

**Richest and Purest Milk**  
FROM THE RICHEST DAIRY SECTION OF CANADA  
FROM COWS PROPERLY FED AND CARED FOR.



**BORDEN'S  
PEERLESS  
BRAND EVAPORATED  
CREAM**  
(Unsweetened)

DILUTE WITH WATER TO DESIRED CONSISTENCY  
AND USE SAME AS "FRESH" MILK.

Wm. H. Dunn, Agent, Montreal.

## THE MESSAGE

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

(Continued)  
His brain was still confused by this strange substitution of one woman for another, when his eyes fell on the contents of the second telegram:  
"Black Mask won. Took you forties. Congratulations, Dick."  
The perplexity in his face attracted the sympathy of the hall porter.  
"I hope you've had no bad news, sir," said the man.

Warden laughed with a harshness that was not good to hear.  
"No," he said, "just the reverse. I backed a horse and he has won, for forty to one."

The hall porter, like most of his class, was a sportsman.  
"Lord love a duck!" he cried, "that's the sort you read about but seldom see. Where did he run — at Newmarket?"

"No, at Otterden."  
The man's hope of obtaining good "information" had diminished, but he was extremely interested.

"What a price!" he exclaimed. "Did you have much on your side?"  
"Forty pounds."

"Forty pounds! Then you've won sixteen hundred quid!" and each syllable was a crescendo of admiration.  
Warden threw the telegram on the floor. Though he had nearly five years' pay, he was in no mood to greet his good fortune as he deserved.

"Yes," he sighed, "I suppose you are right. Unpack my traps, there's a good fellow. I am going out, and I want to change my clothes."

The hall porter obeyed, but he would have choked if speech were forbidden. He wanted to know the horse's name, how the gentleman had come to hear of him, was the money "safe," and other kindred items that goaded his curiosity.

Yet the forced attention thus demanded was good for him. He described "Black Mask" as "a Tartar of the Ukraine breed," and drew out his dorksome picture of the precautions taken for the "stable" to conceal the animal's true form from the man regarded him as a veritable font of racing lore.

Such a reputation, once earned, is not easily shaken off. When he went out, the hall porter and the driver of a hansom were in deep converse. He paid the cabman at the Colonial Office, and his mind was busy with other things when he was brought back to earth again.

"Beg pardon, sir," said cabby, "but would you mind tellin' me the best thing for the Cup?"  
"What Cup?" demanded Warden testily.  
"The Liverpool Cup, sir."

"Beer, of course." But the cabman took thought. An eminent brewer's horse figured in the betting lists, so he drove back at once to interview the hall porter. A joint speculation followed, and two men mourned for many a day that they had not begged or borrowed more money wherewith to win a complete one.

Warden did not expect to find any one at the Colonial Office who would attend to him. The hour was nearly seven, and it is a popular theory that at four o'clock all secretaries and civil servants throw aside the newspapers and other light literature with which they beguile the tedium of official routine. He meant to report his arrival in London, and learn from a door-keeper what time it would be advisable to call next day.

He was hardly prepared, therefore, to be received forthwith by a silver-haired, smooth-spoken gentleman, who asked him to recapitulate the main points of his conversation with the Under Secretary at the Foreign Office.

Somehow mystified, Warden began his recital. After the first two sentences, the official nodded.

"Thank you, Captain Warden, I need not trouble you further," he said. "You see we are not personally known to each other, and in such an exceedingly delicate matter as this threatened trouble in Nigeria, wherein knowledge is confined to a very small circle—one has to be careful that one is speaking to the right man."

"Did you think it possible, then, that some stranger might have impersonated me?" demanded Warden, his eyes twinkling at the suggestion.

"Quite possible. I have done it myself twice, the first time successfully, the second to the complete satisfaction of our Minister abroad, but hardly to my own. As I had two fingers of my left hand shot off while making a dash for safety."

Certainly, reflected Warden, there were

elements in the life of Whitehall that escaped public notice.  
"We have sent you because you are wanted at once in West Africa," went on the other. "Letters to and from the Governor of Northern Nigeria have culminated in a cablegram from the Governor asking that you should be recalled from furlough."

Though you are attached to the southern portion of the Protectorate, his Excellency has the highest appreciation of your tact and ability. He thinks you are the man best fitted to deal with the natives of the disturbed region. It is not proposed that you should return by the ordinary mail service. We assume that the departure of officers and others from Lagos is closely watched at the present crisis. A passage has been secured on a coasting steamer for my friend, named Alfred Williams. Initials on baggage or linen, therefore, cannot cause injury. Now, the Water Witch departs from Cardiff by Saturday afternoon tide, and we would like Mr. Alfred Williams to go on board that morning."

Warden looked blankly at the speaker. It was then Thursday. It left him little more than a day in which to unravel the mystery that enveloped Evelyn and her quarrels. A bitter rage welled up in his breast, but he controlled his face, and the official attributed his silence to the suddenness of his suggestion.

"I am sorry that your leave should be spoiled in this fashion," continued the official, "but I need scarcely tell you that when the Government wants a man's services it is good for the man."

"I shall be on board the Water Witch on Saturday," said Warden.

Perhaps the lack of enthusiasm in his manner was puzzling, but the suave official paid no heed.

"And now for your instructions," he said. "The vessel is a motor launch, the Castle before going to Lagos. You will be met there by some officer whom you are acquainted with. He will tell you the exact position of affairs, and what, if any, developments have taken place in the meantime. He will also give you the Governor's views on the way in which your experience of the natives can be best utilized. I leave it to you to take the necessary precautions to conceal your movements and identity, and I am authorized to hand you £250 to meet any expenses incurred by you on your mission."

"The Water Witch is paid for, by the way."

Again the older man failed to understand why the young officer with a laurel wreath on his forehead should be so grim. Certainly, the situation had been serious, but the official, gold-washed and promotion and distinction were thrust upon him—he was miserable as any man in England that day.

"Something on his mind—is it a woman?" mused the shrewd official, and the time came when he remembered the ideal fancy.

In the freedom of the street Warden recovered himself. Not even an intense absorbing passion-rendered more intense by reason of his self-contained nature—could deprive him of the habit of years.

In the Colonial Office at the moment lay a letter from the Governor of Southern Nigeria commending him in the highest terms for his cool judgment, resourcefulness, and decision. He showed these qualities now. He hurried to Charing Cross, and despatched three telegrams, beginning with the name of his friend in Otterden, thanking him for his kindly offices and requesting that the money should be paid him.

He hurried to the Harbor Master at Dover, asking him to inform Peter Evans, of the pilot-boat "Nancy," that he must travel to London by the earliest train after arriving from Otterden.

Then he went to Savoy.

Rosamund's telegram had been handed in at Lochmerrig the previous night. It occurred to Warden that she must have written it about the time his message to Evelyn was delivered. If so, and it was true that the Baumgartner household had already departed on board the *Sunna Soor*, there was an obvious question to be answered.

As he anticipated, Mrs. Laing was in the hotel. In fact she was about to dine in her own room when Warden's card was brought to her. She hastened to meet him, all smiles and blushes.

"How awfully good of you to come so soon!" she cried. "And at just the right hour! I hate eating alone, but I didn't still more being at a table by myself in a big hotel. You can't have dined. Let us go to the cafe, and then if it doesn't matter about one's toilette."

"I don't wish to disturb your arrangements," he began, but she was not to be forced into a serious discussion at once. "Who said anything about disturbance?" she rattled on. "You could not have met my wishes better if you had guessed them. Now, don't look so glum. It is not my fault that your pretty governess was ready to fight with other men, is it? Come and eat, I shall tell you all about it."

He fell in with her mood. A woman will dare anything when she loves or hates, and he credited Rosamund with excess in both directions. Yet it would be strange, he thought, were she indulging some deep game not immediately discernible, if he did not unravel the tangled skein of her deceit.

"I got your letter, of course," he said, when they were seated.

"Ah, then I guessed correctly. That is why you are disconsolate," she said, looking at him frankly.

"It may be. At present I am chiefly curious. How did you obtain my London address?"

"Didn't you telegraph it?"

"You dear man, what would you have done if a telegram were brought to a remote place in the Highlands for a lady whom you knew was gone goodness knows where on a yacht?"

"Surely it might have been forwarded to her?"

"Have they vanished into thin air?"

"Something of the kind. They spoke vaguely of cruise around the world, but I am sure that was meant as a blind. They wouldn't take figures and von Rippinbach as their sailing companions for the mere fun of the thing, would they?"

"Did they offer no excuse to their guests?"

"Oh, yes. Billy Thring—sorry, but I must mention him—well, his brother's death was the ostensible reason. I don't know a word of it. I. D. B. is a man to break up a pleasant house party because one of its members has suffered from bronchitis."

"I am honestly feminine enough to want to know what it is. I was simply dying of curiosity yesterday when I saw figures and the dainty Evelyn in the garden, discussing things with bated breath."

Warden frowned. He would keep a tight rein on his emotions, but this was trying him high.

"Would you mind telling me how a man who is dining with a lady can best express polite incredulity at her statements?" he asked.

"Very nice," she replied, "but in this instance you are the water and I the duck. If you think I am deliberately telling intrusions, why not choose some less exciting topics? How did you like Otterden?"

"I adore it. The people amuse me—they are so naively absorbing, or shocked, as the case may be. Did you that fat Frenchman who struts about in a ridiculously tight and glaring bathing suit?"

"(To Be Continued)"

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HER SISTER HER  
"BITTEREST ENEMY"

Left Half Million and Will Give Sister Only \$100.

New York, Aug. 13.—One hundred dollars to her sister, Lane D. D., of Philadelphia, whom she characterizes in her will as "my bitterest enemy," is the sum total of the amount left by Hester McGarren to her immediate relatives. She was the widow of Alexander H. McGarren, who died alone in his home at No. 104 West One Hundred and Twenty-second street in New York City.

The bulk of her estate is to be divided between the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. To a nephew, who now enjoys an annuity of \$2,000, she left the bulk of the income from 100 shares of United States Steel preferred stock. Her jewelry, furniture and household effects were valued at \$100,000. Her husband's estate is now estimated at \$1,000,000.

Mrs. McGarren figured in a sensational contest in the courts for the \$750,000 left by her husband's estate in 1906. His relatives fought her claim for dower rights, but she won. A bitter rage welled up in her breast, but he controlled his face, and the official attributed his silence to the suddenness of his suggestion.

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## Fashion Hint for Times Readers



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Rev. Father Morrissey

## Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Cures Stomach Troubles.

When your stomach is working right you never know it is there. But when it feels as heavy as lead—when you have Heartburn, Belching of Wind, Sourness, a gnawing hunger, with distress after eating—when you feel irritable and depressed—then you may know that the digestive fluids in the stomach are not sufficient to digest what you eat.

Father Morrissey's "No. 11" Tablets supply these fluids in concentrated form. Each tablet, dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food, which is more than an average meal.

Read what Father Morrissey's treatment did for Mr. Gosline, of Salmon Lake. He writes Nov. 30, 1908: "I was troubled with indigestion, so severe that the Union came to precede the Britania. During the winter months the company ran monthly trips and in the summer made fortnightly voyages from St. John to Liverpool, touching at Halifax."

50c. at your dealer's.

Father Morrissey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

## EARLY TRANS-ATLANTIC STEAMERS

Francis C. Bradley, of Marblehead, Mass., is a collector of prints, engravings and photographs of old steamers and has much information regarding trans-Atlantic steamship navigation. He has agents abroad and in the United States hunting up prints and pictures and from the material in his possession an article was written on the development of trans-Atlantic steam navigation and has just been published.

According to this article the Savannah was the first steam vessel to cross the Atlantic and she was built at New York, being a ship rigged paddle vessel of 380 tons and 130 feet in length. Her 90 horse power engine cost \$3,500. She sailed from New York on May 24th, 1819 for Savannah and proceeded thence to Liverpool making the passage in 18 days; during 7 of which she was under steam.

First Steamers to Cross  
According to John Kennedy's "History of Steam Navigation," Liverpool, 1883, the second steamship to cross the Atlantic was the Conde de Pateneille, which, he says, sailed from Liverpool, Oct. 5, 1820, for Brazil and thus made the first passage under steam from Europe to America.

In the "Atlantic Ferry," London, 1881, by A. J. Maginnis, the author says the third steamship to cross the Atlantic was the Dutch steamship Curacao, which left Antwerp in 1829 for Curacao, the largest of the Dutch West Indies.

The article referred to continues: "The steamship Royal William (the first of that name) was built at Quebec in 1831, to run between Quebec and Halifax, but she was not a success on that duty. One of her owners was named Cunard, who later established the Cunard