

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Mir Jan's answer was emphatic. He took off his turban and placed it on Anstruther's feet.

"Sahib," he said, "I am your dog. If, some day, I am found worthy of your faithful servant, then shall I know that Allah has pardoned my transgressions. I only killed a man because—"

"Peace, Mir Jan. Let him rest."

"Why is he worshipping you, Rob?" demanded Iris.

"He told her, 'I must keep up my studies in Hindustani. It is quite too sweet.'"

And then, for the benefit of her father, she rattled off into a spirited account of her struggles with the algebraic x and the Urdu compound verb.

Sir Arthur Deane managed to repress a sigh. In spite of himself he could not help liking Anstruther. The man was magnetic, a hero, an ideal gentleman. No wonder his daughter was infatuated with him. Yet the future was dark and storm-tossed, full of sinister threats and complications.

Iris did not know the wretched circumstances which had come to pass since they parted, and which had changed the whole aspect of his life.

How could he tell her? Why should it be his miserable lot to snatch the cup of happiness from her lips? In that moment of silent agony he wished he were dead, for death alone could remove the burden laid on him. Well, surely he might bask in the sunshine of her laughter for another day. No need to embitter her joyous heart until he was driven to it by dire necessity.

So he resolutely brushed aside the we-be-gone phantom of care, and entered into the abandon of the hour with a zest that delighted her. The dear girl imagined that Robert, her father, had made another speedy quest, and Anstruther himself was elated by the sudden change in Sir Arthur Deane's demeanor.

He behaved like school children. He roared over Iris in the matter of divided loyalties, too much divided to be at all content. The shipowner tasted some of her sago bread, and vowed it was excellent. They unearthed two bot-

cles of champagne, the last of the case, and promised each other a hearty toast at dinner. Nothing would content Iris but that they should draw a farewell bucketful of water from the well and drench the pitcher plant with a torrential shower.

Robert carefully secured the pocket books, money and other effects found on their dead companions. The baronet, of course, knew all the principal officers of the Sirdar. He surveyed these mournful relics with sorrowful interest.

"The Sirdar was the crack ship of my fleet, and Captain Ross my most trusted commander," he said. "You may well imagine, Mr. Anstruther, what a cruel blow it was to lose such a vessel, with all these people on board, and my only daughter amongst them. I wonder now that it did not kill me."

"She was a splendid sea boat sir. Although disabled, she fought gallantly against the typhoon. Nothing short of a reef would break her up."

"Ah, well," sighed the shipowner, "the few timbers you have shown me here are the remaining assets out of £300,000."

"Was she not insured?" inquired Robert.

"No; that is, I have recently adopted a scheme of mutual self-insurance, the loss falls pro rata on my other vessels."

The baronet glanced covertly at Iris. The words conveyed little meaning to her. Indeed, she broke in with a laugh—

"I am afraid I have heard you say, father dear, that some ships in the fleet paid you best when they ran ashore."

"Yes, Iris. That often happened in the old days. It is different now. I have not told you the extent of my calamities. The Sirdar was lost on March 18, though I did not know it for certain until this morning. But on March 25 the Badhar was sunk in the Mersey during a storm, and three days later the Jemadar turned turtle on the James and Mary shoal in the Hooghly. Happily there were no lives lost in either of these cases."

Even Iris was appalled by this list of casualties.

"My poor dear dad!" she cried. "To think that all these troubles should occur the very moment I left you!"

Yet she gave no thought of the serious financial effect of such a string of catastrophes. Robert, of course, appreciated this side of the business, especially in view of the shipowner's remark about the insurance. But Sir Arthur Deane's stiff upper lip deceived him. He failed to realize that the father was acting a part for his daughter's sake.

Oddly enough, the baronet did not seek to discuss with them the legal-looking document affixed near the cave. It claimed all rights in the island in their joint names, and this was a topic he wished to avoid. For the time, therefore, the younger man had no opportunity of taking him into his confidence, and Iris held faithfully to her promise of silence.

The girl's ragged raiment, sou'-wester, and strong boots were already packed away on board. She now rescued the Bible, the copy of Tennyson's poems, the battered tin cup, her revolver, and the Lee-Metford which "scared" Anstruther when they nearly caught Anstruther and Mir Jan napping. Robert also gathered for her an assortment of Dyak hats, belts and arms, including Taung Sali's parang and a sumptuous. These were her trophies, the spoils of the campaign.

His concluding act was to pack two of the empty oil tins with all the valuable lumps of auriferous quartz he could find where he shot the rubbish from the cave beneath the trees. On top of these he placed some antimony ore, and Mir Jan, wondering why the sahib wanted the stuff, carried the consignment to the waiting boat.

Lieutenant Playdon, in command of the last party of sailors to quit the island, evidently expected Mir Jan to accompany them, but Anstruther explained that the man would await his return, some time in June or July.

Sir Arthur Deane found himself speculating on the cause of this extraordinary resolve, but, steadfast to his policy of avoiding controversial matters, said nothing. A few words to the captain procured enough stores to keep the Mohammedan for six months at least, and whilst these were being landed, the question was raised how best to dispose of the Dyaks.

The commander wished to consult the convenience of his guests.

"If we go a little out of our way and land them in Borneo," he said, "they will be hanged without trouble."

"Perhaps if these men are treated mercifully and sent to their homes after some punishment their example may serve as a deterrent to others."

So it was settled that way. The anchor turned her head towards Singapore. As she steadily passed away into the deepening azure, the girl and her lover watched the familiar outlines of Rainbow Island growing dim in the evening light. For a long while they could see Mir Jan's tall, thin figure standing motionless on a rock at the extremity of Europa Point. Their hut, the reef, the ledge, came into view as the cruiser swung round to a more northerly course.

Iris had thrown an arm across her father's shoulders. The three were left alone just then, and they were silent for many minutes. At last, the flying miles merged the solitary palm beyond the lagoon with the foliage on the cliff. The wide cleft of Prospect Park grew less distinct. Mir Jan's white-clothed figure was lost in the dark background. The island was becoming vague, dreamlike, a blurred memory.

"Robert," said the girl devoutly,

People generally—

tell each other about the good things.

That is how the merits of "BOVRIL"

have become so universal-

ly known. "Bovril" is a

good thing. It is all the

nourishment of prime beef



"God has been very good to us."

"Yes," he replied, "I was thinking, even this instant, of the verse that is carved on the gate of the Memorial Well at Cawnpore: 'These are they which came out of great tribulation,'"

he too, then again through the sorrowful, happily. It was a heart-rending more. The decrees of fate are indeed inscrutable."

Iris turned to him a face roseate with loving comprehension.

"Do you know, this hour yesterday?" she murmured, "how we suffered from thirst, how the Dyaks began their second attack from the ridge—how you climbed down the ladder and I followed you? Oh, father, darling,"

she went on again, tightening her grasp, "you will never know how brave he was, how enduring, how he risked all for me and cheered me to the end, even though the end seemed to be the grave."

"I think I am beginning to understand now," answered the shipowner, averting his eyes lest Iris should see the tears in them. Their Calvary was ended, they thought—was it for him to lead them again through the sorrowful way. It was a heart-rending task that lay before him, a task from which his soul revolted. He refused even to attempt it. He sought forgetfulness in a species of mental intoxication, and contemplated his daughter's love idyll with such apparent approval that Lord Ventnor wondered whether Sir Arthur were not suffering from senile decay.

The explanation of the shipowner's position was painfully simple. Being a daring yet shrewd financier, he perceived in the troubled condition of the Far East a magnificent opportunity to consolidate the trading influence of his company. He negotiated two big loans—one, of a semi-private nature, to equip docks and railways in the chief maritime province of China, the other of a more public character, with the Government of Japan. All his own resources, together with those of his principal directors and shareholders, were devoted to these objects. Contemporaneously, he determined to stop paying heavy insurance premiums on his fleet, and make it self-supporting, on the well-known mutual principle.

His vessels were well equipped, well manned, replete with every modern improvement, and managed with great commercial skill. In three or four years, given ordinary trading luck, he must have doubled his own fortune, and earned a world-wide reputation for far-seeing sagacity.

(To Be Continued.)

BORDEN AT QUEBEC

R. L. and His Trained Premiers Perform at Ancient Capital.

Quebec, Sept. 17.—Mr. R. L. Borden addressed a meeting of the electors of the city at the Quebec skating rink to-night. The meeting was under the auspices of the Conservative Union, of the city, and presided over by the president of the union, Mr. Fiset. Between two and three thousand people were present. The leader of the Opposition was accompanied by Premiers Roblin, of Manitoba, and Hazen, of New Brunswick; Hon. Mr. Hanna, provincial secretary of Ontario, representing Hon. Mr. Whitney, Hon. T. Chase, Casgrain, ex-M. P.

Hon. R. L. Borden spoke at length of the disaster of the Quebec bridge, which would have been avoided if it had been constructed under the direct supervision of the Government, he said.

He spoke of the fast Atlantic service, the great scheme of Sir Chas. Tupper, which was such a failure in the hands of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, according to Mr. Borden.

The leader of the Opposition repeated what he said at Halifax about the gross corruption in the management and expenditure of the public moneys which for years past, he held, has existed under the rule of the Liberal party. He said that Sir Wilfrid, who had promised purity of administration, had abandoned the public exchequer to the plundering and pilfering of unscrupulous party friends, and had permitted the public domain to become the prey of his strongest partisans. He said that the Transcontinental Railway would cost at least \$225,000,000, and that after that completion of the Transcontinental Railway the public debt would be at least \$450,000,000.

The meeting closed at 11:30 o'clock after eloquent speeches in the same direction by Hon. T. C. Casgrain, Roblin, Hanna, Pelletier and the mayor of Lewis, Mr. Bernier.

HOTELMAN PALMER ILL.

Toronto, Sept. 17.—J. C. Palmer, the well-known proprietor of the Palmer House, this city, who has been ill for some time, is reported today to be in a critical condition.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. See the name on the wrapper. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Carpets, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. F. HUNY & SONS, 293 Richmond street. Phone 267.

The Traction cars leave St. Thomas every half-hour on the even hour, and half-hour, instead of twenty minutes to the hour, as heretofore, during Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of this week.

While bathing from a boat between Boscombe Pier and Fishermen's Walk, Bourne-mouth, on Monday, the 15-year-old son of a tailor named Young, of Pokesdown, was drowned.

The popularity of the week-end holiday seriously affects the religious side of life, and clergyman complain of the falling off in the attendance at church on Sundays during the summer.

The will has been proved of Mr. David Christie Murray, the novelist, the value of the estate being \$250.

Full information at London offices, W. Fulton, 10 Dundas St. John Shaw, C.P.R. Station, or write C. B. Foster, D.P.R. Station, Toronto.

Return fare, \$2.00. Good going Sept. 12 to 15 inclusive; return limit, Sept. 21, 1908.

For full information apply to Michigan Central agents, W. J. H. RUGGLES, P. M., Chicago; C. W. RUGGLES, G. P. A., St. Thomas; London office, 48 Richmond street. Phone 206. THOMAS EVANS, agent.

General William Booth, head of the Salvation Army, has sailed from London for a three months' stay in South Africa.

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Come to the "Fair Week" Sale It Will Pay You Big

You must admit that seldom have you seen greater values than NOW. This "Fair Week" sale has filled the store with eager buyers. Such bargains can not go begging; too many shrewd shoppers hereabouts.

What are your needs: Dress Goods, Millinery, Waists, Skirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Umbrellas?

Ladies' Skirts

There is nothing like these Skirt sales of ours. They are growing in popularity, and the reason is apparent. More of value and style than to be found elsewhere. Saturday Sale prices are:

\$4 Skirts for \$2.50. \$5 Skirts for \$3.95. \$6.50 Skirts for \$5.

Parasols

\$4 for \$1.95

White Cottons

12 1-2c for 10c

Ladies' Suits

The Suits are going out with a rush. The only colors left now are blue, brown and black.

The prices are \$11.95, \$14.95 and \$17.95

Special offerings in all departments. Good things at every turn.

It will pay you to come to this store Saturday.

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Knowledge is Power

KNOWLEDGE is not confined to "book learning." In this busy world of ours, education is but the preparation for the higher school of life.

The knowledge acquired by the makers of "Progress Brand" Clothing has made their names a power in the mercantile world.

Their knowledge of values, of style and tailoring, has made the "Progress Brand" trademark a power for high quality.

The knowledge of what and where to buy thus becomes a power in economy that may be translated into dollars and cents.

The knowledge of "Progress Brand" gives every man the power to buy stylish, perfect fitting, excellently made clothes, at the very lowest prices.

The only knowledge that must be acquired is, what dealer handles "Progress Brand."

Know this, and you have the power to get the best values in Clothesdom. Best in Clothesdom. Best in Clothesdom.

dealers in Canada handle "Progress Brand" Clothing. They know that they can guarantee it to their customers because the makers guarantee it to them. Knowledge is power.

Turn your knowledge of clothing to good account by buying "Progress Brand" Clothing.

"Progress Brand" Garments

Sold and Guaranteed By J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

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TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the east—*3:50 a.m., *10:55 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:23 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10 p.m.

Arrive from the west—*12:09 a.m., *3:35 a.m., *11:23 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the east—*12:14 a.m., *3:40 a.m., *7:30 a.m., 9 a.m., *11:33 a.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m., (Eastern Flyer).

The trains leaving at 7:30 a.m. and 2:05 p.m. stop at all stations.

Depart for the west—*4:00 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., *8:18 p.m.

The 7:40 a.m. and the 1:40 p.m. trains stop at all stations.

LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive—10:00 a.m., *4 p.m., *6:58 p.m., (Eastern Flyer), 11 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:27 a.m., 2:20 p.m., *8:10 p.m. (International Limited).

STRATFORD BRANCH. Arrive—*3:25 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:35 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:10 a.m., 10:20 a.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE. Arrive—10:10 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:50 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Arrive—6:55 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 5:10 p.m., 8:50 p.m.

Depart—7:15 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:35 p.m., *10:25 p.m.

*Runs through to Waterford.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive—From the east *11:30 a.m., 8 p.m., *10:52 p.m. From the west—*4:30 a.m., *5:20 a.m., *5:20 p.m.

Depart—For the east—*4:40 a.m., 8:28 a.m., *5:28 p.m., For the west—*11:38 a.m., *8:10 p.m., *11:00 p.m.

Trains marked thus * run daily. Those not so marked run daily except Sunday. *From Chatham only. **Runs only to Chatham.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP TICKETS. WHITE STAR LINE. New York-Quebec-Liverpool.

N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-S'hampton, New York and Boston-Mediterranean.

LEYLAND LINE. Boston-Liverpool Direct.

E. DE LA HOOKE, SOLE AGENT. AMERICAN LINE.

N. Y.-Plymouth-Cherbourg-S'hampton, Philadelphia-Queenstown-Liverpool.

ATLANTIC TRANSPORT LINE. New York-London Direct.

DOMINION LINE. Royal Mail Steamers.

Montreal-Quebec-Liverpool (Summer), Portland-Liverpool Direct (Winter).

RED STAR LINE. New York-London, via Dover.

E. DE LA HOOKE or W. FULTON, AGTS.

MOOSE OPEN SEASON

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Nova Scotia October 1—November 30

Quebec September 1—December 31

Write General Passenger Department.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

MONCTON, N. B. Or Toronto ticket office, 51 King street east, for free copies of "MOOSE IN THE MICMAC COUNTRY."

"FISHING AND HUNTING."

CANADIAN PACIFIC WESTERN EXCURSIONS

September 17, 18, 19

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DETROIT \$3 40

SAGINAW MICH \$4 25

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