

## Tracking a Thief.

"Sweetheart, what's wrong?" The girl looked up at the man by her side, and glanced furtively around. "Nothing, dear," she murmured, evasively. "But there is," insisted the other. "Something worries you. Your father?"

"Yes," whispered the girl hurriedly. "This morning he forbade me to see you again. And—"

"Eric Wilton, tightening the grip of his arm, drew her gently from the high road towards the quiet lane. Already it was dusk; the birds in the leafy trees sang a paean of praise to departing day. He met her strained look of alarm.

"Darling," he said, "tell me all. Why does he object?"

Myrtle Penrose laughed nervously. "Because he wishes me to marry Jenrick."

"Jenrick?" The man sighed. "But there are other reasons, Myrtle, come!" The girl averted her gaze, plucking nervously at the grass by her side.

"Yes," she answered slowly. He knows a little of you. You've been here only three weeks; he thinks I don't holiday-making merely. Eric, he says you are an adventurer."

"A smile came to the man's lips; the next moment they tightened.

"And you—think so too?"

She caught the look in his brown, earnest eyes; the shadows disappeared. "No," she said. "But, dear, you've never told me what you are."

"Myrtle, can't you trust me? Your father's right; I'm here on business. Unfortunately, I'm pledged to secrecy a little longer. Yet, believe me, it's nothing dishonourable."

"I'm sure of that, Eric. Yet I feel I never consent even were you a millionaire. He insists I marry Robert Jenrick, and that soon. I hate him!"

"The man bit his lip.

"But you needn't unless you wish," he observed.

Myrtle Penrose's eyes filled with tears.

"It will pain father if I don't," she said. "He's seemed upset lately; it would make him unhappy still."

"The man turned a cheery face towards his companion, kissed her lips.

"Never mind," he murmured, "there's time yet. I'll win. Hullo, what's that?" They started at the sound of a movement behind them. A short, thick-set man turned on his heel and walked away.

"Jenrick!" cried the girl. "And he's seen us!"

IL

Three days passed without Myrtle meeting the man she loved. He had sent a note that he was called to the city, but would see her on Wednesday. And tomorrow was Wednesday.

Would he come? The old misgivings returned; hints not only from her father, but brought back those fears with tenfold intensity. An adventurer? Was Eric that? Daughter of wealthy Mr. Penrose, she was considered a "catch," but there were darker suggestions afloat. She shuddered as she gazed out of the drawing-room. The stout bar which had just been fixed across the window caught her eye. What if—

"The house lay well back from the road, tall trees obscuring it from view. It was thought 'The Penroses' would be singled out for the next attack."

That night the girl could not sleep. The clock downstairs chimed hour after hour; still she tossed restlessly on her pillow. Eric, Jenrick, and her father were hopelessly enmeshed in her mind; around each seemed to hang a mystery. Why did her father wish her to marry Jenrick? At times she had felt that the former was in his power—could that be the reason?

At length she dozed, and then, with her faculties suddenly awake, distinguished a movement without. Listening intently, the sound ceased, but her nerves at breaking point, followed in imagination the burglar's stealthy steps across the adjoining room. That it was a burglar she had no doubt; across had been gained by some project, woodwork near her room. It had often occurred to her how unprotected that spot was.

She listened scarcely able to breathe; by now the intruder would have reached the landing and be proceeding down the stairs. The bottom one creaked, she remembered. Paralyzed, unable to move, she waited what seemed an hour, and then—her fears were confirmed; the shrill shrill of the lowermost step gave way beneath someone's tread!

For some moments she remained rigid.

"Eric!—It could not be! But she loved him?—If it were he must be warned. Quickly she drew on a dressing gown, her fingers clung nervously over the fastenings, and then softly opened the door.

Still there was no sound. The library was on the right; through a window streamed a few sickly rays of light sufficient to show her the way. The door was pushed at last; she hesitated. Would it be locked?

Nervously, she grasped the handle; it yielded to her touch. There was a sudden exclamation, simultaneously the gleam of a lantern flashed upon her face. At the further end, by the safe, stood a man, a mask pushed back from his forehead.

Myrtle!

The girl tried to scream, but no sound came. The other rushed to her side.

"Myrtle," he whispered hoarsely. "For heaven's sake, not a sound! I've not a moment to lose!"

"Eric! Eric!"

Her voice came at last; tears of shame streamed down her face, while the man rapidly stuffed something bulky into his pockets.

"Myrtle, I'll explain. Not now—tomorrow!"

The girl gasped—It was already to-

morrow! She laid a hand on his arm, her self-possession returned.

"No explanation is necessary," she murmured with dignity. "Go!"

The man covered, and crossing over to the safe, closed it softly, and sprang through the window. A moment later the tentative of a swiftly departing motor was heard.

III

Myrtle dressed mechanically. The glad sunshine streaming into the room seemed to mock her; all joy in life had fled, the future had become an unthinkable prospect. Tiding the library so that no trace of the nocturnal visitor was left, she had gone upstairs to wait for the dawn of day.

"It was yet early, she heard her father stirring and then there was a knock at the street door. Wondering who it could be at that hour, she answered it herself.

"Mr. Penrose in, miss?"

The man stood with an air of authority; behind stood a couple more.

"What is it?"

"The girl turned, to see her father who had just come up, his face pale.

"We've a warrant to search the house," observed the officer.

"A warrant? Search the house? Monstrous!"

Myrtle stared bewildered at her father's agitated look. She was amazed.

"Sorry, sir, duty's duty. You'll give us every assistance?"

Mr. Penrose did not reply; the three pushed by and strode into the nearest room. Mr. Penrose shambled into the library, suddenly aged many years, abjectly into a chair. The girl followed anxiously.

"Father!" she cried, horrified. "What is it?"

"Ruin!" murmured the other, shortly. And then buried his face in his hands.

It was inexplicable, the girl's brain whirled. She could hear the man's hand on her father's shoulder she waited for what. The officer glanced at Mr. Penrose, then at the safe.

"The keys, please."

The other trembled.

"My private papers are there," he murmured.

"The keys, or we must force the lock," the officer said.

Mechanically he handed them over. "His safe was opened, Penrose watched with bloodshot eyes. Then a look of astonishment passed over his face.

"Nothing here," observed the officer, apparently disappointed. "Sorry to have troubled you, good morning."

The men departed, leaving Myrtle's father as one petrified. He still gazed open-mouthed at the safe as the door opened again.

"Eric!"

Wilton's eyes looked appealingly into the girl's; he nodded to Mr. Penrose. The latter jumped to his feet.

"The meaning of this intrusion," he cried.

ERIC WILTON, unshaken, sat down.

"To inform you," he observed. "Jenrick's cleared out of the country."

The old man seemed almost past astonishment.

"Jenrick—gone?" he gasped.

"Yes," murmured the other, drawing his chair nearer. "He's been staying here in connection with a company formation in which secrecy was necessary. Accidentally, I discovered the perpetrator of the recent robberies. Hearing the police were on his track, I warned him—he quickly fled. I heard, too, that he would be proceeding with Jenrick. The jewels are in the hands of their faithful owners; I extracted them myself from your safe last night."

Mr. Penrose rose excitedly.

"Yes, I'm going to marry Myrtle; you didn't wish any stain on her name, did you?"

"No," murmured Mr. Penrose, thankfully. "No."

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## THE DUNLAP-COOKE FURS

The Dunlap-Cooke Co. of Canada, Ltd.  
MANUFACTURING FURRIERS.  
BOSTON, Mass., 167 Tremont St.  
ST. JOHN, N. B., 54 King St.  
WINNIPEG, Man., 409 Main St.  
HALIFAX, N. S., 18 & 20 Barrington St.  
AMHERST, N. S., 80 Victoria St.

## CONDUCTOR BROAD WEDDED IN MONCTON

Popular L. C. B. Official Married to Miss Ethel Charters Yesterday Afternoon.

MONCTON, Sept. 4.—A pretty wedding took place at half past two o'clock this afternoon in St. George's church, when L. C. B. conductor William L. Broad, of St. John, was married to Miss Ethel Botton Charters, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ben. Charters, of the "Orchard" Centreville. The interior of the church was beautifully decorated with cut flowers, the color scheme being green and gold. Rev. W. B. Sisson, of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Chapman, in the presence of about 80 guests. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Black, while Percy Black, manager of the Wallace Preston Co., was best man. The bride's gown was of embroidered Brussels net over ivory tulle, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Her going away gown was of green broadcloth with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Broad are both well and favorably known in this city, being exceedingly popular with a large number of friends whose best wishes will accompany them through their wedded life.

AMHERST, Sept. 4.—One of the most interesting weddings that has taken place in Amherst for some time was celebrated yesterday afternoon at 5:30 at the residence of Rupert Black, Upper Victoria street, when his daughter, Mabel, was married to T. Barlow Morris, manager of the Blacking and Mercantile Co. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Wilfrid Giesz, pastor of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Dr. Chapman, in the presence of about 80 guests. The bride, who was given away by her father, was attended by her sister, Miss Nellie Black, while Percy Black, manager of the Wallace Preston Co., was best man. The bride's gown was of embroidered Brussels net over ivory tulle, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride's roses. Her going away gown was of green broadcloth with hat to match. Mr. and Mrs. Morris left on the Atlantic express for a wedding trip through New Brunswick.

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## QUICK WORK AT WESTMORLAND COURT

Henry Berry, of Moncton, Guilty of Indecent Assault—Horseman Case Disagreed—Times Libel Suits.

DORCHESTER, N. B., Sept. 4.—The Westmorland September circuit opened yesterday, Chief Justice Tuck presiding. Mr. Devine is stenographer. The grand jury, of whom Patrick Hebert was foreman, returned true bills in the following cases. Against Henry E. Berry of Moncton, for seduction and indecent assault, against Henry Horseman, Moncton, for adultery, and against Michael Cronin, John Donnelly and John Wm. Moore, for conspiracy to rob.

In the action against Ezra P. Cook, Moncton, for doing bodily injury by furious driving, no bill was found and Cook was discharged.

Today Henry pleaded guilty and will be sentenced at the end of the sitting. Horseman was tried, the result being a disagreement. He was defended by J. C. Sherren.

The accused in the conspiracy case failed to appear. Their trial will go on tomorrow if they appear, otherwise their recognizances will be forfeited, so said the court. A. J. Chapman, clerk of the circuits, is conducting the criminal business.

The civil docket is as follows: James Stewart v. The Moncton Times; James Stewart vs. plaintiff, James W. Wallace v. Moncton Times; same counsel. John P. Belliveau v. Judge Landry et al.; Chandler, K. C. W. A. Russell, Stewart Estabrooks, administrator, v. Walter Cahill, Priest, Bennett and Trilite. Elias Tombs et al. v. Ella Wallace; R. M. Heveon, A. A. Allen.

The cases against the Moncton Times stand over until next circuit, the defendants not having been able to secure all the evidence of some witnesses at this court.

General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army, who visits Moncton September 28th, will be tendered a civic reception. He will be met by Mayor White and the aldermen, presented with a civic address of welcome, and escorted to the Opera House, where he is to speak.

The increasing number of automobiles in the city led the police committee to take action with regard to the enforcement of the speed limit law. At a meeting this afternoon a resolution was passed by which the chief of police will be instructed to see that this law, as well as the by-law which declares that horses left on the streets must be fastened, is enforced.

Stating that if he carried out instructions given him he would become unpopular, Officer Wilson has resigned from the force, and has been followed by Officer Chapman.

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## BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)  
CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000  
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.  
Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.  
This is the only bank having its head office in Canada that submits its books and statements to Independent Audit.

St. John Branch, - C. H. EASSON, Manager.

## MONCTON COUNCIL SETS EXAMPLE TO ST. JOHN

City Engineer Given Free Hand—Civic Address to be Tendered General Booth.

MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 4.—A by-law adopted by the city council tonight goes into effect tomorrow which gives the city engineer complete control of civic work, including the hiring and discharging of laborers and the overseeing and direction of all work on city streets, roadways and public places. This had formerly been under the supervision of the board of works of the city council.

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## MOORS AND FRENCH IN DESPERATE FIGHT

25 French Casualties—Moors, Battling Against Machine Guns, Cut to Pieces.

CASABLANCA, Sept. 4.—Eight Frenchmen were killed and seventeen wounded in an engagement yesterday outside the camp.

The dead include Major Prevost of the first battalion of the Foreign Legion, and Lieut. Benizars, of the second battalion of Algerian Sharpshooters. The Moors concentrated the largest force they had yet mustered in this vicinity and returned to the attack again and again after encountering the deadly fire of the French artillery and machine guns.

The enemy's losses are described as enormous. The fighting which was started by an attack made by the Moors on a French scouting party, opened at 5 a. m., and lasted 7 hours. Major Prevost conducted a scouting expedition, which was the actual cause of the battle, the object to locate the enemy and prepare the way for an extensive offensive movement later. The major advanced about eight miles in a southerly direction, meeting only with scattered bands of Moors, which were easily dispersed. He then gave the order to return, and it was when nearing the camp that his forces were assailed by hordes of Moors. Prevost formed his men in hollow squares with the irregular Algerian cavalry in front. General Drake quickly reinforced Prevost and the engagement immediately developed into a desperate conflict, from which the Moors retreated only after their ranks had been decimated by a deadly fire which it was impossible to withstand.

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## Seasickness Prevented

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## STRIKING TELEGRAPHERS RETURN

MONTRÉAL, Sept. 4.—Four of the Great Northwestern Company's telegraphers who have been out on strike since Monday, returned to work today and were placed upon affected wires, which they consented to work.

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