

A

By GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN

(Continued from yesterday.)

Robert Harvey Randolph, who is in possession of an income of ten thousand a year pending the finding of Miss Imogene Palmer Thornton, is thrown over by Miss Madge Van Teller, who wants the things big money buy and hints at selling herself to one, Becher Tremont. On the way home he sees Tremont trying to force a girl to take a taxi ride with him and showing 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 places with him. The next morning he sends the lawyer around to his room to see the heiress and drops out of sight himself, working away as a taxi driver, known as "Slim Harvey." 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 halted by him and asked to take her and himself to the "Greenwood Hostelry."

She paused, but as Tremont clung to the silence, she presently continued. "The complete lover the man who having conquered all the heights of flesh and spirit in his mistress, dwells consciously in the presence of an undiscovered god and gazes out upon a broad land of eternally promised, never materially seized. Few are the men—few are the men—!" Her voice trailed off as though her thought had run ahead of words and reached finally without the use of the spoken phrase.

"Few are the men who attain to that serene security," Tremont finished for her, only half conscious of what he was saying.

Randolph could hear the rustle of her turning to her companion. "How wonderful," she said. "That is what I thought but didn't say."

"Madge," said Tremont, "what have you done? It's true that I have never stooped to hypocrites with you and that I have never while with you spoken a vulgar word. Did you think that I have been knowingly wise? Well, I haven't. I didn't know until this moment why I chose a rare and high atmosphere to reach you. Now I know. It was because you were true. I chose only to come to you, rather than drag you down to the drab of the usual. What you have done is to carry me higher than I ever meant to go. You have taken me off the beaten path and showed me an unexpected treasure. I am no longer myself. I am cold and afraid."

Randolph could feel that the speaker was drawing away from the speaker and a moment later his senses were to surpass themselves in additional divination. "You are afraid of that woman in me?" asked Miss Van Teller softly. "What is it that Randolph's deductive system quivered under their burden of intelligence. He knew as certainly as though he had faced about that as admissible Madge, though she was a slipper had bare arms around Becher Tremont's neck and kissed him on the mouth."

There was a long silence; then came Tremont's next, a shock and strange to the ear. "A moment ago," it said, "I was afraid for you; now I'm afraid for myself. I am like a man who has come to find himself within the ring of a prairie fire. I can only wonder at my stupidity in thinking of you in connection with a casual possession and not as a most precious thing. You see, already you have burned through the thin crust of lies that guards man from definite seizure by woman—any woman."

"Kiss me, Becher," murmured the girl's voice as though his words had swirled around and by her, leaving her purpose untouched, "take me and hold me, carefully from no unkind eye can drive me from you. I am the woman in me—one by one if you must." At that moment Mr. Robert H. Randolph, in the person of Slim Harvey, chauffeur, very nearly as he was, four-cylinder motor car, with its burden of three rates, still individually and collectively indispensable to the continuity of this yarn. He missed the "itch by a hair's breadth," and fixed his attention on a certain very definite matter with which it had been more or less constantly concerned ever since he had been directed to hit it up for Greenwood.

The road to that well-known hostelry was usefully devious and fairs were seldom resorted to as to how any particular driver set out to find this choice of needles in the haystack of the country inns that dot the landscape of Westchester and adjacent counties as long as he brought the search to a successful end somewhere this side of the pangs of hunger.

Nevertheless, had not Mr. Tremont, himself a motorist of no mean experience, been completely absorbed by the sudden discovery that he had his right arm around an entirely new world, he would have been struck inevitably by two things; first, that this was certainly not any one of the climbing roads to the Greenwood hostelry; second, that the man at the wheel knew more about his way in the vicinity of Manhattan and Anding than than did the combined road maps of the United States and its Allies—supposing it to have had allies at the time. However, Mr. Tremont's absorption was not only absolute but continuous so that it held him in its inexorable grip right up to the moment of ghastly awakening and even after the edge. He was just saying, "My darling, never fear, I'm taking you to a place so quiet and so guarded that this dream which you have dreamed in an unexpected glory can flow on unbroken as long as we are true to it and to ourselves," when the cab drew up at a solemn and impressive portal.

Without leaving his seat, the cabman reached back, unlatched the door and threw it open. "Greenwood Cemetery, sir," he barked.

The girl was first to grasp the words the time and the place. "Oh!" she gasped, and in the sound of her cry Mr. Randolph could divine her whole mind suddenly stiffening to a tense awakening and to the stabbing memory of the last time she had come to this still place, her early bursting with its long farewell to all that was

left of her mother. Then came Mr. Becher Tremont's voice in old-time familiar tones. "Greenwood Cemetery! Why, you trip-hate blockhead, I said, Greenwood Hostelry. Of all the damn fools! What the devil—What the hell—What the—"

He choked himself into a gulping horticultural silence as he climbed from the cab to look in the face the sum total of all human stupidity. No sooner had he alighted than Miss Van Teller found herself in voice again. "Oh! oh!" she moaned, pressing her hands to her eyes, aching open, "take me away from this place in an effort to keep her mind fully occupied with that?"

As they swept down the incline from the bridge into City Hall Park he suddenly realized that he had been on the verge of giving himself away. He half turned his head and shouted through the speaking-slot, "What about, miss?"

Her voice came back to him from very close as though her face had been pressed to the glass in an effort to make him out. "At the corner of the Avenue and East Ninth Street," ten minutes later he drew up his cab at the appointed spot and reached back to throw open the door, but kept his foot on the clutch release, leaving the gears in first, speed ahead. He had been mused by that too long silence and was taking no chances—at least, he thought he wasn't.

All his precautions were in vain. As he opened the cab door his coat sleeve was seized in a very determined grip and drawn inward, catching his elbow in a full-jawed leverage that left him the Hobson's choice of either getting out and facing his captor or listening to his arm break. He chose to get down from his seat quickly.

"Well, Bobby," murmured Miss Van T. Mr. Randolph attempted no evasion; he handed the lady to the curb and guided her gently toward her own door and up the high steps. "Madge," he said, "you fought a great fight tonight and when you had won you felt sorry for Tremont and surrendered. You were swept too high on the wave of the best that is in you. Promise me that you won't forget that you have won. Promise me that you will wait and take Tremont, all of him, with honor."

"What do you mean? What did you hear?" cried Miss Van T. angrily, her pale face suddenly flushing. "From the start of the ride to the finish I heard every word," declared Mr. Randolph frankly, "and more."

"And more!" repeated the hard-pressed girl. "What do you mean by more?" She still tried to browbeat him, but remembering one incredibly long kiss, her eyes fell in the unequal battle with Bobby's and attempted to create a diversion by staring at his pale legs and heavily booted feet. "Look up, Madge. Look at me," said Mr. Randolph and waited patiently until first her long lashes fluttered and then her lovely eyes swept slowly up to his face. "That's it," he continued as their looks met and locked, "let's hold that so we can't lie."

"Why should I be if you really heard everything?" asked Miss Van T. and suddenly smiled. "Madge, you little devil," said Mr. Randolph, suppressing an impulse to shake her, "can you think of what you've been doing and laughing?"

"Yes, I can, just now," said Miss Van T. in little gasping phrases that a man, especially one of Mr. Randolph's simple nature, carried only their face value in words, but which to any woman would have read as plainly as the red-weather signal, "Look out for showers of tears followed by rain."

"Well," said Mr. Randolph solemnly, "if you really don't realize just where you have been, let me tell you. First you flew high into clean air and then you fell right down. You were possessed of a vision and you made him see it too, a miracle of those lift-places that are the altar of the mind before love. Just a mirage, an illusion of perfect happiness which could reason tell us we can't ever turn into reinforced concrete and plant in the yard but which we must either forever hold as a vision or admit that love is a world and wingless thing."

Miss Van Teller's eyes fell from his frank gaze. Something seemed to crumple within her; she put her arms around Mr. Randolph's neck, clung to him, dropped her face against his shoulder and sobbed, not noisily, but as one who weeps to rest.

He held her close to him and went on, his face set as though to a duty. "Then what did you do? Because he hesitated, merely hesitated at the high door of education, you promptly slammed it and dropped plumb straight down like that traitor archangel Johnny out of Heaven into the arms of hell!"

"Bobby!" cried Miss Van T. throwing back her head and struggling to release herself. "How dare you say a thing like that? How dare you be here anyway? I hate you. I don't know how ever could have thought I loved you. I told, but it was into Becher's arms, and I wish I was there right now." More sobs, convulsive ones, that shook the slim body in Mr. Randolph's embrace from twitching shoulders to tired feet.

Last the reader be startled by

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the signature of *Dr. H. H. H. H.*

What's coming next it is well to remind him that this poignant scene was staged at three o'clock in the morning on the high stop of the Van Teller residence in East Ninth Street and never left the perimeter of the door-mat which is itself presented an almost feminine contradiction in that it bore done in red on its face the word "Welcome" but with nevertheless padlocked and chained to the iron railing.

Even as Miss Van Teller was sobbing her heart out and Mr. Randolph was standing in the bewilderment of one who knows he has not only taken the wrong turning but placed both his feet in a bear-trap, a thick, heavy, unsympathetic voice arose from the foot of the steps.

"Here! Youse! Break away an' come along of me."

(Continued tomorrow.)

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

EASTERN LINES
ST. JOHN ELEVATOR
DUST COLLECTOR SYSTEM.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to C. B. Brown, Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., and marked on the outside "Tenders for St. John Elevator," will be received up to 12 o'clock noon Wednesday, Sept. 2nd, 1920, for the manufacture, delivery and installation of a Dust Collector System in the Canadian National Railway, Grain Elevator at St. John, N. B.

Plans, specifications and blank form of contract may be seen and tender forms obtained at the following offices: The Chief Engineer, Canadian National Railway, Moncton, N. B. The Division Engineer, Canadian National Railway, Tunnel Station, Montreal. Terminal Agent, Canadian National Railway, St. John, N. B.

Tenders must be submitted in duplicate on the tender form supplied for that purpose. Each contractor tendering must submit with his tender a security deposit amounting to ten per cent of the amount of his tender. This security deposit is to be in the form of an accepted cheque on a Chartered Bank in Canada and made payable to the Canadian National Railway. Security Deposits will be returned to unsuccessful tenderers. Security deposits of successful tenderers will be forfeited to the Railway if Contractor refuses to enter into a contract based on the tender accepted. Contractor's security deposit will be returned on the satisfactory completion of the work.

Plans and specifications will be loaned to bona fide Contractors on the deposit of security amounting to Twenty-Five (\$25.00) Dollars. This security deposit to be in the form of an accepted cheque on any Chartered Bank in Canada and made payable to the Canadian National Railway. Security deposits will be refunded on return of plans and specifications. No revision of any tender will be considered if received by the Chief Engineer at Moncton at a date later than 12 o'clock noon Wednesday, September 2nd, 1920.

All conditions of the Specifications must be complied with. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted. F. P. BRADY, General Manager, Eastern Lines, Montreal, Aug. 17th, 1920.

NOTICE OF SALE. To Charles Connors, F. H. Colwell and all others whom it may in any wise concern:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a certain portable mill at present situated near Brown's Place, in the Parish of Greenwich, in the County of Kings, consisting in part of a Leonard Boiler, a Leonard Engine, a Robt. Edgar, a Robt. Trimmer, a Robt. Saw Bed and all gear and other personal property covered by a certain Chattel Mortgage, given by the said Charles Connors to the undersigned, bearing date the fourteenth day of July, A. D. 1918, and duly registered with the Registrar of Mortgages, will by reason of default having been made in payment thereof under the provisions of the said Chattel Mortgage, be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION at or near the present location of the said mill on Wednesday, the first day of September, next, at the hour of 2.30 p. m.

Dated this twenty-first day of August, A. D. 1920. (Sgd.) GILBERT STOCKFORD, Mortgagee. (Sgd.) SLIPP & HANSON, Solicitor for the Mortgagee.

DOMINION COAL COMPANY
LIMITED
DOMINION STEAM COALS
GENERAL SALES OFFICE
115 ST. JAMES ST. MONTREAL
Agents at St. John.

Soft Coal
Reserve and Springhill

We recommend customers using Soft Coal to buy now and insure getting prompt delivery.

R.P. & W.F. Starr, Ltd.,
49 Smythe St. 159 Union St.

MARINE NEWS

PORT OF ST. JOHN
Tuesday, Aug. 31.

Arrived Monday
Construction—Gas sch. Laura Maria 47 Trahan, Belliveau's Cove; scow Mary S. T. L. 33, Gantreau, Musquash; sch. Emily, 59, Walter, St. Martins; str. Turret Cape, 1141, McDonald, Sydney, N. S.; sch. Aeroplano, 6, Ingersoll, Grand Manan.

Cleared Monday
Gas sch. International 7, Cook, Eastport, Me.

Gas sch. Catherine M. Butler, 11, Butler, Eastport, Me.
Gas sch. Helen McCall, 19, Stuart, Eastport, Me.

Coastwise—Gas sch. Laura Maria, 47, Trahan, Belliveau's Cove; sch. Emily, 59, Walter, St. Martins; str. Connors Bros., 64, Wernock, Chance Harbor; gas sch. Albina Connors, 26, Barber, Beaver Harbor.

Carriage Arrived Yesterday
R. M. S. P. Caraque, Capt. Adam, arrived at 8.30 yesterday morning. Besides mails and a general cargo she brought 180 passengers, 55 first-class, 73 second-class and 71 third-class.

Kanawha Sailed
S. S. Kanawha, Capt. Bailey, Purmouth, left yesterday afternoon for London via Halifax with a large general cargo.

Sailed for Rhode Island
The schooner Max Horton sailed on Saturday from Bathurst for Rhode Island.

Going on the Blocks
The schooner Marie will go on Gregory's blocks today to have her bottom copper painted and later she will load for the River Plate.

Loading on West Side
The ship Dieppeville has shifted to No. 4 berth where she will discharge her ballast and load cargo. J.T. Knight and Co. are the local agents.

CUNARD

ANCHOR-DONALDSON
MONTREAL-GLASGOW

Sept. 11, Oct. 16, Nov. 20, Cassandra
Sept. 2, Sept. 30, Oct. 23, Saturnia
N. Y. G. L. A. C. W. (Via Mobile)

Sept. 11, Oct. 9, Nov. 6, Columbia
NEW YORK-LIVERPOOL

Sept. 14, Oct. 9, Nov. 6, K. Aug. Vict
Sept. 14, Oct. 23, Nov. 20, Carmania
Sept. 25, Oct. 23, Nov. 20, Carmania

Sept. 18, Oct. 21, Nov. 25, Caronia
N. Y. CHERBOURG, SOUTHAMPTON
Sept. 2, Sept. 30, Oct. 23, Mauretania

Sept. 3, Oct. 7, Nov. 11, Imperator
Sept. 21, Oct. 12, Nov. 12, Aquitania
N. Y. PLY. CHER. HAMBURG

Oct. 30, Dec. 9, Saxonia
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

Change Time
August 29.

Train 40 arriving St. John 5.25 a.m.
Train 39 leaving St. John 6.45 p.m.

CANCELLED.
Montreal Express No. 15 will leave St. John at 4.50 p.m. instead of 3.30 p.m.

NOTE—Train No. 152 will leave Edmundston at 10.50 a.m. instead of 9.55 a.m.

For other details of train changes apply Local Agent.

N. R. DesBrisay, Dist. Pass. Agt.

Don't Accept Substitutes
The St. Croix Supt. Mfr. Co.

Furness Line

From London To London
Direct Via Halifax
August 14th—"Kanawha".....August 31

Manchester Line
From Manchester To Baltimore and
Direct Via Halifax
Sept. 5—"Manchester Port".....Sept. 20

Passenger Ticket Agents for North Atlantic Lines.
FURNESS, WITHEY CO., Ltd.
Royal Bank Bldg.
Tel. Main 2616 St. John, N. B.

GRAND MANAN S.S. CO.

DAYLIGHT TIME.
Commencing June 1st, 1920, the Grand Manan S.S. Co. will operate as follows:

Wednesday, leave Grand Manan 8 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Thursday, 2.30 same day.

Friday, leave Grand Manan 6.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Saturday, 2.30 same day.

Saturday, leave Grand Manan 7.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Sunday, 2.30 same day.

Sunday, leave Grand Manan 8.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Monday, 2.30 same day.

Monday, leave Grand Manan 9.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Tuesday, 2.30 same day.

Tuesday, leave Grand Manan 10.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Wednesday, 2.30 same day.

Wednesday, leave Grand Manan 11.30 a.m. for St. John direct, returning Thursday, 2.30 same day.

Thursday, leave Grand Manan 12.30 p.m. for St. John direct, returning Friday, 2.30 same day.

Friday, leave Grand Manan 1.30 p.m. for St. John direct, returning Saturday, 2.30 same day.

Saturday, leave Grand Manan 2.30 p.m. for St. John direct, returning Sunday, 2.30 same day.

Sunday, leave Grand Manan 3.30 p.m. for St. John direct, returning Monday, 2.30 same day.

Monday, leave Grand Manan 4.30 p.m. for St. John direct, returning Tuesday, 2.30 same day.

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SURPRISE SOAP</