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Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar—made from grapes—

Royal Baking Powder conveys to food the most healthful of fruit properties, and renders it superior in flavor and wholesomeness.

**A Million a Minute**  
A Romance of Modern New York and Paris  
By Hudson Douglas

(Continued)

O'Ferral took his elbow off the table and rolled himself a cigarette. He listened with the closest attention to his friend's strange tale, and was wondering what the sequel might be. But Quintance having relieved his mind, was already occupied with other and more urgent ideas, and presently spoke again.

"Did you notice a girl who went out just as you must have entered?" he asked indignantly, and the correspondent, walking from visions of the willow and adieu, of a staggled, broad, brown siver, a dead man asleep in a frail canoe on its currents, came back to a sudden consciousness that was in Martin's between Fifth Avenue and Broadway in New York, that close to him crowded street cars when waiting past, his friend's eyes were looking at him and light trails. Stray parties were already appearing for supper. The other tables were shining brightly, under shaded candles, with snowy linen, bright crystal and cutlery.

"What's that?" he inquired, blinking, bewildered, and Quintance repeated the question.

"A girl, eh? Oh, yes, I noticed a girl who came in with a man—and she saw me. I was much inclined to assault and batter that rat-faced scoundrel myself."

"I came in here at your heels, after he'd got away, to find out whether it was really you I had seen on the street."

"Have you any idea of who she is?" Quintance questioned with all the indifference he could assume, but O'Ferral shook his grey head.

"Not the very slightest," he answered, carelessly also, but with a low laugh. His friend's affection had not escaped his observation. "Not the very slightest, Steve, why?"

Quintance did not at once reply. "I'm going to buy a motor car in the morning," he said. "Where's the best place to get one?"

"The best?"

"But for what purpose?"

"To find that girl."

**CHAPTER IV.**

**Fanchette Finds a Hundred Francs in the Coffers.**

The girl had not been unaware of Quintance's covert scrutiny. It had hurt her more, perhaps, than anything else she had had to endure since she had announced her most unwelcome engagement. And that had not been either light or light.

She had instinctively advised him a gentleman, and had been so much the more ashamed that he should see her in such a plight. The first swift glance which her eyes had met for a fatal moment had carried in him appeal for sympathy and understanding. And there was much more he might wholly misunderstand.

The whole atmosphere of Martin's was a strange one to her. She could not but know that she must be conspicuous in it, and yet, but for the consciousness of his regard, she might have left it unmoved by the thought that the through there had been witness of her discomfiture.

She had remained unconcerned enough outwardly during the meal, but felt sure that, none the less, everyone must have seen what she was suffering. And when at last it came to an end she rose with a sense of relief, inexpressible, only to be left standing among all those men and women who seemed to have no faintest suspicion as to staring her out of countenance. She was much inclined to refuse the courtesy Quintance proffered her, and seek safety in instant flight.

But, as it turned out, she would not have had time for that, and the graceful young man in the blue serge suit did not venture to address her, as she had half feared, he might. Her bemuddled eyes sort came back to her almost immediately. She rose and followed him out of the room.

She had stipulated for entering the restaurant that they were to part at the door, where her car was waiting, but the wine he had imbibed had rendered him quarrelsome, and when she reminded him of his promise he contradicted her flatly. She saw that any further sacrifice she might make in order to escape open rupture with him would be in vain, and was almost desperate. But she silently took the richland seat at his order, and he went forward to set the engine in motion.

At sight of him stepping over to a seat, his rash resolution inspired her to slip to the wheel. She laid one hand on the horn, and, as he rose, his purpose accomplished, squeezed out a single loud blast which caused him to spring toward the pavement. Ere he could understand what

had happened, she had set the lever, with trembling fingers, and backed a few yards. Broadway was less busy at that hour. She took her foot off the brake and moved forward, wheeling as he made a rush at her striking him full in the face as he strove to make good his footing on the off step.

He stumbled and fell, letting go his hold of the hood with a howl of rage. She put on speed, dashed safely over the cross street in front of a loaded truck which further delayed him, and, having thus made sure of her distance, slowed down to a more sensible pace, and so fled from the off step.

Her scarlet lips were tightly compressed and a single furrow on her white forehead bespoke a depth of determination which boded ill for any who might seek to interfere. She was steering herself against a concrete which whirped at it had all been very unyielding, and undignified. She had actually assaulted the man. If anyone stopped her on that count she would be in a worse case than ever. She made up her mind that no one should stop her, and steered with nice dexterity through Herald Square.

A few blocks further on she turned west and as far as Eighth Avenue, ran down to Twenty-seventh street, and, facing inward again, with an ever increasing sense of security, held for the East River and Thirty-fourth street Ferry.

At the dock there she had five minutes to wait ere creeping on to the boat, and that interval she spent somewhat fully disengaging herself as well as possible in a motor costume. Duster, cap and goggles she donned in haste, drawing the collar well over her disheveled hair, and putting a close veil round the silver glory of her heavy crown of hair. But, try as she might, she could not hide from the eyes of men all trace of her beauty, and many inquisitive glances were centered on her as she sat immobile in her place, the lights gleaming variably around her, the red of her cheeks, her curved lips rather tremulous now that the tense strain she had been under was somewhat relaxed.

Long Island city at night-time confined her softly, and she went astray more than once in her movements, striking the main road to Jamaica. Had she dared to ask directions she would have saved the delay, but rather than leave her hand on the steering wheel she puzzled it out for herself, in the hope that she might be able to make up for lost time later.

Her light car was traveling smoothly, but, not long after she had begun to put on speed at an uninfrequent part of the race, an ominous rattle warned her of coming trouble. It came, she was left with only a few inches to reach the roadside when the motor failed her, and she found herself stranded.

The mishap was a most untimely one, and, treading so close on the heels of the which she had just contrived to surmount at such cost to herself, but for which she could have been safe at home long ere now it was doubly depressing. She withdrew her hand from the steering wheel, and she thought she should do now she was not quite sure.

There was no train to be counted upon till morning. To travel by train would also doubt the risk of detection, and it was for that very reason that she had elected to trust to the car and her own ability. It was half-past ten by the clock before her too late to telegraph.

She hit her lip, and got out, since she had no option but to attempt repair, drawing off her gaiters, raising her veil, and turning down her coat-collar with business-like haste. The night was dark. She took one of the lamps from its bracket, and, lifting the bonnet, made careful search for the cause of catastrophe. In that dimly displayed intimate acquaintance with all the details of the mechanism, but, deaf as she was, she could not arrive at any solution of the problem, yet her hand, resting on the steering wheel, felt a sharp vibration. She was almost in despair when, looking up, she saw two glaring headlights approaching her from the direction of Jamaica and renewed hope sprang up within her. Surely the occupants of any other car would not pass without offering assistance, she thought.

In her urgent need she even stepped out into the roadway, holding her lamp up best they should be needed by unseen. But at that moment the echo of a man's voice singing joyfully, came down the wind to her, and, hearing it, her courage ebbed to a still lower mark. She drew back hurriedly and hid herself behind her own bonnet as best she could, stooping over the rear tire there. The dread that some returning roustabout from Rockaway or Long Beach might prove an added complication forced her to the conclusion that she must rely upon her own resources and sort things out unaided, even though that should take all night.

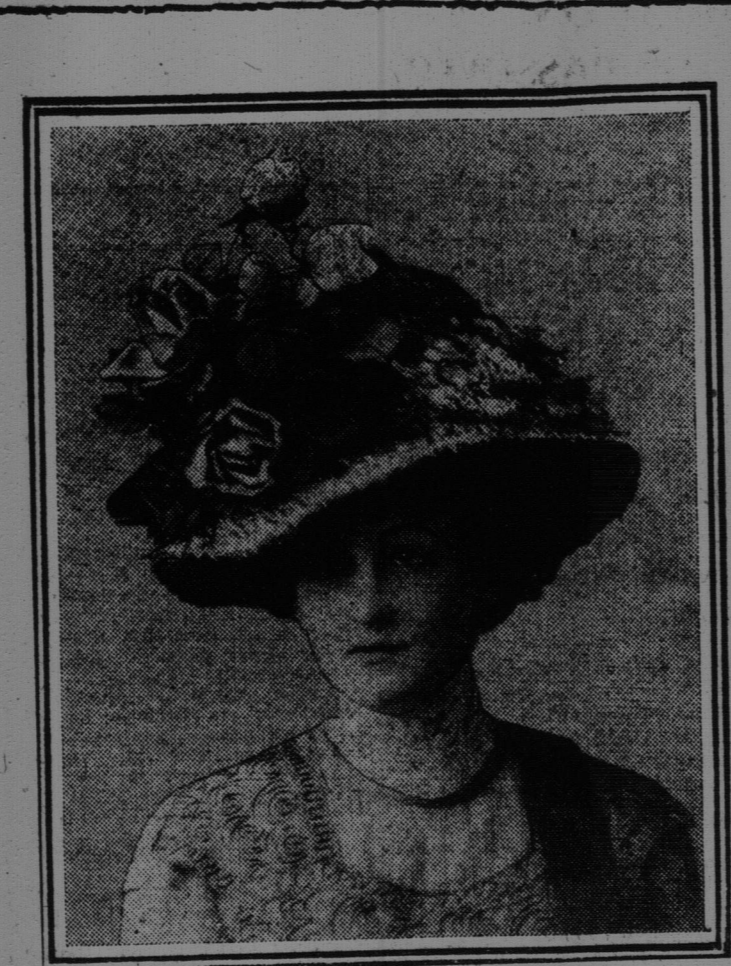
But she had changed her mind too late. The dustcloud trailing in the wake of a fast auto showed down and hung low in the dim light, rising again in a thick, eddy whirl as the brakes were applied with a rash fervor which went far to confirm her fears.

"In trouble, comrade?" cried the voice of one well satisfied with himself and the world in general, and a screeched, shabby by car was drawn up head to head with hers, a solitary individual descended from it.

He advanced floridly, puffing a huge cigar, a tall, broad-shouldered young man, well set up, of easy, if somewhat straggling carriage. His hair was iron grey, his cheekbones prominent, his skin tanned to a hue which gave his eyes unattractive expression.

"What's gone wrong?" he demanded, with the casual ease of one accustomed to coach for his own worth, and, as the girl rose, facing him in the full light of his big head-lamps, pursed up his lips as if to whistle.

**Fashion Hint for Times Readers**



THE NEW FLOWER BASKET HAT.

The millinery from Paris has shown many of these invested baskets, some piled with flowers, others with fruit, and the straw themselves like the fancy basket hat of light green straw is heaped with pink roses and lilacs-of-the-valley, and under the drooping brim is a facing of green satin.

**INQUIRY INTO THE DEATH OF THE LATE MRS. McLAUCHLAN**

**Court Room Crowded at Hearing of Case in Which H. L. Spangler, Dr. Emery and Others are Concerned—Witnesses Testify that Dr. Spangler was Called to See Mrs. McLaughlan a Few Hours Before Her Death, But Prescribed Nothing—Dr. Emery Says Treatment was Opposite to What He Advised**

The inquest into the death of Mrs. Annie McLaughlan was opened by Coroner D. E. Barryman in the court house last evening at 7:30 o'clock. Great interest was taken and the room was much crowded at the opening of the proceedings, the many ladies were present and the evidentiary changes would be an advantage to the enquiry was adjourned until 7:30 o'clock this evening.

H. L. Spangler and his legal representatives, M. G. Teed, K. C., and E. J. Raymond, were present, and Dr. W. M. Spangler, Dr. A. Emery, Dr. J. W. MacLaren, Dr. P. W. Daniel, G. H. Currie and G. Herbert Arnold.

Mr. Teed asked leave on behalf of Dr. Spangler and himself to appear for Dr. Spangler, undertaker, was the first witness. He said Dr. Emery, in his office, gave a certificate for the coroner and the witness had gone as far as the Dufferin Hotel when he was called back, and at Dr. Emery's request he wanted to think the thing over. Later he refused to give the certificate and to enter the body. He identified the body as that of the subject of the enquiry.

Dr. A. Emery was called by the coroner to the coroner he said he had been a registered practitioner for eighteen years. He took his degree at Bellevue Medical College, New York. He was one of the St. John hospital staff. He was first called to visit the patient on March 28, he was also on March 28, she died on the morning of the 29th, while he was present. He diagnosed the disease as embolism, coming from the femoral vein, on his first visit. He advised rest, and gave an ordinary course of medicine. He gave all the regular.

No one was in the room all the time during his first visit. People were coming and going. He thought he saw the patient's mother. On his second visit the patient gave him to understand she did not want his services further. He told her he thought a clot of blood had broken ed from the femoral vein. There were no varicose veins very apparent on the first day. He diagnosed the case from the history, and the condition. There was no witness got a warrant from the coroner on the left side. The history was that it had been more swollen and had been reduced by treatment by Dr. Spangler. The patient did not say she was dispensed with by Dr. Spangler's services. The witness was called in, he continued, in an emergency. He gave all the attendance he was allowed to give and ceased to attend until called in on the evening of March 28, about 11:10 o'clock. He was called in a hurry as the patient was in a bad condition. When he went in first her pulse was normal, and he thought the embolism was not serious. He had very little conversation with her. He remained until she died about 12:30 a. m.

He went into the next room soon after his arrival to get some information. Mrs. deForest was there, and he believed Mrs. Lockhart, but he could not tell exactly. He was called back in half a minute to see the patient who had collapsed. She called when he applied hypodermics of strychnine and whisky. The pulse came

up for a short time. She recognized him when she recovered. He made a diagnosis of embolism, and he had had other treatment. He had that impression. He was informed that she had been up during the evening to try to get her circulation and pass through the veins until they reached some obstruction. If they reached the embolism they would clug round the valve and interfere with the action. If they passed on to the pulmonary arteries in the ordinary way they would cause more or less trouble, according to their size. They would cause pulmonary embolism. A clot like this adheres around the valve for some time. It could be detected in a post-mortem.

At the outset of the case he presumed a small clot had gone to the heart. The patient had been suffering before that. There was no doubt as to the disease. The cause of death was embolism of the pulmonary arteries. That was his diagnosis. He heard Mr. Powers in his evidence say he had given a certificate and recalled it. That was true.

The coroner—"Had you any doubt the first time that the patient died of natural causes?"

The witness—"That's a pretty hard question."

The coroner—"That's why I'm asking it."

The witness said he thought she died of natural causes, but he did not think he should give the certificate and asked him why he did not do so. Dr. Spangler said that the patient's family had talked it over and did not think the board of health would accept Dr. Spangler's certificate. He then said he would give a certificate, but it might not hold, as he was putting down the name of the disease, and a controversy might arise. He told Mr. Powers he was not so surprised if he sent for it. When Mr. Powers left, the witness went into his own room, and found Dr. Murray MacLaren there.

In talking with him, Dr. MacLaren said that he should not have given a certificate otherwise he recalled him. The witness explained that he told Mr. Powers to come the next day, when he came back he told him that the coroner had taken charge of the case.

When he went to the coroner on Monday morning, Dr. MacLaren was there. Dr. T. D. Walker was called in when the patient was in a critical condition and remained until she died.

To Dr. MacLaren the witness said he could not tell very well the nature of his conversation with the patient on March 12. She said she had a swelling in the left leg. She said she had been suffering for two weeks and had been under treatment all the time. He assumed she had been in bed all the time. She did not say the nature of the treatment. He had been present at a post-mortem in a case of embolism. He believed on the 12th a clot had reached the heart. At his interview on March 13 the patient was weak. She had no spasms. He could not remember the conversation. She dismissed him in a nice way.

Apart from taking exercise, there was always a danger of a clot breaking away. That was the reason for taking rest. The clot might be absorbed. On March 28 the patient said she was better and the change for the worse came on immediately.

Dr. The clot would usually break away at the time of effort. It might loosen and break off afterwards. It would only take a few seconds to reach the heart. No final certificate was given. His opinion was that it might be a correct certificate of the cause of death.

The certificate given and recalled was produced and identified by the witness. He stated that "embolism" was the cause of death.

Continuing, the witness said he would withdraw any certificate if objection was raised.

Dr. MacLaren was chairman of the medical council. He did not say he came officially. From actual memory he could not tell what his directions to the patient were. She asked for a tonic on the 12th or 13th, which he gave her, and ordered rest.

On March 28 she told him that she had taken it once and, not feeling so well, she had discontinued it.

Supposing massage were employed it might produce a clot. He knew she understood that movement of any kind might injure her, and put his hand on her forehead or moving herself. He warned her against any movement and was sure she understood.

Mr. Teed asked if he could have an assurance from the coroner that the witness would be recalled if at a future stage he had any questions to ask.

The coroner said he would do anything fair and just to ventilate the case.

Miss Minnie Thompson, 219 Princess street, was next sworn. She said she had been acquainted with the patient about two years. She saw her die at about 7:40 o'clock. She remained in the house about forty minutes and did not recall her again that night. During the time she was there the patient was not off her couch. She had not seen her previously during that illness, which covered a period of some weeks. She had last seen her at her door. She could not remember just what date but thought it was just before Christmas.

During the night the patient died she had been summoned to the patient's residence in the lower part of the house. Dr. Spangler was in the house part of the time. He said he thought she was all right at that time. She was just in a faint. He left her pulse and put his hand on her forehead. He did not tell her she ought not to have gotten up. As soon as Dr. Spangler said she was better, she went into the house and went home.

The patient seemed partly unconscious and was gasping for breath. He looked at her and said her feet were warm. He did not suggest applying artificial heat or did not prescribe any medicine.

Asked by the coroner if she thought the proper medical man had been summoned, she said she did not feel that she should reply to that. She had heard Dr. Spangler was the patient's regular doctor. She had seen him many times and had never heard never heard from the patient what treatment Dr. Spangler used.

To Dr. MacLaren the witness said Mrs. Street and Mrs. Lockhart were present at the time she was there. The patient had some stimulant from Mrs. Street and Mrs. Lockhart arrived. She did not see Dr. Spangler give any stimulant. The stimulant had revived her considerably.

No treatment had been given by Dr. Spangler. The stimulant given by Mrs. Street was brandy. Mrs. Street had told the witness that the patient was up around trying on a gown and the attack came on her while she was trying on the gown. She was not present at the time. Dr. Spangler was next called. He was acquainted with the patient for a number of years and had treated her frequently. She recollected when Dr. Emery was called in on the 12th inst. Dr. Spangler visited her nearly every day since her regular physician, Charles W. Doyle came to the city by I. C. R. this afternoon.

T. J. Carter, of Andover, who represented the coroner in the preliminary examination this evening to consult with the attorney general as the regular sitting of the court will not be held until September and it does not look as if W. H. Jomoh, who had the job last year, will be reappointed. In former years the coroner has been put to work on April 1st, but this far Jonah is without instructions from the board of works to go on duty. It is said that N. J. Smith will receive the appointment.

Pay what you will, and go where you will, you cannot get a better, purer, more delicious tea than "Salada".

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ever shown in St. John or the Lower Provinces, representing the latest styles of the season from New York, London and Paris.

Call and See This Splendid Display.

**The Marr Millinery Co.**  
Corner Union and Coburg Streets.

**NEWS FROM FREDERICTON**

**Charles H. Hatt Elected Mayor of Marysville—Dennis Doyle Appointed Game and Fire Warden**

Fredericton, N. B., April 5.—Announcement was made today that Dennis Doyle, of Newcastle, had been appointed chief game and fire warden for the counties of Northumberland, Gloucester and Leeds, vice Charles Sergeant, resigned.

Doyle came to the city by I. C. R. this afternoon.

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**The Times Daily Puzzle Picture**

**POKER TERMS.**

I asked her "age." She lifted  
A "pair" of deep blue eyes.  
And gave a look "straight" into mine  
"That" "raised me" to the skies.

"I saw" her "flush." Her "fall" lips  
curled.  
In truly "royal" mien,  
"Go ask your 'ante' stupid 'Jack,'  
You'll find I'm 'shy' eighty's."

Find his aunt.  
ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.  
Sister—Upside down in curtain.  
Him—Upside down behind boys.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
SPECIAL KIDNEY DISEASE  
GRAVEL RHEUMATISM  
BRONCHITIS  
DIABETES  
BACILLARY  
URICACID

23 THE PHARMACY

**Laxative Bromo Quinine**  
Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is Laxative Bromo Quinine & Whisky  
Cure a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

box 25c

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS**  
RAGGEDNESS is caused by a cury case of Hoibing-Blind, Bleeding or Peeringing file in 6 to 14 days see man's related 66c.

The monthly roll-off on Black's allers last night was won by A. J. Machum with a score of 281. He was closely followed by A. Wilson with a score of 278. Tonight the S. Harvard team and the Grocers will meet in the Commercial League.