

BLINDFOLDED

BY EARLE ASHLEY WALCOTT

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"Five—sixteen," croaked Dicky.
The man gave a visible start.
"Sixteen—five," he croaked in return.
"Any signs?" whispered Dicky.
"Six men went upstairs across the street. Every one of them did the sailor-drunk act."

"Sure they weren't sailors?"
"Well, when six coves go up the same stairs trying the same dodge, all inside of ten minutes, I have a right to be suspicious. And Darby Meeker ain't been to sea yet that I know on."

"Darby Meeker?" exclaimed Dicky, in a whisper. "And he drew a whistle under his breath. 'What do you think of that, Wilton?' I had no idea he was back from that wild-goose chase you sent him on."

"It looks bad," I admitted, cautiously.
"I dare say he isn't in good temper."

"You'll have to settle with him for that piece of business," said Dicky with a chuckle.
I failed to see the amusing side of the prospect. I wished I knew what Mr. Meeker looked like.

The guard had melted away into the darkness without another word. We hurried forward with due caution. Just past the next corner was a lighted room, and the sound of voices broke the quiet. A triangular glass lantern projected from above the door, and such of the point as had not weathered away made the announcement:

BORTON'S,
MEALS, LIQUORS,
LODGINGS.

We pushed open the door and walked in. The room was large and dingy, the ceiling low. Tables were scattered about the sanded floor. A bar took up the side of the room next the entrance, and a general air of respectability filled the place. The only attempts at ornament, unless the arrangement of various colored bottles behind the bar came under that head, were the circles and festoons of dirty cut paper hanging from the ceiling.

About the room, some at the tables, some at the bar, were numbers of stout rough-looking men, with a few Greek fishermen and two or three sailors. Behind the bar sat a woman whose appearance in that place almost startled me. She might have been a woman of seventy, and a hard and evil life had left its marks on her bent frame and her gaunt face. Her leathery cheeks were lined deep, and a hawk-like nose emphasized the unpleasant suggestions conveyed by her face and figure. But the most remarkable feature about her was her eyes. There was no trace of age in them. Bright and keen as the eyes of a rat, they gave me an unpleasant thrill as I felt her gaze fix upon me when I entered the door, arm in arm with Dicky. It was as though they had pierced me through, and had laid bare something I would have concealed. It was a relief to pass beyond her into a recessed part of the room where her night waste itself on the back of my head.

"Mother Borton's up late to-night," said Dicky thoughtfully, as he ordered wine.
"You can't blame her for thinking that the crowd needs watching," I suggested with as much of airiness as I could throw into my manner.

Dicky shook his head for a second, and then resumed his light-hearted, bantering way. Yet I could see that he was perplexed, and that his anxious look had come to his attention on our arrival.

"You'll not want to attend to business till all the boys are here?" asked Dicky.
"Not unless there's something to be done," I responded dryly.

Dicky gave me a quick glance.
"Of course," he said with a laugh that was not quite easy, "not unless there's something to be done. But I thought there was something to be done."

"You've got a fine mind for thinking, Dicky," I replied. "You'd better cultivate it."

"Well, they say there's nothing like society for that sort of cultivation," said Dicky with another laugh. "They don't say what kind, but I've got a pretty good stock here to choose from."

"He was at his ease in banter again, but it struck unpleasantly on me that there was something behind."
"Oh, here's a queer friend," he said, suddenly, looking to the door. "I'd better speak to him on the matter of counterfeits."

"By all means," I said, turning in my chair to survey the new-comer.
I saw the face for an instant. The man wore a sou'wester, and he had drawn his thick, rosy coat up as though he would hide his head under the collar. Check and chin I could see were covered by a thick blood beard. His movements were apparently clumsy, but his figure was lithe and sinuous, and his eyes! Once seen they never could be forgotten. At their glance, heard and reflected, the laws of gravity, the laws of fancy, and I saw in my inner vision the man of the serpent glance who had chilled my spirit when I had first put foot in the city. It flashed on me in an instant that this was the same man distant, who had ventured into the midst of his enemies to see what he might learn of their plans.

"As I watched Dicky advance and greet the newcomer with apparent inquiry, a low harsh voice behind gave me a start of surprise."

"This is your wine, I think," and a lean, wrinkled arm passed over my shoulder, and a wrinkled face came near my own.

I turned quickly. It was Mother Borton, leaning at me with no apparent interest but in her errand.

"What are you doing here?" asked the crone in a voice still lower. "You're not the one they take you to be, but you're none the less in danger! Look out for that man you're with, and the other. Yes, sir," her voice rose. "A small bottle of the white; in a minute, sir."

I understood her as Dicky and the newcomer came to the table and took seats opposite. I commanded my face

to give no sign of suspicion, but the warning put me on the alert. I had come on the supposition that I was to meet the band to which Henry Wilton belonged. Instead of being among friends, however, it seemed now that I was among enemies.

"It's all right," said Dicky, carelessly.
"He's been sent."

"That's lucky," said I with equal unconcern. "We may need an extra hand before morning."

The new-comer could not repress a triumphant flash in the serpent eyes.
"I'm the one for your job," he said hoarsely, his face as impassive as a stone wall.

"What do you know about the job?" I asked suspiciously.
"Only what I've been told," he answered.

"That it's a job for silence, secrecy, and—"

"Spoken," said Dicky with a laugh, as the other hesitated for a word.
"Just so," said the man.

"And what else?" I continued, pressing him firmly.

"Well," he admitted hoarsely, "I learned the hard way that to be a change of place to-night, and I might be needed."

I looked at him inquiringly. Perhaps I was on the threshold of knowledge of this cursed business from the mouth of the enemy.

"I heard as how the boy was to be put in a safer place," he said, wagging his head with affected gravity.

Some imp put it into my brain to try him with an unexpected bit of news.
"Oh," I said coolly, "that's all attended to. The change was made yesterday."

The effect of this announcement was extraordinary. The man started with an oath.

"The hell you say!" he exclaimed, in a low, snarling voice, far different from the harsh tone he had used thus far. Then he leaped to his feet, with uncontrollable rage.

"Tricked—by God!" he shouted, impulsively, and smote the table with his fist.

His outburst threw the room into confusion. Men sprang from their chairs. Glasses and bottles fell with clinking crash. Oaths and shouts arose from the crowd.

"Damn you, I'll have it out of you!" said the man with suppressed fury, his voice again smooth and low. "Where is the boy?"

He smote the table again, and with that stroke the false beard fell from his chin and cheeks, and exposed the malignant face, distorted with rage. A feeling of horrible repulsion came over me, and I should have struck at that serpent's head but for a startling occurrence.

As he spoke, a wild scream rose upon the air, and as it echoed through the room the lights went out.

The scream was repeated and after an instant's silence there rose a chorus of shouts and catcalls, mingled with the clank of tables and the clink of breaking glasses and crockery, as the men in the room fought their way to the door.

"Oh, my God, I'm out!" came in a shriek out of the darkness and clamor; and there followed the flash of a pistol and a report that boomed like a cannon in that confined place.

My eyes had not been idle after the warning of Mother Borton and in an instant I had decided what to do. I had figured out what I conceived to be the plan of the house, and though I knew a way of escape, there were two doors at the rear of the room, and facing me, one led as I knew, to the kitchen; the other opened, I reasoned, on a stair to the lodging rooms above.

Before these screams that accompanied the extinction of the lights had died away, I had made a dive beneath the table, and, lifting with all my might, had sent it crashing over with my enemy under it. With one leap I was on the remaining table that lay between me and the door. And with the clamor behind me, I turned the knob and bounded up the stairs, three steps at a time.

(To be continued.)

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

NO FAITH IN THE SCHEME.
Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's View of the Blackbird Bay Steamship Route.

Montreal, April 25.—Sir Thomas Shaughnessy was asked if he had been invited to join the board of Management of the proposed fast steamship line between Blackbird Bay and Halifax, and replied that no such request had reached him, nor did he think it was likely to be made, because the promoters knew that he considered the scheme quite impracticable as a commercial steamship enterprise. Neither he nor the Canadian Pacific Railway Company would have anything whatever to do with it.

Hotel Where Charlotte Corday Stopped.
A good deal of old Paris is disappearing just now, and among the latest bits of the antique city to be threatened is the little spot upon which Charlotte Corday found a fleeting place of rest as she entered the city on her errand of death.

It stands on the street which prior to the days of the revolution had been known as that of the Vieux Augustins. It now is the Rue d'Artois. The building is the Hotel de la Providence. Charlotte arrived in Paris from Caen on July 9, 1793, slept at the hotel on that and the following night, and on the morning of the 11th walked quietly out of it to slay the monster Marat.

The bedroom is still pointed out which the Norman heroine occupied, and some regret is felt that the place has to be demolished. But the march of progress is merciless. The buildings are needed to extend the Rue de Louvre, and seen human feet will tramp on the spot where the Norman heroine slept her last calm sleep of maiden freedom.—London Globe.

Many a married man remembers that he was doubly blessed when he enjoyed single blessedness.

First impressions are not always best with the young dentist.

TRADE GROWING.

BIG INCREASE IN IMPORTS FEATURE OF RETURNS.

March Makes a Record in the Business Line—Total Trade Increased One-third That Month.

Ottawa, April 25.—The trade returns of Canada for March last and for the fiscal period of nine months ending with March indicate a splendid and steadily increasing growth in the trade of the country. For the nine months closing the fiscal year the total increase in trade was \$55,018,726, or nearly 15 per cent. over the corresponding period of 1905-06. Imports increased \$41,506,476, and exports increased \$13,512,250. The aggregate trade for the nine months was \$441,815,646. For the month of March alone there was a record increase of no less than \$12,817,658 in the total trade as compared with March of last year. This increase was made up of \$10,978,787 in imports and \$1,838,871 in exports. The aggregate of imports for the nine months was \$240,717,413, and of exports \$192,098,233. For March the imports totalled \$36,842,076, and the exports \$13,504,236. The total trade of last month was over one-third greater than the total trade of March, 1906. For the nine months the duty collected was \$40,196,085, an increase over the corresponding period of last year of \$6,338,287. Of the total increase in exports \$676,509 came from mines, \$8,909,098 from the forest, \$1,421,131 from animals and their produce, manufactures \$1,903,158. Exports of agricultural products decreased \$1,888,12.



NO OBJECTION.

Carrie—You saw father, Arnold?
Arnold—Yes, it's all settled.
Carrie—He gave his consent?
Arnold—Yes; he said that a girl that was out driving and yachting and bicycling as much as you didn't need much of a home, anyway.

BROCKVILLE GIRL MISSING.

Strange Disappearance of Miss Eva Haggerty From Philadelphia Hospital.

Philadelphia, April 25.—Friends of Miss Eva Haggerty, one of the prettiest nurses in the Women's Hospital, are greatly worried over her disappearance from the hospital early yesterday morning. Not a trace of the young woman came to be found anywhere.

Two weeks ago Miss Haggerty, who had come here from Brockville, Canada, was taken ill. She had been on probation as a nurse in the hospital.

She was given the best of care and her condition was not considered dangerous, but it was thought best to notify her relatives in Brockville.

Mrs. C. V. Brown, sister, was to have arrived to-day to take the nurse back to Canada. The last seen of Miss Haggerty was yesterday morning, when she was noticed gathering up her clothing and going into the hallway. The nurse who saw her doing this thought nothing of it until later when a general alarm was sent out.

Cuts, Scratches, Bruises Healed by "THE HOUSEHOLD SURGEON."

Druggists refund money if DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL fails. 25c.

EPITAPH ON HER BREAD.

Housewife Becomes Frightened and Leaves Home.

Waterbury, Conn., April 25.—Mrs. Isabel Bronson, mother of a family of five, South Kent, Monday, leaving for her husband a cheerless hearthstone, no light, an abandoned cat, and this note: "Ben—You will find us down at Pettibutt's from now until I get shelter."

Mrs. Bronson baked Sunday, trying an old brick oven. The loaves were flat and nearly twenty inches long. Embossed on the bottom of each she found:

"May she rest in peace." "Died May 1." In the third year of her life, Mrs. Bronson thought fate had decreed she must die. Neighbors have broken the news that an old tombstone was doing duty in the oven, but Mrs. Bronson will not return, despite her husband's pleadings.

Montreal Wants Carnegie Money.
Montreal, April 25.—Montreal may appeal to Andrew Carnegie for a liberal grant so that a civic library will be erected here. A motion will be submitted to the City Council requesting that Mr. Carnegie be asked for an expression of opinion relative to the project.

It's not always wise to call another a fool.

THOMAS LEES

FOR Bracelets

A very complete stock of the newest patterns at all prices.

Thomas Lees

5 James St. North

REPAIRABLE JEWELRY

SUIT CASES

\$1 up to \$35

Largest stock of TRUNKS, VALISES and LEATHER GOODS in the city. Repairing a specialty. Phone 2146.

Hamilton Leather Goods Co

87 James St. North. Open evenings. Next to Hotel Royal.

TELEPHONE'S NEW USES.

Nowhere has the telephone worked greater changes than in the Western farming communities. According to Cassell's Magazine, they get up telephone musicals out there. The "theatres" are scattered over the whole countryside, and so is the audience.

A rural news service is also supplied on certain of these farm lines. At a certain hour of the evening, say 7 o'clock, a general call is rung over the lines. When all the subscribers are gathered the central office begins by giving the exact time of day.

The weather indications are given, together with the latest news of the day from home and abroad. Then follows the market quotations of farm produce, oats, wheat, eggs, etc., all of which is working a revolution in rural life.

Two of the boys were desirous of graduating, and to miss school for this time would have made their standing doubtful. The teacher, therefore, assigned the regular lessons to his pupils, which he heard them recite over the telephone in the evening.

The telephone has been used to enable an invalid mother to hear the marriage service at her daughter's wedding in a distant city. In other cases the marriage ceremony has been presided over by a telephone circuit, the officiating clergyman being at a distance from the bride and groom.

In Philadelphia the telephone is brought into service to transmit the preaching and singing at the Baptist Tabernacle to the Samaritan Hospital. For this purpose a string of six megaphones are placed over the platform, and to these megaphones the telephone transmitters are attached.

On another occasion a dog fancier was asked to give his opinion as to the quality of a pup by listening to the bark of the animal in the telephone, the dog being several miles away.

Another recent application of the telephone in its use in recording the hits at target practice. Formerly this work was done by means of flags, different colored flags indicating a centre, an outer, a bull's-eye, etc. The hits are now verbally transmitted by two boys, one seated with the telephone, and a marked saving in time results.

The telephone was recently employed in managing the sportive dragon in a performance of "Siegfried" at the Metropolitan Opera House. The dragon is maneuvered by two boys, one seated with the telephone, and a marked saving in time results.

On this occasion no rehearsal was possible. So a telephone circuit was established, receivers strapped to the boys' heads and they were directed from the wings.

A German patent has been granted for an application of the telephone principle to the location of a fish in a body of water. The transmitter, enclosed in a watertight case, is lowered into the water. The transmitter is connected by insulated wires with a receiver and battery on the boat.

The telephone hangs free in the water, no sounds are heard in the receiver. But when a school of fish passes there is a constant tapping against the microphone case.

The inventor of this device goes so far as to say that it is approximately in the number and kind of fish in its vicinity can be recognized. Thus, when herrings or smaller fish pass in large numbers they make a whistling noise, while the sound made by codfish is more like humming. When very near the submerged instrument the flow of water through their gills makes a noise like the labored breathing of a quadruped.

The telephone transmitter and receiver are applied to submarine signalling at a distance. A bell at a lighthouse is submerged in the water to a depth of eight or ten feet. By means of suitable apparatus the bell is sounded at certain intervals. A telephone transmitter is placed in connection with a diaphragm on a cup shaped vessel filled with a liquid and attached to the hull of a ship. A circuit leads from the telephone transmitter to the receiver in the chart room of the ship.

The sound vibrations in the water set up by the bell are taken up by the transmitter and are heard in the receiver. By having a transmitter at each side of the vessel, it is possible to detect the direction from which the sound is coming, and in this way the captain of the vessel is apprised of his approach to a lightship or the shore.

Another novel use of the telephone is as a means of communication between the divers and the attendants on the decks of the accompanying boats, the apparatus being connected with the interior of the diver's headgear.

Firemen are now also able to communicate from the interior of a burning building with the firemen outside by means of a telephone outfit contained within a leather helmet. The helmet is provided with a mask that extends over the fireman's shoulders, the front of the mask under the peak of the helmet being left open.

The fireman, entering the building, carries with him air tubes and wires for maintaining telephonic communications and for electric light service. The coupling for the hose is at the back of the head, and the air is distributed around the head, keeping the eyes and nose free of smoke.

Still another odd use of the telephone was its employment to facilitate painting the hull of a large ship.

A large tank of a large ship was floated upon the water within the pipe and served as a platform upon which the men worked.

A telephone installed within the water pipe communicated with the pumping room of the water plant. As the painting progressed the men within the pipe telephoned the engineer at the pump house to raise or lower the water in the pipe as desired. By this use of the telephone much time was saved, and the utilization of the raft saved the cost of erecting staging.

Don't go to the animal store for a monkey-wrench.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S. Saturday, April 27, 1907

A Record Day To-morrow

In the Way of Offerings; To Make It a Record Business Day

Is it possible to have too many White Gowns? We do not think it is, and as a rule they are rather expensive things to buy—one reason a woman seldom has as many of them as she would like. Not so to-morrow, though. If you want something new and stylish, don't miss this opportunity. Good luck stood in the path of our foreign buyer when this opportunity came his way. Beautiful Sheer Linens and Lawn Semi-made Gowns, embroidered and designed in the latest styles; at less than half their regular values. This lot is comprised of 1907 samples of one of the first white goods manufacturing concerns in France, secured at our own prices and passed on to you at the same rate of saving. DIRT CHEAP is a mild term when applied to such values as these. Add to this wonderful sale of White Gowns a seasonal line of goods from every department in the store at very special prices, and you will have some idea of what to-morrow will mean for you at this store. The particular lines on sale are mentioned briefly below.

All other merchandise at lowest possible retail prices. Bought direct from the manufacturers with all the advantages ready cash, a big output and a firm standing in the commercial world can secure.



The Incomparable Sale

SHEER LINENS AND LAWN

Sample Semi-Ready Dresses \$7.98 and \$8.98, Worth Regularly up to \$30

Still there is time to take advantage of one of the most wonderful sales ever executed by us. The sale of Imported Sheer Linens and Lawn Dresses, all beautifully trimmed, and designed in latest fashions. The skirts are practically speaking made with waist or coat with trimming to match. Very few alike, and for less than half they could be made for. All French and Swiss samples, and worth up to \$30.00. On sale at . . . \$7.98 and \$8.98

Special Sale of Ladies' Fine French Kid Gloves

Tretousse Kid Gloves \$2.48, \$2.88 and \$3.49 Pair

Fownes, Poulton and Perrins \$1 Kid Glove

Our three specials in fine Kid Gloves, come in nice shades of tan, grey, mode, navy, green, ox blood, also black, white, long short, medium fingers, 2 done fasteners, fitted at the counter, at . . . \$1.00 pair

Long Silk Gloves 79c Pair

20 dozen of fine Milanese Silk Gloves in sky, pink, white, black, 20 inch Jersey wrist, all sizes, regular \$1.25, for . . . 79c pair

Polka Dot Dresden Ribbons 19c and 29c Yard

25 pieces of dainty Polka Dot Dresden Ribbons, 4 and 4 1/2 inches wide, pretty floral designs, in pink, sky, navy, on white ground, and polka dots, in contrasting colors, regular 35c and 40c yard, on sale . . . 19 and 29c yard

Smart Leather Belts 49c, 79c, 98c and \$1.25 Each

20 dozen of the latest novelty in fine Suede and Glace Leather Belts, come in sky, pink, tan, grey, black and white, trimmed with steel nail heads, fancy buckles, also with straps and pearl buttons, all sizes, very special . . . 49, 79, 98c, \$1.25 each

Oriental Combs in Sets \$1.29 Set

24 dozen sets of Combs, in the Oriental design, with willow, side and back combs, put up in fancy box, regular \$2 set, on sale . . . \$1.29 set

20 dozen of the latest New York Wash Collars in fine embroidery trimmed with Valenciennes lace, also in linen, tailor made trim, with straps and buttons, etc., regular 40 to 50c, on sale . . . 25, 35, 40c each

Fancy Wash Collars 25c, 35c and 49c each

20 dozen of the latest New York Wash Collars in fine embroidery trimmed with Valenciennes lace, also in linen, tailor made trim, with straps and buttons, etc., regular 40 to 50c, on sale . . . 25, 35, 40c each

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