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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).

For answer, she put both hands on his shoulders, and looked into his weather-beaten face.

"Peter," she said, "I can never repay you for what you have done. Captain Warden tells me he had faith in you, and indeed you have justified his confidence. But how did you and Chris manage to travel all this long way to find me? What has it cost you? I have not much money at my command here—"

"Money, miss? Did the Cap'n say no-think about it?"

"No."

"Just like 'im. There never was a more free-handed gent than 'im. Funny thing, ain't it, that the wrong people are bloomin' millionaires. I s'pose that's w'y they 'ave it—coss they stick to it. Lord love a duck, ther's bin no trouble about money! He did some tricks at the Casino—"

"Yes, yes, he has told me that."

"Well, w'en 'e gives me that there packidge, 'e forks out fifty quid, an' says, 'Peter, if you want more, go to my bank.' But fifty golden suvrins is a small fortin to a sailor-man—I've known the time it 'ud keep me an' my missus an' Chris for a year—an' I wasn't flingin' it about for bookin' clerks an' pursers to pick up, neether. We 'ad to dig a bit out o' the bank w'en this trip showed up, but afore that Chris an' me worked our passidge to Scotland, an' Hamburg and as far south as Bordeaux."

"You went to Scotland? Why?"

"Afore the Cap'n left Lunnon 'e 'ad a telegram from the coastguard to say the San Sowsy headed sou'east by east from Lochmerig, an' them ain't the sailin' directions for the Shetlands, or they wasn't w'en I was at sea. It seemed to me some old salt thereabouts might help a bit—fishermen keep a pretty close eye on passin' craft, miss—so off we goes. I shipped as extra hand on the Inverkeld, bound from London to Aberdeen, an' Chris was stooard in the engineers' mess. Sure enough, I lights on a Montrose herrin'-boat as 'ad seen the yacht bearin' away in the line for Hamburg. I follered, on a tramp from Newcastle, but I was a week late. You see, my orders was "into her own 'ands, Peter.' "

"Oh, you are a dear!"

"Well, mebbe. I've bin called most things in me time, miss. But it's spinnin' a tremenjous long yarn to go over all the ground. Wot I want to ax you now is this—wot stopped Cap'n Warden from gettin' your letters?"

"Ah, Peter! a wicked woman, I am afraid."

"D'ye 'ear, Chris?" and Peter turned solemnly to his son. "Wot did I tell yer? You see, miss," he went on, "I looked in at the Lodge, an' med friends with a servant or two, an' it kem out that Mrs. Laing collared a telegram addressed to you. 'Was it himportant?' sez one chap. 'Reel himportant,' sez I, 't was from 'er young man.' Beg pardon, miss, but that's the way we talks among ourselves. 'Oo is he?' sez the other fellow. 'Captain Warden,' sez I. 'Not Captain Arthur Warden, of Ostend?' sez 'e. 'The very man,' sez I. 'Dash my eyes,' sez 'e, 'that's queer. Mrs. Laing wanted a letter out of the box one day w'en I was goin' to the post, an' that's the very name as was on it. Wot's 'is little game? Is 'e a-playin' up to both of 'em?' 'Young man,' sez I, 'you don't know 'im. 'E's the straightest gentleman as ever wore shoeleather.' I axed 'im w'en the incident occurred, as they say in the noospapers, an' 'e tole me it was just arter Mrs. Laing kem to Lochmerig. In fact, 'e wouldn't ha' known 'oo she was if she 'adn't bin standin' in the 'all talkin' to—to—wot's 'is name, Chris?"

"Lord Fairholme?" broke in Evelyn.

"No, miss, that wasn't it—not in the same street."

"Billy Thring?"

"Tally! I've got it all logged up in my cabin. I wasn't sartin I'd see you tonight, or I'd ha' brought the book. That's 'im—Billy Thring—it sounds familiar like, if he's a swell, but that's wot they called 'im at Lochmerig."

"Peter, you are a wonder. You have found out the one thing I wanted to know."

"Excuse me, miss, but you're a bit of a wonder yourself. If that was the on'y missin' link, w'y didn't you write to me, care o' the Pilots' Office, Cardiff? I could ha' put you straight within a week. Any ship's skipper would ha' guessed my address, if you tole 'im about the Nancy an' gev 'im my name."

"I fear I am very much to blame," said Evelyn contritely. "But you hardly realize yet how I have been victimized. Now I must go. It is very late. Where are you staying?"

"Chris an' me will turn in with our engineer friend on board the Cid. At least that's wot I call the old tub, but these Spanish jokers make it into Thith. Did y' ever 'ear anythink funnier'n that?"

She laughed blithely, arranged an early hour to meet the two at the mole next day, and sped back to the hotel. She wanted to read that thrice-precious letter again. Seen in the moonlight, it seemed to be fantastic, unreal. The words danced before her eyes. Her brain had only half grasped its extraordinary meanings.

In the privacy of her own room she should go through it slowly, weighing its bewildering revelations, taking to her very heart the outspoken, manly sentences that assured her of Warden's devotion, and planning with new zest the means whereby she might circumvent her enemies and his. Warden had been deceived more grossly than she herself. His faithful record of Rosamund's malicious innuendoes during the dinner at the Savoy Hotel gave ample proof of that. It was quite true she had talked with Figuero in the garden at Lochmerig. The man naturally interested her; his manner of speech was quaint, and he told her strange things about the country in which the whole of her lover's active career might be passed. Was that a crime? And how shameful that any woman should write such a wicked untruth as to say that she had gossiped to Thring and others about the men of Oku! Of course, Mrs. Laing had obtained her information from the stolen letter. Evelyn remembered perfectly well the unfortunate postcript in which she alluded to the negroes and the calabash. She meant only to soften the harshness of her comments on Rosamund and the two foreigners, but it was obvious now that she could have written nothing more harmful to Warden's mission.

And then, with a sudden horror that made her white to the lips, she realized what it meant—that Warden had never received her letter, that Rosamund had adroitly availed herself of the details it contained, and that her lover had gone to Africa with a lurking doubt in his heart of the one woman in the world whom he trusted. Did he think her really the bast creature she was depicted? Oh, it was intolerable! She would never forgive Mrs. Laing—no, never! Her rival had stooped to a meaness that could not be borne—she must be punished, with a vengeance at once swift and merciless.

All this was very un-Christian, and wholly unlike the delightfully shy yet lovable girl to whom Warden lost his heart during the midsummer madness of Cowes and Plymouth, but Evelyn was stirred to the depths of a passionate nature; not for the first time in Las Palmas, she cried herself to sleep.

She awoke in a better frame of mind, though still determined to bring Mrs. Laing to her knees at the first opportunity. Keeping the tryst with Peter, she took him fully into her confidence. He was able to supply many minor items of information that fitted the pieces of the puzzle more accurately together. He did not know what had become of Warden, but Evelyn made no scruple of telling him the facts within her knowledge.

She recked little Government secrets and the byways of Imperial politics. The ex-pilot and his sturdy offspring were now the only witnesses of her good faith. Perhaps they might meet Warden in England before he was able to communicate with her. In that event, she wanted Peter to be in a position to do for her lover what he had done for her, and disabuse Warden's mind of the cloud of lies by which it had been darkened.

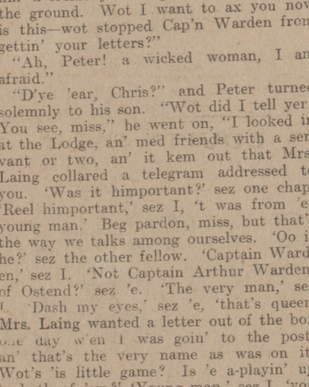
Father and son were returning at once by the outgoing mail steamer. She pressed Peter to accept what little money she could spare, but he would not take a penny.

"No, miss," he said, with emphatic headshaking. "There's some shot left in the locker yet, an' me an' the Cap'n will 'ave a reckonin' w'en he comes 'ome. If I'm short of a pound or two afore I get the Nancy in commission this spring, I'll ax that gentleman at the bank for it. P'raps you'll write him a line an' say I've kep' me contract."

She had to be content with that. Were it practicable, she would have gone back to England in the same steamer. Here, in Las Palmas, she felt so utterly unbefriended. Though thousands of miles nearer Africa than in England, she seemed to be more thousands of miles removed from the chance of receiving a letter or a cablegram. True, she possessed a very useful acquaintance in the commander of the Valiant, but she could hardly expect one of His Majesty's cruisers to fly to and fro in the East Atlantic in order to keep her conversant with developments in Nigeria. Peter, however, undertook to call at the Colonial Office, while she would cable him her address after the lapse of a fortnight. Then, if there was any news of Warden, he would communicate with her.

At luncheon she had her first meeting with Mrs. Laing since the arrival of that epoch-marking letter. A special menu was ordered, and the table was gay with flowers, for the Baumgartners dearly loved a lord and were resolved to make the most of their friendly relations with the Earl of Fairholme.

(To be Continued.)



SUNBURN, BLISTERS, SORE FEET

Everybody now admits Zam-Buk best for these. Let it give YOU ease and comfort.

Druggists and Stores everywhere

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MOST WORRIES ARE IMAGINARY

Toronto Clergyman Gives His Congregation Some Practical Suggestions in His Sermon

(Toronto News.)

"I know a man who's worrying now about something that's going to happen next summer. He's building an ice house and he's worrying about whether it's going to be a hot summer next year. If it were he would build the thing a little larger, but he doesn't know."

This long-distance worrier was mentioned by Rev. W. F. Wilson at Elm street Methodist church last night during his sermon on "Worry—Its Cause and Its Cure." His text was "Fret Not Thyself."

"There are two kinds of people in the world," said the preacher. "You see them every day on Yonge street. Some always live in the shadows. Across their face there is a gloom that would turn a flower garden into a dismal swamp.

"On the other hand there are those who take the sunny side. On a bitter cold morning even, they have a cheering word backed up by a warm grip of the hand.

"I know of people who are worrying about where to go for a holiday, and they have been away all summer. But they haven't anything else to do. Isn't it a pity?

"Nine tenths of our ills are imaginary.

"Nine-tenths of them never come to pass.

"We dwell too much on the bridgeless streams and not enough on the ones that are bridged.

"Who are the people who worry? Not merely the poor, or the weak or aged or crippled. Sometimes it is the most scholarly in our land. Sometimes it is the man of wealth.

"Don't choose a calling for your children and have them worry over it later. Let them choose what they want to be. Nine-tenths of the way to win is to have an inclination for what you are doing.

LEGS BROKEN AS HE STOOD

New York, Aug. 25—When Frederick Stockholm, an engineer in the employ of the Otis Elevator Company, of Yonkers, suddenly fell beneath a desk at which he had been standing yesterday, those who thought he had fainted and had run to which a person's limbs are snapped like both his legs were broken.

In St. John's Hospital in Yonkers his was said to be one of those rare cases in which a person's limbs are snapped like toothpicks by the mere contraction of the muscles.

Stockholm, who is a giant in stature, was looking over some plans on the high desk and was leaning heavily on his right hand. The hand slipped off the edge of the desk, and, in making a sudden movement to regain his balance, the man came down heavily on his feet, the muscular strain breaking both right and left femurs—the former a few inches above the knee, and the latter close to the hip.

Stockholm is sixty-five years old, but was reported to be doing fairly well last night. The attending physician said it was one of the most unusual and interesting cases he had ever observed.

FOR 26TH TIME AT D. R. A. MEET

A father and son—Private J. W. Smith and Lieut. Neil Smith, of Chatham, Ont.—are two of the prominent figures attending the Dominion Rifle Association meet this week. Their record is one of which to be proud. The father has been attending the D. R. A. for fifteen years and has twice been on a Bisley team that went from this country to England.

The son "went him one better," and has been at Bisley three times. His name is well known now throughout the length and breadth of Canada and England, for he is just back after winning the highest score that has ever been made in the MacKinnon Cup contest at Bisley.

He was personally complimented there by Lord Roberts. Shooting at the 800, 900 and 1,000 yard ranges, he scored the top record of 140 out of 150. Both father and son are entered in all the principal events at Rockliffe this week, and serve as a sample of what the competitors have to go up against.

Another interesting competitor is Major W. C. King of Bowmanville, who is shooting at the ranges for the 26th year.

CHEAP STUFF

Adele—Did you say you saw her wedding gifts?

Laura—Oh! yes.

Adele—How was her silver marked?

Laura—From the looks of it I should say most of it was marked down.

A Household Necessity

Father Morriscy's Liniment Should be in Every Home

How seldom a week passes without some member of the family suffering from a sore throat, chest or back, a burn or a cut, a sprain, strain or ache!

Such troubles will come, but there is no need of suffering much from them. Keep a bottle of Father Morriscy's Liniment in the house, use it freely, and the pain has little chance.

During his lifetime Father Morriscy prescribed this Liniment regularly, and it proved very effective in relieving all sorts of pains and aches. In Rheumatism it is valuable as a "rub", when "Father Morriscy's No. 7" Tablets are taken internally. Similarly, applied freely to throat and chest it helps "Father Morriscy's No. 10" (Lung Tonic) to quickly break up and drive away a sore throat, cold in the chest, or cough.

Taken all around it is one of the best family liniments in existence. Price 25c per bottle. At your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 22

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



DINNER GOWN OF SATIN AND CHIFFON.

This beautiful creation in pale pink satin is an ideal dinner gown for a fashionable woman. It is built showing the influence of the Empire. The skirt is long, flowing and graceful, with a short train. The short sleeves are of lace, having little fulness, and are met at the elbow by long silk gloves, which show a beautiful design in Niagara embroidery. The bodice is embroidered in an exquisite pattern, back and front, and is arranged over a vest of tucked chiffon surplice fashion. The vest is decorated with flowing groups of gold beads.

HON. S. H. BLAKE MAKES WAR ON HIGHER CRITICS

Toronto, Aug. 26.—Hon. S. H. Blake, who has been devoting his energies largely to theological controversy of late, has issued a seventh pamphlet in which he gives vigorous shoulder blows to those who do not agree with him.

First he wields his big stick on the professors of our theological colleges, who are the "uninspired backsliders of today." Modern thinking is compared to that of Athens. There is a choice to be made: "God or the Darwinian resultant." We choose the Darwinian resultant, with the nauseous olla podrida that flows from it, being a seething mass of sin, concocted by the children of the devil, Baal and Barabas.

"God help and save us from the degradation of attempting to follow the ever-changing, unknown God offered to a hungry world by the colleges of today."

Further on he has some hot shot for Presbyterians:

"It is to be observed that the Church of England has never, as in some of the Presbyterian colleges, watered down the solemn covenant to be entered into when a student applies for entrance to the church by accepting the qualifying words: 'I believe substantially in the Bible.' Such a qualification leaves the whole matter at large. It is for the student to determine what is 'substantial' to his mind. Of course, under this, he can make his selections from the Pentateuch, can play fast and loose with the book of Jonah, and reduce to a minimum what he is pleased to consider the 'substantial' portions of the scriptures.

"It is painful to see a church playing with the word of God rather than reject a clever student who may join the Unitarians if the supposed orthodox church refuses him.

"What a cowardly spectacle is now presented to the world," he writes again. "The people of a great nation going hysterically up and down her length and breadth with chattering teeth calling out 'Dreadnought.' She cajoles her colonies, under the specious statement of giving them an option, to join her in the expenditure of hundreds of millions, charged on a long-suffering community, already burdened with taxes, rates and charges too heavy for them to bear. This is done in order that the rulers may be able to incite one another to the royal game of kings, so-called because they lock themselves up safely in their palaces while they send their loved subjects to be murdered to the so-called patriotic music of brass bands."

SOME POINTS IN GAME LAWS EMPHASIZED

To the Editor of the Times:

Dear Sir,—There seems to be considerable misunderstanding as to certain passages of the new game law of this province, especially that section pertaining to the shooting of ducks. As every decent sportsman knows, the young birds are not able to look after themselves till well on into September, and are therefore quite properly protected until 15th of September, except as provided in Section 8 (page 14). We regret to say that information has been laid this season concerning the shooting of ducks, which has been going on for some weeks past. We also wish to make it plain that the shooting of partridges is illegal; the export of partridges is a serious offence; that all dealers in game must be properly licensed; the transportaion of big game without game tags, by common carrier, is against the law; that the close season of trout commences the first of October. As to the shooting of ducks the section reads:—

8. "Notwithstanding anything in this act contained, it shall be lawful to 'hunt, take, shoot or kill'—

(1) "Any wild goose or brant, in any locality frequented by such game, provided the same is done by a bona fide resident of such locality, and for domestic use only of such resident, except in the case forbidden by clause (h) of sub section 1 of section 3 of this Act," which reads:—"Any wild black duck, wood duck, teal duck, or other kind of wild duck, or any snipe, wild goose or other wild fowl, after sunset and before sunrise, etc., etc., in the Parish of Shediac (between the first day of August and the first day of December any year)."

We therefore wish to point out, Mr. Editor, that if such persons, who seek shelter under the name of sportsmen and yet continue to shoot before September 15th, simply because they are residents of this province, continue to do so, that such shooting must be restricted to brant and geese only, and that they must be residents of the locality in which they do the shooting. The law pertaining to "common carriers" refers to express companies, farmers teams, stages, steamboats, etc. The law referring to the illegal sale of partridge, covers the shooters, "common carriers," storekeepers, station agents, etc., or any one who is any way connected with the buying and selling of such partridges. No one can shoot any game, large or small, out of season for specimens, without procuring a special permit of license from the Surevyor-General.

Yours very truly,
DOUGLAS W. CLINCH,
Sec.-Treas. N. B. F. F. & G. P. A.

TO SEE THE AIRSHIPS

Paris, Aug. 26—Ambassador and Mrs. White are planning to go down to Rheims to witness the flights at Betheny on Saturday. They will escort Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and her children. Robert Bacon has been invited to join the party and probably will accept. Mr. Bacon is planning to return to America next week.

CRITICISM OF Y. M. C. A. CAMP BOYS AND REPLY

To the Editor of the Times:

Sir.—I would like to make a kick through the columns of the Times about the Y. M. C. A. sending a gang of hoodlums to camp at Robertson's Point.

Owing partly to the utter incompetence of those in charge of them they were allowed to do pretty much as they pleased. Windows were broken and orchards raided without let or hindrance. No doubt there were decent boys among them and surely their parents were not aware of the company they would be thrown in with.

It is only a waste of effort to try to reform boys that will call a respectable person by names hardly fit for print. If you will publish this you will do me and others a favor. Yours truly,

F. S. TAYLOR,
White's Cove, N. B., Aug. 23.

With reference to Mr. Taylor's complaints, J. G. McKinnon, a school teacher of this city, who was one of the leaders of the Y. M. C. A. outing party states that he knew of no acts of vandalism being perpretated by members of the camp except that several windows were broken. The damage was paid for. He says he heard no profanity among the boys.

The camp was not under the auspices of the local Y. M. C. A., but of the Maritime Association and was organized by Secretary Nicholson, of Yarmouth. Delegations from Moncton, Amherst, Fredericton and Yarmouth were in the party and the number was augmented by twenty from St. John. Neither the local secretary nor physical director accompanied the party.

It is worthy to mention in connection with this complaint that it is very difficult to organize a large outing party of boys who are sublimely perfect.

FEW STRIKE BUT 2,000 LOSE WORK

Saco, Aug. 27—The strike of seventy weavers in the cotton mills of the York Manufacturing Company yesterday, following a strike of sixty-two weavers resulted in Agent Elmer E. Page shutting down the entire plant, thereby throwing 2,000 persons out of employment indefinitely.

The strikers demand increase wages averaging three cents a "cut." The mills are the most important industry of this city, and also give employment to hundreds of persons living in Biddeford.

Hunger is a necessary evil; it promotes industry.

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.

DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, STOMACH CRAMPS, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, SEASICKNESS, SUMMER COMPLAINT and all LOOSENESS OF THE BOWELS

MAY BE RAPIDLY AND EFFECTUALLY CURED BY THE USE OF

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

The medicine with a record of cures extending over 65 years. You don't experiment when you buy it.

MRS. JOSEPH MATCHETT, Huntsville, Ont., writes: "It gives me much pleasure to write you of the wonderful benefit I have found in your medicine. Last summer it saved the lives of my three little ones. They all took the summer complaint and were very sick with it. The baby would take fits, and after trying many remedies, which were of no use, I suggested we should try Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. After giving them one bottle I found a great change, and now my little ones are as well as ever. We have never been without it since, and I have recommended it to my friends."

MRS. S. A. HARRISON, Nanance, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure to send you this testimonial of what Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has done in our family. My daughter's little girl, three years old, took summer complaint and was nearly dead. After all other remedies failed I thought of your remedy. The first dose gave relief and the third cured her. My son had diarrhœa and a few doses stopped it right away. I advise all mothers to have a bottle of 'Dr. Fowler's' on hand all the time. It is a grand medicine for young and old, and I cannot recommend it too highly in all trouble where the bowels become too loose. A few doses will check the trouble at once."

Refuse Substitutes. Price 35 cts. They're Dangerous. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HORRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA COMES FROM THE PACIFIC

Vessel Wrecked, Survivors Starve, Captain's Wife Kills Babes in Fear They Will be Eaten by Famishing Men.

Montreal, Aug. 27—A tragic tale of the sea comes from Victoria, (B. C.) where it was brought from Australia by the steamer Makura. It tells of the wreck of the Norwegian bark Errot, which struck Middleton Reef June 18, and the sufferings and tragedies of the survivors. Five remained of twenty-two when the steamer Tofu took them off, so emaciated from thirst and starvation that they had to be carried.

The Makura brought detailed stories of the vain struggles to find water on the reef, the unsuccessful search for a cache of provisions and lifeboat maintained there prior to 1882, which the sailing directions stated to exist of their final abandonment of hope and subsequent delirium. Captain Anderson and the second mate were drowned while building a raft, while his wife and children looked on, wringing their hands, and finally, after others had succumbed and the remainder were weak from starvation, the captain's wife drowned her four children under the impression that the five survivors were planning to resort to cannibalism. She followed the children into the waves.

Survivor's Story

The five survivors were too far gone to talk much of their sufferings. Patrick Palmer, an American, who joined the ship at Coquimbo, said:

"Five of us got away on a raft. We went all over the reef in search of water, but found none, and one of the party died on the reef. We had some difficulty in building the raft, and the captain and second mate both got drowned. The captain's wife stood within a few feet of him, watching, and she saw him drown as she stood there, wringing her hands. She had her four children, from the baby, one year old, to the eight-year-old girl, standing beside her.

"We thought we would be able to find water on the reef and save the lives of those we had left on the wreck, but those sailing directions lie. They said there was water there, a lifeboat and food, and there was no food and no lifeboat. Ole, he died. He fell down on the reef and dropped his head on his chest. He was lucky. There was another wreck on the reef, and we thought it was a storeship. We boarded it but found nothing to eat. It was musty, old, and all it had was a bottle with about two gills of water that must have been there for years by the horrible taste of it.

"I and the carpenter drank that. We afterwards found some more water, and although it was in a bad state we drank it. We started to build a punt from the wreckage, and while we were working at this we lived on shellfish."

Another survivor here took up the story. He said that when the sufferers were sitting on the sand the captain's wife thought they were considering the reverting to cannibalism and she asked them not to eat her children. Her mind had gone. Suddenly she ran into the sea and drowned her four children.

When relief finally came there were but five, four men and a boy, and these were so exhausted that they had to be carried by the rescuers, said the survivor.

The steamer Tofu was bound from the islands to Sydney when two wrecks were seen at Middleton Reef, where formerly there had been but one. The steamer bore in and sent boats ashore, one being met by the survivors, who grabbed hysterically at the jugs of weakened brandy and beef tea passed to them

Some Horrible Features

Australian newspapers received by the Makuria, tell of many horrible features of the wreck of the Erroll, and of how some of the survivors sought to drink the blood of the captain's children after he and the mate were drowned in the presence of the family. Anders Lawrence, one of the five emaciated seamen rescued by the steamer Tofu, said: "Some of the party wanted to drink the blood of the captain's children, but Jensen stopped them, and the mother threw their bodies into the sea.

PRIZE WINNING HORSES ARRIVE

Ten tons of prize-winning horses, two Irish jumpers, an Arabian stallion and four guernsey cows reached Boston yesterday as part cargo of the Canadian. Captain Bullock from Liverpool. The ten tons of horseflesh represented ten animals owned by Morris & Co. The other livestock came in charge of D. M. Dorgan for Winthrop Ames.

Six of the Morris horses are said to be the champion Clydesdale geldings of the world, and were exhibited at the Olympic show in London last June, where the queen requested that she be given a photograph of the animals, which average 17.1 hands high and 2000 pounds weight.

These geldings are of Scotch, English, Canadian and American breed. The other four horses were purchased abroad for Morris & Co to fill the team which the company will show at Chicago in the coming anniversary exhibition. —Boston Herald, Aug. 25.

When some men parade around they imagine they attract as much attention as a circus.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



ALAS, STILL WITH US!

The summer wanes. In sunshine hot
Green things are all consuming—
All green things save the idiot
Who is forever blooming.

Find another.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Dark plus Rum minus Ark equals Drum.