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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)

'Of course you want to talk about Lochmerig," he said quietly. "Now, Mrs. Laing, it will be wiser to speak in plain language, Evelyn Dale is my promised wife. If possible, I would marry her tomorrow. That is no figure of speech. If she were here now, and the law permitted, I would marry her within the hour. You know me well enough to believe that once my mind is made up I do not change Well, then, why are you endeavoring to create discord between me and the woman I love?"

Rosamund flushed. She had expected him to say something of the kind, but it was none the less disagreeable in the hearing. The fury that convulsed her found a ready outlet in the tears that stood in her beautiful eyes.

"It is very unkind of you to blame me," she half sobbed. "How could I make up all these wicked inventions? I had never even heard the girl's name before I went to Lochmerig. It was her own foolish tongue that revealed things—about you—and the men of Oku—and—and—what you saw that night at Cowes. She is either very wicked or very thoughtless, Arthur. If you are engaged in some secret business for the Government, and she really were true to you, would she never have spoken of it to Billy—to Lord Fairholme?"

Warden was beaten. He poured out a glass of wine and drank it. He felt that if he spoke at once his voice might betray the agony if his soul. Ah, if only he might see Evelyn for five precious minutes! Better go to Africa with his dear idol shattered than carry with him the lingering torture of doubt.

"I think you were right when you switched our talk off to Ostend," he muttered at last. "May I give you a word of advice? Forget what you have just said. It is a dangerous problem—one not to be settled by women's tongues."

So they left it at that, and when they parted, not without a tacit understanding that they would meet again at the earliest opportunity—for Warden was obliged to be ambiguous in that respect—Rosamund was sure that she had gained some ground in a pitiless struggle. Warden was desperately unhappy. That was her second success. She had won the first move when the Sans Souci carried Evelyn off the field.

Early next morning Warden went to a shipping office, and the people there advised him to send a reply-paid telegram to the coast-guard station nearest Lochmerig. He soon received an answer. "The Sans Souci sailed Wednesday, 3 P. M.. Destination believed Shetlands, but headed southeast by east."

He passed many hours in writing a full statement of everything that had taken place—including copies of Rosamund's letter and telegram, and a literal record of his conversation in the hotel—and enclosed the ring and manuscript in a stout linen envelope. When Peter Evans came to him in the evening, he gave him a package and fifty pounds, with explicit details as to its safeguarding and the reasons which governed his present decision.

"You are to find Miss Dane, no matter what the cost," he said. "You may hear of her at her home in Oxfordshire, or at his address, where you have my permission to open any letters that arrive during my absence. If you run short of money, or are compelled to take an expensive journey, apply to my bankers. I shall leave full instructions that your requirements are to be met when you explain them. The one thing I want you to do is to deliver this letter into Miss Dane's own hands."

Peter, somewhat awestricken by Warden's gravity, yet proud of the trust placed in him, promised obedience.

"Never fear, sir,' he said. "If the Sans Souci is afloat on the seven seas I'll get her bearin's one way or another. Sink me! if I don't find that gal afore a month I'll unship my prop, sell the Nancy, an' go to the workus."

In disposing of his belongings, Warden packed the gourd and the parchment among some heavy clothing which was useless in Africa. He told the hall porter exactly which portmanteaus he meant to take with him, but on arriving at Paddington Station at 4.30 A. M. on a cold morning, he found the bag containing the gourd and parchment piled with the rest of his goods on the platform.

He eyed it resentfully, but yielded.

"So you mean to stick to me!" he growled. "You mesmerized that sleepy rascal into carrying you downstairs and depositing you on the roof of my cab. Very well. Let us see the adventure through in company."

He was chatting with the skipper of the Water Witch one day while the ship's position was being pricked off on the chart.

"You are keeping close in to the Spanish coast, Captain," said the passenger.

"Not particularly, Mr. Williams," was the reply.

"But I have always been under the impression that vessels bound for the West Coast headed for the Canaries?"

"So they do, if they're logged for a straight run. It happens this time, however, that my ole tub has to call in at Rabat and Mogador."

"At Rabat!" repeated Mr. Williams, seemingly staggered at the mere mention of the place.

"Yes, funny little hole. Ever bin there" "No."

"Well, p'raps you'll go ashore. If you do you'll see the queerest collection of humans you've ever set eyes on."

Mr. Williams turned and gazed at the horizon.

"I think I'm bewitched," he muttered.

"Wot's that?"

"Odd thing. I've been dreaming of Rabat!"

The captain grinned.

"When you've seen it you'll fancy it's a nightmare," he said.

CHAPTER X.

Hassan's Tower—And The Colonial Office.

Warden did not find Rabat so intolerable as the captain of the Water Witch led him to believe. Its streets were more regular and cleaner, or less dirty than those of the average Moorish town. Its people seemed to be devoted to commerce—probably because they are not pure-blooded Moors, but of Jewish descent. That, at least, is the argument advanced by a man from Fez or Tafilat when he wants a heavier dowry with a Rabati bride.

From the roadstead, once the troublesome bar was crossed, the town looked attractive. Its white houses were enshrined in pretty gardens. Orchards, vineyards, and olive-groves brightened the landscape To the north, on the opposite bank of a swift river, cultivated slopes stretched green and gold to the far-off Zemmur mountains. A picturesque citadel, built by a renegade Englishman in the bad old days, commanded the harbor, and a spacious landing place showed that the Rabatis opposed no difficulties to the export of their Morocco leather, carpets, Moorish slippers and pottery.

The Water Witch entered the river soon after dawn, and Warden was assured that she would not be able to clear her shipments until next afternoon at the earliest. He went ashore and was agreeably surprised at finding quite a large number of British and other European merchants' offices near the quay, while the shields of several Vice-Consuls and Consular Agents bespoke some semblance of law and order.

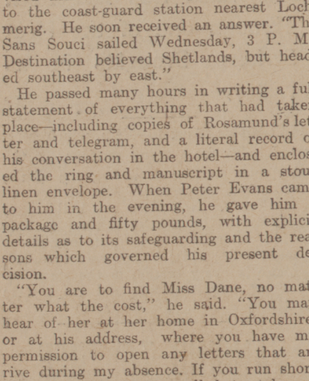
In a word, Rabat looked settled and prosperous. It was utterly out of keeping with the picture conjured up by the tattoo marks made by Domenico Garcia on the skin of Tommaso Rodriguez. Still the Hassan Tower was no myth. It was pointed out to him by an Englishman who had walked to the wharf to watch the landing of the ship's boat.

Pausing only to buy a strong chisel in a native shop, Warden strolled at once in the direction of the tomb. He would neither delay his search for the rubyq, nor give much time to it. If he failed to identify the exact spot described in the parchment, or was unable to discover anything after a speedy examination, assuredly he would not spend several hours in tearing ancient masonry to pieces. Since leaving England Warden had become a different man. Always a good-humored cynic, he was now periously near the less tolerable condition of cynicism without good humor. Intellect began to govern impulse. Though his brain was wearied with endeavor to find a reasonable explanation of events, he was almost convinced that Evelyn must at least have committed the indiscretion of gossiping about her adventures in the Isle of Wight. If only she had written! His heart kept harping on that! Why had she flown away with her employers without ever a sign that her thoughts were with the man she loved?

He wondered if Peter Evans had found her. If so, there would be news at Cape Coast Castle, for he had given his bankers explicit directions, and a member of the firm was a personal friend who would attend to cablegrams and letters.

The Hassan Tower stood on a height not far beyond the outermost city wall, Rabat being dignified with two lines of fortifications, built by Christian slaves centuries ago. Indeed, when Warden climbed the hill of which it formed the pinnacle, he realized taht it was a land mark shown on the chart he had examined the previous evening. Square and strong, built to defy destruction, and rearing its one hundred and fifty feet of exquisitely fretted stonework from a tangled undergrowth of stunted vegetation, it seemed, in some proud and curiously subtle way, to promise the fulfilment of Domenico Garcia's bequest.

(To Be Continued)



FAST TIME FOR CANADIAN MAILS

(Montreal Herald, Friday)

The English mails, which left Liverpool at six o'clock on Friday last, were delivered at the general postoffice at 9.30 last night, and reached addressees the first thing this morning. The mails were carried by the Allan line's fast turbiner, the Victorian. This performance following the rapid voyage of the C. P. R. Empress of Britain, which brought the mails from Liverpool, so that the addressees at Montreal received their letters in a little over six days' time, is especially pleasing to those who consider that all Canadian mails should come by the Canadian route. On this occosion the mail brought by the Victorian will be delivered in Montreal at least two days ahead of that which is coming via New York, although the steamer bearing the mails was only a few hours later in leaving Liverpool.

The C. P. R. Empresses and the Allan line turbiners, which hold the joint mail contract, are doing much to demonstrate that Canadian mail, from the Continent and the British Isles can now arrive at its destination more quickly by the St. Lawrence route, than by coming via New York.

The improved equipment for handling the mails at Rimouski, and the advance in methods of handling mails in the Canadian postal service are also doing much to bring about a greatly improved condition of things, which enable a resident of Montreal to receive mail from England in well under seven days after it has been posted.

BEDDEFORD FIRE BREAKS OUT AGAIN

Biddeford, Me., Aug. 15—Late yesterday afternoon the fire in the Pool road district broke out again and swept in the direction of the Guinea schoolhouse. A large additional amount of timberland will be burned over before the fire is under control.

The fire tonight was at a considerable distance from the pool road and was nearing the Fortune Rocks road and the Guinea road.

It is estimated that in all about 1,000 acres of wodland has been burned over in the Pool road and Newton districts since last Wednesday. Some of the land was covered by valuable pine growth, and other sections were practically worthless.

Chatham, Mass., Aug. 15—A timely wind from the northest to east is believed to be all that saved the village of South Chatham from the destruction by a forest fire tonight.

OBITUARY

Miss Nellie Maxwell.

The death of Miss Nellie A. Maxwell occurred on Sunday at her home at Lancaster Heights, St. John. Miss Maxwell had been employed for the past two years in the N. B. Telephone office at St. John west and was one of the most popular operators at that exchange. She is survived by her mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. George Maxwell, three brothers and three sisters—Mrs. Moses E. McNulty, of St. John West; Mrs. Walter S. Daly, of Boston (Mass.); Mrs. Frederick McIntyre, of Lancaster Heights; Samuel Maxwell, employed by the St. John Railway Co.; Andrew Maxwell, St. John west, and George Maxwell. Her sister in Boston has been communicated with but it is not known whether she will be able to attend the funeral or not. The funeral will take place Wednesday afternoon from her father's residence at Lancaster Heights. The service will be at St. George's church, St. John west.

Samuel Weir.

News of the death of Samuel Weir, of Chesley street, which took place Saturday evening, will be learned with deep regret by his many friends. He leaves a wife and one daughter, the widow of the late Capt. Thomas Bell. The late Mr. Weir took sick about two weeks ago but had been in poor health for some time. He was engaged in the grocery business for a long while and was very well known in this city.

The funeral will take place at 2.30 o'clock this afternoon, interment being made in Cedar Hill cemetery.

M. S. Sutton

Andover, N. B., Aug. 15.—(Special)—The somewhat sudden death of M. S. Sutton occurred at his home this morning at 9 o'clock. Mr. Sutton had been ill only a few weeks, suffering from a complication of diseases which baffled the skill of the best physicians.

Deceased carried on a large hardware business and was one of the leading traders in this county. He was thirty-six years of age and leaves a wife and two young children, who have the sympathy of the community. He will be buried with masonic honors at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon in the Baptist burying ground.

Samuel Hymon.

Saturday morning the death took place of Samuel Haymon, of Halifax, who has been residing with F. C. Dunham of 238 Guilford street. Deceased, who is a railroad brakeman, had been ailing for the last four months with bronchitis.

SKULL IS FRACTURED

Bangor, Me., Aug. 16—An unknown man is lying at the point of death in the Eastern Maine general hospital as the result of an accident in Hampden. The skull is badly fractured. He was found shortly before one o'clock by the crew of an electric car lying in the middle of the road near Hampden upper corner.

Robbers set fire to Auxrasse, Mo., and the dynamiting of numerous buildings was the only thing that saved the town.



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



THE OUTING GIRL. HER HAT AND SWEATER.

Away to the links says the athletic girl! Her white sweater is now seen with turn-back cuffs of vivid green and green tops on the roomy pockets. The skirt to go with this is made of white and green striped wool. Her hat is a small, up-turned chic, with sash of white and green silk. Stockings are also of green, and, of course, her flat-heeled shoes are white.

REIGN OF TERROR IN MONTREAL

Hold-ups in Streets—Dozen Toughs Hold up Three Citizens.

Montreal, Aug. 16—Montreal is passing through a time of trouble. The vicinity of Cathedral and Lagauchetiere street is at present terrorized nightly by a lawless gang of men about twenty-five years old.

Three men were going to their boarding house at 443 Lagauchetiere street, when a hang-dog looking fellow slouched up and asked for a match. It was given and going a little down the street he whistled, the signal being followed by a rush of twelve thugs upon the three men. The pedestrians received a severe beating, but before the gang could take their valuables their cries summoned several residents of the neighborhood who ran up, causing the gang to desist. The latter ran away, throwing stones as they went, striking a number of persons.

A few nights ago a girl was robbed of her purse in Lagauchetiere street by the same gang, but they did not offer any other violence, as there were a number of other persons in the street at the time.

A restaurant in Cathedral street was burned, the flames having been started by some incendiary. The landlord had seen several toughs hanging round before it occurred, and he thinks that they set it on fire.

The conditions are serious, as the residents in the vicinity are afraid to go out at nights. A number of other complaints of petty thefts, broken windows, insults, and threats by the same crowd have been reported to the police.

WESTFIELD WATER PARADE SATURDAY

Owing to the fog which came in shortly before 8 o'clock on Saturday night and the high wind which sprang up about the same time, the illuminated parade at Westfield was not all that had been anticipated by its promoters. Several accidents to boats were narrowly averted. Gaily decorated yachts which had been drawn up all ready to start in the parade had their decorations swept away. The boats belonging to Messrs. Fisher and Allan suffered severely Mr. Allan's boat having all her bunting blown away while Mr. Fisher's boat was blown against the Nerepis bridge and somewhat damaged. During the evening, however, the wind died down and about 9 o'clock five boats started in the parade. It had been planned to have at least twenty. The Chinook, Wabena and boats belonging to Messrs. Robb, Allan and Macauley started out in tow of the tug Daniels and made a very good appearance. The judges were Mr. and Mrs. James Arthurs, of Chicago, and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Robertson, and prizes were awarded as follows: Chinook, first; Wabena, second; Robb's salmon boat, third.

The following yachts quite gaily decorated sailed around off Westfield: Louvima, Savitor, Kathleen, Zuleika, Rider motor boat and the Barton motor boat Keeonika.

Bonfires had been lighted all along the shore from Ononette to Woodman's Point and the decorations of the summer cottages along the shores on both sides of the river were very beautiful. It was a blaze of red lights, chinese lanterns and illuminated streamers. Among those of special notice were William McAvity's house which was trimmed with scores of little candles and lanterns, while on the top of his flag pole Mr. McAvity had a large lantern which could be seen a long distance. Percy Humphrey's cottage was a blaze of lights, while from a high mast in front were many strings of chinese lanterns. E. F. Graney's cottage at Westfield was decorated with candles. Colored lights had been placed all over F. S. McAvity's cottage. At Woodman's Point Charles McDonald's cottage presented a splendid appearance and the decorations on Arthur McDonald's cottage were considered amongst the finest on the river. He had several large locomotive head lights in front of the house and a number of torches stuck in the sand. Mayor Bullock's house at Hillandale was a blaze of red lights and chinese lanterns and a large number of other cottages came in for much praise. The steamer Elaine went up from Indiantown about 8 o'clock with 300 passengers. She cruised around off Westfield and fire rockets were sent up from her. A number of tug boats were also up with parties on board. While the weather conditions were disappointing, everybody had a good time and the affair was considered a success.

New York banks are preparing to send an unusually large amount of cash west because of the immense crops.

MR. AND MRS. WOODRUFF AT MEETINGS HERE

E. D. C. Grounds Sunday Temperance Gathering—At Club in Evening.

The man who accounted for the musty smell of the interior of a church by explaining that the people left their religion there every Sunday night, and it grew stale during the week, was quoted by Rev. Dr. Woodruff yesterday afternoon in his address at the outdoor temperance meeting on the Every Day Club grounds. He said that sort of religion did not appeal to him. He liked the every day Christion, for whom there was always something to do for the good of humanity. He had, he said, visited one of the great mills here and observed how every man had his special work to do. That is true in life. To every man his work. Is each one of us, he asked, doing the work for which each is fitted, and which God would have us to do? In observing the machinery in the mill he was told that it was absolutely necessary for the saw to run true, and here also was a lesson for men and women. He had observed in business signs on the streets here the word "Limited," and had enquired what it meant. It was suggestive of the limited partnership some people seek to enter into with God. But all will be held responsible for their failures, and will not be judged in the mass, but each according to his own work.

There is always a hand stretched out imploring aid, and we should always be ready to respond. This was especially true in regard to the victims of drink. The people who license the saloons share the guilt of those who sell the liquor that makes drunkards and leads to crime. In the United States local option was sweeping over city, town, county and state, until nearly half the people are living under prohibition. The movement is gaining strength, and from the whole country will in time be lifted the greatest curse that rests upon the lives of its people.

The speaker gave an eloquest picture of an Anglo-Saxon world freed from this curse, and lifting the whole world up toward God. His brilliant address was interspersed with telling illustrations, and he urged his hearers never to despair of any man, however low in the gutter the drink habit may have brought him.

Rev. Messrs. Keirstead, Cohoe and Colwell, and members of the Temple of Honor and other temperance organizations were in the audience.

A gospel message of eloquence and power was delivered at the Every Day Club hall last evening by Mrs. Woodruff, the gifted wife of the speaker of the afternoon. The hall was crowded to the doors. Mrs. Woodruff scanned a chapter giving an account of a day in the life of Jesus, and devoted her address to a consideration of the crowd that thronged Him, and the one timid, suffering woman who touched His garment and was healed. Very vividly she pictured the scene, and drew the lesson that today many are merely thronging the Christ, and but few are reaching out in faith and yearning to know His healing power. As the woman of old found peace, so every human soul that seeks may find it today.

To the victims of intemperance the speaker commended the gospel message, as that which would lead them to conquest and to peace. She was heard with almost breathless interest by an audience which included many active temperance workers and the usual large number of men who attend these Sunday night meetings.

The orchestra led the music, which included a solo by Miss Lulu Colwell. Rev. J. B. Colwell will be the speaker next Sunday evening.

MARKETABLE.

Grace—Gladys says she likes to see a man wear high collars, and Myrtle says she likes to see him wear stocks. Would stocks attract you, my dear?

Helen—Yes, if they were listed among the preferred.

THERE ARE OTHERS.

"It's strange you don't play golf.

"I can't see any fun in hitting a quinine pill over a ten-acre lot with a club."

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.

Have You Tried

B.D.V.

"The King of Tobaccos."

A pipe will suffice to show the cause of the great popularity the world over of

Britain's Best Brand

SOLD IN PACKETS and TINS.

FIFTY PEOPLE ARE THROWN INTO LAKE

Montreal, Aug. 15.—There was a scene of great excitement at the St. Agathe regatta Saturday afternoon when a promenade over the water collapsed, precipitating 500 people to a floating wharf five feet below, and throwing fifty of them into the lake, five or six feet deep at that point.

To accommodate the crowd at the finishing line a promenade had been built over the floating dock opposite the Hotel Del Mont, the dock being used by the competitors.

At the conclusion of a race one of the onlookers fell out of a boat. Immediately there was a rush of 500 or 600 people from the hotel verandahs to watch the rescue. The weight proved too much for the promenade whose supports slipped out into the lake, and the whole mass of people were precipitated to the dock, five feet below. The guard rail broke and fifty of the crowd were thrown into the lake.

A wild scene of confusion followed as the mass of frightened people were extricated from the wreckage of the promenade, while the boats were busy rescuing those thrown into the lake.

For a time it was feared that a terrible catastrophe had happened, and it was some time before it could be found whether any people had been killed or not. Fortunately the mishap had no more serious results than giving a number of people a good soaking, the people in the lake being all rescued, while none of those thrown to the dock were injured beyond a number of small cuts and bruises.

CRETAN CRISIS IS AT HAND

London, Aug. 14 —Unless Greece complies with the demand of Turkey and forces the people of Crete to haul down the Greek flag which they have hoisted there, the protecting powers of Crete, Great Britain, Russia, Italy and France will perform this act using force, if necessary.

This was the substance of a joint note signed by the four powers and presented to the Turkish government today. In order to carry out this policy and to be prepared to use force if necessary to oblige the Cretans to haul down the objectionable flag, each of the four protecting powers decided today to send an additional warship to Canea, the capital of the island of Crete, and at the same time expressed the hope to the Turkish government that in view of the steps they had taken that Turkey will not think it necessary to order her fleet to Cretan waters.

The joint note of the powers to Turkey today is the direct result of a communication from the Cretan government declaring it was unable to enforce the hauling down of the Greek flag. This action of the powers followed sharply upon Turkey's note to Greece yesterday demanding a formal declaration respecting her intentions, as to Crete, and thus creating a situation grave enough to move the powers to action.

NEW TRUST COMPANY

Montreal, Aug. 15—Senator Roy, of Edmonton (Alta.), arrived in Montreal from Paris yesterday and announced that he had succeeded in floating a new trust company in the French capital, the papers being signed, and all the formalities concluded.

The enterprise will be known as the Canadian Mortgage Association, with a capital of $3,000,000. Its headquarters will be at Winnipeg, with branches in other western cities.

Senator Roy stated that Parisian capitalists took very kindly to the idea of investing money in Western Canada and he believes that within the next few years a lot of French money will find its way to Canada.

THE NOVA SCOTIA STRIKE SITUATION

Springhill, N. S., Aug. 15—The officials of the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company have had a strenuous time getting the horses out of the mines and keeping the pumps, engines and fans going. The horses are now all on the surface, the last having been brought up this afternoon.

A sign of the times is a notice advertising the sale of seventy tons of standing hay belonging to the Cumberland Railway & Coal Company. No buyers are offering, because no one can be found to cut the hay.

Your correspondent asked William Watkins, secretary of the United Mine Workers local at Springhill, if he had heard anything from President T. L. Lewis, of Indianapolis, who was rumored to have ordered the pumpmen and mechanics back to work, on the ground that it was not the policy of his organization to order out men necessary to protect property. Mr. Watkins replied that he had heard absolutely nothing from Mr. Lewis directly or indirectly on this subject. His own impression was that the rule of the United Mine Workers was that mechanics should not be called out during negotiations, even after miners were out, but that when a strike was on in earnest and the stage of negotiations past that in such case the mechanics and everybody should be called out. "Anyhow," said Secretary Watkins, "I have heard nothing at all from President Lewis on the subject."

Of the 1,500 men out on account of the strike not 100 have left town. About 70 went west on the harvest excursion and a few have gone elsewhere in search of jobs. The offers of railway contractors do not appeal to men who are accustomed to a light pick and to working in a cool equable temperature. Except in a few "close" places in the mine the temperature is cool and the air good.

Harry Bonsfield, of the U. M. W., says that relief will come to the miners at Springhill from the U. M. W. for year after year as long as the men stick together. No man, therefore, can tell when the strike will end. The men express the same determination that they did a week ago when the strike was ended.

Sydney, N. S., Aug. 15.—Rumors and contradictions of rumors are flying thick and fast to the effect that negotiations are on between the Coal Company and the United Mine Workers, looking to a settlement of the labor troubles. These rumors are not by any means baseless, and it will not come as a surprise to any one if a settlement should be affected before many days elapse. Everybody asks, who is going to back down, but those who know say that a settlement is possible without the odium of a beating handed out by either party.

It was said Saturday that C. H. Cahan, K. C., after a talk with President James Ross, of the coal company, had a conference with J. W. Maddin, M. P., who is acting solicitor for the U. M. W., and that the subject under discussion was a move towards a settlement of the strike.

TO REPAIR BADDECK NO.1

Petawawa, Ont., Aug. 15—McCurdy and Baldwin have decided to take Baddeck No. 1 back to Baddeck (N. S.), for repairs. They will leave here within the next few days or as soon as the dismantling and packing up of the drome can be completed. They will return to camp and resume trials when repairs have been effected. Their reason for leaving camp, they state, is that the work can be done with greater dispatch at their own shops.

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.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



AT THE SEASIDE.

The stars whose fires we nightly scan,
The waves with rhythmic swell—
Why should they all work for the men
Who runs the big hotel,

Find the landlord.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Paris.