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THE MESSAGE
By LOUIS TRACY

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

(Continued)

Scarce knowing what she said, and still clinging desperately to the stricken man at her side, Evelyn whispered:

"Are they your relatives?"

And the answer came brokenly.

"Don't you know? That's Percy and my nephew! And two such boys! Straight as an' tall as handsome. Good Lord! was that the only way?"

Then she realized the horror of it. The crushed society butterfly, who was like to fall to the ground but for her support, was now bent of double. Calling Brown to her aid, they led him inside the house. The butler, impelled to obey his master's direct injunctions, knocked at the library door, and told Baumgartner what had happened.

Von Rippenbach heard. He was a calm person, to who the death of three Englishmen was of very slight consideration.

"The very thing!" he murmured. "Now you can empty the place in twenty-four hours."

Rosamund Laing, whose white brows were unseemly furrows, was writing and thinking in her own room when a maid brought her the news. Before her on the table was Evelyn's letter, and the sharp-eyed Scotch lassie saw that the lady nearly upset the inkstand in her haste to cover something with the blotting-paper. Rosamund was shocked, of course. Finding almost immediately that she and there wrote a sweetly sympathetic note, and had it taken to him.

"By the way," she said before the maid went out, "have you seen Mr. Figuero recently? I mean the dark-skinned man who came here yesterday."

Yes, he had just left the library with the master and another gentleman. Rosamund rose at once. If she were not greatly mistaken, Evelyn's harmless-looking postscript had given her a clue to the mystery of Figuero's presence in Baumgartner's house. She knew her West Africa, and the bad repute of Oku was one of her clearest memories. Yet she turned back at the door, took Evelyn's letter from her pocket, copied a portion of it, and locked the original in her jewel case.

The luncheon-gong sounded as she descended the stairs, so she postponed the interview she promised herself with the Portuguese. And, for the rest of the day, she was busy with the side of evil-doers—a fiend who contrives opportunities where human forethought would fail. Rosamund, embarked on a well-nigh desperate enterprise, suddenly found the way smoothed by Baumgartner's wholly unexpected announcement that business considerations compelled him to leave Lochmery. He had tried to arrange matters satisfactorily for our guests," he said, "but the gloom cast on our pleasant party by the unhappy tidings received this morning by one of our number renders it almost impossible for us to enjoy the remainder of a most memorable and delightful sojourn in Scotland."

He delivered himself of other platitudes, but Mrs. Baumgartner's dejected air and Beryl's sullen silence showed plainly enough that the millionaire's fat was unalterable. Polite murmurs of agreement veiled the chagrin of people who had a fortnight or more thrown on their hands without any prior arrangements.

The meal was a solemn function. Everybody was glad when it ended.

Rosamund met Figuero in the hall.

"I am going to the village," she said.

"Will you walk there with me?"

He caught the veiled meaning of the glance, and agreed instantly. When they were clear of the house, she commenced the attack.

"Why are you and Count von Rippenbach and three men of Oku in England?" she asked.

She did not look at Figuero. There was no need. He waited a few seconds too long before he laughed.

"You make jobs," he said.

"Do I? It will be no joke for you when Captain Warden informs the government, if he has not done that already, that you are here?"

"Why you say den ting?" he growled, and she was fully aware of the menace in his voice.

"You told me that you were pleased to consider a secret last night. Very well, I am willing to trade. Captain Warden knows what you are doing. He probably guesses every item of the business you and the Count were discussing so long and earnestly with Mr. Baumgartner in the library before lunch. Oh, please don't interrupt!"—for Figuero, driven beyond the bounds of self-control, was using words better left to the Portuguese tongue in which they were uttered—"I am not concerned with your plots. They never come better to me than to you. If either Count von Rippenbach or Mr. Baumgartner had your history at their finger's ends as I have, they would drop you like a hot shiner. Yet, I am ready to bargain. Help me, and I will keep my information to myself."

"What you want, den?"

"I want to see your face, and was surprised to see that his face was livid, almost green with rage and perplexity. It must be a grave matter—this jumble of hints in Evelyn's letter."

"Can you read English?" she asked, after a pause.

"Yes, leetle piece—better as I can make out."

She handed him the copy of that part of the fateful letter that alluded to himself and his affairs. He puzzled it out, word by word.

"Where him lib for?" he demanded.

"That was written by Miss Dane and intended for Captain Warden. I came by it, no matter how, and I meant to make use of it in some way."

With a rapid movement, he stuffed the sheet of note paper into a pocket.

"I keep dem letters," he announced.

"Certainly. It is only a copy. Savvy? I have the real one safely put away."

Figuero swallowed something. His thin lips were bloodless, and his long, moistened them with the quick darting action of a snake. Rosamund, who was really somewhat afraid, trusted to the daylight and the fact that they were traversing an open road, with cottages scattered through the glen.

"You cannot humbug me," she went on, "but I want to assure you again that I am no enemy of yours. Now, listen. I have reason to believe that he is engaged, promised, to Miss Dane, an trying to stop that, to break it off. Can you help?"

"You ask hard ting—in dis place. In Africa, we get Oku man make jump."

She abandoned. The cold malevolence in his words recalled stories she had heard of those who had died with unaccountable suddenness when "Oku man make jump."

"I don't mean that," she cried vehemently. "Tell me what is taking place, and how it will affect Captain Warden. Then I can warn him, perhaps prove myself his friend. Above all—where are you going tomorrow? Mr. Baumgartner sails in the Sans Souci, I hear. Does Miss Dane go with him, or is she to be sent away because she is aware of your plans?"

Figuero did not answer during a whole minute.

He saw light, dimly, but growing more distinct each instant. Warden was a deadly personality in the field against him, and his active interference was now assured beyond civil. But, with two women as foils, both beautiful, and one exceedingly well equipped with money, there was still a chance of circumventing the only man he feared.

"You steal dem letter?" he said unexpectedly.

"At any rate, it has not gone to Captain Warden," was the acid reply.

"An' you write im. What you say?"

"Oh, nothing that affects the case."

"You told him me here?"

"No. That can wait, which statement, as shall be seen, was strictly untrue."

"Well, den, dem yacht lib for—somewhere tomorrow. Den?"

Dane, go wid me. You told him dat ting as you say las' night. I make wife pal-aver to den girl."

"What dat good will that do?" she said. "In a week, ten days, he will hear from her again."

"No. I take dem letter. You gib me Captain Warden writin', an' I keep eye for dat. Savvy?"

(To Be Continued)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



MUSTARD AND GOLD A MILLINER FAD

The peculiar yellowish brown color known as mustard, is extremely fashionable just now. They are used to coat coats, gowns and hats. This model for early fall is one of the roll brim Cavalier shapes and is covered with moire silk in a dark mustard shade. Two other shades, one quite light, are used in the drooping plumes, and the roses massed at the downward end of the hat are of gold cloth.

NEGRO ADVANCING ALONG EDUCATIONAL LINES SAYS BISHOP DERRICK

Here to Attend A. M. E. Conference, He Says His Race Gets Fairer Treatment Under British Flag Than Any Where Else—The Drawing of the Color Line—Hopes for New Church in St. John.

Rev. W. B. Derrick, Bishop of Ohio, and supervisor of the third district of the negro missionary field in America, who is here to attend the A. M. E. conference, which began this morning, includes in his district, besides this province, Nova Scotia, Bermuda, Ohio, Pittsburg and West Virginia.

A Times reporter called on the Bishop last evening and found him an interesting conversationalist. He celebrated his 60th birthday last month and has devoted the greater part of his life to bettering the condition of his fellow-men, having been actively engaged in missionary work for forty-five years. He is a native of Antigua, West Indies, a loyal British subject, lived for a time in England, but now resides in New York.

"During the past four years," said the bishop, in speaking of the work among the people of his race, "we have collected more than \$9,000,000 for the general support of our churches and colleges. Our people have at all times responded to appeals for aid most generously." Speaking of the work done in this city, the bishop praised Rev. Mr. Gibbs for his efficiency, and said he hoped to see a new edifice built for the faithful of this district in the near future, but they must first reckon the cost and labor required.

"We have advanced wonderfully in the States along educational lines in the last few years," the bishop continued, "and the future presents a very bright outlook for further prosperity. One of our principal colleges is at Wilberforce, our oldest school, established fifty years ago by the black race in America. Last year there were 400 students in attendance at this school. There are nine other colleges of recognized good standing throughout the southern states and the attendance is steadily increasing. The training of a colored boy in the United States is different from what it is here, so that some of our blacks and whites to be on equal footing in the universities.

"The negro in any of the British dominions is treated more fairly than anywhere else. All that is required of him is respectability, and a fair share of intelligence."

The Bishop is a firm believer in co-education, as he claims it benefits both sexes to a greater extent than by the separate system of educating and is especially responsible for making the young man respectable and refined. In his American universities, he said that both sexes attended school in the same buildings, and the results had been very satisfactory.

From the other side of the Atlantic, Bishop Derrick will deliver an interesting lecture on "The two flags," in which he will deal with conditions of the country and the people both of England and the United States.

NAVY QUESTION, CANADA'S POSITION

Montreal, Aug. 10.—A London cable says: Sir Frederick Borden and Hon. Mr. Brodeur yesterday met Hon. Mr. McKenna, Sir John Fisher and other admiralty officials in order to discuss certain technical points with regard to Canada's defence for assistance in the imperial naval defence.

Canada, it is understood, is of the opinion that the dominion should have a self-supporting navy, which should form an integral part of the imperial navy in time of emergency.

The other dominions are inclined to the view that a direct subsidy for imperial defence should be provided.

The fine technicalities are now being discussed by a committee of experts, and at the close of their deliberations a report will be submitted to the full conference.

A DRINK OF COLD WATER NEARLY CAUSED HIS DEATH

But Father Morrisey's Treatment Saved Francis Cassidy.

Here is his story:—

Burden, York Co., N.B., Dec. 3, 1908.

"At the age of 18, while hayting on a very hot day, I got thirsty and took a drink from a spring. I was taken suddenly ill, and consulted a skillful doctor, who treated me for indigestion for four months. But I grew worse, got so weak I could not walk, had no appetite, could not digest anything, and lost 30 pounds. I was almost dead, but as a last hope went to Father Morrisey. He gave me two months' treatment, and from the first day I began to recover. Now I am 21 years old and a very strong, healthy man. Only for the Rev. Father Morrisey I would have been dead now."

FRANCIS CASSIDY.

"Thousands of people have used Father Morrisey's 'No. 1' Tablets for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Belching of Wind, and other Stomach Troubles, with most satisfactory results."

One 'No. 1' Tablet will digest 1 1/2 pounds of food. Get at your dealer's, or from Father Morrisey Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 47

BREAKS NECK WITH CHAIN

Giant Murderer of Wife Snaps Iron Links to Hang Himself.

New York, Aug. 10.—After snapping a heavy steel chain in order to make a noose with which to hang himself, James A. Ahearn, a trachman of No. 110 Washington avenue, Laurel Hill, Queens, who was arrested after the body of his wife had been found lashed to death with a meat cleaver committed suicide in his cell in Queens County Court House, at Hunter's Point.

A special watch had been kept over Ahearn. Every article with which it seemed possible he might be able to harm himself was removed from the cell. There were left only his bed, with a blanket, a chain attached to the wall, and a small washstand. Even superfluous bedding was removed, and he had only one thin blanket.

That he broke the chain of his bed at a moment when he was not being directly observed is considered a remarkable evidence of strength, even for a man of Ahearn's gigantic stature. The chain was broken of short without being pulled or wrenched in any way. The prisoner fastened it around his neck and hid his cell room, where Harry Evans, a keeper, was replaced by Officer. The two keepers went aside for a moment to discuss something out of hearing of some prisoners. Ahearn mounted the washstand, attached the hook at one end of the chain from the stand to the wall, and on the chain with his full weight. The sound of the fall summoned the two keepers, who took him down and carried him into the corridor. Dr. Halliman, of St. John's Hospital, said Ahearn's neck had been broken by the fall and that he had died instantly.

TRADE OUTLOOK IS VERY BRIGHT

Bank Clearings, Crop Report, Industrial Activity and Railway Earnings All Look Good.

(Montreal Witness.)

The financial prosperity of the Dominion is reflected in the various markets, and especially in the bank clearings, and indications point to a profitable season in all lines of commercial and industrial activity. Looking over the year in an interesting manner. He refers to the great responsibility of his office and to the opportunity afforded him of doing some work for the betterment of his fellow-citizens. The year, he says, has not been as successful as previous years, if the number of additional lodges is taken as a basis. There have been three subordinate lodges and one Rebekah lodge instituted this year, but the number of lodges is not as large as in previous years. He also mentions the fact that the number of lodges is not as large as in previous years.

CURES

Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Seasick-ness, Summer Complaint, and all Looseness or Fluxes of the Bowels.



Mr. ALBERT JEFFRIES, Owen Sound, Ont., writes: "I always keep a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in the house, and would not care to be without it, as I have proved it again and again to be a never-failing remedy for diarrhea. Whenever I am threatened with it, one teaspoonful of the 'Extract' fixes me completely."

ODDFELLOWS' YEAR NOT AS GOOD AS SOME, SAYS GRAND MASTER'S REPORT

Prospects Good—Details of the Work of Year Given—A Suggestion—Assistance Acknowledged—Reports of Deputy Grand Master and Others.

The report of the grand master, John Johnson, at today's session of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F., of the Maritime Provinces, deals with the work of the year in an interesting manner. He refers to the great responsibility of his office and to the opportunity afforded him of doing some work for the betterment of his fellow-citizens. The year, he says, has not been as successful as previous years, if the number of additional lodges is taken as a basis. There have been three subordinate lodges and one Rebekah lodge instituted this year, but the number of lodges is not as large as in previous years. He also mentions the fact that the number of lodges is not as large as in previous years.

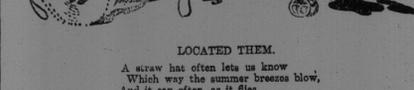
AN IRISH BOY AND HIS WHISTLE

Spokane, Wash., August 10.—Eddie Murphy, eleven years of age, who left Cork (Ire.), with his cherry whistle and a silver trumpet on the morning of July 15, has reached Spokane, having whistled his way across the continent. He was met by his uncle, R. H. Landis of Helen (Wash.), who will take the brave little fellow to his ranch and give him a home and an education.

Eddie said he had an enjoyable journey across the Atlantic ocean, where his bird-like notes made him many friends on the big steamer. He also received many presents of dime, quarters and dollars on the overland trip from New York to Spokane, and while here he was the recipient of other days to a group of veteran Irishmen gathered in the writing room of the hotel where he awaited the coming of his uncle.

The boy has a brogue that would make a fortune for an Irish comedian, and he is as bright as a new dollar. Briefly told, Eddie's mission in America is to go to school and learn, as he put it, and when the grove where he is going to work, doing a man's work.

Health Demands that the bowels be kept regular. Neglect means sickness. Sluggish bowels are quickly regulated by



Beecham's Pills

LOCATED THEM. A stray has often led me know Which way the summer breezes blow, And it can often, as it flies, Tell where a dark mud puddle lies. Who is laughing? ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE. (Upside down, against face.)

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

THE GREAT KIDNEY CURE

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

DR. J. C. DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

23 THE PRINCE