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Wm. H. Dunn, Agent.

THE MESSAGE
By LOUIS TRACY

(Continued.)

Mr. Baumgartner looked worried and preoccupied. The coming of the mail which meant so much to Evelyn, perhaps had its importance for him also. At any rate he left the entertainment of his guests largely to his wife, until a sharp clash of wits rudely dispelled his reverie.

Beryl Baumgartner was the unconscious agent that brought about an unforeseen crisis. Her restless eyes speedily caught the glint of diamonds on Evelyn's left hand, and she cried ecstatically: "Where did you get it?"

Each woman at the table was on the qui vive instantly. In a place like La Palma the mere mention of a diamond ring in connection with a young and pretty girl suggests that one more infatuated male had voluntarily renounced his name from the list of eligibles.

Evelyn, having stifled the volcano that raged over night, might have seized the opportunity to pass if she had not happened to catch the mocking smile on Rosamund's face when the nature of the ring became self-evident. That steeled her intent.

"It is my engagement ring," she said quietly.

"What?" shrieked Beryl, to whom this was news indeed. "Who is he?"

"You do not know him, dear, but his name is Captain Warden. He is at present in West Africa, somewhere near the Niger River."

"And did he send it to you?"

"Yes, I received it only last night. It would have reached me four months ago had not Mrs. Laing stolen one of my letters—perhaps others as well—and that naturally led to some confusion."

There was a moment of stupefied silence at the table. Everybody seemed to be stricken dumb. Rosamund, crimson with anger, could only mutter:

"What nonsense!"

"It is an unpleasant thing to say, but it is true," said Evelyn, "that Mrs. Laing's transgression in the most matter-of-fact tone, though she was conscious of a queer tingling at the roots of her hair, and she hardly recognized the sound of her own voice."

Baumgartner felt it imperative to stop what threatened to develop into a scandal. "Miss Dane, you are making a serious charge against a lady of the highest repute. I can assure you that Mrs. Laing is a company style."

"I mean it, every word," cried Evelyn, "and I am speaking the truth or nothing," she demanded, suddenly wheeling round on the offensive peer.

"Really—really—really," he spluttered, for once too bewildered to grin.

"Please tell Mr. Baumgartner what happened in the hall at Lochmerg when Mrs. Laing asked the postman to give her a letter addressed to Captain Arthur Warden, at Ostend. You were present. It was my letter she obtained. Perhaps she has it yet if her boxes were searched."

Here was no timid girl striving vainly to bolster up a false accusation, but a fiery young goddess impeaching an erring mortal. The atmosphere was electric; Beryl, who started afterwards that she felt pins and needles attacking her at all points, gave very little attention to the incident.

"But you remembered Captain Warden's name last night?"

"But you heard it, and from Mrs. Laing."

"Well—yes, but you know, Mrs. Laing might have written to him."

"She did, after obtaining the address from my letter and reading what I wrote. Then she turned on Rosamund with magnificent disdain."

"Shall I give you a copy of your letter? Captain Warden has sent it to me."

Sheer fury enabled Rosamund to regain her self-control.

"Your foolish attack on me is dispersed out of your own mouth," she said, striving desperately to speak with her accustomed nonchalance. "Captain Warden has not written to you since I saw him in London. He is in Africa, it is true, but he has never been heard of after going ashore at Rabat fully three months ago. How can you pretend that you received a letter from him last night? My authority is an Under Secretary of State. Pray who is yours?"

Under other conditions, Evelyn might have been warned by the impetuous command to "hold her tongue" that Baumgartner telegraphed to his wife when that good lady was minded to interfere. But no

was no resisting "Billy" when (in his own phrase) he was going strong.

"I fear you all thought me very rude," she said, with a pathetic little gesture of helplessness, "when I said, 'do not listen in silence to fresh insults!'"

"I think you did, the only possible thing."

"Then why did you refuse to bear out my statement?"

"There were reasons. May I see that letter now?"

"Have you come of your own accord?"

"No, that is not the reason. Mr. Baumgartner suggested that I should accept your offer of reading the evidence. Don't you see, he has to consider the future of a bit."

"In what way?"

"Well, if Mrs. Laing stole a letter in his house, she—it's a jolly hard thing to say—must have crept in from the field. Her unimportant romance had suddenly widened into the world-domain of politics. The mail steamer was due and decided right. In that vital moment she realized that her postscript to the Lochmerg letter might have consequences far beyond their effect on Warden's fortunes and her own."

"Lord Fairholme," she said, turning so that she could watch the slightest change in the expression of his face, "does Mr. Baumgartner strike you as a man who would go out of his way to interfere in a dispute between two women?"

"Not unless there was money in it."

"Then why is he showing such interest now in a matter which he deliberately closed last night?"

"I gave you his explanation. Even Baumgartner likes to associate with people of good character."

"No, that is not the reason. Mr. Baumgartner is engaged at this moment in a plot against British dominion in West Africa. You see last evening at the harbor. Well, she is here to watch the Sans Soie. You yourself heard to-day that our party believed that to Europe by the mail steamer. Why, when the Sans Soie is at our disposal? I will tell you. The British authorities believe that the yacht will help further in some way, a native rising in Southern Nigeria. Now, the letter in any possession, read by any one who would give its inner meaning would yield a valuable clue to the amount of information in the disposal of the home government is concerned, and on the other hand, don't you know Mrs. Laing may have a perfectly fair explanation of the other business. So let us go at that, eh, what?"

"May I set as arbitrator?" said Baumgartner. "If I glance through your letter, Miss Dane, I may discover a means of settlement."

Something in his tone, some hint of a crafty purpose behind the smooth-spoken words, beat through the haze of wrath and grief that clouded Evelyn's mind. She could trust Fairholme with her lover's letter, but not Baumgartner. To reveal to him what Warden had said about Mrs. Laing's extraordinary accurate knowledge of proceedings in the Solent and affairs in Nigeria, was tantamount to betraying her lover's faith.

With splendid calmness she took the letter from the table and replaced it in her pocket.

"No thank you, Mr. Baumgartner," she said, "if Lord Fairholme declines to help me, nobody else can help me. I am paid to him because he is aware that Mrs. Laing induced your groom to unlock the post-box and hand her my letter. The proof of my words lies here. It is for him to say whether or not he is satisfied he saw Mrs. Laing commit a theft."

Fairholme shook his head. He was not looking in luck and his artificial humor was only the veneer of an honest nature, but he surprised a look in Rosamund's eyes that boded ill for her. She was pale, ashen pale. She uttered no word, but continued to glare at Evelyn with a suppressed malignance that was more threatening than the mere rage of a detected trickster.

His lordship evidently thought it high time Baumgartner or his wife exercised their authority.

"Don't you think this matter has gone quite far enough?" he asked, glancing from one to the other, and averting the eyes of either Evelyn or Mrs. Laing.

"Yes," said Baumgartner sharply with his prompt offer to supplant Fairholme as judge. "This absurd dispute about a purely private affair must end at once, and I and my family are going to Europe by the next mail steamer."

"Indeed?" gasped his wife.

"Father, you can mean it!" cried Beryl, who, at the lowest calculation, had made arrangements for a good three weeks' further frivolity at La Palma.

"Unfortunately, I am quite in earnest."

The financier looked it. Despite his masterful air, his puffy face was drawn and sagged, and he had the aspect of a man who needed rest and sleep.

"You will accompany us, of course, Miss Dane," he went on, speaking slowly, though he were groping for the best way out of a difficulty. "Your quarrel with Mrs. Laing can be much more easily adjusted in England than here. I hope, therefore, we shall be spared further bickering during our brief stay in the Canary Islands."

"But, father dear," put in his daughter, "you said you were going home on the yacht, and calling at Gibraltar and Algiers."

"I have changed my plans," he retorted curtly, and that was all he would say on the subject.

Evelyn left the table at the earliest moment. When too late, she regretted that those words "thief" and "stolen" were irrevocable. She had retreated to a nook in the garden where a dense clump of tropical trees and shrubs gave shelter from the sun, and was trying to discover if she had imperilled the success of Warden's mission by any unguarded phrase, when Lord Fairholme came to her.

"May I sit down here for a few minutes?" he asked. "I want to try to understand things."

"I should be sorry to test your lordship's capacity so greatly," she said. She had not yet forgiven him for not taking her part. She was young; her world was tumbling about her ears; she believed that everybody ought to stand against Rosamund's wickedness.


"Oh, come now, that's a bit severe, isn't it?" grinned Fairholme. "You don't make allowances for the ruffian's feelings of a poor fellow who has just had his image battered."

"Will you please tell me what you are talking about?"

"Eh—beg pardon. I meant I'd shattered. Silly mistake, eh, what?"

Evelyn's lips relaxed in a smile. There

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



When the wintry winds do blow and the storm comes upon us, it is then that my lady must don her passenger coat. Yet, with the view of appearing always in the best of style, she must be careful in the selection of this storm coat. The buttons are set on at intervals in groups of three, running down the left side. The collar is high and shows a trimming of narrow soutache braid.

STORM COAT.

Today nearly every home and building in the city is lighted by electricity. About three years ago the General Electric Company announced that it was possible to do all the cooking in the home, hotels or restaurants by electricity. A great many of the best men of the line laughed at such an absurd statement, but today electric cooking is growing faster than incandescent lighting did twenty years ago.


Electricity has already proved itself cleaner, quicker and more effective than any other kind of heat for culinary work and it is only a question of a few years more and electricity will be even cheaper than gas or coal. Even today nearly all the kitchen work can be done by electricity with a small motor, provided with a double attachment shaft for the necessary devices for meat and food chopping, egg beating, cream whipping, cake mixing, butter churning, grating, ice chopping, cream whipping, and so on.

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The hundreds of teams about the factory yards have been supplanted by the electric trucks and the electric railway, which can haul more in one hour than the teams did all day and cost nothing for new horses or feed.

The city of the future may not be horseless, but the great business of the warren of horses, merchants, manufacturers and wholesalers will be transacted on electric trucks, and most of the pleasure vehicles will be driven by electricity; the work will be done by electricity.

A Positive Cure For Indigestion and Dyspepsia.



Have you ever felt a leaden weight in the pit of the stomach—a feeling of fullness, with belching of wind and perhaps severe pain? Then you know how indigestion feels. It makes a person sarcastic and cranky—it causes misery after every meal—it saps the strength.

FATHER MORRISCY'S "No. 11" TABLETS

—one of the best of the late priest-physician's remarkable prescriptions—positively cure Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sick or Sour Stomach, Heartburn, and all the suffering that comes from a "bad stomach."

Each tablet will digest 1 1/4 pounds of food—a good meal.

Take "No. 11" Tablets regularly, avoid articles of food that you have found disagree with you, and you will be benefited from the start and soon cured.

50c. at Your Dealer's. 62

Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B.

FORSEE ELECTRICITY PERFORMING ALL WORK

Scholars and Business Men Assert Cities Will Depend on it and Even Crops Will Need it—The City of the Future Minus Net Work of Wires Overhead

All the well-known scholars and business men of today agree that the city of the future will be an electrical city. The Dallas (Tex.) News, with a very few exceptions all the manifold requirements for speed and economy will be met by electricity.

Even the food products consumed in the electric city of the future will be the result of electricity applied to agriculture. The country will have an abundance of electric power for light, power and heat on the farms. The farming communities will flourish under the stimulus of an electrified topsoil, and an increased absorption of nitrogen, procured directly from the atmosphere with all parts of the world and wireless telephones will be used for both local and long distance service. Even the transmission of the power currents will be effected through wireless or the atmospheric electricity waves.

In the new electrical city man will do the thinking and electrical-driven machinery will do the work. Time was a very few years ago when nearly all the work in the world was done by the hand of man. Today, the application of electricity in the workshop passes all comprehension. The powerful motors have adapted themselves to all kinds of work in the shop, office or home, and the largest factories, from the watch-making shops to the giant steel mills, are driven by electricity. Motor applications are increasing every day, and it is estimated that within the next 20 years every industry under the sun, and nearly all the work now done by hand, will be electrified.

To enumerate the thousand and one ways in which electricity has already been applied is superfluous, but its universal adaptability foretells wonders for the future. The greatest wonders are the outgrowths of our beginnings. It was only 25 years ago that the incandescent lamp was per-

THE BREEZE AT MARITIME BOARD OF TRADE MEETING

(Chatham World)

The Maritime Board of Trade has done a good deal, since its organization, to promote inquiry into the commercial and industrial needs of these provinces, and has been useful in bringing their business men together and making them better acquainted with each other, though it is true that very little has been directly accomplished by it in a practical way. These inter-provincial gatherings have been very pleasant affairs. But a cloud has arisen in the sky. Some ill-feeling was aroused at Halifax last year, and it has not yet abated. The St. John delegates charged that Halifax had packed the meeting for the purpose of carrying a resolution in its favor, in order to give the Canadian Pacific Railway running rights over the Intercolonial, and the Halifax men, while resenting the charge, refused to have the roll called in order that it might be tested. St. John sent a delegation to Charlottetown this year, in courtesy to Prince Edward Island, but its delegation announced with the withdrawal of the St. John Board. It is to be expected that the breach has occurred. Mr. Johnson, president of the Maritime Board of Trade, widened the breach at the Chatham meeting, by a raspy speech against the union of the Maritime Provinces. He practically declared rich Nova Scotia didn't want to be tied to poor and miserable a country as New Brunswick, and intimated that New Brunswick wanted union for the purpose of getting a square meal from the Nova Scotia crib. If Mr. Johnson had been a member of the English parliament, when the Act of Union with Scotland was before it, he would, no doubt have opposed it on the ground that England was rich and Scotland poor.

The rasping and sneering speech of Ald. Johnson, and the refusal of President Bell to permit the calling of the roll after that of the rejecter of such topics. We hope to see them here, and hope to see Mr. Johnson of Halifax here, and hope one of the St. John men will arise at the proper time and give Mr. Johnson all that is coming to him. St. John should battle with Mr. Johnson, on his own ground, instead of running away from him.

SEES MENACE TO WORLD IN WOMAN'S STRUGGLE FOR EQUALITY

Winnipeg, Aug. 27.—British scientists labor on women, especially. It has been stated that in the United States of America the higher education of girls has proved their strength.

"The most disquieting feature of the times is the revolt of women against their womanhood and their claim to be on equality with men and to compete with men in every way. There should be no question of equality raised; when comparison is made between the accomplishments of men and women, the question of equality does not and cannot come into consideration. It is clear that should a struggle arise—and it is to be feared that it is coming upon us—there can be but one issue; woman must fall and in falling must destroy man by her destruction."

An interesting presidential address, in which the destinies of great nations and of men were dealt with in vigorous style, was delivered by Prof. Stirling, of the physiological section. He took up the question of race development and the problem of the future of the British Empire. The entire subordination of each part to the welfare of the whole is the lesson which the future of the English speaking races have at the present time mostly to learn. It has been a problem of the United States; it is a problem which faces the empire.

"The same sort of difficulties which confronted the states," he said, "are being experienced in the integration of units, now nominally under British control, into one great nation, in which all parts work for the good of the whole and for mutual protection in a struggle for survival."

TIRD MOTHERS. It's hard work to take care of children and to cook, sweep, wash, sew and mend besides. Tired mothers should take Hood's Sarsaparilla—it refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, assures restful sleep, and helps in many ways.

Many a man is the moving picture of an unpaid tailor's bill.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, DIABETES, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, ETC.

23 THE PRINCE

RECRUITS LESS DESIRABLE

Applicants for U. S. Army Enlistment Not up to the Recent Standard.

Washington, Aug. 26.—Returning property is having its effect on recruiting men for the United States army, making it more difficult to keep up the standard of 1907 when splendid material was available from the ranks of the unemployed.

The authorized strength of the army today is 84,000 men, exclusive of the hospital corps which numbers 3,500 men.

As the terms of enlistment of men expire it is no easy matter to induce desirable men to re-enlist.

It will not be a hard matter therefore, to reduce the size of the standing army, in accordance with President Taft's wishes. Ostensibly the cause for this reduction is the difficulty of obtaining good men, but the real reason is one of economy. Every man reduced means a saving of \$1,000 a year, and if the reduction proposed reaches 8,000 men by July 1 next, the total annual saving will amount to \$8,000,000 per year. President Taft has been insistent on big reductions in army estimates for 1911, and the army officials have been very anxious to every conceivable way to effect a saving. Necessary construction work of all kinds has been postponed, and the acquisition of other needed equipment has been deferred. Finally a decision has been reached that considerable saving must be effected by reducing the enlisted force.

A LONG-FELT WANT.

Josh—Do you think there will ever be any radical change in the style of men's hats?

Boh—Not unless somebody invents a back of the head.

Hurry Ends in Indigestion

Use your teeth on your food or your stomach will suffer. Quick lunches hurried eating, boiling food, are not to end, sooner or later, in some form of indigestion, more or less troublesome.

Beecham's Pills

quickly relieve the distress caused by hurried eating. They act directly on the stomach nerves and actually help the food to digest and assimilate. They are particularly good for nervous dyspepsia, bloating, heartburn, bitter taste in the mouth, and flatulence. With reasonable care in eating, Beecham's Pills will soon

Put an End to Stomach Ills

Sold Everywhere. In Boxes 25c each.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

HOUSEHOLD ENIGMA



KING ROACHRICH OF BELDDING STOLE A SOGVINE GINGHAM PLAN

Can you solve this enigma? The nonsense sentence is made up of the letters of the names of four objects about the house. Upside down, nose at collar.