

stuck with great violence against the marble roof of the cage.

And his neck brake.

Many moons passed ere the Great King spoke the funeral oration at the burying of Pshaw, the wisest of all wise Counselors.

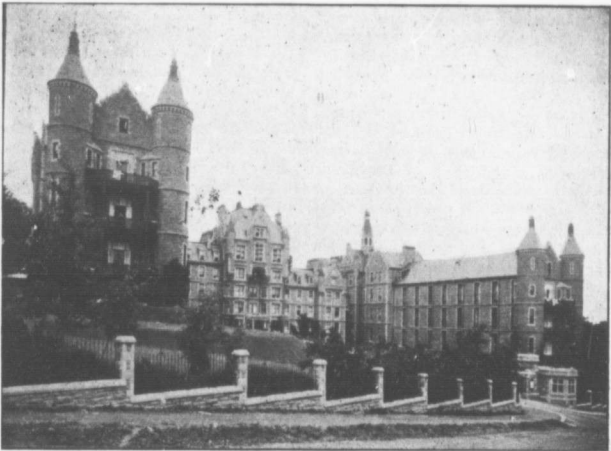
And in that same year Rhab was appointed by the Great King Forefather of the Royal Rabbits, and the King ordered that the Great Book of Destiny should be burnt by the Chief Hangman (after the Sworn Tormentor had proclaimed the evil nature

of the work), because there was written in it a Thing that was not True.

He commanded, likewise that all books containing aught but the Truth should be burnt both in his time and forever.

Now, alack, in our days no heed is given to the words of the Great King. And these my words, the words of a foolish scribe and a vain fellow escape the hand of the Hangman.

But the Sworn Tormentor may yet perform his office.



Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal Damaged on Sunday by fire, Lord Strathcona cabling that he would defray cost of repairs.