

TAXI

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

Synopsis.
Robert Hervey Randolph, who is in possession of an income of ten thousand a year pending the finding of Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, is thrown overboard by Miss Madge Van Troler, who wants the things his money buy and hints at selling herself to one, Beachy Tremont. On the way home he sees a taxi driver, who didn't wait for him out of the way takes the girl to his own rooms, where he discovers she is the lost heiress to his ten thousand a year. He leaves her there and bribes the driver of the taxi to change clothes and place with him. The next morning he sends the lawyer around to his rooms to see the heiress and drops Pamela down herself, working away as a taxi driver, known as "Slim Hervey." In this capacity he saves several people from themselves and heads them back on the straight and narrow path. All the time he is waiting for Madge to fall for Tremont and one night he is hailed by him and asked to take her and himself to the "Greenwood Hotel."

"I'll try to carry out your orders," he said blandly, "but I'll have to find Mr. Randolph first. Let me add that you apparently don't know the young gentleman very well."
"What do you mean by that?" asked Pam.
"Well," said Mr. Milyuns, taking another scrap of paper from his pocket and handing it to her, "read that. It was left at my house this morning by a taxi-cabman, who didn't wait for an answer. You see that Mr. Randolph has handed over to you in perpetuity this apartment, Tomlinson, and all the other things. It doesn't look very much as though he intended to come back in the near future."
"But I want him!" cried Pam.
"I've been expecting him. I didn't half-thank him for—" Tears of disappointment clogged her throat.
"There, there!" said Mr. Milyuns, leaning over and patting her hand, "I understand just how you feel, because Bob is one of the straightest openest, most lovable young devils that ever went his own way through a delightful world."
Pamela nodded her head up and down in silent confirmation of all those kind words. She began to like Mr. Milyuns. She raised pleading eyes to his face.
"Won't you please find him for me?"
"My dear," said Mr. Milyuns, so promptly that if she had asked for the house and lot on the northwest corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, he would have promised it to her before he could stop himself. "I will, I will, I have got myself a much good at the game, but I'll find Bob for you if I have to start a detective agency of my own. In the meantime, what are you going to do? I suggest that you accept these premises until I grant terms up—only, of course, we must get you a companion."
"A companion?" asked Miss Thornton.
"Yes," said Mr. Milyuns, and by what he thought an inspiration, added, "some one to replace Maggie."
"But I have that already," said Pamela. "Tomlinson is a dear."
"Tomlinson is splendid in his way," admitted Mr. Milyuns, "but he isn't quite a woman. You can't live here chaperoned by a mere male."
"Can't I?" said Miss Thornton, with a new gleam in her eyes.
"In her eyes that made them look as though they were passing in review all the unchaperoned young since first she had made her debut as an independent business maid at Mrs. Blunk's feed-house. "I shall change nothing," she concluded. "When Randy—Mr. Randolph comes back, he shall find his place cluttered with female friends."
Mr. Milyuns turned on her a gaze that was complex with admiration and a realization that he was on the way to being off more than he could chew. He decided to sidestep.
"Can you be in this afternoon?" he asked.
"Oh, yes," said Pamela, involuntarily glancing at the door and betraying a half-formed intention to watch that portly night and day until death or Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph arrived; "I'll be in."
"Your income amounts to something over eight hundred dollars a month. I shall pay it in advance until you get settled and have a chance to catch up."
"Please send me only half," said Pamela, as she rose to say good-by.
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"My dear," he said, losing for the moment his birdlike chirp pose, "I don't want you to think of me as just your banker. I know your father and your mother, and their fathers, and their mothers before that. I am fond, by old usage, of every drop of blood that runs in your veins. You won't forget that, will you?"
Pamela stared at him, swept toward him, threw her arms round his neck, hugged him, dropped her face on his shoulder and wept. Mr. Borden Milyuns stood very erect, his bald head high, his pink cheeks puffed out, and his eyelids blinking at the rate of fifteen to the dozen in a vain effort to fan back an amazing lachrymatory foundation.
"There, there," he said, patting Pamela on the back. "Who would have thought it, you adorable, lonely little girl!"
Pamela threw up her head and smiled through the sudden summer shower.
"I know it was ridiculous," she said, "but I couldn't help it. You made me like you all of a sudden, and I just had to, because you've had a bath and you look so clean inside and out." She kissed him as she broke away.
"I see," said she, as she stood with Mr. Milyuns, and beat it.
At two minutes after five, the door-bell rang again. In spite of the fact that it was almost exactly the hour which Mr. Milyuns had set for the arrival of his wife and daughter, Pamela couldn't help hoping—but in vain. It was with a slightly resigned air that she received Mrs. and Miss Milyuns instead of Mr. Robert Randolph.
Mrs. Milyuns flew to her, set hands on her shoulders, searched her face with eager shrewd eyes, and said:
"Borden indeed told me the truth about you, my dear. May I kiss you?"
Pamela extended one cheek to the salute while her eyes wandered off to size up the tall, blonde, cool young person that she surmised must answer to the name of Edith Milyuns. Being the product of two shorts, how on earth had she managed to grow so long? Her face was regularly beautiful, as though it had been carefully made in order like her clothes. She appeared as passive as a Palmer's escape.
After a little skirmishing for position, the three ladies seated themselves in a triangle, into the center of which the well-trained Tomlinson ran a tea-saucer. The two visitors did not fail to remark that Miss Pamela Thornton, the near-widow of the streets, went through the rite of dispensing the beverage accorded to guests, tabbies, and the highbrow cut with that semi-sentimental abstraction that is the hall-mark of the to-the-manner-born.

While she was still toying with her food, she heard the bell ring and Tomlinson's voice saying, in deep respectful tones: "Miss Thornton will see you, sir. She is in the sitting-room."
Pamela dropped her egg-spoon as she stood up, back to the fire just in time to face a neatly dressed, pink-cheeked, bright-eyed, bald-headed little gentleman, who stood, poised but alert, in the open doorway, like a bird about to peck at her to see if she were the real thing.
"Miss Thornton?" he asked, in a peculiarly liquid voice.
Pamela nodded her head twice.
"I am Mr. Borden Milyuns," continued the molten voice, and the light eyes studied her face expectantly.
Pamela puckered her brows in an effort to meet that expectancy halfway, but failed.
"Are you?" she asked doubtfully, and with a mental reservation against Mr. Robert Hervey Randolph for outraging the traditions of a chaperon by sending a Fisher Christmas in this dapper form. "Won't you sit down?" she added politely.
Mr. Milyuns hung poised for a second longer, and then advanced on an effort to meet that expectancy halfway, but failed.
"I only have the flat for six minutes longer. That is, I only promised to stay here until ten." Her eyes wandered half expectantly, half wistfully to the bird man.
The bird man smiled. "I'm sorry you don't remember me. If you are indeed Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton, I used to take you on my knee often, many years ago." Pamela could no longer be startled by such an announcement.
"That's what Tomlinson said this morning," she remarked. "Ever since last night, everybody I meet seems to— to know my real name. I don't understand it."
"Please trust me," said Mr. Milyuns, "and you'll soon understand a lot more than that." He drew a slip from his pocket. "Now, do answer me carefully. Tell me the addresses of the first four places you and Maggie lived in after your father died."
"I can't remember the first," said Pam, but after a second's thought, rattled off the names of three streets, and located addresses approximately by describing her mind by corners prominent to a child's mind for one reason or another. "Those are the next three," she said. "After that, we went—"
"But Mr. Milyuns was satisfied. "That's enough for formalities, my dear. I'm convinced that you are the person for whom the firm of Milyuns, Branch & Milyuns has been searching for years. Do you remember your great-uncle, Asa Thornton?"
"Yes," said Pamela, a vague wonder and terror in her eyes; "but I didn't know he was real!"
"Didn't know he was real?" exclaimed Mr. Milyuns. "What do you mean?"
"Maggie used to say," explained Pamela, "if you're as good as your great-uncle, Asa Thornton, will catch you, and he hasn't cut his finger nails since your poor father married your dear mother." Pamela shuddered.
"You'll have to forget all that," said Mr. Milyuns soberly. "Before your great-uncle died, he repented very effectively of the way he had treated your father, and left you an income of ten thousand dollars a year." Pamela sat up very straight and then sank slowly into the pillows at her back.
"Ten thousand dollars—a—?"
"Yes," she repeated slowly.
"Beginning with today. There is no accumulation waiting for you, because, by the terms of the will, Mr. Randolph was allowed the entire income up to such time as you should be discovered. That provision was quite natural, if you will remember that Mr. Asa Thornton had been searching for you unsuccessfully for some months before he died."
Pamela sat up straight again.
"I want to understand you," she said with a sudden dignity that increased Mr. Milyuns' admiration. "You mean that, with my appearance, Mr. Randolph's entire income completely disappears?"
Mr. Milyuns nodded.
"You have guessed it in one," he said slyly.
"I don't need ten thousand dollars a year," said Pamela promptly. "You will please tell Mr. Randolph that I shall take him."

emptied and put down her cup, "let's forget the sheer romance of the thing, my dear, and get down to practical problems. The first of all things, as you must realize, is the necessity of getting you a companion. Would you care to be my guest in Madison Avenue until you can pick up a house-cat?" murmured Eileen.
Her mother ignored the remark and kept her eyes fixed on Miss Thornton's perplexed face. "You don't look so much in lack of something to say but rather in search of words and the plugging course necessary to the saying. She drew a long breath and delivered herself of the following: "Really, it's most awkward of me, you but, as I told Mr. Milyuns, Tomlinson is such a dear that I am going to continue him as my companion."
"Tomlinson?" exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, and she smiled indignantly for the first time during the interview, being under the impression that at last she had run into something appropriate to the bearing of her new charge. "Of course you can keep him on, but you must realize that you can't live here without a woman in the house."
"Oh, yes, I can," said Miss Thornton, a little breathlessly. "I have a feeling—I can't explain exactly—that this apartment is a one-woman setting. As I said to Mr. Milyuns, I don't want to clutter it with females."
A silent laugh crept into the eyes of the matronly Eileen; something inside of her sat up and took notice. She glanced round the room and murmured:
"Mother, she's absolutely right. I'm for her."
"Right! Eileen!" exclaimed Mrs. Milyuns, flushing in her indignation at finding a traitor in the home camp. "I don't know what your generation is coming to. The impossible is never right."
Having taken up her suave cudgel, Eileen was in no haste to lay it down, and may it be pointed out right here that Miss Imogene Pamela Thornton had the rare faculty of entering the nearest bystander to assume her battles for her, thenceforth becoming a charmingly interested onlooker, ready to watch the tide of her own fortune from the vantage of an entirely impersonal detachment.
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"I see," said she, as she stood with Mr. Milyuns, and beat it.
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Pamela extended one cheek to the salute while her eyes wandered off to size up the tall, blonde, cool young person that she surmised must answer to the name of Edith Milyuns. Being the product of two shorts, how on earth had she managed to grow so long? Her face was regularly beautiful, as though it had been carefully made in order like her clothes. She appeared as passive as a Palmer's escape.
After a little skirmishing for position, the three ladies seated themselves in a triangle, into the center of which the well-trained Tomlinson ran a tea-saucer. The two visitors did not fail to remark that Miss Pamela Thornton, the near-widow of the streets, went through the rite of dispensing the beverage accorded to guests, tabbies, and the highbrow cut with that semi-sentimental abstraction that is the hall-mark of the to-the-manner-born.

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NOTICE OF SALE

To Edwin N. Stockford, of the City of Saint John, in the County of the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, Manager, and Florence J. Stockford, his wife, and all others whom it may concern.

TAKE NOTICE that there will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner, so called, Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, on Saturday, the Second day of October, A. D. 1920, at the hour of Twelve o'clock noon, the following freehold property, namely:

"All that certain lot, piece and parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City of Saint John, in the County and County of Saint John, Province aforesaid, described as all that certain lot, piece or parcel or land facing the Old Westmorland Road, commencing at a point sixty-eight (68) feet six (6) inches from the northwesterly corner of the old burying ground or Trinity Church Burial Ground, so called, thence at right angles from the southerly side of the Old Westmorland Road one hundred (100) feet, more or less, and lands now owned or held by the Grand Trunk Pacific Development Company, thence at right angles in a westerly direction thirty-four (34) feet, and a lot of land now owned by the Thomas Gilbert Estate, thence northerly along the east side of the said Thomas Gilbert Estate lot one hundred (100) feet, more or less, to the south side of the Old Westmorland Road, thence easterly along the south side of the Old Westmorland Road thirty-four (34) feet, more or less, to the place beginning being lot (2) and colored yellow and shown on plan 'A' of the partition of the Gilbert property made by Gilbert G. Murdoch, Deputy Land Surveyor, dated June 17th, 1913, in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, together with all the buildings and improvements thereon and the said land and premises belonging or appurtenant thereto."

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Sixteenth day of August, A. D. 1918, and made and executed between the said Edwin N. Stockford, of the City of Saint John, in the County of the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, Manager, and Florence J. Stockford, his wife, therein called the mortgagors, of the first part, and Elizabeth Wilson, of the City of Saint John, aforesaid, widow, therein called the mortgagee, of the second part, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John as number 92132 in Book 138, pages 114 to 116, inclusive, and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Second Mortgage made and executed between the said Edwin N. Stockford, of the City of Saint John, his wife, therein called the mortgagors, of the first part, and the said Elizabeth Wilson, therein called the mortgagee, of the second part, and dated the Twentieth day of October, A. D. 1918, and recorded in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the City and County of Saint John as number 93678 in Book 143, pages 151 to 154, inclusive, default having been made in the payment of the mortgage secured by and in the performance of the covenants and conditions contained in the said Indenture of Mortgage.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF the said Elizabeth Wilson has hereunto set her hand and seal at the City of Saint John, aforesaid, this Thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1920.

(Sgd.) ELIZABETH WILSON,
Per Pro. H. C. Schofield, (L.S.) Attorney.

Signed, Sealed and Delivered in the presence of
(Sgd.) LEONARD P. D. TILLEY.

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"Your income amounts to something over eight hundred dollars a month. I shall pay it in advance until you get settled and have a chance to catch up."
"Please send me only half," said Pamela, as she rose to say good-by.
Mr. Milyuns took her hand, dropped it, and started toward the door; but before he got there, he stopped and turned back.
"My dear," he said, losing for the moment his birdlike chirp pose, "I don't want you to think of me as just your banker. I know your father and your mother, and their fathers, and their mothers before that. I am fond, by old usage, of every drop of blood that runs in your veins. You won't forget that, will you?"
Pamela stared at him, swept toward him, threw her arms round his neck, hugged him, dropped her face on his shoulder and wept. Mr. Borden Milyuns stood very erect, his bald head high, his pink cheeks puffed out, and his eyelids blinking at the rate of fifteen to the dozen in a vain effort to fan back an amazing lachrymatory foundation.
"There, there," he said, patting Pamela on the back. "Who would have thought it, you adorable, lonely little girl!"
Pamela threw up her head and smiled through the sudden summer shower.
"I know it was ridiculous," she said, "but I couldn't help it. You made me like you all of a sudden, and I just had to, because you've had a bath and you look so clean inside and out." She kissed him as she broke away.
"I see," said she, as she stood with Mr. Milyuns, and beat it.
At two minutes after five, the door-bell rang again. In spite of the fact that it was almost exactly the hour which Mr. Milyuns had set for the arrival of his wife and daughter, Pamela couldn't help hoping—but in vain. It was with a slightly resigned air that she received Mrs. and Miss Milyuns instead of Mr. Robert Randolph.
Mrs. Milyuns flew to her, set hands on her shoulders, searched her face with eager shrewd eyes, and said:
"Borden indeed told me the truth about you, my dear. May I kiss you?"
Pamela extended one cheek to the salute while her eyes wandered off to size up the tall, blonde, cool young person that she surmised must answer to the name of Edith Milyuns. Being the product of two shorts, how on earth had she managed to grow so long? Her face was regularly beautiful, as though it had been carefully made in order like her clothes. She appeared as passive as a Palmer's escape.
After a little skirmishing for position, the three ladies seated themselves in a triangle, into the center of which the well-trained Tomlinson ran a tea-saucer. The two visitors did not fail to remark that Miss Pamela Thornton, the near-widow of the streets, went through the rite of dispensing the beverage accorded to guests, tabbies, and the highbrow cut with that semi-sentimental abstraction that is the hall-mark of the to-the-manner-born.

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

Thursday, September 2nd, 1920

Arrived Wednesday

Coastwise—St. Francis Boutlier, 41, Teed, Sandy Cove; gas schr. Emerald, 33, Wedlin, Beaver Harbor; stmr. Valinda, 56, Lewis, Bridgetown, N. S.

Cleared Wednesday

S. S. Governor Dingley, 2,856, Ingalls, Boston, passengers and freight.

Schr. Emily F. Northam, 316, Tryon, New York.

Gas schr. Continental, 22, McNeil, Eastport, Me.

Coastwise—St. Francis Boutlier, 41, Teed, Weymouth, N. S.; tug Veta, 8, Livingston, North Sydney, N. S.; gas schr. Charamont A., 11, Thompson, Chance Harbor; gas schr. Emerald, 33, Wedlin, Beaver Harbor; stmr. Valinda, 56, Lewis, Bridgetown, N. S.

Canadian Ports

Halifax—Sst. Aug. 31 stmr. Atholcan, St. John.

Restigouche—Arrd. Aug. 26, schr. Margaret Throop, Philadelphia.

Foreign Ports

Portland, Me.—Arrd. Aug. 30, stmr. Lake Pandango, Dalhousie.

New York—Arrd. Aug. 29, schms. Stein W. Smith and Charles L. Jeffrey, Apple River, N. S.

Vineyard Haven — Arrd. Aug. 30, schr. Wawenook, New York, for St. John, and stmr.

Shipping Notes

R. M. S. P. Chignecto, Capt. William is due to leave Halifax on Friday morning with passengers, mail and a general cargo for the West Indies.

S. S. Manchester Port is expected to leave Manchester Sept. 5, for St. John direct, with a general cargo. From here she will sail for Philadelphia.

Montreal, Sept. 1—Arrd. Lexington, London; Canadian Seigniors, Liverpool; Sicilian, Glasgow.

Departures—(arrnrow, left): Scan

MANCHESTER LINE

From London To London

Direct Via Halifax

August 14th—'Kananahwa'... August 31

MANCHESTER LINE

From Manchester To Baltimore

Direct Via Manchester Port

Sept. 5—'Manchester Port'... Sept. 20

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.

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GRAND MANAN S.S. CO.

DAYLIGHT TIME.

Commencing on Oct. 1st, 1920, the Grand Manan steamer, 1,000 a.m., for St. John via Campbellton and Eastport, returning leaves St. John Tuesdays, 10 a.m., for Grand Manan, via the same ports.

Wednesdays leave Grand Manan 8 a.m., for St. Stephen, via intermediate ports, returning Thursdays.

Fridays, leave Grand Manan 6:30 a.m., for St. John direct, returning 2:30 same day.

Saturdays, leave Grand Manan, 7:30 a.m., for St. Andrews, via intermediate ports, returning 1:30 same day.

GRAND MANAN S. S. CO.

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St. John, N. B.

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The Wednesday trips are via Eastport and Lunenburg, Boston 10 a.m. Thursdays. The Saturday trips are direct to Boston, due there Sundays 1 p.m.

Fare \$10.50. Staterooms, \$3.00 and up. Passenger and Freight connection with Metropolitan steamers for New York.

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