

"Davis' Perfection," 10c Cigar Every Smoker Knows

that it is hard to get a finely flavored cigar that is not pretty strong, or a mild cigar that is not rather insipid. The problem, however, is solved as soon as you try "Davis' Perfection" 10c. Cigar.

You will find the flavor delightful—the real Havana bouquet. Yet this cigar is so mild that you can with pleasure smoke as many as you wish.

After a half century of experience in cigar making, we have in "Davis' Perfection" produced a cigar which will appeal to those of our connoisseurs who enjoy a mild yet finely flavored smoke.

After a meal or before, this cigar tastes good and is good. If you appreciate a cigar of this sort, you owe it to yourself to try "Davis' Perfection."

S. DAVIS & SONS, Ltd., Montreal Makers of the Famous "NOBLEMEN" 3 for a quarter Cigar.

WORLD OF SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC 1910 Sun Tides June 18-24 8:08 8:50 9:10 The time used is Atlantic Standard.

SALEINGS FOR ST. JOHN. Steamer Shenandoah, at Halifax, June 18. Oshor, Pernambuco, June 8. Thora, New York via Halifax, June 11. Manchester, Manchester, June 10. Indiana, chartered, July. Brando, 1788, Philadelphia, May 18. Bellerby, 1979, chartered.

Yuba, at Santos, chartered. Hark. PORT OF ST. JOHN. Cleared Yesterday. Rktm Kremlin (Am), 689, McNeill, for Havana, V. H. Seammell & Co, 8,276 bags and barrels of potatoes, 1,282 bags oats, 45 bales hay.

DOMINION PORTS. Halifax, N. S., June 17—Arr stmr Almeriana, from Liverpool via St John's (N.B.). Carthagen, from Glasgow and Liverpool via St John's (N.B.). Montreal, June 17—Arr stmr Victorian, from Liverpool. St-John, Montreal, for Bristol.

BRITISH PORTS. Liverpool, June 17—Arr stmr Devonian, from Boston. St-John, Montreal, for Quebec. London, June 17—Arr stmr Lake Erie, from Montreal. Liverpool, June 17—Arr stmr Virginian, from Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS. Boston, June 17—Sld schr Hattie Muriel, for Rochester (N. B.); Flyaway, for St. John. Boothbay Harbor, June 17—Arr schr Maple Leaf, from Boston; Charles E. Wyman, do. Vineyard Haven, Mass, June 17—Arr schr Prefecture, from Port Reading for St. John.

WIND WEATHER, moderate; thick and rainy; smooth sea. Sunderland, R. I., June 17—Sld schr Hazel Traylor, from Mattitand (N. S.) for New York; Lawrence, from Batonville (N. B.), do.

VESSELS IN PORT. Steamer Promentis, 1380, Wm J. Thomson & Co. Gladitor, 2168, W. Malcolm Mackay.

Dr. Martel's Female Pills SEVENTEEN YEARS THE STANDARD Prescribed and recommended for women's ailments, a scientifically prepared remedy of proven worth. The result from their use is quick and permanent. For sale at all drug stores.

Samaria's REMEDY. Guaranteed by all good Druggists. They know the formula. One for each everyday ailment.

New Dress Shoes every evening without expense. Yes? How? Why, by using PACKARD'S Patent Leather Cream. It keeps all patent and even milled leathers soft, pliable and brilliant. Use it on shoes and hosiery—new—it prevents cracking. Doubles dress shoes' durability. In white opal jars, 15c and 25c. There's a Patent Dressing in all every leather. At All Dealers. L. B. PACKARD & Co., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE MUSHROOM CONTINUES THE FAVORITE FOR CHILDREN No shape has been found more becoming to little faces than the drooping brimmed mushroom or cloche shape, and these hats stay on over croppled little heads better than flatter shapes. This is a mushroom of pink straw trimmed with pink rosebuds and pleated satin ribbon in a dark color. Ribbons pleated in this manner are particularly smart this season and make a handsome trimming. The referent coat matching this pretty hat is of material with light red dark rose stripes, with a trimming of braid.

The Furnace of Gold By PHILIP MICHGELS Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(Continued.) Not a block from the house he met old Billy Stitts, who, though quite unknown to the New York man, knew Bestwick in a way of his own. "Morning, Uncle—Howdy?" he said, blocking Bestwick's path. "Back, I see. Welcome home. I guess you don't know me as well as I know you. My name is Stitts—Billy Stitts—and I'm gotten on fine with your niece. I'm the one which runs her errands and gets the inside track." Bestwick, staring at Billy ominously, and about to swear him aside as a bit of old rubbish, too familiar and impudent for tolerance, paused abruptly in his impulse, at a hint which Billy had supplied. "Oh," he said. "How are you? So you are the friend who runs Miss Kent's errands? What did I tell you she asked me to befriend?" "Did she?" said old Billy, indignantly. "What did I tell you about the inside track?" "I'm glad if you have been of use," Bestwick told him indignantly. "You didn't say what your services have been. Just a few little errands, I suppose?" "Never you mind," said Billy, with a profoundly impressive wink. "I've been between her and me. That ain't even for you, Uncle Bestwick," and he winked again. "Of course, of course," agreed Bestwick, half content with rage at the old fellow's audacious manners and familiarity. He bowed and hastened on his way, leaving a man in mind and add some reward of my own on the next occasion." He bowed and hastened on his way, leaving a man in mind and add some reward of my own on the next occasion."

CHAPTER XXX. Beth's Expedition. Bestwick had told Beth partial truths. His journey had been hard. His car had been twice disabled on the desert; Lawrence had been difficult to find; delays had confronted him at every turn, and not until midnight of the day before had he

HAY'S HAIR HEALTH NEVER FAILS TO RESTORE GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR AND BEAUTY. SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE. E. CLINTON BROWN, Cor. Union and Waterloo Streets. An Infallible Guide when purchasing glasses—eliminating all guesswork—It is to look for the Packard "1847 ROGERS' BROS." The wonderful value of this guarantee is proved during the past thirty years. It is the best made plate made. Best in the world. MERTON DAVIS CO. 101-103 BRADDOCK STREET, Montreal, Quebec.

groomed more than merely a vague alarm in her breast. She had begun to feel, perhaps partially by intuition, that something was altogether wrong. Scarcely any time to reason her she need not write to Glen—that he was coming to Goldie—had provided the one required element to excite a new tremor in her thoughts. She knew that Glen would not come soon to town. She knew she must get him word. She had thought of one way only to insure herself and Glen against deceit—ask Van to go in person with her letter, and bring her Glen's reply. Had she felt the affair to be in the slightest degree unimportant she might have hesitated to think of making this request, but the more she dwelt upon it the more essential it seemed to become. Her brother's very life might be dependent upon this promptness of action. A very large sum of money was certainly involved in some sort of business of which she felt, both she and Glen were in ignorance. Bestwick had certainly not seen Glen at all. His absence might mean anything—the gravest of dangers to them all.

It had taken her the briefest time only to resolve upon her course—and then old Billy came upon the scene, as if in answer to a question which she need not write to Glen—that he was coming to Goldie—had provided the one required element to excite a new tremor in her thoughts. She knew that Glen would not come soon to town. She knew she must get him word. She had thought of one way only to insure herself and Glen against deceit—ask Van to go in person with her letter, and bring her Glen's reply.

Three letters she wrote, and tore to scraps, before one was finally composed to express all she felt, in the way that she wished it expressed. Old Billy went off to wait and returned there duly, enveloped in some sort of business of which she knew the way to the "Laughing Water" claim and could ride the borrowed pony. As pleased as a dog with a parcel of meat, entrusted to his keeping by a content master, he finally started for the bayward, with the two dainty letters in his keeping. One was to Van, with Beth's request; the other was, of course, to her brother.

Bestwick met the proud old beau at the corner of the street. "Say, uncle, what did I tell you," said Billy at once. "This time it's the biggest errand yet."

Bestwick had wondered if he might not catch Mr. Stitts in some such service as he boasted now, and his wit was worthy of the occasion. "Yes," he said readily. "Miss Kent was saying she thought perhaps she could get from taking it up on the 'Laughing Water' claim, by night of the following day. It was a hazardous coup but he dared it with the utmost show of pleasure in his smile. For a second time, however, as he watched the old man's face, he feared he had overdone the mark.

Old Billy was pleased and disappointed together. However, his wish to prove his importance greatly outweighed his chagrin that Bestwick had taken even "Uncle" Bestwick into her confidence. "That ain't all she give me," he announced as glibly as a child. "I've got her letter to her brother, over to Starlight, too, and nothin' couldn't stop me from taking it up on the 'Laughing Water' claim. You bet I'll see Van Buren give it right into his hand from me!"

If Bestwick had contemplated making an attempt to bribe the old beau into permitting him a glance of the letters, he had not done so. He had not contemplated anything of the kind. A letter to Van Buren and one to Starlight, he had intended to do, but he had not intended to get it from Bestwick. Indeed, today he had the money, but was far too much surprised with Lawrence to give the lumberman a thought.

Trimmer waiting greedily through the case which he had blackmailed McCoppet had developed a cunning of his own. Convinced that the gambler was accustomed to negotiating plans in his private office of privacy—and after having spent half a night in vain, in this place of concealment, he had at last been only rewarded as he listened to McCoppet and Lawrence.

With his ear to a knob-hole he gathered everything essential to a knowledge of the plot. He became aware that Lawrence "fell" for twenty thousand dollars; he overheard the details of the "survey" about to be made; but to save his very life he could not have fathomed the means by which Lawrence had been enabled to acquire the money belonging to Van Buren and his partners.

Equipped with this latest means of squeezing McCoppet, the creature emerged from his hole in time to meet the gambler and to deliver the moment of Bestwick's temporary absence.

"Upa," he said significantly, "I need to see you for a minute. It won't be no healthy to refuse me now that it was the first time I come." Van Buren was consenting. "I haven't got time to talk now, Larry, but some of your money is at your order any time you want it, in gold, or poker chips, or gin."

Trimmer was pleased. "All right," he said, and cunningly resolved, upon the spot, to keep his latest secret on the ice. Lawrence had already disappeared to hasten arrangements for getting out upon his work.

Bestwick had waited half an hour in the utmost impatience. With a hundred things to increase his restlessness of mind and body, he had finally gone to the postoffice and there discovered a letter from Glen Kent.

It was short, and now no longer fresh. It had been composed just after the young man's accident, and after relating how he had received a not inconsiderable injury, requested Scarcie to come to Starlight at once, if possible, and not to divulge any needless facts to Beth. "I'm broke, and this knock puts me down and out," the letter concluded. "Come down, like a good old chap, and cheer me up."

Bestwick destroyed the letter promptly, lest it fall by some accident into other hands than his own. Not without a slight feeling of guilt, the man shut out all thought for the present of deserting Goldie and the plot. That Beth would learn nothing from himself as to Glen's condition was a certainty. He was glad of this wisdom in the boy—this show of courage whereby he had washed his sister spared, and the more he thought upon Beth's attitude towards himself, and the mystifying confessions old Billy Stitts had made concerning the errand to Starlight, the girl, the more Bestwick fretted and warmed with exasperation, suspicion, and jealousy. He returned to McCoppet's. The door to the den was still barred. Impatiently he started again for Mrs. Dick's. He was not in the least certain as to what he meant to do or say, but felt obliged to do something.

Meantime, Beth had written to her brother. Bestwick's evasions and lies had

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himself—and to be on hand when Van Buren should arrive. With Glenmore ill, or injured, in his bed, the case might offer his personal affairs, but there was something in this that touched upon "company" concerns. "Van Buren's going over there, to see young Kent," he admitted. "I've got to see him first." McCoppet looked at him sharply. "Young Kent ain't next to anything?" he demanded. "Not yet," said the gambler, whose wit were inordinately keen. "Is anything looking, Bestwick? What about the girl—the young chump's sister? You're not putting her wise to the lay-out?" "Certainly not," said Bestwick. "She knows nothing. But it wouldn't be safe for this mix-up to occur. At any rate, I propose to be there when Van Buren arrives." McCoppet arose, plucked his hands in his pockets, and paced up and down reflectively. (To be continued.) Mrs. Charles Haynes of Wintthrop, Me., is successfully growing roses on a pear tree in her orchard.

Tobler's Swiss Milk Chocolate is made in this Swiss town A STREET OF BERNE The Swiss town where Tobler's Milk Chocolate is made.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



Girl, browned skinned and strenuous, Golling all the day. Were you at the wash-tub set. There to rub and scrub and get. Everything with soap and wet, You'd faint dead away. ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE Upside down, nose at man's shoulder.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forer. Dr. T. Felix Goursaud's Oriental Cream or Milk Beautifier. The Food which the gods eat is very healthy and pure. This is the only food which is not only healthy but also delicious. It is the only food which is not only healthy but also delicious. It is the only food which is not only healthy but also delicious.