

The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Why did that silly old woman al-
lude to her contemplated marriage to
Lord Ventnor, retelling the gossip of
Hong Kong with such malicious em-
phasis? For an instant Iris tried to
shake the railing in comic anger. She
hated Lord Ventnor. She did not want
to marry him, or anybody else, just
yet. Of course her father had hinted
approval of his lordship's obvious in-
tentions. Countess of Ventnor! Yes,
it was a nice title. Still she wanted
another couple of years of careless
freedom; in any event, why should
Lady Tozer pry and probe?
And finally, why did the steward—oh,
poor old Sir John!—that would have
happened if the ice had slipped down
his neck? Thoroughly comforted by
this gleeful hypothesis, Miss Deane
seized a favorable opportunity to dart
across the starboard side and see if
Captain Ross's heavy bank beneath the
"northwest" had put in an appear-
ance.

Hal! there it was, black, ominous,
gigantic, rolling up over the horizon
like some monstrous football. Around
it the sky deepened into purple, fringed
with a wide belt of brick red. She
had never seen such a beginning of
a gale. From what she had read in
books she imagined that only in great
deserts were clouds of dust generated.
There could not be dust in the dense
pale now rushing with giant strides
across the giant sea. Then what was
it? Why was it so dark and menac-
ing? And where was desert of stone
and sand to compare with this awful
expanse of water? What a small dot
was this great ship on the vast sur-
face! But the ocean itself extended
away beyond there, reaching out to
the infinite. The dot became a mere
speck, undistinguishable beneath a
celestial microscope such as the gods
might condescend to use.

Iris shivered and aroused herself
with a startled laugh.
A nice book in the sheltered corner,
and perhaps forty winks until tea-time—
surely a much more sensible pro-
ceeding than to stand there, idly con-
juring up phantoms of fright.
The lively faun of the dinner
trumpet failed to fill the saloon. By
this time the Sirdar was fighting resolu-
tely against a stiff gale. But the
stress of actual combat was better
than the eerie sensation of impending
danger during the earlier hours. The
strong, hearty pulsations of the
engines, the regular thrashing of the
screw, the steadfast onward plunging
of the good ship through racing seas
and flying scud, were cheery, confident
and inspiring.

Miss Deane justified her boast that
she was an excellent sailor. She
smiled delightedly at the ship's sur-
geon when he caught her eye through
the many gaps in the tables. She was
alone, so he joined her.
"You are a credit to the company—
quite a sea king's daughter," he said.
"Doctor, do you talk to all your lady
passengers in that way?"
"Alas, no! Too often I can only
be truthful when I am dumb."
Iris laughed. "If I remain long on
this ship I will certainly have my head
turned," she cried. "I receive nothing
but compliments from the captain
down to—"

"The doctor?"
"No. You come a good second on
the list."
In very truth she was thinking of
the ice-carrying steward and his
queer start of surprise at the an-
nouncement of her rumored engage-
ment. The man interested her. He
looked like a broken-down gentleman.
Her quick eyes traveled around the
saloon to discover his whereabouts.
She could not see him. The chief
steward stood near, balancing himself
in apparent defiance of the laws of
gravitation, for the ship was now
pitching and rolling with a mad zeal.
For an instant she meant to inquire
what had become of the transgressor,
but she dismissed the thought at its
inception. The matter was too trivial.
With a wild swoop all the plates,
glasses, and cutlery on the saloon
tables crashed to starboard. Were it
not for the restraint of the fiddles
everything must have been swept to
the floor. There were one or two min-
or accidents. A steward, taken un-
aware, was thrown headlong on top
of his laden tray. Others were com-
pelled to clutch the backs of chairs
and cling to pillars. One man invol-
untarily seized the hair of a lady who
devoted an hour before each meal to
her coiffure. The Sirdar with a fren-
zied bound, tried to turn a somer-
sault.

"A change of course," observed the
doctor. "They generally try to avoid
it when people are in the saloon, but
a typhoon admits of no labored polit-
ness. As its centre is now right ahead
we are going on the starboard tack
to get right behind it."
"I must hurry up and go on deck,"
said Miss Deane.
"You will not be able to go on deck
until the morning."
She turned on him impetuously.
"Indeed I will. Captain Ross promised
me—that is, I asked him."
The doctor smiled. She was so
charmingly insistent. "It is simply
impossible," he said. "The compan-
ion doors are bolted. The promenade
deck is swept by heavy seas every
minute. A boat has been carried away
and several stanchions snapped off like
carrots. For the first time in your life,
Miss Deane, you are battened down."
The girl's face momentarily paled
somewhat. He added hastily, "There
is no danger, you know, but these pre-
cautions are necessary. You would
not like to see several tons of water
rushing down the saloon stairs; now
would you?"
"Decidedly not." Then after a
pause, "It is not very pleasant to be
fastened up in a great iron box, doc-
tor. It reminds one of a huge coffin."
"Not a bit. The Sirdar is the safest
ship afloat. Your father has always
pursued a splendid policy in that re-

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CORN EXTRACTOR**

peering into the moving blackness.
How strange that there should be
hidden in the convolutions of a man's
brain an intelligence that laid bare
the pretenses of that ravenous demon
without. Each of the ship's officers,
the commander more than the others,
understood the why and the where-
fore of this blustering combination of
wind and sea. Iris knew the lan-
guage of poker. Nature was putting
up a huge bluff.

What was it the captain said in his
little lecture? "When a ship meets
a cyclone north of the equator on a
westerly course she nearly always
has the wind at first on the port side,
but, owing to the revolution of the
gale, when she passes its centre the
wind is on the starboard side."
Yes, that was right, as far as the
first part was concerned. Evidently
they had not yet passed the central
part. Oh, dear! She was so tired.
It demanded a physical effort to con-
stantly shove away an unseen force
that tried to push you over. How
funny that a big cloud should travel
up against the wind! And so, amidst
confused wonderment, she lapsed into
an uneasy slumber, her last senti-
ment thought being a quiet thank-
fulness that the screw went thud-thud,
thud-thud with such firm determina-
tion.

After the course was changed and
the Sirdar bore away towards the
southwest, the commander consulted
the barometer each half hour. The
telltale mercury had sunk over two
inches in twelve hours. The abnor-
mally low pressure was caused by
dense clouds which enhanced the mel-
ancholy darkness of the gale.
For many minutes together the bows
of the ship were not visible. Mast-
head and side-lights were obscured by
the pelting scud. The engines thrust
the vessel forward like a lance into
the vitals of the storm. Wind and
wave gushed out of the vortex with
impotent fury.

(To Be Continued.)

IGOROTS' TEETH NEARLY PERFECT

Reason Said To Be Because
They Are Among the Most
Primitive Savages.

Manila, Aug. 4.—Dr. Louis Otfofy,
of Manila, reports the result of an in-
teresting examination of Igorot teeth.
Hitherto we have not been proud of
the Igorots, not even of the chosen
specimens exhibited at St. Louis, Port-
land and Jamestown. Their inclusion
under our government has given us
no real sense of self-satisfaction. But
it now appears that they have a pe-
culiar distinction. Their teeth are
better than dental science had imag-
ined could be found anywhere.

Most Primitive Race.

The reason of this is apparently
that the Igorots are the most primi-
tive barbarians, uncivilized and non-
Christian individuals now included in
the jurisdiction of the United States.
Unlike many of the existing examples
of primitive man they are primitive
without having become degenerate.
They live in the most inaccessible re-
gion of Northern Luzon, where they
long ago acquired fame as wild
head hunters, defied Spain and man-
aged to keep pretty much to them-
selves until the American occupation.
Since then they have been studied
ethnologically and otherwise. But they
are still as uncivilized as ever. There
is neither a white man nor Philip-
pino living in Bontoc, whither Dr.
Otfofy recently journeyed to examine
their teeth. Contrary to the report
of the earliest historians, the Igorot
leaves his teeth as nature provides.
The Negro who goes in for the so-
cial grace of artificially pointed teeth.

Savages Have Good Teeth.

The primitive savages ought to
have good teeth is one of the general
beliefs of modern dentistry. Examina-
tion already made of the teeth in pre-
historic skulls—something as like 3,000
prehistoric crania, we understand,
have been called in as witnesses—has
already furnished a text for much dis-
cussion of teeth vs. civilization in
which uncivilized man has the best of
the argument until we realize the sad
disadvantage on the rare occasions
when he actually had a toothache.
Judging by inference prehistoric
children must have had better teeth
than their elders. But the statistics
gathered by Dr. Otfofy indicate a
greater degree of perfection than even
this inference would have seemed to
warrant. Out of 113 Igorot youngsters
77 had perfect teeth and only seven
of the others had more than one de-
cayed tooth.

SHE FIXES BRAIN KINKS

New York Woman Will Begin With
House of Lords.

London, Aug. 4.—Believing that
among the English people she will
have a large field in which to extend
her missionary work Mrs. Adele Marie
Rique, of New York, who fixes brain
kinks, has come to London. She is
anxious to get to work among mem-
bers of the aristocracy over here and
make them by means of introspection
understand themselves and their own
possibilities. She would like to make
a start on the House of Lords.
"What men and women of today
need," said Mrs. Rique, "is a combi-
nation of mental and physical poise.
The strenuous life, both in pursuit of
business and pleasure, makes men and
women on every side break down from
nervous exhaustion. It is a wonder
the insane asylums are not more
crowded than they are. During the
panic in Wall street I prevented four-
teen prominent financiers who came

SENSATIONAL SALE of WOMEN'S SKIRTS



More Than 600 Garments and 25 Distinct Models to Choose from at Great Reductions

Here are the greatest skirt bargains a London store has ever offered. The entire stock
of a prominent manufacturing tailor, bought at less than half price, is involved in this great
Three-Day Sale, at prices which are nothing less than sensational.

To dispose of more than 600 beautiful skirts in three days demands radical measures,
and we have certainly gone to extremes in UNDER-PRICING these skirts for immediate
clearance.

There are about twenty-five different models to choose from, all this season's best-liked
styles in a wide variety of smart plaited and gored effects, faultlessly tailored from fine, light-
weight Voiles, Panamas, Venetians, Taffeta Cloth, Taffeta Silks and a few Tweeds. The
colors are blues, browns and blacks.

Sale Begins Tomorrow Morning at 9 o'Clock and Will Continue Friday and Saturday.

To simplify matters we have divided the skirts into six different prices, as follows:

Panamas, Lustres, and Tweed \$3 to \$4 Skirts for **\$1.50**
Venetians, Panamas and Lustres \$4 to \$6 Skirts, **\$2.50**
Venetians, Panamas, Lustres and Taffeta Cloth, \$6 to
\$7.50, for **\$3.95**

Voiles, Venetians, Panamas \$8 to \$10 Skirts, for **\$5**
Black Voiles, silk trimmed, \$10, for **\$6.50**
Black Taffeta Silk Skirts, made of extra fine silk, and
styles right up to the minute, regularly sold from \$12
to \$20, for **\$7.50**

DON'T DELAY--The Early Buyers Will Get the Best Bargains.
Perfect Fit. All Alterations at Small Extra Charge.

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An Overworked Telephone Means Loss of Business

MR. BUSINESS MAN

You Can't make One Delivery Wagon do the Work of Two

Adequate Telephone Service Demands More Lines
When One Line is Overloaded

Satisfactory telephone service cannot be expected if you have more business than your
present telephone facilities will handle. You may not have thought of it, many customers do
not, but a telephone line has its limitations.

When trade outgrows the capacity of one delivery wagon, a retail merchant puts on a
second. A jobber puts on two trucks when one is incapable of delivering his sales. A
railroad expands to two or more tracks as the volume of traffic increases.

The same rule governs the use of the telephone. If you have but one line and keep it
busy with outgoing calls, no one can call you. Nor can every one talk to you who may want
to do so if there are more calls for you than one line will serve.

A recent actual experience will, perhaps, best illustrate the proposition:—A prominent
business man, (No. 1), called up a business house and the man, (No. 2), to whom he wished
to speak was out. Word was left asking that No. 2 call up No. 1 as soon as he (No. 2) came
in. No. 2 made faithful effort to do this, calling for No. 1 five different times, and each time
the line was "busy." When No. 1 was told later of this vain effort to reach him on a matter
of importance to himself, he exclaimed, "We have a telephone. Why can't we be called?"
It took a representative of the telephone company some time to convince him that the trouble
was due to an overload of business on his one line. He was finally convinced, however, and
now two lines give him adequate service.

If it is important for your customers to reach you by telephone, it is important for you to
supply the necessary facilities.

FOR THE REMEDY CONSULT THE CONTRACT DEPARTMENT
OR THE LOCAL MANAGER.

THE BELL TELEPHONE CO. OF CANADA.

to me for advice from committing
suicide."
And now Mrs. Rique is going to get
busy among the jaded Londoners
whose minds and bodies have been
thrown out of gear.

Vessel Passages.

Detroit, Aug. 4.—Up: Howe, 12:15
Monday p.m.; Adella Shores, 2:30;
Empress of Holland, 8; Thew, 8:40;
McKinney, 10; Whitaker, small
Ames, 1:15 Tuesday morning; Hutch-
inson, 1:30; London, 2; Jim Brown,
2:15; Reynolds, 4; Cherokee, barge,
5:40.
Down: Paine, 11:20 Monday morn-
ing; Albright, 11:30; Morse, 12:30
p.m.; Berlin, Aurora, 1; Perkins, Ma-
tafa, Mariposa, 1:30; Mathews, Bull
and barge, 2:20; Plankinton, 3; Col-
lingwood, 4; Morrell, 4:20; Culligan,
Fitzgerald, 9:20; Michigan, 8; Sacra-
mento, 9:20; Saxon, 10:15; Ream,
Marina, Krupp, 10:30; Toga, 11; Rich-
ardson, 11:30; Crerar, 1 Tuesday
morning; Hanna, Jun, 1:30; Roman,
2; Penay, 4:50; Senator, 5:15; D. O.
Mills, 5:30; Conestoga, 6:40.
Sault Ste. Marie, Aug. 4.—Up:
Carter, Monday noon; Seguin, Socapa,
1 p.m.; Baker, 1:30; Cuddy, 2; Ba-
hara, 4:30; Princeton, Australia, 5;
Northwest, 6:30; Dalton, 9:30; Slem-
ens, Pathfinder, Constitution, 11;
Bransford, 11:30; Joshua Rhodes,
Strigley, Shawnee, 2 Tuesday morn-
ing; Hubbard, 4; Meyer, Emma neckties match his complexion.

Hutchinson, Rensselaer, Martha, 4:30;
Coffinberry, Anderson, Niagara, 6;
Mary Elphick, 7:30; Stanton, 8;
Down: Watt, Nasmith, Monday
noon; Alberta, 12:30 p.m.; Snyder, Ger-
man, Maritana, 1; Van Hise, Black, 2;
Murphy, 3:30; Dunn, 6; Shaw, Manda,
Fayette Brown, 8; Goulder, 10; Reis,
Northern King, 11:30; James David-
son, Hoyt, 1 Tuesday morning; L. C.
Hanna, Wells, 1:30; Zenith City, Mar-
cia, 2:30; Flint, Arenac, 4; Auranica,
6:30; Buffalo, 6; Fletcher, Morgan,
7:40; Castalia, 9.

Port Huron, Aug. 4.—Down: Cullig-
an, 1 Monday afternoon; Fitzgerald
(new), 1:30; Michigan, 2:10; Marina,
Krupp, 3:10; Sacramento, 3:20; Ream,
4:40; Saxon, 4:50; Toga, 5:10; Rich-
ardson, 5:50; Crerar, 7:20; Howard
Hann, 7:40; Glenellah, 8:10; Roman,
8:50; Lackawanna, 11:30; Mimla and
consort, 12:30 Tuesday morning; Pos-
ter, 1:30; Odanah, 1:40; Taylor, 3:30;
America, 3:40; Mary Boyce, 4:20;
Corey, 4:30; Haddington, Ellwood, 5;
McLoth, 8:10; French, 8:30; Alcona
and consort, 8:40; Jones, 10; Syra-
cuse, 10:40.

Adelaide, Aug. 3.—Mr. and Mrs. C.
Eastman were the guests of Mr. and
Mrs. W. Eastman, Arkona, on Sunday.
Mrs. C. Down and son Wilfred and
Miss Amy Down, of London, visited
Eckfrid friends recently.
Miss Gertrude Woolley is the guest
of friends in London.
Mr. Tanton, of London, spent Sun-
day, the guest at Mullifarry.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Mason and chil-
dren, of Toronto, are visiting Mr. and
Mrs. F. McGrath.

Lyons, Aug. 4.—Mr. Darius Apple-
ford, of Mapleton, has sold his fine
100-acre farm to Mr. James Brown, of
Kingsmill, for \$7,000.

Mr. Benjamin Noble has arrived at
Strathroy, the guest of his daughter,
Mrs. Samuel Mahon, after an absence
of about two months at Edmonton, Al-
berta.

There are no new cases of diphthe-
ria in this neighborhood.

DORCHESTER.
Dorchester, Aug. 4.—Rev. H. Sut-
ton, rector of St. Peter's Church,
Dorchester, and Mrs. Sutton, are tak-
ing a vacation.

Mrs. John Nichol, of the Soo, is be-
ing entertained by a host of relatives
and friends here.

The Misses Olyne and Margaret
Thompson, also Miss Mabel Ronald, of
Hamilton, are the guests of Miss Lilia
Brook.

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