

## The Wings of the Morning

BY LOUIS TRACY.

Suddenly a clamor of discordant bells fell upon her ears. Jenks rose to his knees. The Dyaks had discovered their refuge and were about to open fire. He offered them a target lest perchance Iris were not thoroughly screened.

"Keep close," he said. "They have found us. Lead will be flying around soon."

She flinched back into the crevice; the sailor fell prone. Four bullets spat into the ledge, of which three pierced the tarpaulin and one flattened itself against the rock.

Then Jenks took up the tale. So curiously constituted was this man, that although he ruthlessly shot the savage who first slipped out their retreat, he was swayed only by the dictates of stern necessity. There was a feeble chance that further bloodshed might be averted. That chance had passed. Very well. The enemy must start the dreadful game about to be played. They had thrown the gage and he answered them. Four times did the Lee-Metford carry death, unseen, almost unfelt, across the valley.

Ere the fourth Dyak collapsed limp where he stood, others were there, firing at the little puff of smoke above the grass. They got in a few shots, most of which sprayed at various angles off the face of the cliff. But they waited for no more. When the lever of the Lee-Metford was shoved home for the fifth time the opposing crest was bare of all opponents save two, and they lay motionless.

The fate of the flanking detachment was either unperceived or unheeded by the Dyaks left in the vicinity of the houses and well. Astounded by the firing that burst forth in mid-air, Jenks had cleared the dangerous rock before they realized that here, above their heads, were the white man and the maid whom they blazed away furiously, only succeeding in showering fragments of splintered stone into the Eagle's Nest. And the sailor smiled. He quietly picked up an old coat, rolled it into a ball and pushed it into sight amidst the grass. Then he squirmed round on his stomach and took up a position ten feet away. Of course those who still carried loaded guns discharged them at the bundle of rags, whereupon Jenks thrust his rifle beyond the edge of the rock and leaned over.

Three Dyaks fell before the remainder made up their minds to run. Once convinced, however, that running was good for their health, they moved with much celerity. The remaining car-

tridges in the magazine slackened the pace of two of their number. Jenks dropped the empty weapon and seized another. He stood up now and sent a quick reminder after the rear-most pirate. The others had disappeared towards the locality where their leader and his diminished troupe were gathered, not daring to again come within range of the whistling Dum-dums. The sailor, holding his rifle as though pheasant shooting, bent forward and sought a belated opponent, but in vain. In military phrase, the terrain was clear of the enemy. There was no sound of the sea, the yelling of the three wounded men in the house, who knew not what terrors threatened and vainly bawled for succor.

Again Jenks could look at Iris. Her face was bleeding. The sight maddened him.

"My God!" he groaned, "are you wounded?"

She smiled bravely at him.

"It is nothing," she said. "A mere splash from the rock which cut my forehead."

He dared not go to her. He could only hope that it was no worse, so he turned to examine the valley once more for vestige of a living foe.

### CHAPTER XII.

A Truce.

Though his eyes, like live coals, glowered with sullen fire at the strip of sand and the rocks in front, his troubled brain paid perfunctory heed to his task. The stern sense of duty, the ingrained force of long years of military discipline and soldierly thought, compelled him to keep watch and ward over his fortress, but he could not help asking himself what would happen if Iris were seriously wounded.

There was one enemy more potent than these skulking Dyaks, a foe more irresistible in his might, more pitiless in his strength, whose assaults would tax to the utmost their powers of resistance. In another hour the sun would be high in the heavens, pouring his ardent rays upon them and drying the blood in their veins.

Hitherto, the active life of the island, the shade of trees, hut or cave, the power of unrestricted movement and the possession of water in any degree, had been the chief terrors. Now all was changed. Instead of working amidst grateful foliage, they were bound to the brown rock, which soon would glow with radiated energy and give off scorching gusts like unto the opening of a furnace door.

This he had foreseen all along. The tarpaulin would yield them some degree of uneasy protection, and they both were in perfect physical condition. But if Iris were wounded! If the extra strain brought fever in its wake! That way he saw nothing but blank despair, to be ended, for her, by a merciful and merciful death, for him by a Berserger's rush among the Dyaks, and one last mad fight against overwhelming numbers.

Then the girl's voice reached him, self-reliant, almost cheerful—

"You will be glad to hear that the cut has stopped bleeding. It is only a scratch."

So a kindly Providence had spared them yet a little while. The cloud passed from his mind, the gathering mist from his eyes. In that instant he thought he detected a slight rustling among the trees where the cliff shelved up from the house. Standing as he was on the edge of the rock, this was a point he could not guard against.

When her welcome assurance recalled his scattered senses, he stepped back to speak to her, and in the same instant a couple of bullets crashed against the rock overhead. Iris had unwittingly saved him from a serious perhaps fatal wound.

He sprang to the extreme right of the ledge and boldly looked into the trees beneath. Two Dyaks were there, belated wanderers cut off from the main body. They dived headlong into the undergrowth for safety, but one of them was too late. The Lee-Metford reached him, and its reverberating concussion, tossed back and forth by the echoing rocks, drowned his parting scream.

In the plenitude of restored vigor the sailor waited for no counter demonstration. He turned and crouching, he approached the southern end of his parapet. Through his screen of grass and yellow face of a man who lay on the sand and twisted his head around in the base of the further cliff. The distance was measured, he was ninety yards, the target practically six-inch bull's eye. Jenks took careful aim, fired and a whiff of sand flew up.

Perhaps he had used too fine a sight and gazed a furrow beneath the Dyak's ear. He only heard a faint yell, but the enterprising head vanished and there were no more volunteers for that particular service.

He was still peering at the place when of unmitigated anguish came from Iris.

"Oh, come quick!! Our water! The casks have burst!"

It was not until Jenks had torn the tarpaulin from off their stores, and he was wildly striving with both hands to scoop up some drops collected in the small hollows of the ledge, that he realized the full magnitude of the disaster which had befallen them.

During the first rapid exchange of fire, before the enemy vacated the cliff, several bullets had pierced the tarpaulin. By a stroke of exceeding bad fortune two of them had struck each of the water barrels and started the staves. The contents quietly ebbed away beneath the broad sheet, and flowing inwards by reason of the sharp slope of the ledge, percolated through the fault. Iris and he, notwithstanding their frenzied efforts, were not able to save more than a pint of gritty water. The rest, infinitely more valuable to them than all the diamonds of the Beers, was now oozing through the natural channel cut by centuries of storm, dripping into the headless skeleton in the cave, soaking down to the very heart of their buried treasure.

Jenks was so paralyzed by this ca-

tastrophe that Iris became alarmed. As yet she did not grasp its awful significance. That he, her hero, so brave, so confident in the face of many dangers, should betray such a sense of irredeemable loss, frightened her much more than the incident itself.

Her lips whitened. Her words became incoherent. Her head spoke to her. "Tell me," she whispered. "I can hear anything but silence. Tell me, I implore you. Is it so bad?"

The sight of her distress sobered him. He ground his teeth together as a man does who submits to a painful operation and resolves not to flinch beneath the knife.

"It is very bad," he said; "not quite the end, but near it."

"Is death?" she asked, answered. "We are living and unharmed. You must fight on. If the Lord wills it we shall not die."

He looked in her blue eyes and saw there the light of heaven.

"God bless you, dear girl," he murmured brokenly. "You would cheer any man through the Valley of the Shadow, were he Christian or Pagan."

Her glance did not droop before his. In such moments, he speaks to heart without concealment.

"We still have a little water," she cried. "Fortunately we are not thirsty. You have not forgotten our supply of champagne and brandy."

There was a species of mad humor in the suggestion. Oh, for another miracle that should change the wine into water!

He could only fall in with her unreflective mood and leave the dreadful truth to its own evil time. In his little nook the power of the sun had not yet made itself felt. By ordinary computation it was about nine o'clock. Long before noon they would be grilling. Throughout the next few days they must suffer the heat of Dives with one measure pint of water to share between them. Of course the wine and spirit must be shunned like a pestilence. To touch either under such conditions would be courting heat, apoplexy and death. And next day!

He tightened his jaws before he answered—

"We will console ourselves with a bottle of champagne for dinner while, while I hear our friends shouting to those left on this side of the island. I must take an active interest in the conversation."

He grasped a rifle and lay down on the ledge, already gratefully warming himself. There was a good deal of sustained shouting going on. Jenks thought he recognized the chief's voice, giving instructions to those who had come from Smuggler's Cove and were now standing on the beach near the quarry.

"I wonder if he is hungry," he thought. "If so, I will interfere with the commissariat."

Iris peeped forth at him.

"Yes," without turning his head. He knew it was an ordinary question. "May I come too?"

"What! expose yourself on the ledge?"

"Yes, even that. I am so tired of sitting here alone."

"Well, there is no danger at present. But they might chance to see you, and you remember what I—"

"Yes, I remember quite well. If that is all—"

There was a rustle of garments. "I am very manly in appearance. If you promise not to look at me I will join you."

"I promise."

(To be Continued.)

## FORMER QUEEN'S LIFE IS SIMPLE

Louise of Saxony in Seaside Cottage With Her Music Teacher Husband.

Rome, Sept. 1.—The Italians are just as convinced that the Countess di Montignoso, one time Louise of Saxony, has no idea of divorcing her husband as the Germans are sure that she is on the point of doing so.

The life the couple are now leading would seem to uphold the Italian idea, if one's eye can be believed. They are at a seaside village of about 1,000 inhabitants, on the Adriatic, ear Rimini, called Viserba. They have a small, white cottage, of six rooms, decidedly middle-class, for which they pay the modest sum of \$100 for the season. Here, with their child and three servants, the ex-queen and the music teacher live apparently for each other.

It is no unusual thing to see the freshly-ironed linen in the sun, the freshly-ironed linen in the sun to dry with her own white hands, or in her arms, or carrying her baby to allow the nurse to have a bath.

Simple meals, served by one maid, always in the open air, are the order of the day; the morning is taken up in the sea, and the subsequent sun bath in the sand, which have turned this unique family into gypsies; the afternoon is devoted to music, reading and saunterings along the country roads.

Signora Toselli is invariably dressed in white, and plain or elaborate as the case may be, her gowns are always daintily fresh, her hair is in a simple knot, and her feet are encased in—sandal!

Yes, in sandals, her bare feet gleaming white in contrast with her sunburned hands and face.

This idyll has only one drawback, the other bathers! They stand and form almost a ring while the bath is going on, and after it, they lie about the sand, so near as to form a bodyguard. All day they spy at the house, until the Toselli couple feel desperate, and threaten to call in the police. Remonstrances have no effect; a queen is made to be looked at, and the beach is free to all!

### BEWARE OF HEALTH SALTS.

Avoid strong cathartics, when you need purgatives—take a tested family medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills—mid, eat in one night, make you feel well next day—that's how Dr. Hamilton's Pills work. 25c per box.

## Advertiser Correspondence

### The Farmers and the Power Line.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

From an account in the Globe I see that the hydro-electric commission landbuyers are having trouble in persuading the farmers along the right of way of the contemplated power lines to allow the transmission towers to be placed upon their land, without any protection to themselves or their property.

Any of these farmers are as competent as I am to deal with the question of the physical obstruction that would be caused to his operations by reason of the presence of these towers, but when I find the engineers of the commission assuring these people that there is absolutely no danger on account of the presence of these towers and wires, and that their agricultural operations can be carried on around, through and in contact with them, although charged with an electric potential of 120,000 volts, I feel impelled to enter my protest against such misrepresentation. I have no hesitation in saying that it is nothing short of criminal to string these wires over houses, gardens and barns and at the same time tell the people living under and around them to believe there is no danger by reason of their presence.

It need be no occasion for surprise that the farmers are becoming alarmed at the so-called "easement" system which brings these dangerous wires along the highways, over their heads, and across their property, with no protection to themselves in case of accident to the wires or their supporting insulators.

When the chair of the Toronto and Niagara Company was granted by the Dominion Government in 1902, it contained a special section compelling the company to fence its transmission line. This obligation was imposed by the Dominion Government to insure the safety and protection of the public, their lives and property, from the risks and dangers necessarily incidental to a 60,000-volt electrical transmission line.

When that company attempted to construct its transmission lines over the rights of way of the Grand Trunk Railway, the Canadian Pacific Railway, the Michigan Central Railway, and all other railways, they were refused permission to do so on account of the danger to the travelling public, and they were obliged to make application to the board of railway commissioners of Canada for permission to string their wires, and public hearings were held in Ottawa, in Toronto, and elsewhere, and electrical experts were called at great length, and these gentlemen stated that if a transmission cable charged with electricity were to fall because of lightning or storm or through inherent defect or faulty construction, upon a passenger or freight train, it would be fatal to the whole train, and the train would be destroyed. Other engineers stated that if one of the cables fell it might derail the train or might tear off the roofs of the cars, thus endangering the passengers.

The railway board, under the chairmanship of the late Chief Justice Kilham and the present Mr. Justice Macbain, have made orders for the safety of the public, requiring in every case special protection to be given wherever the high-voltage transmission lines crossed over the rights of way of railway companies.

The electrical engineers of that company have all of them advised that a 60,000 volt transmission line is a source of serious danger, and should never be placed on unprotected property. With a 120,000 volt line, such as that of the commission, there must be grave danger to dwellings, barns and sheds by fire and by lightning induced from such a high-tension line.

As regards compensation to the farmer apart from the question of danger, the farmers say they have been told that nothing is wanted from them but the right to occupy the rights of way of land, and for this they are being paid a small sum for each square.

When the present lines were built the construction gangs were obliged to go upon the farmers' lands with wagons and horses, and to camp on the ground as they went along with their construction from point to point; they teamed into the farm the heavy material for tower construction, and they erected the towers and rolled great cable drums along over the farms from tower to tower. They then fenced the right of way as required, and now patrol it continually with men on horseback for repair and maintenance. Surely such things must be done in the case of the line of the hydro-electric commission, for which no compensation apparently is offered.

There is no transmission line in the world anywhere built under the same conditions proposed by the hydro-electric power commission.

These matters have been thought of and are feared by the intelligent farmers everywhere, and there are some people who think that it is the duty of the commission to consult about these things with the farmers and to protect them and secure to them their proper rights and immunities, instead of making assurances of perfect safety and security in the teeth of the highest electrical opinions of the age.

The engineers of the commission attempt to justify their methods by the case of the Southern Canal transmission; this line is of low voltage, and runs on a canal bank. It is not eighty-six miles long, as stated, but the canal is less than twelve miles long. It does not run along public highways, through gardens and orchards and past residences and through fields of grain. Surely such a case as this will not be accepted by the general public as a satisfactory precedent for the irresponsible and dangerous transmission system which is at present in contemplation by the commission.

J. J. WRIGHT.

Toronto, Aug. 28.

The list of great buildings in New York now numbers over a hundred of five buildings more than 10 stories high, of which 18 are over 20 stories in height.



## New Fall Dress Goods

Stripes are going to be popular, very popular for fall and winter. This fact is undeniably evidenced in the sales of striped materials which the extensive manufacturers of Dress Goods report.

As fashion has ordained stripes correct, we have bought large assortments of the various popular fabrics in beautiful stripe effects. There are shadings of brown, blue, green, black and other desirable colors in great profusion.

Prices, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25 and \$1.50

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New Skirts for Thursday selling, in brown, navy and black. Styles are the newest; quality the best, and prices the lowest for \$5.00 Skirts.

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## AMERICAN

Prosecution of the Standard Oil Trust case will be resumed next Thursday.

The Springfield grand jury has returned 16 indictments in connection with race riots.

At the age of 76 years, Mrs. Emily Woods, of Los Angeles, has come into a fortune of more than \$250,000.

Charles Adams, aged 32 years, leaped from a car window near Wilmington, Del., and sustained fatal injuries.

The remains of an unknown man who had committed suicide by drinking poison, were found near Kenosha, Wis.

Yeggmen blew open the safe in the postoffice at Fillmore, N. Y., and secured more than \$10,000 worth of valuables.

John Henry Briggs, aged 62 years, a millionaire cattle raiser, shot and killed himself at his home in Atoca, Indiana.

A bumper crop of peaches all through Michigan and Ohio have caused a fall of \$1 a bushel during the last week.

The American Bar Association meeting at Seattle, Wash., has chosen Frederick W. Lehman, of St. Louis, as president.

At Lutia, Mo., as the result of a quarrel, John Fugate, a stock dealer, was shot and killed by F. L. Hampton, a neighbor.

John Brennan, 32 years old, was thrown from his cab by collision with a trolley car, and died from a fractured skull and internal injuries.

At Liberty, N. Y., Augustus H. Aufdeyde, aged 38, was instantly killed by being thrown out of a carriage after the horse had run away a mile.

Nicholas Poulis, 23 years old, thrusting his head from a car window in Chicago, was struck by an oncoming trolley and instantly killed.

At South Bend, Ind., M.C. Smith, vice-president of the Southern Michigan Railway, was overcome by gas.

He is in a serious condition and may not recover.

Chicago federal inspectors have discovered evidences of water and formaldehyde in samples of milk brought to the city by dairymen in Wisconsin and Indiana.

The Chicago Association of Commissioners has taken up the project of digging a canal from Chicago to Toledo, cutting 600 miles from the present lake route.

The Rev. Daniel Sage Mackay, pastor of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in New York City, died yesterday.

He was born in Glasgow, Scotland, in 1863.

Samuel Harrison, for many years fire chief in Evanston, Ill., and now a constable, has, with his sister, become heir to \$100,000 by the death of a relative in England.

At Atlantic City, N. J., the "Royal Arch" Society, an organization including 130 of the 240 licensed liquor dealers, decided to close their places of business on Sunday.

At Mellen, Wis., Frank Cramer shot and killed his wife, and then turned his rifle upon himself, tearing the whole side of his face off, causing his own death three hours later.

While playing around a fire in the backyard of her home in Hopedale, Pa., little Edna Sorenson, aged 9, was pushed into it by a playmate and died from resulting injuries.

A diamond setting in one of his front teeth led to the arrest of Frank Reynolds, a mulatto, wanted by the Springfield police for alleged pillaging and shooting during the riots.

Officials of Springfield will try to make the state pay damages for losses sustained in the recent race riots. It

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It is asserted that all the depredations were committed after the troops had taken charge.

Lewis Bruce, aged 45, was slain by his son, John, aged 21, at their home near Dover, Ky. Bruce was beating his wife when the son, who is suffering from typhoid fever, arose from his bed and shot him.

Plans for the establishment of wireless telephone stations 350 feet high in Chicago and other cities along the great lakes are announced. It is expected to have stations ready for service before winter is over.

As soon as President Roosevelt approves the plans of the new battle-ships of the Dreadnought type, the Florida and the Utah, work on the Florida will be begun at the Brooklyn navy yard. He will be asked for building of the Utah.

**NEGRO EXONERATED**

Not the Man Who Assaulted Her, Says Springfield Woman.

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 1.—Mrs. Earle Hallam today signed a statement that George Richardson is not the negro who assaulted her on the night of Aug. 14. A warrant is said to have been sworn out for the arrest of another negro named Ralph Buxton, who may be implicated in the assault. It was the assault charge against Richardson, followed by his arrest and removal to Bloomington, Ill., that precipitated the rioting here recently.

**FELL FROM WINDOW.**

Toronto, Sept. 1.—Hugh Demercoo, a West Indian, aged 25, fell from a window in the Empire Building shortly before noon today, and was instantly killed. He was employed by Stewart & Mortimer, manufacturers' agents, as a bookkeeper. He was looking out of a window over a lane, and either lost his balance or became faint. A fellow employee, C. J. Pine, saw him fall, and tried to catch his feet, but was too late. Demercoo was instantly killed, and the body badly shattered by the heavy impact after the long fall.

## Diarrhea

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