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THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Wheel of Fortune," "The Captain of the Kansas," etc.

(Continued).

"By gad!" exclaimed Fairholme.

"You can easily assure yourself that I am not exaggerating the facts. Here is the letter. Read it, and remember what I have told you."

Fairholme pursed his lips and bent his brows in deep mental effort. He held the letter in his hand unopened during this unusual and seemingly painful process. Then he gave it back to Evelyn.

"No, Miss Dane," he said emphatically. "I'm far too candid an ass to be laden with state secrets. Now, if you wouldn't mind just pickin' out the bits that refer to Mrs. Laing, an' skippin' all the political part, I'll be able to bounce old Baumgartner for all he's worth."

"But I cannot. It is the political part which proves that my letter was stolen."

"Same thing! Change the names. Turn West Africa into Newmarket, an' call the Emperor Lord Roseberry."

"The Emperor," said Evelyn, surprised at Fairholme's chance shot.

"He's in it, I guess. He has his finger in every pie, an' some of 'em have bin jolly hot. Now, go ahead. If it's at all awkward, leave me to fill in a bit about the Ditch Mile an' the Epsom gradients that will bamboozle Baumgartner."

Evelyn did her best. Fairholme was delighted with Warden's description of the baccarat and roulette incidents, but his face lengthened when he heard Rosamund's allusions to himself. Once, Evelyn forgot his stipulation, and spoke of the "men of Oku."

"Oku," broke in Fairholme, "where is that?"

"It is a savage native state in West Africa. That is the one name you must not remember, Lord Fairholme."

He did not interrupt again till she had finished reading. Then she told him how Peter Evans had brought her the ring and the letter; and, finding him sympathetic, she explained the extraordinary chance that led to Warden's capture by a Mohammedan fanatic at Rabat.

"Funny thing!" he said, when she had made an end. "That chap Figuero joined my steamer at Lisbon."

"He is not here?" cried Evelyn, genuinely startled, for she feared Figuero.

"Yes, he is. I fancy he's on board the Sans Souci. I didn't speak to him; I have a notion that he didn't recognize me under my new name. We also picked up a number of German officers at the same port, but they left us at Funchal, where another ship took them on to the Cameroons. That is German West Africa, isn't it?"

"I believe so. My geographical knowledge of this part of the world is of the vaguest. It dates chiefly from last night."

"When the naval Johnny was showing you the map, I suppose?"

"But how do you know that?" she demanded, and another wave of surprise flooded her face with color.

"Mrs. Laing and I watched you for quite a time—the watchin' was involuntary on my part, but she wouldn't come away from the veranda, an' now I know why. You will observe, Miss Dane, that I have bin the goat all through the proceedin's."

"I can hardly say that."

"No, you wouldn't. But it's true. The only bit of luck I've had is that I am saved the painful necessity of bein' refused as a husband by Mrs. Laing. I came here to ask her to marry me."

"Oh, I am so sorry—" began Evelyn, but Fairholme's cackling laugh checked her.

"Why sorry? You've done me a good turn, twice over, an' if I can do you one, just ask. In the first place, she would probably have said 'No,' and in the second, where should I have been if she said 'Yes.' In the soup, eh, what?"

Lord Fairholme seemed to pride himself on his narrow escape, and gave Evelyn the credit of rescuing him. She protested that if she had known he was really bent on marrying Mrs. Laing she would neither have attacked the latter in his presence nor called on him to bear out her statements. But he refused to admit that she had conferred other than a favor on him, and repeated his desire to serve her if the opportunity offered. It came quickly.

That night, when Evelyn was sound asleep, her room was entered and Warden's letter taken. It lay with the ring and some other trinkets on a dressingtable. The door was locked and bolted, but the window was wide open to admit the sea breeze, and, although the room was on the third floor, and therefore some forty feet or more above the ground level, it was impossible that the thief could have entered it except through the window. That the letter alone was the objective was shown by the fact that the exceedingly valuable ring was left untouched. There was almost a hint of malicious humor in the discrimination exercised. An ordinary criminal, though bribed to procure a document of great importance to some other person, would certainly have made away with any jewelry that was lying handy. In this instance, there seemed to be an unspoken warning to the girl that she was powerless in the toils that surrounded her.

At first, she suspected Rosamund of complicity in this new theft, but when she asked herself who had most to gain from the perusal of the letter, suspicion pointed, not to Rosamund, who could guess its contents with fair accuracy, but to Baumgartner and his associates, who were evidently more afraid of one man than of the armed might of Britain.

In the height of her distress her employer came to her.

"We have decided to return by the Portuguese mail from Madeira," he said, "and in order to catch the next steamer we shall sail in the Sans Souci tonight. Would it be convenient for you to go aboard the yacht this afternoon?"

"But what action am I to take with regard to my stolen letter? she demanded.

"You heard what I said to Mrs. Laing. That letter is my evidence against her.

"It may have blown out of your window. There is generally a strong breeze just before dawn. At any rate, it is better lost. Such disputes are useless."

"But it was of the utmost importance in other ways."

"Young ladies' love-letters always are," he gurgled with forced laughter. "Still, if it really has gone, you can hardly propose to remain in Las Palmas on the off chance that it may be recovered."

She felt that she was trapped, but for what purpose it was hard to imagine. Lord Fairholme had told her already that Baumgartner was very much annoyed with him for failing to remember what Warden had written, and it was now beyond doubt that the Sans Souci's voyage to Funchal was a blind for some ulterior object.

In her dilemma, she thought of Mortimer. When Baumgartner went away, she hurried out of the hotel and drove straight to the harbor. A boat brought her to the Valiant; the commander himself met her at the gangway, and escorted her to his cabin.

"Sorry I couldn't call last evening,, Miss Dane," he said, "but I was detained on board unexpectedly. Things are happening, I hear."

"Yes. Figuero is here, and we leave on the yacht for Funchal tonight."

He smiled.

"Is that the dodge?" he exclaimed. "Of course, I was posted in the movements of the Portuguese and his friends, but the trip to Madeira is clever. What has caused the change of programme?"

She told him, and he banged a clenched fist emphatically on a table which a steward had just arranged for tea.

"For once, I can find it in my heart to wish you were a man," he cried. "A steamer starts for Lagos within two hours, and it would be a fine thing if the Nigeria administration heard your story from your own lips. Of course, I can write, but it is difficult to put on paper one's guesses and surmises at the trickery that is going on."

The words were scarcely uttered ere a wild notion leaped into Evelyn's brain. Why should she not go to Lagos? She might be able to clear away some of the doubts and misgivings that must have gathered around Warden's name. Above all else, if there was news of him, it would surely reach the officials there long before it became known in England.

"If I were a man," she said tremulously, "would you pay my passage on that ship?"

"Of course. You would be traveling on government service."

"Then I shall go. Please arrange matters for me, and send some one to take me on board."

"Do you mean it?" he cried.

"Yes."

"By Jove, Miss Dane, you astonish me more each time I see you. But how about the Baumgartners?"

"I shall simply write a note resigning my situation. It is a mere question of doing that today or three weeks hence. But I shall not tell them why I am leaving their service so suddenly."

"Baumgartner will find out. Unless I am much mistaken it will worry him. Now, you are sure you intend to take this trip?"

"Quite certain."

"Very well. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling for you at three o'clock."

Evelyn packed her boxes as speedily as possible. Counting her money, she found she had only twenty-five pounds. But there was that new treasure, the ring. How better could she use it than in furthering the interests of the man she loved? She wondered if Lord Fairholme would lend her fifty pounds on its security? A note brought him to her room, and she explained briefly that she meant to visit Lagos, and might need more funds than she had at her command.

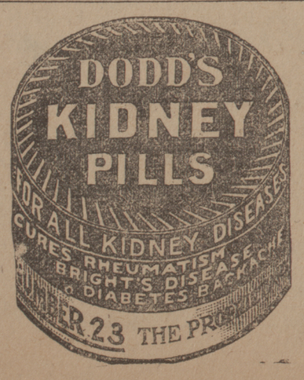
"Well, that beats the band," he said. "Mrs. Laing is going there too."

"Not on today's steamer?" she protested, for it seemed that an unkind fate was conspiring against her.

"Sure thing! Heard her tellin' Beryl an hour ago."

Though Evelyn wished heartily that her rival had chosen any other route of the many which lead from Pas Palmas, her resolution remained unaltered. But there was another thrill in store for her.

(To be Continued)



DO NOT BE HUMBUGGED.

MORE THAN EVER

Dishonorable and disreputable pharmaceutical concerns are flooding the market with cheap and worthless preparations designed to be imitations of "DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY."

Some of these are even labelled "Extract of Wild Strawberry," "Wild Strawberry Compound," etc., in the hope that the public may be deceived and led to purchase them, thinking they are getting the genuine "DR. FOWLER'S."

Are you willing to risk your health—perhaps your life, to these no name, no reputation, likely dangerous, so-called Strawberry Extracts?

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Do not let the dishonest or unscrupulous dealer humbug you into accepting one of these cheap substitutes, to the detriment of your health and gain to his pocket.

Ask for "DR. FOWLER'S" and insist on getting what you ask for. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. Price 35 cents.

OBITUARY

Miss Elizabeth Estey

Miss Elizabeth Estey, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Zebulon Estey, and a sister of Miss Alice S. Estey, James A. and Fred Estey and Mrs. W. J. Parks, of this city, died suddenly Friday afternoon at Clifton. Miss Estey had gone there in company with her sister, Miss Alice, on Thursday for the purpose of spending a short vacation. Immediately after her arrival she was taken seriously ill and her brother, James A., went out Friday noon and was only in time to be present at her death bed. Miss Estey was a well known school teacher in the city some years ago and her many former pupils as well as other friends will be sorry to hear of her death. The body was brought to the city on Saturday and the funeral will take place Monday afternoon from her late residence, 15 Peters street.

Rev. L. B. Bates

Boston, Aug. 28.—Rev. Mr. Lewis B. Bates, father of former governor John L. Bates and one of the most widely known Methodist clergymen in the east, died suddenly at his home on Saratoga street, East Boston, this afternoon. Dr. Bates was stricken with heart disease while sitting in a chair. He had been in his usual good health previous to the sudden attack. He was eighty years of age.

Willard Price

Salisbury, N. B., Aug. 28—The death occurred at his home at Cherryvale, near Salisbury, today, of Willard Price, aged about 56 years. He had been in failing health for nearly a year. He was unmarried. Several brothers and a sister survive. The late Mr. Price was a prominent farmer and a man highly respected. He was a distant relative of the late President A. Lincoln, of the United States.

Abner Gilman

St. Stephen, N. B., Aug. 29.—Abner Gilman, of Bartlett's Mills, Bayside, who was suffering from hernia, was brought into Chipman hospital on Thursday last and operated upon. The operation did not bring relief for he passed away about 2 o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. Gilman was a builder and contractor. He was sixty-eight years of age and leaves a widow and two sons, Charles, who lives at Oak Bay, and Frank at Bayside, and three daughters, Mrs. Thomas Toal, of this town; Mrs. Joseph Richardson, of Oak Bay, and Mary Helen, at home.

The funeral will take place from his late residence on Tuesday afternoon. The services will be conducted by Rev. Mr. Millidge, of St. John, formerly of Oak Bay. Interment will be in St. Stephen cemetery.

J. K. Thorne

The death took place Saturday morning in the hospital of J. K. Thorne, of Lancaster street, Carleton, after an operation. His death was unexpected. Mr. Thorne was a native of Granville (N. S.), and came to this city about eleven years ago. A brother, from Nova Scotia, will convey the remains to Granville for interment. A wife and child of three years are left to mourn.

Andrew B. Coates

The death occurred suddenly at Plainfield (N. J.) on Aug. 17 of Andrew Beverly Coates, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Ora Beverly Coates. The little fellow was a very bright child of two years and eleven months. The remains arrived in Sussex Friday noon and were taken to Geo. W. Manning's residence, Smith's Creek. The funeral service was held Saturday, conducted by Rev. B. H. Nobles. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were former residents of Newtown, Mrs. Coates being Miss Emily Pearce, of that place. The parents have the sympathy of a large number of friends in their sorrow.

Robert R. Robertson

News of the death of Robert R. Robertson, son of John D. Robertson, of this city, which occurred suddenly at Bryn Mawr (Penn.), will be learned with deep regret by his many friends here. The deceased was 58 years of age and was well known in this city. He left St. John a number of years ago, going to Pennsylvania. He was a builder and contractor and had been connected with the erection of many prominent buildings in that state. While working on an unfinished building at Beechwood (Penn.), on the 15th inst., he fell off a scaffold, fracturing his left leg and head. He was removed to the Bryn Mawr Hospital and died there on the 26th inst. Besides his father he is survived by a wife and five children, one brother, Andrew D. Robertson, of Pennsylvania, and four sisters, Mrs. Jas. W. Robertson, also of Pennsylvania; Mrs. William Kerr and Mrs. W. H. Hayes, of Summerland (B. C.), and Miss Florence M. Robertson, of this city.

Miss Antique—Mr. Jones and I are to be married.

Miss Caustique—Gracious! What freak election bets men do make.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



LATE SUMMER CLOTH WRAP.

This exquisite evening wrap was imported recently from a Paris maker who has won world-wide fame for his originality and refined style in outer garments. Chiffon broadcloth of a delicate shade is the material employed in this instance for the garment proper; while folds of soft satin of the same shade laid one over the other form a vest-like trimming at each side of the front. Gold soutache embroidery edging the vest is an effective finish. Silk cords and tassels of the same shade as the broadcloth adorn the sleeve and fasten the garment in front.

CURTIS WINS GORDON BENNET CUP AT RHEIMS

Betheny Aviation Field, Rheims, Aug. 28—The international cup of aviation, known also as the Gordon Bennett trophy, was won today by Glenn H. Curtiss, the American aviator, in the fastest aerial journey for twenty kilometres (12.42 miles) ever accomplished by man. His time, 15 minutes 50 3-5 seconds, was



GLENN H. CURTISS

only 5 3-5 seconds faster than that made by Bleriot over the same course. The other two pilots who represented France, Latham and Lefebvre, finished respectively in 17 minutes 32 seconds, and 20 minutes 47 3-5 seconds. Cockburn, an Englishman, ran into a haystack as he was manoeuvring for the start and did not cross the line. Several other machines, which were expected to start, were not ready within the time limit.

Berlin, Aug. 29—The airship Zeppelin III, with Count Zeppelin at the helm, arrived safely at Berlin shortly after noon today. The voyage from Freidrichshafen where the start was made at 4.30 o'clock Friday morning, was marked by an accident to the airship, which caused a considerable delay at Bittersfield. At this point, Count Zeppelin met the craft and was greeted by the crown prince, representing the emperor. The emperor himself witnessed the arrival of the airship here today at Templehof field.

Count Zeppelin and Orville Wright met at Berlin this afternoon for the first time. They were introduced to one another by Emperor William.

Betheny Aviation Field, Rheims, Aug. 29—A twilight vision of Paulhau's graceful monoplane, like a great white bird, soaring above the plain so high that it seemed to rise aboe the yellow harvest moon just rising above the distant hills, and the fleeting "Golden Flyer," as the Curtiss machine has been dubbed, smashing another world's record in the Prix de la Vilesse, were the closing glories of aviation week. The Prix de la Vilesse of 20,000 francs ($4,000), divided into four prizes, was distributed to the four machines making three rounds of the course, 30 kilometres, at the greatest speed, the first prize being won by Curtiss quite handily, notwithstanding his penalization.

Curtiss missed winning the lap speed contest from Bleriot by only a small margin. He captured second place in that event, which was over the full circuit of ten kilometres, or 6.21 miles, raising his total money winnings for the meeting to 38,000 francs, besides the international cup, which goes to the Aero Club of America, inscribed with his name.

As in yesterday's cup contest, an accident—the only serious one of the meeting—removed Bleriot, the American's most dangerous competitor, from today's three-lap speed contest.

Bleriot's escape from death was a narrow one. He had passed the first turn in the Prix de la Vilesse when the rudder suddenly failed to respond. The machine turned completely over three times, landing with such force that the petrol tank burst, and, catching fire from the hot motor, enveloped the machine and pilot in flames. Before Bleriot could extricate himself, he was burned about the face and hands, but fortunately not seriously.

With Bleriot out of the contest Latham remained Curtiss' only serious rival. The race was intensely exciting. Latham with "No. 13" started only four minutes ahead of the American, who gave chase. Curtiss overhauled him in every kilometre, finishing less than 400 metres behind the Frenchman. The time by laps was.

Latham—8.47 3-5, 17.38 4-5, 26.32 2-5.

Curtiss—7.59 4-5, 16.00 2-5, 24.15 1-5.

Prix de la Vilesse: First, Curtiss, penalization 1-10; 23 minutes 49 2-5 seconds; second, Latham (No. 29), penalization 1-20; 26.33 1-5; third, Tissandier, no penalization, 28.49 1-5; fourth, Lefebvre, without penalization, 29.00; de Lambert, 29.02; Latham (No. 13), 1-20, 29.11 2-5; Paulham, 32.49 4-5; Buneau-Varilla, 1.20, 42.25 4-5; Sommer, 1.19.33.

The Prix de l'Altitude, 10,000 francs, to be awarded to the aeroplanist attaining the highest altitude, was won by Latham, who reached a height of 155 metres (about 490 feet). Farman was second with 110 metres; Paulham third, 90 metres, and Rougier fourth, 55 metres.

The passenger-carrying contest was won by Farman. With two passengers he made the circuit of the course in 10 minutes 39 seconds and with one passenger 9 minutes 52 4-5 seconds. Lefebvre with one passenger completed the lap in 11 minutes 20 4-5 seconds.

The lap speed contest went to Bleriot, who covered the ten kilometres in 7 minutes 47 4-5 seconds. Curtiss was second with 7 minutes 48 2-5 seconds.

Bunau-Varilla, with 100 kilometres, won the Prix des Mechaniciens. Rougier was second with 90 kilometres.

The dirigible balloon Colonel Renard captured the Prix de Aeronauts, a prize of 10,000 francs for the best time in five circuits of the course, 50 kilometres. The time was 1 hour 14 minutes 49 seconds. The Zodiac covered the 50 kilometres in 1 hour 25 minutes 1 second.

The altitude and weight-carrying contests were the other most interesting events of the day. Farman, mounting in great circles, rose until he was three times as high as the flag above the tribunes. He moved back and forth over the heads of the spectators amid the greatest enthusiasm.

Latham's feat was more spectacular and set the people wild. Rising first to a height of 200 feet, he made an almost complete tour of the plain. Then, mounting until he reached a height of almost 500 feet, he flew high over the captive balloon, executing graceful circles.

PERMANENT MUSCULAR STRENGTH cannot exist where there is not blood strength. Young men giving attention to muscular development should bear this in mind. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives blood strength and builds up the whole system.

HAVE LOOK OUTS IN THE FORESTS

(Bangor Commercial.)

After long and constant effort at the education of the public on this important matter, mainly through the influence of the press, which has never lost an opportunity to enforce the subject upon the public mind, state authorities and private owners of large tracts of forest and timber land are coming to realize the necessity of preventing forest fires and of the application of means for their suppression and control when once they have started.

Within a few days the Commercial has given an account of the system of fire control and forest lookouts in the Adirondacks. Eight stations have been established on the tops of as many mountains in the Adirondacks at which watchmen have been stationed to give warning of fires starting in the forests. By means of telephonic connection, several conflagrations have been promptly reported since this system was installed, and suppressed with trifling damage.

New York proposes to extend this sentry service, and other states with considerable wooded areas may profitably follow her ample. Valuable at any time, a forest patrol is particularly useful in the late summer and fall. Underbrush is dry and the great army of campers and gunners spread through the forests, leaving tokens of carelessness in burned over areas are responsible for the destruction of many square miles.

It has long been known to be true that most forest fires may be quickly extinguished, if promtly attacked. It is when they get beyond control that the greatest danger and loss occurs For speed and range of observation, the New York plan is the best in sight. If heliograph experiments now under way succeed, something better will be offered.

Do Corns Lead to Cancer?

As yet this has not been proved, but interested parties will find nothing better for corns than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts painlessly—cure in 24 hours—use only Putnam's.

SINGULAR.

"Miss Queer is one of the most singular women I have ever met."

"I never noticed that she was eccentric."

"When I told her I was going to Europe she didn't ask me to smuggle in any gloves or jewelry for her on my return."

The EVENING TIMES

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ST. JOHN MAN HOME FROM PRINCE RUPERT; HIS STORY

Straight from the interior of northern British Columbia where he was working almost on the edge of the Arctic circle, W. D. Holt, son of F. W. Holt, C. E., came to St. John and is now spending a well earned vacation as the guest of his father.

Mr. Holt is one of the men with tripod and chain who form the advance guard of the army of workmen building a new line of communication from the Atlantic to the northern Pacific in the form of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway. During the three years he has been in British Columbia he has been engaged first on location surveys and later on construction work.

The scope of his duties and nature of his associates gave him an opportunity to study the country at first hand and he can talk interestingly of his three years adventures and of the impressions he has gleaned.

A considerable portion of his early western experience was in Prince Rupert—the western terminal of the G. T. P.—and, judging from his talk with a Telegraph reporter last night, he regards it as a city of great possibilities. In fact he considers the whole country which the G. T. P. will open up as a very rich one, especially in the nature and variety of its mineral resources and timber resources. Copper, galena and other minerals of commercial value are to be found in abundance and as soon as the transportation facilities are improved there will be great development along these lines. The country is also well and in many sections very heavily timbered. Along the Skeena river are vast timber areas as yet unvisited by the devastating axe. Many of the best sections have already been pre-empted or taken up by American timber cruisers and in the natural course of events there will in time be another large source of supply for Pacific timber markets.

The development which will come to the Skeena river country has, Mr. Holt says, already set in at Prince Rupert and what was three years ago little more than a barren tract, but with admirable situation and water frontage, is now a boom town, while a modern city is in course of rapid construction. The usual "boom" prices for rent, commodities, etc., have not struck Prince Rupert to the same extent as it did Dawson, Circle City, Nome and other Klondike towns during the rush to the gold fields. Still it must be understood that the future Pacific metropolis is no cheap fry in the matter of cost of living. As an instance Mr. Holt mentions that a friend of his pays $25 a month for the rent of a shack 16x18 feet in size. And the landlord has no qualms of conscience when he collects the rent for other prices are on a par.

Eastern business firms are already doing quite a business in the new country and Mr. Holt tells of entering a general store in Hazelton (B. C.), 185 miles from the coast, and buying a small paint brush made by a St. John brush factory. Condensed milk put up by a Nova Scotia factory also seems to have the call in the boarding houses and camps in northern British Columbia and "please pass the cream" is often popularly corrupted into "Pass the Antigonish."

Mr. Holt admits that in his journeyings, unlike the author of The Sourdough" he found no portions of the "Yukon wild, where its 85 below and the frost worms wriggle their purple heads through the crust of the pale blue snow." He never saw a frost worm and all the snow he found looked very much like the common or garden variety. In fact he brings east with him the opinion that the climate along the Skeena is about as good as can be desired. The winters while cold are steady and the dryness of the atmosphere makes the cold less noticeable.

He was somewhat surprised to read in eastern papers lurid accounts of the uprising among the Siwash Indians on the Skeena. The Indians object to the coming of the white settlers but their uprising is, by men on the ground, regarded as a good deal of a joke and the popular feeling is that 25 or 30 northwest mounted policeman can speedily settle the whole business.

Mr. Holt came from Prince Rupert to Seattle, where he visited the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exhibition, of which he has interesting souvenirs. He will probably return to the west via Kansas City and Denver (Col.)

E. D. C. GARDEN PARTY

The committees on the Every Day Club garden party of tomorrow afternoon and evening will meet at the grounds this evening. At a meeting in the hall on Saturday evening everything was reported to be well in hand, and with band, orchestra, tent performance, clowns, games, refreshments and other attractions the affair will be very enjoyable.

Should the evening be fine, the moonlight, with the artificial illuminations, will make the grounds very attractive. The club's hall will be open tomorrow morning from 10 till 12 o'clock to receive cake or other donations sent in by friends.

THE LATE H. C. TILLEY

Archdeacon Raymond, of St. Mary's church, preached last evening at the Seamen's Institute and in his sermon spoke of the death of the late Herbert C. Tilley, who was president of the Institute at the time of his death. The text was "For so he giveth his beloved sleep," Psalm 127. He said that he had known Mr. Tilley from boyhood to manhood. Mr. Tilley was always of a cheery disposition, having no enemies. He had every opportunity to live a gay social life, being the son of the late lieutenant-governor, but he preferred rather to give his time to deeds of love, hence his work in the Y. M. C. A. and especially his great work in the Seamen's Mission Society. Mr. Tilley loved the sailor. Rev. Mr. Raymond also spoke of Mr. Tilley's great liberality to all worthy institutions and his quiet giving to many a needy one.

OH! THESE STINGY MEN.

Mrs. Holdtite—John, I want 50 cents this morning.

Mr. Holdtite—Gee whiz! Do you think I'm a gold mine? When you want such big amounts in the future you must let me know two days in advance.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



BACK TO BUSINESS

The hours of vacation are waning,
And the townsman will soon come back
With a courage that scornes complaining
O'er the things he henceforth must lack.
He must struggle to meet new conditions
As gracefully as he can.
Talking politics with politicians
Instead of the hired man.
Find another business man.
He must drink from a cool soda fountain
Instead of a lukewarm spring
No more can he climb up the mountain.
A swift elevator's the thing
That takes him aloft every morning.
And he's kept busy dodging just now
The trolley car, loud in its warning
Instead of the silent cow.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

1—Rocking chair. 2—Folding bed. 3—Gasoline stove. 4—Hanging lamp.