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The Wings of the Morning

CHAPTER T. ADY TOZER adjusted her gold rimmed cyeglasses with an air of digrated aggressiveness. She had lived too many years in the far east. In Hongkong she was known as the "Mandarin." Her powers of merciless inquisition suggested torments long drawn out. commander of the Sirdar, homeward bound from Shanghai, knew that he was about to be stretched on the rack when he took his seat at the

"Is it true, captain, that we are running into a typhoon?" demanded her

"From whom did you learn that, Lady Tozer?" Captain Ross was wary, though somewhat surprised.
"From Miss Deane. I understood her a moment ago to say that you had

"Didn't you? Some one told me this morning. I couldn't have guessed it, could I?" Miss Iris Deane's large blue eyes surveyed him with innocent indifference to strict accuracy. Incidentally she had obtained the information from her maid, a nose tilted coquette, who extracted ship's secrets from a youthful quartermaster. Well-er-I had forgotten," explained the tactful sailor.

"Is it true?" Lady Tozer was unusually abrupt today. But she was annoyed by the mere girl into his confidence and passed over the wife of the ex-chief justice of Yes, it is," said Captain Ross, equal-

ly curt, and silently thanking the fates hat her ladyship was going home for "Do tell us." chimed in Iris. "Did

the mark than possibly you imagine, Miss Deane," he said. "When we took s very weird looking halo around the ticed several light squalls and a smooth sea, marked occasionally by strong ripples. The barosneter is falling rapfully, and I expect that as the day wears we will encounter a heavy swell. If the sky looks wild tonight, and especially if we observe a heavy bank of cloud approaching from the northwest, you will see the crockery dancing about the table at dinner. I am afraid

you are not a good sailor, Lady Tozer. Are you, Miss Deane?" 'Capital! I should just love to see a real storm. Now promise me solemnly that you will take me up into the chart house, when this typhoon is simply tearing things to pieces."
"Oh, dear! I hope it will not be very bad. Is there no way in which you

can avoid it, captain? Will it last The politic skipper for once preferred to answer Lady Tozer. "There is no cause for uneasiness," he said. "Of course typhoons in the China sea are nasty things while they last, but a ship like the Sirdar is not troubled by them. She will drive through the worst gale she is likely to meet here in less than twelve hours. Besides, I

who has had experience in named a cows and horses; must be a good milker, and be willing to make himself useful in all kinds of farm work. To hire by the year. Apply stating wages wanted, Farmer, care Monitor office, Bridgetown.

cused himself, and the passengers on more of him that day.

Her ladyship dismissed the topic as of no present interest and focused Miss Deane through her eyeglasses.

"Sir Arthur proposes to come home in June, I understand?" she inquired. Iris was a remarkably healthy young

woman. A large banana momentarily engaged her attention. She nodded "You will stay with relatives until he arrives?" pursued Lady Tozer.

straight to Helmdale, our place in

"Surely you have a chaperon?" "A chaperon! My dear Lady Tozer, did my father impress you as one who would permit a fussy and stout old person to make my life miserable?"

The acidity of the retort lay in the word "stout." But Iris was not accustomed to cross examination. Dur-ing a three months' residence on the island she had learned how to avoid Lady Tozer. Here it was impossible, and the older woman fastened upon her less groups watched the rapid advance asp-like. Miss Iris Deane was a tooth-some morsel for gossip. Not yet twen-The Nova Scotia Carriage ty-one, the only daughter of a wealthy ships—the Sirdar among them—a girl who had been mistress of her father's nouse since her return from Dresden three years ago-young, beautiful, rich -here was a combination for which men thanked a judicious heaven, while

women sniffed enviously. Business detained Sir Arthur. A war cloud overshadowed the two great di-visions of the yellow race. He must wait to see how matters developed, but he would not expose Iris to the in-sidious treachery of a Chinese spring. She was confided to the personal charge of Captain Ross. At each point of call the company's agents would be solicitous for her walfare. The cable's telegraphic eye would watch her progress as that of some princely maiden sailing in royal caravel. This fair, slender, well formed girl—delightfully English in face and figure—with her fresh, clear complexion, limpid blue eyes and shining hair was a personage

Lady Toser knew these things and sighed complacently.

"Ah, well," she resumed. "Parents had different views when I was a girl.

But I assume Sir Arthur thinks you should become used to being your own mistress in view of your approaching

"My-approaching-marriage!" cried Iris, now genuinely amazed. "Yes. Is it not true that you are going to marry Lord Ventnor? A passing steward heard the point

It had a curious effect upon him. He gazed with fiercely eager eyes at Miss Deane are so far forgot himself as to permit a dish of water ice to rest against Sir John Tozer's bald head. Iris could not help noting his strange behavior. A flash of humor chased away her first angry resentment at Lady Tozer's interrogatory.
"That may be my happy fate," she answered gayly, "but Lord Ventnor has

"Every one says im Hongkong"- began her ladyship.
"Confound you, you stupid rascal! What are you doing?" shouted Sir John.

His feeble nerves at last conveyed the information that something more pronounced than a sudden draft affected his scalp; the ice was melting. The incident amused those passengers who sat near enough to observe it. But the chief steward, hovering watchful near the captain's table, darted for-

ward. Pale with anger, he hissed:

"Report yourself for duty in the sec-ond saloon tonight." And he hustled his subordinate away from the judge's Miss Deane, mirthfully radiant, rose. "Please don't punish the man, Mr. sheer accident. He was taken by sur-prise. In his place I would have emp-

tied the whole dish." The chief steward smirked. He did not know exactly what had happened. Tozer might be, the owner's daughter

was greater.
"Certainly, miss, certainly," he agreed, adding confidentially: "It is rather hard on a steward to be sent aft, miss. It makes such a difference n the er-the little gratuities given by the passengers." The girl was tactful. She smiled

comprehension at the official and bent over Sir John, now carefully polishing the back of his skull with a table napshe whispered. "I can't say why, but

the poor fellow was looking so intently at me that he did not see what he was The ex-chief justice was instantly mollified. He did not mind the appli-



cation of ice in that way-rather liked it, in fact. Probably ice was suscepti-ble to the fire in Miss Deane's eyes. Suddenly the passengers still seated experienced a prolonged sinking sensation, as if the vessel had been convert-ed into a gigantic lift. They were pressed hard into their chairs, which creaked and tried to swing around on their pivots. As the ship yielded stiffly to the sea a whiff of spray dashed

through an open port.
"There;" snapped her ladyship. "I
knew we should run into a storm. Yet Captain Ross led us to believe- John, take me to my cabin at once."

From the promenade deck the listof the gale. There was mournful speculation upon the Sirdar's chances of reaching Singapore before the next

"The doctor!" Iris stood somewhat apart from the other passengers. The wind had freshened, and her hat was tied closely over her ears. She leaned against the taffrail, enjoying the cool breeze after hours of sultry heat. The sky was cloudless yet, but there was a queer tinge of burnished copper in the all pervading sunshine. The sea was cold-ly blue. The life had gone out of it. at was no longer inviting and translucent. Long sullen undulations swept noiselessly past the ship. Once after a steady climb up a rolling hill of water the Sirdar quickly pecked at the succeeding valley, and the propeller gave a couple of angry flaps on the surface, while a tremor ran through the stout

iron rails on which the girl's arms The crew were busy too. Squads of Lascars raced about, industriously oue-dient to the short shrill whistling of jemadars and quartermasters. Boat lashings were tested and tightened, canvas awnings stretched across the deck forward, ventilater cowls twisted to new angles and hatches clamped down ever the wooden gratings that covered the holds. Officers, spotless in white linen fitted quietly to and fra



Stolen Pleasure

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have made themselves famous all over Canada in a very short time. Crisp, inviting, tasty Different from any other cracker you have ever eaten. Say Mooney's' to your grocer.

When the watch was changed Ins noted that the "chief" appeared in an old blue suit and carried oilskins over his arm as he climbed to the bridge. Nature looked disturbed and fitful, and the ship responded to her mood. There was a sense of preparation in the air, of coming ordeal, of restless foreboding. Chains clanked with a noise the girl never noticed before; the tramp of hurrying men on the hurri-cane deck overhead sounded heavy and hollow. There was a squeaking of chairs that was abominable when peo Jones," she said sweetly. "It was a ple gathered up books and wraps and staggered ungracefully toward the companionway. Altogether Miss Deane was not wholly pierced with the preliminaries of a typnoon, whatever the

realities might be.

Why did that silly old woman alfude to her contemplated marriage to Lord Ventnor, retailing the gossip of Hougkong with such malicious emphasis railing in comic anger. She hated Lo.1 him or anybody else just yet. Of course her father had hinted approval of his lordship's obvious intentions. Countess of Ventnor! Yes, it was a nice title. Still she wanted another couple of years of careless freedom. In any

And finally, why did the stewardoh, poor old Sir John! What would have happened if the ice had slid down his neck? Thoroughly comforted by this gleeful hypothesis, Miss Deane seized a favorable opportunity to dart across the starboard side and see if in the northwest" had put in an ap- keep on until 7 o'clock and then bear

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 could not be dust in the dense pall now rushing with giant strides across the trembling sea. Then what was it? Why was it so dark and menacing? And where was desert of stone and sand to compare with this awful ex-panse of water? What a small dot was this great ship on the visible surface! But the ocean itself extended away beyond there, reaching out to the infinite. The dot became a mere speck, undistinguishable beneath a celestial croscope such as the gods might condescend to use.

Iris shivered and aroused herself

with a startled laugh.

The lively fanfare of the dinner trumpet failed to fill the saloon. By this time the Sirdar was fighting resolutely against a stiff gale. But the stress of actual combat was better than the eerie sensation of impending da ger 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 companyquite a sea king's daughter," he said.
"Doctor, do you talk to all your lady

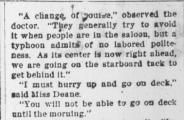
passengers in that way?"
"Alas, no! Too often I can only be truthful when I am dumb."

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

"No. You come a good second on the In yery truth she was thinking of the

ice carrying steward and his queer start of surprise at the announcement of her rumored engagement. The man interested her. He looked like a broken own gentleman. Her quick eyes travered around the saloon to discover his whereabouts. She could not see him. The chief steward stood near, balance ing 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 though at its inception. The matter was to trivial.

With a wild swoop all the plates, glasses and cutlery on the salosu 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 minor ac-cidents. A steward, taken unawares, was thrown headleng en top of his laden tray. Others were compelled to clutch the backs of chairs and cling to pillars. One man involuntarily seized the hair of a lady who devoted an heur before each meal to her coiffure. The Sirdar with a frenzied bound tried to



ble," he said. "The companion doors are bolted. The promenade deck is swept by heavy sens every minute. A boat has been carried away, and several stanchions snapped off like car rots. For the first time in your life. Miss Deane, you are battened down." The girl's face must have paled somewhat. He added hustily: "There is no

"Decidedly not." Then, after a pause: one of a huge coffin."

ing down the saloon stairs; now, would

one of a huge coffin."

"Not a bit. The Sirdar is the safest ship afloat. Your father has always pursued a spleudid policy in that respect. The London and Hongkong company may not possess fast vessels, but they are seaworthy and well found in every respect."

"Are there many people ill or board?"

"No: just the usual number of disturbed livers. We had a nasty accident shortly before dinner."

"Good gracious! What hannened?"

"Good gracious! What happened?"
"Some Lascars were caught by a sea forward. One man had his leg bro-

"Anything else?" The doctor hesitated. He became INTERCOLONIAL HAILWAY. gundy. "I hardly know the exact details yet," he replied. "Tomorrow after breakfast I will tell you all about

An English quartermaster and four Lascars had been licked from off the forecastle by the greedy tongue of a ige wave. The succeeding surge flung the five men back against the quarter.

One of the black sailors was pitched against the iron hull and disappeared. Fredericton Section), and also for the veer off into the path of the cyclone.
Captain Ross set his teeth, and the telegraph bell jangled "Full speed ahead."
"Poor Jackson!" he murmured. "One tion may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at th of my best men. I remember seeing his wife, a prettly little woman, and two children coming to meet him last homeward trip. They will be there again. Good God! That Lascar who was saved has some one to await him tie

in a Bombay village, I suppose." The captain fought his way to the chark house. He wiped the salt water Railway Office, from his eyes and looked anxiously at Moncton, N. B., Aug. 14, 1406,

the barometer.
"Still falling!" he muttered. "I will three points to the southward. By midnight we should be behind it." He struggled back into the outside del he quitted was paradise on the edge

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"A change, of poulse," observed the doctor. "They generally try to avoid it when people are in the saloon, but a

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Shop at Charlotte-town," will be received up to and in

"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 smile!. She was so charmingly insistent! "It is simply impossible," he said. "The companion doors are bolted. The promenade deck is made at the Chief Engineer's Office. Moneton, N. B., where forms of tendermay be softained.

May be obtained.
All the conditions of the specifical

Moneton, N. B., 17th Aug. 1906.

danger, you know, but these precautions are necessary. You would not like to see several tons of water rush

TENDER

"It is not pleasant to be fastened up in derisigned, and marked on the outside a great iron box, doctor. It reminds "Terkers for Excavation at Halitax,"

TENDER FOR BRIDGES

For one tremulous moment the engines slowed. The ship commenced to superstructure of a bridge at Bayer River, near St. Charles Junction, P.

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