safely? What pleasant inexpensive article is there on druggists' shelves that can reduce a pound a day without causing wrinkles or stomach ache? What can the pharmacists offer as an improvement over scanty victuals or ten mile walks without breakfast? Is there anything pleasant to take and inexpensive to buy that will reduce one uniformly, quickly and innocently thirty pounds a month? Here is the answer: Either write the Marmola Company, Detroit, Mich., or ask your local druggist for Marmola Prescription Tablets, and for 75 cents they or he will give you one large case of these safe fat reducers, containing so generous a quantity of tablets that sometimes one case only is needed to produce the desired results. Can you match that for a simple solution of your problem?

THE FRENCH IN CANADA

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir,—The bug-a-boo of French domination, held by many well-meaning people, should be dismissed from our minds. In this regard, we should follow England's example of the recent entente cordiale at the exhibition building in London of French and English products, just especially for those two countries, when the French children came over from France to mingle with and be entertained by the English children. Could a more transcendent idea be suggested than this great and good thought for the amity of nations?

We in Canada are as the two peoples across the water, but more intimately connected. The English language will soon become the language of our brother Frenchmen's children on this continent, and thus, as one family, shall we continue in contentment and peace.

To the broader English minds of the mother land it will be extolled as a loving tribute from that people that we have selected the greatest mind of our French neighbors to guide English destinies in her greatest colony.

In '96 we were in sore straits in this city and province, and the following lines truly descriptive of that sad time, were printed and endorsed by the "St. John Globe":

FREEDOM'S FLAG.

Float high, dear flag of Liberty,
Tho' tattered is thy form,
Thy struggles with adversity
Have braved its every storm.

Once more o'er this fertile domain,
Thy people, much distressed
By monopolies, combines and their train,
May hope to be redressed.

By laws that will again demand
What's just for all alike,
For freedom of the mother land,
That proves to worlds her right.

And may our banner, raised on high,
Float free and fair for all,
And prove that Britons may rely
On the wisdom of a Gaul.

Yes, brave Laurier, thy battle long
For people sore enslaved,
Will place thee where thou should'st belong—
At the head of Freedom's braves.

The Conservatives by their impatient and unfair methods for a change, expose a selfish and arbitrary character. They held the people back in their system of slow progress for eighteen years. The present government are six years short of the Conservative term, and until they can work with unanimity they should at least wait for an equal period with the Liberals.

There are at present no men of the calibre and ability of the present directors of government. Borden is too weak to command. A captain with a crew in mutiny is a dangerous quantity to foist on the public of a young and growing country. Foster has kept himself in parliament by shifting from one place to another and offering false promises of temperance and reform, and yet cannot agree with his leader.

By continuing our support for present favorable conditions, may we not expect to lead on to that time when we shall become renowned as one of the most peaceful and prosperous nations of the earth under the noble Laurier's magnanimous guidance. By returning the two able workers, Messrs. Pugsley and Pender, it will be realized.

Respectfully yours,
J. S. CLIMO.

CHILDREN ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

Editor Evening Times.

Sir:—The forests are a rainbow of splendor. Night and day, their leaves are floating down to earth—pages of the seasons past.

"Like leaves on trees,
The life of man is found,
Now green in youth
Now withering on the ground."

It is well! All is preparation for a better and greater world! The thoughts and acts of good characters abide. The Babe born in a manger, has brought joy into the hearts of the world. Davy handed his successes to Faraday—so in all history achievements are passed down to the children. Does the world seem evil to us? Let us read Universal History—then answer in the words of Tennyson:—

"Better fifty years of Europe
Than a cycle of Cathay."

The interest taken in children, at this time, begins the insurance of a world—greater and better, than ever entered into the heart of man to conceive. "The Spartans replied to the King, who demanded fifty of their children as hostages." "We would prefer to give you a hundred of our most distinguished men."

"Mortals cry a man is dead;
Angels sing a child is born."

Help for the suffering, care for incurables, the restoration of the fallen—are needful works—but their sad necessity is to be removed, by giving the young and rising generation, the right direction.

To remove limitations to evil is necessary—but the substitution of counter attractions os a necessity. Sam Jones,—said, "Do not bind in with bandages, take them off, and say—grow now!"

Give perfect freedom of every faculty of being. "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness." Froude said,—"The moral law is written on the Tablets of Eternity."

Yours,
BUCKWHEAT.

MADE "SALOME" PUT MORE CLOTHES ON

Pittsburg Chief of Police Forbids Miss Deyo to do the Famous Dance in Scanty Garb.

Pittsburg, Oct. 15.—Clad in skirts to her ankles, with tights beneath and nothing bared save her shapely arms, Blanch Deyo did the dance of Salome at the Duquesne Theatre. Chief of Police Thomas A. McQuaide, who had closely inspected Miss Deyo's costume before she came on, was in the wings with a frown on his face, warning her not to kick too high.

It was the famous dance performed under great difficulties, and Miss Deyo was almost bursting with rage.

Mayor Guthrie and Director of Public Safety Lang had sent word to McQuaide that he must see that Miss Deyo had a sufficient amount of clothes on when she came on the stage, and in case she didn't put her under arrest and close the house. When the dancer heard of this she sent a message to the Director asking if she should do the dance in "bloomers, mittens and a shawl." For this bit of impertinence Miss Deyo narrowly escaped an arrest for the offense of the night before, when she danced before the Director with but little on save beads.

"It's a shame," sobbed the dancer as she came out for inspection by the white-haired McQuaide clad in skirts to the feet. "You see, I can't kick a bit and don't feel at all easy."

"But I feel a good bit easier," said McQuaide gallantly.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The Shine that Won't Come Off No Matter How Hot the Fire—

"Black Knight" Stove Polish

won't burn off nor turn red. It stands the hottest fire and stays a bright, shiny black.

Easy to put on, and just a few rubs brings a brilliant polish.

You should see for yourself how good "Black Knight" really is.

If your dealer does not handle it, send us his name and 10c. for full sized can.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO. LIMITED, - - HAMILTON, Ont.

There comes a time to every man
When he must say "I can't" for "can."
On rich foods he must call a halt:
That means he should take ABBEY'S SALT.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

Takes Care of The Good Liver's Liver.

Cowan's "Perfection" Cocoa

is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 72

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed to The Blue Ribbon Tea Co., P. O. Box, 2554, Montreal, entitles the sender to a free package of our 25c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank spaces whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea ( )

To MRS. _____

ST. _____ TOWN _____

Grand Liberal Mass Meeting

TONIGHT, FRIDAY
October 16

IN THE NEW

Temple of Honor Hall

NORTH END

SPEAKERS:

HON. WM. PUGSLEY,
Minister of Public Works

JAMES PENDER,
Liberal Candidate in St. John City

A. B. COPP, M. P. P.
A fine campaign orator

Special invitation to the ladies.
The Chair will be taken at 8 o'clock.