POOR DOCUMENT

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SILENT LIPS

BY ANNIE O. TIBBITS

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CHAPTER XXVII—(Continued)

It was that paper, carefully, legally signed that Geoffrey took to Hetty an hour or so later. Bessie met him at the door, her face ghastly and her eyes strained.

"I've heard o' the burning o' the mill," she said, "an' they say as Barker's the only one hurt. That's true, ain't it? Tell me fair—Ted isn't hurt, is he?"

She caught him by the arm, and Geoffrey looked down at her gravely.

"I'm afraid he may be," he said, "and I think you had beter go to him. Barker died—Barker died a quarter of an hour ago. Ted nearly killed himself in trying to save him, for you, Bessie, and they can't tell yet how seriously he may be hurt."

Bessie threw up her arms above her head with a sudden sharp cry.

"Oh, God, forgive men!" she said. It's a judgment on me! Where is he?" She lifted her head again, sharply. "Tell me where he is! I'm goin' to him," she said.

A minute later while Geoffrey was mounting the stairs to Hetty, she was flying down the road to Ted.

Hetty, lying on a couch, half lifted herself as Geoffrey knocked. Her white face, turned helplessly to him, was the only thing he saw when he entered.

"Hetty!" he cried. She put out her hands, and then dropped them again. He hurried toward her, crossing the room with swift strides.

"Hetty," he cried again, "at last!" He sat down beside her and took one of her little hands in his. There was so much to tell her he scarcely knew how to begin, and how she would take it all he did not know. The thought of the miniature she had worn at her neck swept back upon him as he sat facing her. She had trampled it under foot at last, it was true, but why had she kept it for eight years?

"Bessie has left me to tell you everything," he said, "and how to begin I don't know. So much has happened. Hetty, do you care for Fanshawe still?"

The question hurt her, but it hurt him as well, and his heart seemed to stop in its beat as he saw the pallor sweep over her face and the shadow deepen in her eyes. She put her one hand over them.

"I hate him," she said, with sudden fierceness. "Oh, Geoffrey, can't you see—how I must hate him?"

He made no reply for a minute, and she went on.

"Bessie says you know everything," she said, "but there must be many things you can't understand. I know you know now that it was Claude and not I who murdered my poor father, and you know that being his wife, I could not speak. Oh! Geoffrey, it nearly killed me. I had believed in him so. I even almost thought it was true when he said that you had committed forgery, and had to run out of the country. I almost thought it, but not quite. I thought Claude had made a mistake. I never dreamed then of the truth; I did not know of that until now, until Bessie told me, and it's that that is the last straw. I can't forgive him for that."

Geoffrey tightened his grasp on her hand.

"Hetty, don't you know that I did it for you?" he cried. "I signed the confession and shielded him because you loved him so, and I thought it was only a slip—a mistake. I thought he would be different after that, and I gave him a chance. I went for your sake, Hetty."

Her eyes were full of tears.

"Oh, Geoffrey. I never knew that till Bessie told me," she cried. "But father believed in you, and said so after you had gone, and it was that that made the quarrel between us. He said that like as not you were shielding Fanshawe, and that was why I ran away. He declared that Fanshawe should never come to the house again; that he was a scoundrel. I refused to believe him. I shut my ears to what he said, and I ran away. I left him, my poor father!" Her voice faltered.

"God punished me," she went on in a broken whisper. "I never spoke to him again! I went to Claude and told him, and he took me to Boton. He had had a special license for weeks past, and had been trying to persuade me to marry him. Now, half mad with anger, I yielded. We drove to Boton, and there he married me.

"He had to come back to Oldcastle because there were people staying at the castle, so he left me at the church door, and—and I did not see him again until after the night of my father's murder.

"Then—you know what happened. Bessie told you how I went back and what I saw. Can you understand what it meant to me, Geoffrey? I had believed in him so. I had believed him against my father, and then when I saw him putting something in his glass—I thought I should have gone mad.

"Oh, Geoffrey, I think I was really mad that night, and for many weeks afterwards, and when I began to realize the truth, my only thought was to get away and hide myself.

"So I went to London, intending never to be heard of again. I thought I could get my living somehow, but I couldn't. For nearly eight years I struggled on. Oh, I can't know how I have lived. I tried shops at first, but there was always something, and—and—somehow or other they always distrusted me. I think the girls found out that I had diamonds at my neck, and they told tales of me—oh, I know they did, for twice I was threatened with arrest unless I accounted for the miniature, and so I had to run away."

"But why did you keep it?" Geoffrey cried. "Why didn't you get rid of it?"

Hetty laughed helplessly.

"At first I kept it to remind me how much I had to repay," she said bitterly, "and I thought I should somehow bring the murder home to him, and that some day it could help to prove what I saw was true, for Claude gave it to me on our wedding day—he gave it to me just as we parted in the church porch—and he had written on the back of it, 'From Claude Fanshawe to Hetty Lancaster, on the morning of their marriage,' and the date. That was why I did not destroy it. And I could not sell it. Once or twice my real name and identity leaked out, and oh, Geoffrey, people have hated me so! They have been so bitter against me. It has nearly killed me sometimes."

She broke off, shuddering, and Geoffrey bent over her.

"My poor little girl!" he whispered; "but why did you run away from me? I would have taken care of you. Why did you run away from London?"

"I—I dared not stay," she cried, unsteadily.

"Dared not?"

She turned away her head.

"Geoffrey, you were all I had in the world," she said, breathlessly, "and I am Lord Fanshawe's wife. Oh, can't you see why I ran away? I came to Bessie to hide me. It was the only place I thought I could be safe. Oh, Geoffrey, don't ask me why."

He looked into her eyes. Something he saw in them set his heart thumping unsteadily. The confession Barker had made seemed to lie like a weight in the pocket against his breast. He put up his hand and drew back a little. She wanted him at last! Thank God, she loved him at last, and how his arms ached for her!

But Fanshawe?

He clenched his hands over the arms of his chair and turned away his face a little.

"But there was one thing," he said, suddenly, as he remembered the scene in the Hotel Cecil. "You said that if I had stayed eight years ago I might have saved your father's life. What did you mean?"

"Why, if you had stayed, if you had not shielded Claude, the truth would have come out, and I should not have believed in him so stupidly, and I should never have left my poor father. Now—"

"Now," echoed Geoffrey, abruptly. "Now, oh, Hetty, we must put it all from us now. Barker has confessed to everything, and cleared you, and it can be only a matter of a few hours now before the truth will be out and Fanshawe arrested. After that——"

Hetty put up her hands about her face and fell back with a shudder.

They neither of them dared think of what was to follow after that.

Down in front of the mill Ted was trying in vain to raise himself. His voice, only a few hours ago strong and clear, was feeble like a child's now.

"Bessie, it was for you," he said. "I saved him for you, my lass, for you."

"Saved who?" Bessie asked hoarsely.

"Barker, o' course," came Ted's weak reply. "I only went back for him 'cos you cared so. It went agen the grain a bit, my lass. I 'ad to have a fight with me'self afore I could go, but I did it, gel, an' I got him safe. I got him safe! An' it's the last thing as I shall ever do for you, but you won't forget it, my lass——"

His weak eyes closed. Bessie fell on her knees beside him.

"Ted, Ted," she cried.

Her voice called him back from the shadows. It came to him as he drifted away from her, clear and eager and longing, as he had heard it once long ago. He heard it again now, and the past years fell away from him like a cloak. He forgot them and stretched out his arms to her with his face bright and shining.

"Ah, Bess, my lass! I've had an ugly dream," he said. "I thought you had forgot me."

She held his head in her arms against her breast.

"Ted, Ted, don't dream no more," she cried. "For I love you."

And it was her love for him that brought him back from the valley of the shadow of death into which he was drifting. Love works miracles sometimes, and Dr. North declared it worked a miracle now.

CHAPTER XXVIII AND LAST.

The Wages of Sin.

Oldcastle was gay with flags and banners and red bunting. The big shops in Sheffield street and Liverpool road were barricaded and hung with illuminated crowns, E. R.'s and stars. The King was coming!

A crowd had assembled in front of the great building which he was to open. Under the arched entrance a platform had been erected, and upon which he and the Queen were to sit. There was an air of excitement and enthusiasm everywhere. The uniforms, the bright colors, the flaming scarlet gowns of the undergraduates seemed to have changed Oldcastle. The chimneys belching smoke, the crash and clang of machinery, the factories, with their crowds of workers, seemed to have been forgotten, while the great crowd in the square and the people in the streets waited for the King to come.

He came at last. The rattle of the Scots Grays upon the hard road, the jingle of spurs and harness, was followed by open carriages, and the King himself. A cheer went up as he passed, a cheer that seemed to echo from end to end of Oldcastle until it reached the great square itself, and the five thousand people who stood up to greet him.

A brilliant day, a glorious sun, a cloudless sky. All Oldcastle seemed bent on giving an enthusiastic welcome to the King, and no one noticed the strained white face of Lord Fanshawe as he stood rigid and still upon the platform behind his father, the earl.

Perhaps the earl looked old on this brilliant day, but there was something strange and terrible about his son.

He was staring out, with a curious blind look in his eyes into the crowd. A short distance from him, separated by men in scarlet robes, sat Evelyn Walter. She, too, looked white, with heavy eyes that had not closed all night, and a tired look of age grown suddenly upon her face. Every now and then she looked desperately toward Lord Fanshawe, but apparently he was beyond thought or care for any one. He stared out blind, unseeing, into the gay crowd in the gay square, listening without hearing, as the King made his speech, standing with his head always turned in one direction, his eyes fixed unmoving on a little group in the square.

That little group held his death warrant! In their grim faces he read his doom, and under the blue helmet of a policeman on horseback he thought he could read knowledge of the crime he had committed eight years ago. The silence was broken at last. Murder, long held at bay, was out!

The sun shining brilliantly, glittered sharply upon the jewels in the golden key that was handed to the King at the end of his speech, and Lord Fanshawe suddenly blinked his eyes. He looked round like a man awakened from sleep.

The sun seemed to get into his eyes for a moment, and he passed his hand across them as though to drive out from them some ugly thing that he saw.

The King surrounded by his brilliant escort, had moved toward the building he was to open, the key glittering in his hand. Lord Fanshawe half turned his eyes, never quite leaving the group below, and stepped back as if to follow.

As he did so Evelyn Walter sprang to her feet. The crowd drifted away from them, moving with the King, to inspect the new building, leaving them almost alone.

She caught him by the arm.

"Claude, what can I do to save you?" she whispered.

He turned and faced her, looking down into her haggard eyes with a queer, blank look in his own.

"What can I do? The police have been to me again about the note I sent, and I have lied to them, but they know, and they only want proofs, Claude. Oh, what shall I do?"

He seemed to be rousing slowly. He looked back, down at the crowd in the great square, as though he was searching it for a face he knew. Presently his eyes steadied and grew fixed again.

"Look down," he said. "Do you see that group of people over yonder, toward the right, just beneath the tower? Well, they are workpeople—mill hands, and they all know what you know, and more. They heard last night. There is Geoffrey, too, and he knows. You know that Thomson's mill was burnt to the ground. Well, Barker—Barker was burnt to death in it, but before he died they say he made full confession, and that group over there are waiting—waiting for what is to come for my arrest."

Evelyn started, and her face whitened sharply. Her hand tightened on his arm. Lord Fanshawe's lips curled a little.

"So that it would be all the same if you had not sent the note to the police. It would make no difference," he said. "Geoffrey Clavering and Hetty Lancaster are down there, waiting. And somewhere in Oldcastle, in the possession of the police, perhaps, there is at this moment a little bit of paper, Barker's confession, that will hang me."

Evelyn gave a cry.

"Claude—don't, oh, don't!"

He laughed, then with a sudden fury clenched his hands.

"Curse him. Curse Geoffrey Clavering," he cried. "Curse that lot down there. Do you see who they are? Clavering and Hettie, and Bessie Merrill and Dr. North. They'd like to see me caught. And these mill hands who heard—You can see how they hate me, Evelyn. "They'd lynch me if they could, curse them. Well, I shall cheat them yet," he laughed harshly. "They think I shall be caught. Let them think!"

He turned, wrenching himself free from her grasp, and begun making his way to the back of the platform.

The waiting crowd below saw him foillow the King and his escort into the great building. They saw him pass out of the sunshine into the shadow, and disappear; and a group of police watching from below made a move across the square, and drew up on guard before the door through which the King and his escort would reappear.

For a moment, Evelyn Walter, rigid on the platform, looked like a woman of stone. Then she, too, turned. But she did not follow Claude. Instead she suddenly flung out her arms, and, rocking unsteadily on her feet, fell heavily to the ground.

Meanwhile Claude passed slowly out. To the greetings that met him he replied mechanically, and as he went, as he got away from the crowd, the look of despair that had been gradually spreading on his face deepened sharply.

He hurried his steps a little, out—out of the road, through the building, and on to the back, to a little narrow passage, full of broken stone and brick and builders' refuse. No one would dream that he knew of this way out, no one would suspect his flight.

He reached the end of the narrow alley, and looked round. The street was almost empty. Oldcastle seemed too busy to remember him. He made his way swiftly through the empty streets toward the castle, going hurriedly, with furtive looks right and left as he went.

A little later a motor car shot swiftly through the park gates, spun round into the road and on. Lord Fanshawe sat in it, a solitary figure, bending over the driving wheel, with a desperately gray face.

It was the last Oldcastle saw of him. When he was found it was face downward in a narrow ditch, ten miles from the old town. His neck was broken, and the motor car lay a complete wreck at the bottom of the hill.

And while he went to his death Oldcastle echoed with cheers as the people marched through the streets, gay in honor of the King. While he dashed recklessly to the end the earl looked round the great room in which the banquet was held, and in the long lines of faces he missed one.

He stood up with the rest in response to the toast and looked in vain for his son. His glass was raised with the others. The sunlight gleamed on it, flashed from it to a hundred more.

"The King!"

The gilt and color flashed back the light to the sun. The glass and silver, the bright scarlet, the brilliant colors seemed to make the room a pool of light.

A hundred eager voices echoed the toast—

"The King!"

A few weeks later the Oldcastle Chronicle published an account of a double wedding that turned the grim old town into a frenzy of excitement once more. The streets were lined and packed, and the decorations for the coming of the King were brought out once more, and Hetty Lancaster had full justice done her at last. She and Geoffrey, followed by another carriage containing Bessie and Ted Merrill, drove through to the station, and were wished God speed by a great crowd of mill hands and miners who had collected on the platform.

And even the present from the King, which came to Geoffrey, and the medal which a few months later he himself pinned on Ted's breast, did not give them more happiness than the shouts of the workers as they stood—the mill hands they had both known and worked with, and the women whose lives Ted had saved—shouting themselves hoarse, until the train vanished from sight.

DENMARK AND ICELAND

King Frederick Announces Policy of the Crown.

Reykjavik, Iceland, July 31—At a banquet given in his honor last night, King Frederick of Denmark who, accompanied by Prince Harald Premier Christensen and forty members of the Rigsdag, arrived here yesterday, announced his policy regarding the future relations between the Danish crown and Iceland.

"I have inherited the kingdom as a unit," said King Frederick, "and as such it shall remain from generation to generation, but I have also inherited from my father the tradition that the Icelanders are to be a free people to co-operate with the king in framing the laws under which they live.

"I have therefore established a committee, consisting of members of the Danish Rigsdag and the Icelandic Albing, to arrange for legislation to define the constitutional position of Iceland in the realm and to find a form under which the freedom of Iceland may be built up and protected, while at the same time the unity of the realm be preserved and ensured."

Stranded Miramichi Lumber Floated.

Chatham, N. B., July 31—(Special)—It is stated that the rains have given the river such a rise that all the stranded lumber has been floated. There was about 600,000 feet held up, belonging principally to Messrs Buckley and Maloney.

Concrete blocks are being laid in the lower side of Water street.

WOMAN STRANGLER IS STILL AT LARGE

No Trace of Author of Two of New York's Latest Murders.

New York, July 30—At a late hour tonight no arrests had been made in the cases of the two women who were strangled to death and whose bodies were discovered, one last night, and the other early today. Detectives have been hard at work on the cases but have been unable to find any traces of the murderer or murderers.

The first woman, who was found dead with a necktie knotted around her throat in a boarding house in Twenty-second street, has been identified under several names. It seems probable that she is Mrs. Sophia Kehrer, wife of Jacob Kehrer, of Buffalo. The police have discovered that she lived at different times in Brooklyn and Jersey City.

The body was also identified today as that of a woman who called herself Mrs. May Graham and who has recently lived in a boarding house in East 27th street. It appears that the woman changed her name frequently. The woman with whom she boarded in 27th street gave the police a fair description of two men who often called on her there and the police hope to be able to find them.

The police have as yet found no clue as to the identity of the woman whose body was found in an area way in East Ninetieth street. They believe, however, that both crimes were committed by the same person as both bodies were mutilated in the same manner.

MAY ARRANGE TO HAVE TWO DREDGES ON SITE

Harbor Committee to Meet President of Dredging Company—Dr. Pugsley Tells of Interview With Premier at Ottawa.

The harbor committee are to have an interview with Gordon Stewart, the president of the Dominion Dredging Company, to arrange, if possible, for the dredge Beaver to be put to work on the site for the 600 foot berth.

Hon. William Pugsley, who returned from Ottawa Tuesday, when asked regarding dredging matters, said he had placed the situation before Sir Wilfrid Laurier and the premier recognized the advantage which would be gained by both dredges working on the site at the same time. He had promised to take the matter up with Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, the acting minister, on his return to Ottawa. Dr. Pugsley added that J. E. Moore, the other member of the delegation, had also seen Sir Wilfrid on the same matter on the day previous to his own interview.

Dr. Pugsley also mentioned that he had met the secretary of the company owning the new dredge, and had been assured that every possible assistance would be given to facilitate the work. It was also the intention of the harbor committee to at once hold a conference with Gordon Stewart, the president of the company, who was now in St. John, and endeavor to come to a satisfactory arrangement.

GOOD PROGRESS MADE IN SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

A meeting of the central committee of the N. B. and P. E. Island Sunday School Association was held in the office here last Tuesday. Besides the chairman, T. S. Simms, who was present for the first time since his return from his trip around the world, those at the meeting were: J. N. Harvey, Rev. J. B. Ganong, Robert Reid, R. M. Currie, Rev. Dr. T. F. Fotheringham, Rev. H. D. Marr and Miss A. M. Stillwell.

Rev. Mr. Ganong, the field secretary, gave a report of the world's Sunday school convention in Rome, which he attended. He also handed in an account of work done by him, since his return, in New Brunswick and P. E. Island, which was very satisfactory.

Encouraging reports were also received from the temperance, teacher training and adult Bible class departments. A committee was appointed to arrange for the instalation of a telephone in the office.

The greater part of the evening was spent in discussing the report of the programme committee for a convention to be held in Fredericton from Oct. 22nd to 25th.

WANTS DUTY TAKEN OFF IRISH MACKEREL

London, July 30—Speaking in the house of commons today, John P. Boland, Nationalist representative for the southern division of Kerry, called the attention of Foreign Secretary Sir Edward Grey to the fact that the United States is the principal market for Irish cured mackerel and asked the secretary to use his best endeavors in connection with the negotiations now going on between Great Britain, Newfoundland, Canada and the United States regarding the fisheries question, to have the United States tariff of $2 a barrel on mackerel removed in the event of Canadian fish being allowed to enter the United States free of duty.

Sir Edward replied that if favorable opportunity occurred to make an attempt to obtain a reduction of United States duties on the produce of the United Kingdom the case of Irish cured mackerel would not be overlooked.

Van Horne's Brazil Operations.

New York, July 30.The Times today says the syndicate of New York and Canadian capitalists, including Sir Wm. VanHorne and Wm. Lanman Bull, which for some time has been engaged in traction and harbor improvement undertakings in Brazil, has laid plans, it was reported yesterday, to extend its operations to steam railroad undertakings. The syndicate is said to have under consideration the construction, all told, of 2,000 miles of railway in Brazil to connect and extend existing lines. The ultimate purpose, it is said, is to connect Rio de Janeiro with Montevideo, the capital of Uruguay.

Among the railroads said to have been acquired already by the syndicate are the Sao Paulo and Rio Grande Railroads, and Sorocabana railway.

INTEREST HIGH IN HARTLAND CASE

Court Proceedings Saturday Eagerly Awaited--Hay Crop in Danger--The Potato Situation.

Hartland, N. B., July 30—(Special)—The report in yesterday's Telegraph regarding the investigation of the recent fire by the Canadian detective bureau was read with much interest, being a genuine surprise to the people here. Untiring vigilance is being exercised by local people who are determined to see the bottom of the mystery, but if they are working in connection with others the fact has been kept secret.

There are no new developments here but the examination of McNally next Saturday is being awaited with interest.

General Superintendent Downie, of the C. P. R., passed through Hartland today on a tour of inspection northward.

The recent rains have raised the river six feet. It has seldom reached so high a pitch in July. The wet weather is endangering the potato crop but real damage is not yet apparent. Haying, however, is behind hand, and as there is a bumper crop the outlook is serious enough.

The other day engine No. 242, drawing the southbound express, lost its bell while rounding a curve about a mile above Hartland. When it swung from its fastenings the fireman narrowly escaped a fatal blow.

Heber Hatfield is building a potato house 25x50 feet in size with accommodations for 3,000 barrels. The problem of handling the great potato crop is a trying one, as many farmers have absolutely no means of their own, and are depending upon getting cars for shipment at time of digging.

S. S. ACTIVE TO GO ON SOUTH SHORE ROUTE

Wm. Thomson & Co. Charter Norwegian Steamer to Replace Senlac—Will Make First Sailing Next Monday.

So that patrons of the South Shore route will not suffer inconvenience consequent of the time necessary for repairs to the steamer Senlac, damaged by collision in Halifax harbor, Messrs. Wm. Thomson & Co. have chartered the Norwegian steamer Active to go on the route for two or three months. The intention at first was to have the Norwegian steamer Norseman, but this was found impossible.

The Active is practically a new boat, being built in 1903. She is 629 tons net, and 507 tons gross, 175 feet long and 26 feet beam. She is capable of steaming eleven knots and is classed A. 1.

The steamer was formerly in the fruit trade between New York and the West Indies. She is now at the former place and will sail from there for St. John tomorrow in readiness to go on the route next Monday.

WELSFORD YOUNG PEOPLE GO WEST

Welsford, N. B., July 30—In the departure of Miss Bernice Killoran and her cousin, George W. Roberts, for the west today, Welsford lost two young people who will be much missed in the life of the village. Miss Killoran proved an efficient teacher at the public school here during the last fall term and when she returned to take up her studies at the provincial Normal school, from which she graduated with distinction, it was felt her place would be hard to fill. Miss Killoran will probably teach near Calgary this year and later go to the Pacific coast to visit her uncles who are engaged in extensive lumbering operations.

Mr. Roberts is a recent graduate from the Mount Allison College, where he acquitted himself very creditably. His popularity with his fellow students was great and he leaves many warm friends who will wish him success in the new country. J. B. Roberts, B. A., a brother of the young man who left today, is a student-at-law in the office of Lougheed & Bennett, Calgary.

Two Drowning Accidents on the Washademoak.

An eighteen year old son of Daniel Starkey, of Coady's, on the Washedemoak, was drowned Monday afternoon. The body was recovered and the coroner, after viewing it, decided that an inquest was unnecessary.

The deceased, with two other boys, went to Starkeys mills for a boatload of lumber and loaded the frail craft too heavily with the result that it capsized on the return, and young Starkey was drowned.

This is the second drowning accident here in two days, the other victim being George Smith. The funeral of both the unfortunate young men will take place today.

Accident at Bathurst.

Bathurst, N. B., July 30—Felix Doucett, of Bathurst Village, while sawing in the Sumner Company's mill here, yesterday, had three fingers and the thumb of his left hand taken off by a saw.

NERVES IN ORDER NERVES UNSTRUNG

This is a nerve racking age—not a man in an office or behind the counter, striving hard to get on in the world, that does not feel the strain.

If nerves are in order a man is strong, eats and sleeps well. Unstrung nerves mean weakness, worry, sleeplessness and a general decay of bodily strength, inability to do good work or to do it long.

Most men are careless of their health, trust to luck that sort of thing, instead of taking Ferrozone for a few weeks when they feel dull in the morning, sleep poorly or lose appetite.

Ferrozone quickly brightens up the mind. It creates an appetite and improves digestion. Ferrozone makes blood, quiets the nerves, makes muscle like steel and induces refreshing sleep.

Ferrozone is a body builder, thousands have proved it. If you are sick, or even out of sorts, use Ferrozone and enjoy the splendid reward it affords.

Permanent in its results, the greatest health giver in the world. Sold everywhere in 50c. boxes.

RAISULI, THE BANDIT, IS ATTACKED; FORCES BEATEN

Government Troops Capture Large Number of Prisoners-Big Reward Offered for Raisuli Dead or Alive.

RAISULI.

Tangier, July 31—The government troops under command of Caid Bouchta, renewed operations against the lawless tribes today. They surprised the village of Alkala, inhabited by Raisuli supporters, at daybreak and set it on fire. A brief fight ensued, in which many were killed and large numbers of prisoners fell into Bouchta's hands.

The commander of the troops offered a big reward to anyone delivering over to him Raisuli, dead or alive.

DOUKHOBORS ON MARCH TO MONTREAL

Say They Are Going to Sail for Southern Europe Under Divine Guidance.

Toronto, July 31—Thirty-three Doukhobors, of both sexes, who have been marching through the west lately, left Winnipeg after a day's rest, and say they will walk to Montreal and then take passage for southern Europe. They say they want a country where they will not have to enslave cattle or wear woollen clothes. How they are going to reach it, they do not know, but they say God will guide them. The walk to Montreal is about 1,500 miles.

Cawthra Mulock's boat, Adele, built in England, has been chosen to challenge for the Canada's cup. She won two trials today over the Crusader.

A Vancouver despatch says the Japanese government is appointing commissioners to Hawaii, United States and Canada to deal with immigration and other questions.

FREE-BAPTISTS OF MAINE ON UNION

Ocean Park, Me., July 31—Twelve delegates appointed at the general conference of Free Baptist churches to consider the question of a union of the denomination with other churches, met here today to draw up a report which will be presented a general meeting in Cleveland, next October.

Dr. H. M. Lord, of Brooklyn, is president of the conference of delegates. No information regarding the discussion at the conference was given out.

I. O. G. T. News.

Resolution Lodge, Elgin, has elected for the next quarter: R. S. Garland, C. T.; Miss Nina Killam, V. T.; Miss Nita Barchard, secretary; Dennis A. Daley, A. S.; Miss Frances Smith, F. S.; Miss Annie Colpitts, treasurer; Joseph Garland, M.; Miss Lulu Stiles, D. M.; Miss Eva Mann, registrar; Miss Greta Constantine, organist; Mrs. Robert Horsman, chaplain; Marvin Garland, guard; Burpee Barchard, sentinel; Wm. Stewart, D. G. C. T.; L. R. Hetherington, P. C. T.

This lodge has continued to grow through the past quarter, though the early summer is not generally a growing time for such societies. It has now a membership of 180 and is the largest I. O. G. T. lodge in Canada east of Winnipeg. The following programme was adopted for next quarter: Aug. 5, installation of officers; Aug. 12, pound auction; Aug. 19, sing, speak, recite or pay two cents; Aug. 26, musical night; committee, A. Knight, G. Constantine, R. Garland, N. Killam, A. Colpitts; Sept. 2, debate, Resolved that the drunkard is more to be pitied than blamed; Sept. 9, temperance essays: Miss Knight, Mrs. Rommel, Mrs. Geldart; Sept. 16, What is your favorite motto? Sept. 23, temperance address, Rev. M. R. Knight; Sept. 30, sing, speak, recite or pay two cents; Oct. 7, literary programme; committee, F. Smith, Helen Jonah, E. Killam, B. Blakeney; Oct. 14, book social; committee, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. H. Godard, Mrs. F. Godard, Mrs. C. W. Tucker, Mrs. Constantine; Oct. 21, social night; Oct. 28, election of officers.

Boston Fatalities.

Boston, July 30—Mrs. Jennie Friedlander, aged 55, of 11 Elder street, Dorchester, while demented, jumped from the roof of a four-story block at 40 Oneida street today and died soon after.

John O'Neill, aged 55, of 33 Chelsea street, Charlestown, fell down a flight of stairs at his home and was instantly killed.

Do not overfeed your fowls, or apoplexy will be the result. It is either caused by overfeeding, too stimulating foods, or want of exercise. Death is generally sudden.

KNOCKED HIS WIFE SENSELESS

Woodstock Negro Arrested on Serious Charge Woman's Condition Critical.

Woodstock, N. B., July 31—Norman McIntyre, colored, is in jail tonight on a serious charge. This evening he had a row with his wife, and in the melee struck her over the head, knocking her senseless. Chief Kelly and Policeman McCarron arrested him and he went without resistance.

Dr. N. P. Grant, after working an hour over the patient, restored consciousness, but she is still in a critical condition. McIntyre makes charges against his wife.

Prohibition for Georgia.

Atlanta, Ga., July 30—The Hardman-Covington prohibition bill passed by the Georgia senate some days ago, was adopted by the house this evening, 139 to 39. Two amendments by the house will necessitate the bill going back to the senate for concurrence, of which there is no doubt, and the bill then will go to Governor Hoke Smith, for his signature which has been practically pledged, and prohibition will become a law in Georgia.

What Acetylene Is

Acetylene is without exception the best illuminant in the world to-day.

This gas is formed when Calcium Carbide comes in contact with water.

Carbide is a hard, brittle, dark-colored substance, resembling granite.

It consists of a fusion of lime and coke.

Lime and coke can only be fused in the intense heat of an electrical furnace, at a temperature of 4,000 degrees.

When you realize that it requires 1,800 degrees to melt iron, you will better appreciate the intensity of heat necessary to chemically unite coke and lime.

Calcium carbide of high quality can be made only from pure lime and carbon.

The lime should be free from phosphorus, otherwise the illuminating power of the light will be affected.

What is known as 72-hour coke is mixed with the lime.

This coke is only obtained in districts where high grade steel is manufactured.

The best carbide means the best light.

You will have the best light if you use S Calcium Carbide.

We have some interesting facts that we would like to send you about carbide. Why not write for them to-day?

The Shawinigan Carbide Co., Limited, Montreal

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