

Red Rose Tea

"Is Good Tea"

Never varies in quality, every package is good.

THE MAN FROM THE WEST

BY E. EVERETT GREEN.
Author of "The Marriage of Marcela, Lady Elizabeth, The Juggernaut, etc."

"Nary a bit—no gold neither. Just nothing but a few papers tied with a bit of red tape; and by the looks of them I take it they were love letters of a squire had gotten when he was a slip of a boy; for he had no truck with women folk so long as I remember him."

"Ah!" said Val, drawing a long breath, "and what did you do with these letters? Give 'em to Miss Mary?"
"No, sir, I didn't. Seemed to me, somehow, that I ought rather to fling 'em back into the well again."
"I say, though—did you do that?"
"No, I didn't. I just put 'em as they were into that old carved cupboard yonder, that you said might fetch me a good round sum in Lunnun town. There's shelves and drawers, and cunning little places there; and I put the packet in one of these, and there it lies to this day."

Val smoked on in silence rather a long time. The old man watched him somewhat closely. For a brief moment some undefined suspicion had awakened within him; but Val's air of ruminant unconsciousness disarmed this embryonic uneasiness.

"Tell you what, Gaffer," spoke Val, at length, "I'll give you a sovereign down if you'll let me take those letters home and look through 'em quiet."

Instantly the old man's face changed. He loved money; but he was almost as suspicious and secretive as the old squire himself. Not a soul before had he breathed a word as to these papers. Val saw the look, interpreted it, and, leaning forward, tapped the old man on the knee.

"See here, Gaffer, I'm going to talk to you straight—one honest man to another. Mary's been done somehow by this show. Can't tell how, but so it is. The old man didn't mean her to be left without a red cent to her own account. I'm here to size things up for her. I'm an Acryngton, too; and it's not so almighty queer for me to take a side-squint at the old man's papers. I'll not read a thing that won't help Mary, but I may be that with those letters the old man put a bit of paper that some of us have been reckoning to see turn up somehow. You and I are Mary's friends. If we can help her we've got to do it, and that's all there is to it. You let me have those letters. I'll bring them back to-morrow just as you give me them. And if I've found anything there to Mary's advantage, you shall have the pleasure of taking it to her, and I'll get along with you and tell the tale, and it'll all come right, you'll see, for the whole shoot of us!"

There was something in Val's personality which seemed to dominate or magnetize the old man. He rose from his chair. He hobbled into his cottage. He opened the carved cupboard, and from a small partition, high up, he extracted a bundle of what appeared to be faded letters, yellow with age, tied together by a piece of red tape. Val's eyes gleamed as he saw them. What might not that bundle contain? Was it possible that all Mary's future might lie (so to speak) concealed amongst those yellow letters treasured by the old man who was gone?

"Search well—search well," that had been his charge to his nephew, who had much whispered wandering talk which she had not been able to catch or to understand. Was this to be the clue to the enigmatic charge, that might bear a double meaning?

The old man's hands were shaking as he held the papers in them. Val drew out a gold piece and held it in his open palm.

"One always pays a fee when one looks at old papers, I believe, and that's all fair and square," he added, a second sovereign to the first, and added:

"In case I want to keep them beyond one day, and you shall have them back—honest injun—when I see what's what."

The old man looked from the packet to the gold, and then into Val's honest face.

"I'll trust you, sir," he said, and packing and gold pieces changed hands. "That's all right," said Val, as he pocketed the prize. "And may it turn up trumps for Mary Acryngton."

CHAPTER XIV.
Confederates.

"Hillo, Hilda!"

"Oh, Val, is that you? I'm so glad!"

"Anything wrong, little pardner? Anybody been getting your quills the wrong way, eh?"

"I don't quite know what it is, Val, but that horrid, lawky fellow, asked to dinner yesterday and they sent Mary in with him. Generally she goes upstairs with us when there's dinner company, and she didn't want to go down then; but they would have it, and looked so horrid about it, too, smiling and giggling and being playful and pretty, till I could have shaken them!"

"By Jingo!" said Val, thoughtfully, and stood ruminating.

"He's such a horrid little beast," went on Hilda in her impetuous way; "Bosh! and I watched him after dinner. He got Mary out in the moonlight; she got away as soon as she could."

"That fellow's too slick for me," said Val; "I'll allow he raises my fur a bit. I guess Mary don't enthuse to him either, by the looks of it."

"I know she can't endure him. But Mary's the sort that never says an unkind word about anybody; that's where they think they've got her. Val, I hate it all!"

"There, there, keep your hair on, little pard; we'll not let them get top side of Mary gains, for her own well. What makes that fellow think he wants her so bad, anyway? He's not the make of chap that makes a set for beauty unrequited."

"Yes, that's just what I say. What's he got at the back of his head? Mary's a darling—you and I know that; and it's not just to sit and wait and hear her talk; but that's not the sort of thing he would care for. Val, I hate it all!"

"Just so. That sort of bear don't put out his paw till there's honey for him to grab at."

"The two friends, who loved to call themselves partners, were cycling merrily along as they talked."

"I'm off to see Cotswold at his place," said Val. "Like to come with me?"

"I'd love it, but I think I mustn't; I must get back for school room tea. It's such a bore to be growing up when one is just a kid one can do such lots more nice things."

Val looked at her with a kindly gleam in his shrewd eyes.

"That's so; but there are compensations, too, sure thing, and so you'll find as you take the trail, kids have a power of good things, but the ship don't want to keep away to harbor. You're going to be the right sort of woman when you break your chrysalis shell. Seems to me you're a bit farther out every time I clap eyes on you!"

She gave him a bright, eager look.

"Do you think so, Val? You see I'm eighteen; but I didn't want to be bothered with grown-up things before. And the others didn't want me in their show either, till—"

She stopped. Almost for the first time in her life a touch of feminine reticence seized her. Val grinned to himself. He could so well have put a cap upon that sentence; but he liked her the better for not doing it.

"You're eighteen, are you?—well, that's a mighty pleasin' age, for a girl to be. She's young enough to take kindly to new experiences, and old enough to have got some sense into her head."

The eyes of the pair met—Val's humorously appraising and scrutinizing; Hilda's eager and full of light.

"I just love new experiences," she cried. "It was fun to get out of a poky little suburb to Coombe Basset. And when I read about the sort of places you come from, and when you tell tales about them, I just long to see it all. It makes me sort of gasp for the air of mountains and great wild, wide places."

"Well, mebbe one day you'll come along and see how we do the trick across the bridge—yonder. I'd be considerable content to show you the ropes, when you feel like losing your moorings here and trying a big jump!"

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"I must be off here," said Hilda, as the road divided. Her color was vivid

and brilliant, and he just swayed towards her for a moment and put his strong hand upon her wrist.

"So-long, little pard; I'll look you up again before that," he said. With that the two cyclists parted, and Val put on speed to an extent that swallowed up the miles in first-class style.

"I came to see that little Mary was not put upon, and was not done out of her own; but, by gum! I've got something else working in my innards that I'd never thought of at starting! Gee-whizz! she's a daisy, she is, and no mistake!"

Cotswold saw him coming, and gave him cordial welcome.

"I've taken you at your word, Matey; you said you'd give me a shake-down any day I liked to come for it. These blame trains of yours take a man half a day getting here, and I don't cotton to your snorting motors. I'm on the lookout for some kind of a pony that'll carry me, but your English horses are so plum queer! They don't know a thing about the cross-neck retn; one might be riding an old mule! So I'm sticking to my wheel for the moment! It's fast, though I miss the feel of the horse between one's knees."

"Glad to see you, however you may come. Oh, I can rig you out with clothes for the evening, if you'll condescend to take them. We've raised a blight, or I can raise a suit of mediæval armor or a doctor's gown, or coat dress of many centuries if you prefer."

To Be Continued.

LEADERS SOUGHT MURRAY

Nova Scotia Premier Says Did Not Propose Interview With Strikers.

Sydney, N. S., Aug. 20.—Hon. G. H. Murray, who arrived in Sydney yesterday morning, asked as to the report that Messrs. McDougall and McCullough had gone to Halifax with a view of talking over means for a settlement of the strike at the colliery districts, said that he confers with the United Mine Workers' leaders was not of his seeking. He knew nothing of their visit until they asked and obtained an interview. At that time there were no propositions made one way or another involving in any way the settlement of the strike at the Dominion Coal Company's collieries.

In the case of the overhanging tenants of the Dominion Coal Company Judge Phillips' decision for the company in nine of the cases. It is understood they will be executed at once.

DICK HERRIOTT DEAD

Well-Known Photographer of Brampton Victim of White Plague.

Brampton, Aug. 20.—Dick Herriott, a well-known photographer, died suddenly this morning in front of the Queen's Hotel here. He was a victim of the white plague, but has been steadily at work in his studio on Queen street. This morning, as he was about to enter his usual office, he was seized with the disease and died almost instantly. He leaves a wife and one child, who reside in Toronto.

AFTER THE MILE RECORD

Attempt Will Be Made To Lower Figure For Racing Motors.

Indianapolis, Aug. 20.—The second day of the automobile speed carnival at the Indianapolis motor speedway was opened with a five-mile stripped class race today.

The event of special interest for today will be the trial to lower the world's track record for the mile and kilometer. The setting of a record of 43.1-10, by Barney Oldfield in his Benzys, has added zest to the event. Each car will be permitted to make two attempts at both records. Christie, in his freak racer, is on hand prepared to make a hard fight for the gold-plated which has been offered by an automobile manufacturing house for the best mile of 1908.

The track is in better condition today than yesterday, and the racing laborers worked all night on the rough spots.

The course was oiled all over according to instructions issued by the American Automobile Association.

The bodies of William Bouque and Harry Holcombe, the members of the Knox racing team who were killed in the 250-mile race yesterday, were taken east today. Bourque lived in Springfield, Mass., while Holcombe's home was in Grandville, Mass.

The speedway owners have announced a 24-hour race to be run on Friday and Saturday, Sept. 24 and 25. The track will be lighted by a \$15,000 electrical plant now being installed. After this meet ends tomorrow the laborers will be put to work getting the track in condition. The programme will offer \$5,000 in cash prizes, and it is expected that nearly all the star performers in the country will participate.

MURDERED BY BURGlar

Providence, R. I., Aug. 20.—The body of Albert Gerald, a prominent lawyer, was found lying in the front yard of his home on Arlington avenue, on the fashionable east side today, with bullet wounds in the region of his heart.

It is the theory of the police that he was reading in his library early this morning, when he heard someone prowling about the house, and, upon investigation, he suddenly upon a burglar, who shot the lawyer to escape capture. Then, the police think, the burglar dropped the revolver beside the body with the idea of making it appear a case of suicide.

Gerald was 38 years of age, and was a member of the law firm of Edwards & Angell.

OYSTER SET FAILS.

Providence, R. I., Aug. 20.—The oyster set, which was laid out last year is a failure and many of the oyster growers will sustain heavy losses as a result.

The failure of the set here is rendered more serious by the fact that practically the same conditions prevail in Long Island Sound, which is usually depended upon for a large part of the seed oysters.

Every year millions of oysters are "planted" to set or spawn. Last year there was a very high percentage in anticipation of a repetition the oyster growers planted an unusually large number this season.

As it usually takes the young oysters from three to five years to mature, the shortage this year will not be felt for a few years.

\$11.00 Atlantic City and Return.

From Suspension Bridge, via Lehigh Valley Railroad, Friday, August 27th; tickets good 15 days. Particulars, 54 King street east, Toronto. 50n

MARY MANNERINGS EAGER FOR DIVORCE

"Report of Withdrawal of Suit a Surprise—Talk of Reconciliation Futile."

London, Aug. 20.—Mary Mannerings, the wife of James K. Hackett, who has just returned from the continent, said tonight to the American's correspondent:

"The report that my divorce proceedings have been withdrawn surprises me. They certainly have not been withdrawn by my instructions. I placed the entire matter in the hands of my lawyer, and if he has taken such action I should think he would have cabriety play the effort."

"I know nothing about a withdrawal of the suit."

"Any talk about a reconciliation between myself and Mr. Hackett is futile. It will never take place. The same conditions which resulted in my instituting suit for divorce continue, and you may say that there is not the slightest chance of a reconciliation."

Mary Mannerings will sail for New York on the Campania Saturday. Her managers have cables to her that they have a fine, strong play, in which she will open about the middle of October. While in Europe she has secured a morality play, "Everyman," based on "Everyman." She intends to produce this later. She will also appear in Shakespearean roles.

The report of the calling off of the Hackett divorce suit originated about a week ago. Clifford W. Hartridge, Mr. Hackett's attorney, said he had been notified by Mrs. Hackett's lawyer that the suit would be dropped. The day after this statement was published Mr. Hackett sent the following statement to the American:

"My attorney, Clifford W. Hartridge, issued, for information, the following statement: 'Miss Mannerings' suit for divorce against James K. Hackett has been withdrawn.' From this announcement it is possible to infer that the theory that there has been a reconciliation. I do not wish my attorney's statement—and I have made none myself—whateverson the subject of a box, or a location—to be misunderstood. I therefore wish to state that, up to date, I regret this deduction is incorrect."

ANOTHER DREAM "BUSTED"

Star-Gazers in Convention Say Can't Communicate With Planets.

Williams Bay, Wis., Aug. 20.—Communication with other planets is by no means likely, according to a resolution unanimously adopted by the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, in session at the Yerkes observatory on Lake Geneva. The resolution says:

"As the public, through misrepresentation of the views of certain astronomers, has formed the impression that communication with other planets is at present possible, the Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America desires to express its disapproval of any such proposals far outside the range of sober, contemporary science."

Prof. Edward G. Pickering, director of the Harvard observatory, is presiding over the meeting at which sixty astronomers are in attendance.

TO FIGHT THE TAX

The Legality of Corporation Law To Be Tested in the Courts.

Washington, Aug. 20.—The officers in the internal revenue bureau who are charged with administering the new corporation tax law have already applied for injunctions to prevent the law in the courts and test its constitutionality, but up to this time the treasury officials have not been able to find any vulnerable point of attack.

They believe that the law will stand the test, and the chief reliance is on the fact that it was drawn by able lawyers, who adhered strictly to the supreme court decision upholding the right of congress to tax a corporation.

It has been suggested, however, that one point of attack would be that the law is in reality not a tax upon the privileges of doing business, but is a tax upon the property of the internal revenue bureau are collecting data all over the country as to the number of corporations, and conferences are held daily as to the methods to be pursued in collecting the tax.

No definite plan will be formulated until the new commissioner of internal revenue takes office about the first of the month. The Congress appropriated \$100,000 to assist the treasury department in organizing a special force for the collection of the tax. The officers at the internal revenue bureau think that this sum will not be sufficient, and the next session of Congress probably will be asked to make an additional appropriation.

The tax is to be paid on the earnings of the corporations for each calendar year ending Dec. 31. Returns must be made before March 1, 1910, and payment made before June 30, or heavy penalties will be imposed.

WHITELAW REID BACK.

New York, Aug. 20.—Whitelaw Reid, United States ambassador to Great Britain, arrived today on the steamer Mauretania from Liverpool and Queenstown. Asked by a reporter whether or not it was probable that he would continue at his present post he said: "It would be manifestly improper form to discuss the question of his ambassadorship. That is a matter of which the information for the public should be given out at Washington, and I will leave it to the Washington authorities to tell whatever they deem fit in regard to the affair."

PRACTICE FLIGHTS.

Rhinehams, Aug. 20.—Seven aviators were here for aviation week, this morning made successful practice flights over the vast Betheny plateau.

It was a matter of comment that Glenn H. Curtiss, the American, was in the air at the same time as Bleriot and Sommer, the two French champions. As their aeroplanes swept back and forth at varying heights an enthusiastic French spectator cried out: "These three men are the winners."

The aeroplanes belonging to Ferber, Equally, Pellerin, Bunsath-Varilla and DeLagrange made only short flights for the purpose of trying out their motors. The landings in every case were successful and not a single accident was reported.

MINARD'S LINIMENT RELIEVES NEURALGIA.

LANCASTER, ONT.

CARRIED BY FRUIT-A-TIVES

THESE WONDERFUL FRUIT JUICE TABLETS ARE WINNING FRIENDS ON EVERY SIDE.

Lancaster, Ont., Sept. 16, 1908.

"I was a martyr for many years to that distressing complaint, chronic constipation, tried many kind of pills and medicines without benefit and consulted physicians, but nothing did me any real good. Then I began to take 'Fruit-a-tives,' and these wonderful little fruit tablets entirely cured me."

"At first I took five tablets a day, but now I take only one tablet every two days, am now entirely well and thanks to 'Fruit-a-tives,' I give you permission to publish this testimonial."

(Madame) Zenophile Bonnevillie.

This is only one more link in the chain of proof that "Fruit-a-tives" never fail to cure constipation or non-action of the bowels, and a box, or 4 for \$2.50, or trial box 25c. At dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

CITY MAY OBJECT TO CLEANING MILL RACE

Famous Saunby Suit May Be Once Again in the Limelight.

The famous Saunby case may have another seige in the courts.

Next week Mr. Saunby intends draining the mill race and making repairs to it.

The city, however, may issue an injunction against him to prevent his doing that.

If this is the case it will be impossible for him to make the necessary repairs and improvements to the mill race property incident to the organization of a new company to take it over.

We intend cleaning out the mill race and city will allow us to do so, said Mr. Saunby. "We may, however, be prevented by an injunction."

In the meantime the petition asking the city to expropriate the property is being largely signed, and it is expected that it will be submitted to the water commissioners before long.

THE CHURCH CENSUS OF THE UNITED STATES

Of 33,000,000 Church Members Less Than Half Are Males.