

TAXI

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

Robert Hervey Randolph, who is in possession of an income of ten thousand a year while the missing heiress is undiscovered is thrown over by Miss Van Toller, who wants at least one hundred thousand a year to spend. Bobby leaves his lady love, after refusing to kiss her good-bye and goes toward some thinking of the heiress, he saw once when she was a small girl. On the way he sees a taxi with the door open, jumps in and is carried to the stage door of a theatre, where the usual villain is attempting to enter the heroine. They are about to enter his cab, he allows the lady to enter, gives the man a poke in the face and orders cabbie to drive through the park. Later he takes the girl to his room and begins a serious conversation with her.

Miss Van Toller's turn to flash. "Then," she said, "if you like me and you're not afraid, please begin at the start and tell me all about it."

The girl's eyes fell and sought the floor. Her face slowly paled to the shade of her somber thoughts. She was no longer pretty; she was beautiful, with a revealing transparency that made her seem unfeigned, a disembodied spirit of sincerity and truth, indubitably pure.

"I had a nurse once," she cried, in a low voice, "and a wire-haired terrier, a show-dog and a darling. His name was Sport." She raised solemn eyes to Randolph's face as though measuring his powers of understanding. "My nurse died and then, one day, I had to sell Sport; I wasn't old enough to sell myself."

She stopped speaking with an unmistakable finality. Randolph was overwhelmed by the flood of information that this slip of a girl had packed into four lines and a revelation of the heart thrown in for good measure! Over and above that, he had to reckon with the continuation of a suspicion which had been slowly establishing itself in his mind that he had met her before, that not for the first time this night had those soft lips, curved for merry words, cried, "My, what a bump!" within his hearing.

So many considerations pressed to his immediate attention that he awoke to the actual present too late to stem the tide of tears that suddenly rose to the girl's eyes.

"Oh," she sobbed, "what is to become of me? I was so happy here, if you hadn't made me think!"

If anything she had said in the course of these pages to give the impression that Mr. Randolph was modelled after Joseph or even out of ice or packed with profanity to the exclusion of red blood, forgive it. At the sight of those tears, he said the length of the couch to first base, fielded the girl in his arms, switched her round so that she lay across his knees, drew her face against his shoulder, and asked her gently:

"You poor kiddie," he said softly, "what a devil of a time you've had! But believe me when I tell you it's all over. This is the night that starts your old happy sun into the blue sky again. Don't worry."

"She stopped crying and looked up into the honest face so close to her own, purring as to how just those words could have come from him; but the world had taught her a hard lesson in varying standards. She drew a long quivering sigh.

"If you really wait until I love you, body and soul," she breathed.

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Mr. Randolph.

"Why, then it wouldn't be so bad—"

"I don't get you," remarked Robert Hervey.

"A man told me just a little while ago what he was making a catalogue of reasons why women love him. He said, 'I had eleven already, and yet he was one of the nicest men I've met. He talked to me as though he was talking to me a way that I could understand.'"

"Really?" said Mr. Randolph, stiff, frowning perceptibly.

"The lowest reason of all was for cash," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Then came the matter of precious stones, and, after that, silk underwear."

"Silk underwear?" exclaimed Mr. Randolph, mystified and interested in spite of himself.

"Of course you couldn't understand that," she said, "not unless you had seen some poor girl bury her face in a crope de chine and up-splish to try them on, and then sob because she had to wear clothes over them."

"Look here," said Mr. Randolph, shuddering at the pity of it, "well, guess on to the next, if you don't mind."

"Christy comes next," resumed the girl obediently. "A woman is weak until she knows everything. Then comes a funny one that you won't understand at all. It's called 'because.' Because he had on a coat that reminded her of an old coat that a man she had loved used to wear."

"Ghastly!" commented Mr. Randolph.

"Then come two uninteresting ones—'cancer of the senses and the swing of the pendulum.'" protested Mr. Randolph.

"My dear girl—" protested Mr. Randolph.

"I said they weren't interesting," she reminded him depressingly. Her eyes widened. "And now," she continued, "we go up and up-splish that stabs its own heart; the lonely soul; consuming fire, and, last and greatest reason of all, just love." Her eyes glowed to some distant point. "If all myself, my honor, my past, and my future dissolve to the single drop of a present moment in the crystal cup of love, then let me give myself to a lover's lips for once, drain nothing, will be left upon which to hang the badge of shame—nothing remain in all the world but the spirit and—and the sacrifice."

"Gif," said Mr. Randolph, crushing her to him as though he snatched her back from just beyond his grasp, "where is your mind wandering? What have you been thinking? That I was asking you to—give yourself to me?"

Her eyes came suddenly to his face. "Yes," she said, "I thought that."

He stared at her for a long silent moment, his lips wavering nervously between pity and severity. A flush swept over her face, and into her eyes crept a look of fear. "You don't want me," she whispered; then, as he did not

speak, her face paled and she said quickly: "Kiss me. I wish you to kiss me."

There was something in her insistence that clutched at his heart and bent him forward. He drew her head up slowly to meet his lips and kissed her as lightly, as impersonally as brother ever saluted sister, but far more fearfully. Immediately her body went limp in his arms, turned to a dead weight of unspurred flesh.

"It is true," she murmured, desperately. "You don't really want me. I can never love you now."

Randolph awoke to that still cry. He shook her, seized her head in both his hands, and forced her eyes to meet the bias in his.

"You generous, careless, adorable little fool!" he growled. "Why, you're the most desirable and precious bundle of lovable charm that robber man ever stumbled to hold in scrologous arms!"

She stared at him, amazed.

"Why don't you kiss the way you talk?" she demanded.

"Because there's no reason for your desperate harrier, my dear Imogene Pamela Thornton!"

In one little motion she was out of his arms, on her feet, back to the fire, head upturned.

"How dare you—how dare you call me that name?" She was transformed; her eyes flashed with such a light as made the bias in his own a paltry thing. "Do you think she would lie in your arms?" she asked, gulping out the words. "Vivienne Vivienne?"

"My nurse died and then, one day, I had to sell Sport; I wasn't old enough to sell myself."

Randolph did not leap to comfort her this time; he did not even watch her. With his eyes on the edges of fire that peeped from between and round her ankles, he began to talk.

"I knew you; I knew Sport; I knew Maggie. Just once I met you and I've never forgotten. I couldn't. He smiled crookedly. "You and I sat down so near together and you cried out, 'My, what a bump!' and laughed and laughed—just like tonight, back there at the stage-door of the Crocodile."

Pamela, in spite of her sobbing, heard every word he said as though long women invariably do when it is anything of personal importance. She stopped crying.

"So you were that awfully nice boy," she said, disclosing tear-stained cheeks and looking him over as though she were inventing a long list of points of deterioration.

Robert Hervey Randolph, six feet tall, freckled-nosed, open-faced, big-eyed and broad-shouldered, looked up at her almost apologetically as if his whole sum and substance were crying out to be appraised at face value but no less.

"That's me," he said rapidly. "My name is Robert Hervey Randolph. Some people call me 'Bob,' some 'Hervey,' and the sidy ones say 'Randy.'"

"I shall call you 'Mr. Randolph,'" said Miss Thornton bravely, and then broke into: "After—after I've thanked you again and—and again from my heart. I'm going now."

"That's a wrong guess," said Robert, smiling happily—he didn't know exactly why. "I'm the one that's going after you promise me that you'll stay here until ten o'clock tomorrow. But before we come to that, please don't thank me ever. It's selfish, but I'd simply love to have you remember me as Bob or Hervey or, at the very worst, Randy. Won't you?"

She looked this way and that before she let her face ripple to its wondrous smile.

"I'll go as far as Randy," she conceded mischievously; then she smiled went and the shadow came. "Big I really can't stay here, you know."

Mr. Randolph leaped to his feet, reached her in a single stride and caught her by both wrists. "Look at me!" he said. "If you won't promise to stay here until a break till ten o'clock tomorrow and thereafter at your pleasure, I'll stay myself and hold you. Now, do you or don't you? One—two—"

"Do what?" insisted Robert.

"I promise."

"Make yourself absolutely at home, then," he said, as he dropped her hands and turned toward the door.

"I feel like Christmas Eve," said Miss Thornton weakly. "Won't you please tell me what's going to happen?"

"You've guessed it—Christmas," he answered automatically, tossed the latch-key on the table, and left her. She can be excused for spying upon him from the curtained window. She saw him awake the cabman, and then watched the pantomime of a long colloquy.

"Oh!" she moaned. "No wonder! The awful, awful price of those horrid clock things! Why did I let him take it to wait?"

Presently she was amazed to see both the driver and Mr. Randolph disappear into the dark recesses of the cab and close after them its door.

For twenty breathless minutes she watched, lamented by the thought that they had retired to have it out, where they wouldn't be disturbed by the police. At long last they issued unobscured to crank the car and then, walking rather strangely, went off, headed west; the driver mounted his box, threw in the clutch, and scurried to the east as though he were off to meet the morning.

"Strange doings!" thought Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, as she turned from the window to start on a privately conducted voyage of discovery. Strange doings, indeed, and strange as still could Imogene Pamela have heard as well as seen! This is what really happened: Mr. Randolph awoke the cabman gently but thoroughly; then he said:

"Look here: I want to buy your wagon."

"Gowan, boss; we'd yer take me for? Here I been freazin' most to detour two mortal hours an' a gent like you starts right in kickin' on the clock wheel even residin' it."

"Shucks!" said Mr. Randolph,

"What's biting you? Never mind the meter-reading; here's twenty for you to forget that. Now tell me: Who owns your bus-wagon? You?"

"Now, the Village Cab Company," replied the satirical cabman as he stuffed the twenty-dollar bill into his trousers' pocket.

"Well," said Mr. Randolph, "you and I are about the same build and I've got a proposition for you. Change clothes, hand me over your cab, and take two hundred dollars to see yourself to another job."

The driver showed no surprise; he contemplated the offer with half-closed eyes and dubiously working lips.

"More than that," went on Randolph: "I'm not taking your job just for tonight; I'm going to hold it. The only thing I want you to promise is that you'll keep your trap closed if you see any ads in the personal columns looking for me."

"How do I know you won't lift the car and wheel it up for New Haven?" Randolph fixed him in the eyes.

"You know I won't, because I say it."

"Sure—that's all right, boss," said the driver conciliatingly. "No bones broke. Now there's just one thing more: have you flagged that it's five hours to the opening of second-hand Sixth Avenue or the Bowery, an I'd have to wear those clothes of yours all that time?"

"What's the matter with these clothes?" asked Randolph, a little peeved. "Well, you've heard my offer. Take it or leave it."

"Sure! I'll take it," said the driver promptly. "If I wasn't 'a point' to have, I'd take it from the first, what would I (Continued tomorrow.)"

WEEK'S CLEARINGS WESTERN BANKS

Edmonton	\$ 4,867,464
Moose Jaw	1,757,005
Prince Albert	399,389
Medicine Hat	418,233
Calgary	7,086,233
Regina	2,432,290
Vancouver	16,289,885
New Westminster	629,864
Saskatoon	2,130,228
Lethbridge	766,095

FURTHER DIV. IS NOT LIKELY

Toronto, Aug. 26.—Little credence is given here to rumors of a further stock dividend for Provincial Paper shareholders. It is pointed out that it is decidedly unlikely that another stock dividend will be paid, practically on the heels of the former one, and that, moreover, the reorganization accomplished a short time ago has probably taken care of all dividends for some time to come. Officials of the company deny that the matter has even been discussed among the directors.

BANKS DOING GOOD BUSINESS

Montreal, Aug. 26.—Sir Herbert S. Holt, president of the Royal Bank of Canada, has returned to Montreal after a trip to Europe in connection with the affairs of the bank. The parent branch of the institution, which he inspected, is doing a rushing business.

So far as conditions in England and France are concerned, Sir Herbert states that he found business in England excellent, and France is rapidly recovering from the effects of the war.

MONTREAL MARKETS

Montreal, Aug. 26.—Oats, Canadian Western, No. 2, \$1.18 to \$1.19; Canadian Western, No. 3, \$1.16 to \$1.17. Flour—New standard grade, \$14.85 to \$15.05.

Millfeeds—Rolled oats, bag 90 lbs., \$5.50 to \$5.75; bran, \$4.25; shorts, \$4.25.

Hay—No. 2, per ton, car lots, \$31.00; Choice—Best eastern, 24%.

Butter—Choice, eastern, 60c to 61c.

LIFE SAVERS PICK UP SEAMAN ADRIFF IN BOAT

Bulletin, Halifax, N. S., Aug. 25.—Fred Wilson, of the Boston schooner Commonwealth was picked up today by the life-saving station at Sabie Island. He was found adrift in his dory, which had been missing from the vessel since Saturday.

If Luther Burbank would produce a seedling watermelon, he might improve table manners at our cafeteria. Left-off (outside of room 55)—I say, the gas is escaping in 55—Countryman (inside of room 55)—No, it ain't; I locked the door.

SEALED TENDERS

addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for wharf at Lord's Cove, N. B.," will be received at this office until 12 o'clock noon, Thursday, September 16, 1920, for the construction of a wharf at Lord's Cove, Deer Island, Charlotte County, N. B.

Plans and forms of contract can be seen and specification and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the office of the District Engineer at St. John, N. B., and at the Post Office, Lord's Cove, N. B.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on printed forms supplied by the Department and in accordance with conditions contained thereon.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, equal to 10 per cent of the amount of the tender.

War Loan Bonds of the Dominion will also be accepted as security, or War Bonds and cheques if required to make up an odd amount.

Note.—Blue prints can be obtained at this Department by depositing an accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$10 payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, which will be returned if the intending bidder submits a regular bid.

By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS,
Secretary,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, August 23, 1920.

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Friday, August 27.

Arrived Thursday

Coastwise—Sir Stadium, 49, Pike, Alma; str Glenholme, 125, Blankhorn, Cheverie, N. S.; str Bear River, 70 Moore, Bear River, N. S.; gas sch Cora Bertie, 30, Thurber, Freeport, N. S.; gas sch Jason B., 12, Lakeman, North Head.

Cleared Thursday

Gas sch Nora D. Sawyer, 23, Ingalls Eastport, Me.

Gas sch Black Diamond, 7, Gerrish, Eastport, Me.

Gas sch Conqueror, 22, Wallace, Eastport, Me.

Coastwise—Gas sch Jacob B., 12, Lakeman, Grand Harbor; str Bear River, 70, Moore, Digby, N. S.; str Stadium, 48, Pike, Alma.

FOREIGN PORTS

New York, Aug. 26.—Arvd str Canadian Trader, (Br) Segua, Aug. 15 via Halifax, 21.

Bound to Queenstown

The bark Inverclyde, which was loading cargo at Herby Cove, N. B., finished loading there on Saturday and sailed on that day for Queenstown for orders, J. T. Knight and Co. are the local agents.

Sailing Postponed

The sailing of the C. P. O. S. Uter Scandinavian from Montreal for Antwerp and Southampton, scheduled for next Saturday, has been postponed, the liner going to drydock at Vickers for some minor repairs.

Manchester Line Movements

Purves, Why and Co., Ltd., report the following Manchester Line boats:

S. S. Manchester Division arrived in Montreal Aug. 23 from Manchester with a general cargo; S. S. Manchester Division arrived in Montreal from Montreal, Aug. 24, with a general cargo.

Port of Montreal, Aug. 26.—Arrivals Canadian Farmer, Havana.

Departures—Canadian Miner, St. John, N.B.; Bataford, Glasgow; Truth, Hull; Admiral Cochrane, Gibraltar.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Change Time August 29.

Train 40 arriving St. John 5.25 a.m.
Train 39 leaving St. John 6.45 p.m.

CANCELLED.

Montreal Express No. 15 will leave St. John at 4.50 p.m. instead of 3.30 p.m.

NOTE—Train No. 152 will leave Edmundston at 10.50 a.m. instead of 9.55 a.m.

For other details of train changes apply Local Agent.

N. R. DesBRISAY, Dist. Pass. Agt.

Furness Line

From London Direct To London Via Halifax
August 14th—"Kanawha" August 31

Manchester Line

From Manchester To Baltimore Direct
From Montreal and Manchester
Sept. 5—"Manchester Port" Sept. 20

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.

FURNESS, WITHEY CO., Ltd.

Royal Bank Bldg.
Tel. Main 2616 - St. John, N. B.

CP TO EUROPE

Quebec to Liverpool
Aug. 23 Sept. 22 - Pr. Fr. Wilhelm
Sept. 1 Sept. 29 - Victoria
Sept. 8 Oct. 6 - Emp. of France
Sept. 15 Oct. 13 - Imp. of Britain

From Montreal To
Aug. 21, Corsican - Liverpool
Aug. 28, Scandinavian - Antwerp
Aug. 28, Mediterranean - Antwerp
Sept. 8, Sicilian - Gibraltar
Sept. 10, Granman - Antwerp
x Via Southampton
x Via Southampton

CANADIAN PACIFIC OCEAN SERVICES

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Montreal

NEW THROUGH SERVICE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN CANADA

OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA

Canadian National Railways

MARITIME PROVINCES TO WINNIPEG VIA QUEBEC.

City	Time	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Lv. Sydney	7:00 a.m.								
Lv. Halifax	8:10 a.m.								
Lv. Moncton	9:00 a.m.								
Lv. St. John	10:00 a.m.								
Lv. Quebec	11:00 a.m.								
Lv. Winnipeg	6:00 p.m.								

NEW THROUGH SERVICE BETWEEN EASTERN AND WESTERN CANADA

OPTIONAL ROUTES VIA

Canadian National Railways

MARITIME PROVINCES, - PACIFIC COAST. VIA MONTREAL, TORONTO, NORTH BAY, COCHRANE.

City	Time	A.T.	Sa.	M.	Tu.	W.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
Lv. Sydney	8:30 a.m.								
Lv. Halifax	9:40 a.m.								
Lv. Moncton	10:30 a.m.								
Lv. St. John	11:30 a.m.								
Lv. Montreal	12:30 p.m.								
Lv. Toronto	1:30 p.m.								
Lv. North Bay	2:30 p.m.								
Lv. Winnipeg	6:00 p.m.								
Lv. Vancouver	9:00 a.m.								

STEEN BROS., LTD.

Mills at St. John, N. B., South Devon, N. B., Yarmouth, N. S.

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Two cents per word each insertion.
Minimum charge twenty-five cents.

FOR SALE

FARM FOR SALE—Three and a half rods between Amnagance Station; 450 acres; 100 acres cleared. Estimated 150,000 heavy lumber, soft wood. About 100 acres hard wood. Farm well watered. Good locality. House in good repair, with pump in kitchen. Two barns, with or without crop, stock and machinery. Ideal place for summer home. Good fishing and hunting. Reason for selling, illness. Immediate possession. Correspond. Alex. McNEARY, Amnagance, R. R. No. 1.

FOR SALE—Farm 100 acres on main road between Newcombe and Chatham, immediately on river, with stock, implements and furniture. Well built house, eight rooms, good cellar, water in house—drainage. Good barn, stabling for four cows, two horses, calf pen. etc. Railway and steamboat landings near by. Apply Brest, R.R. 2, Chatham, N. B.

HELP WANTED

Young Men and Girls wanted to learn Cotton Mill work. Good wages to be given.

First-class new Boarding House for girls, with meals furnished to men at reasonable rates.

Apply by letter, or at Office of Canadian Cottons, Ltd., Milltown, N. B.

EXHIBITION SPACE TO RENT

Space 16 x 18 ft. on ground floor. Nice location. Hard wood floor. Apply by phone daytime, M. 1159, or letter. J. W. Lucas, 245 Union St.

PERSONALS

LADIES ATTENTION—Dr. Le Pres Parisian Complexion Cream quickly removes Blackheads, Pimples, Enlarged Pores, Growls, Freckles, Wrinkles. Immediate results guaranteed. Full treatment, price \$1.50 sent on receipt of Postal or Money Order. Sole Agents, The Merchants' Publicity Association, Suite 429, 430 Standard Bank Building, Vancouver B. C.

NOTICE OF SALE

To Charles Commy, F. H. Colwell, and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a certain portable mill at present situate near Brown's Plains, in the Parish of Greenwick, in the County of Kings, consisting in part of a Leonard Boiler, a Leonard Engine, a Robb and Edger, a Robb Trimmer, a Robb Saw Bed, and all gear and other personal property covered by a certain Chattel Mortgage, given by the said Charles Commy to the undersigned, bearing date the fourth day of July, A. D. 1919, and duly registered, will, by reason of default having been made in payment thereof under the provisions of the said Chattel Mortgage, be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION, at or near the present location of the said mill on Wednesday, the first day of September, next, at the hour of 2.30 p. m.

Dated this twenty-first day of August, A. D. 1920.

(Sgd.) GILBERT STOCKFORD, Mortgagee.

(Sgd.) SLIPP & HANSON, Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

C. P. R. SUBURBAN SERVICE

Commencing Monday morning, August 30th, there will be a change in the early morning suburban train from Welsford. Under present schedule this train leaves W. Ford at 6.20 a. m., daylight time, but after the above date suburban will leave Welsford at 6.30 a. m. and will be ten minutes later at each station to Grand Bay. From Grand Bay to St. John the present schedule is not disturbed.

GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.

DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing June 1st summer leave Grand Manan Mondays, 7.30 a. m., for St. John via Campbellton and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a. m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 8 a. m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays, Fridays, leave Grand Manan 6.30 a. m., for St. John direct, returning 2.30 same day.

Saturdays, leave Grand Manan, 7.30 a. m., for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1.30 same day.

GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.
P. O. Box 387,
St. John, N. B.

Canadian National Railways

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR

Between

ST. JOHN and CAMPBELLTON

Leaves St. John on No. 10 Passenger Train at 11.45 p. m. (except on Saturdays and Sundays) and connects at Moncton with No. 31 Passenger Train for Campbellton.

RETURNING SLEEPER will leave Campbellton at 8.35 p. m. on No. 32 Passenger Train (except Saturday and Sunday), connecting at Moncton with No. 10 train for St. John.

For Fares, Reservations and Further Information apply to

A. L. GIBB, City Ticket Agent, 49 King Street

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