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Silk hand crochet around neck and down the front, cuffs and ankles.

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THE KNIT-TO-FIT MANUFACTURING CO.
322 Papineau Avenue, - - - Montreal.

A Runaway Red Horse

By STRICKLAND W. GILLILAND.

"No," said Perry Grimes, in the tone of a man who has been unjustly accused. "I never done nobody, even if I did swap hosses an' sell fruit trees clost t' twenty year."

"Nah," scorned Ed. Flint, "you didn't never do a soul. How about th' time ye swapped th' runaway red hoss t' th' Greaser on t' Alhambry? Was that any Carneeiy endowment?"

"Oh, well, that was a case where th' exception proved th' rule. Anyhow, ye must admit that was a most unusual circumstance an' mustn't be judged accordin' t' ordinary standards. Ort it, mister?"

Thus appealed to, I demanded a complete exhibit of the happenings, before passing upon the case. Whereupon Perry took a fresh chew, adjusted his made-up blue bow to the curves of his turn-down celluloid collar, and proceeded:

"It was out close t' Alhambry, California. I wasn't much but a kid then, and had traded from a good hoss my daddy gave me for a starter, down to a bridle with a bum headstall. But one day a fellar come along with a hoss that had cornered th' blemish market an' was holdin' fer a raise. But that wasn't all. That hoss had the runaway habit so indellyble fixed in his system that he was willing at any time to die in th' cause. Jest as he got in front o' th' ranch my daddy an' me hung up at, this plug stopped in th' middle of a uncomplete runaway. Th' man on is back partly finished th' trip, but stopped at th' end o' th' bridle rein, which was a longish one.

"Dad hurried in, an' got 'is first-aid-to-th'-snake-bit bottle took a teeny pull at it himself to see that it was flowin' free an' that nobody had changed th' contents when he wasn't lookin' an' applied it to th' dead man's mouth. Next thing dad knowed th' dead man had th' bottle an' was emptyin' it, effective an' sociable. Then he got up, with consid'able difficulty, braced hisself with 'is legs wide apart an' cut loose with a pontoon o' langwidge I've wished many a time I could duplikit.

"When 'is breath had pctered out an' he was tryin t' get 'is voice t' flow over them wide, high an' deep dams he had throwed acrost 'is stream o' talk, he ast us if we would lend him th' loan of a gun, long enough t' shoot that critter which he proceeded t' name again, variegated an' fluent. Seein' 'is temper(I told I'm t' toddle on an' I'd shoot th' brute after he'd gone.

"With that he uited down a little an' tole us about th' animule. It had been a-runnin' thataway fer nine mile an' was as fresh as a dandylion after a shower. Dad tried t' git 'im t' take 'is hoss on furder, but he started in with them undecent remarkins an' dad, out o' pure jealousy, give 'im th' down-brakes. Then, after a little more parleyin' dad showed 'im th nearest way t' Loss Anglis afoot, an' he moseyed off; lookin' back every once in awhile an' shakin' his fist at ole Short-stop that was perusin' alfalfy as if his mind had never been on nothin' else er harmfuller.

"Dad an' me managed t' rope an' tether 'im, an' arter a right smart skirmish we got th' cooterments off 'im. Then I let 'im have is tail up like he was needin' some kind o' calisthennicks fer 'is constitution. He sure was a pizen hoss. Takin' a invoice of 'is blemishes, I could see that all that ailed 'im was a bit of a curb on 'is right hock, tetch o' ringbone on a front pastern, one more eye'n he was gitin' any good of, an' a gentle whisper o' spavin' Didn't take Dad long t' find out that th' hoss was mine an' not his'n when he glimpsed them ornaments.

"One day after I'd fleshed that runaway till it took a good judge o' hossmeat t' sight 'is markin's, my good thing comes by. 'Long about sundown a Greaser limps in frum Loss Anglis way, leadin' 'is mount. Picketin' it adjacent to our ranch house he proceeds to onsaddle it an' carry water an' wash its back, where there was th' worst an' biggest saddle-gall I've ever met up with.

"Th' hoss war a coal-black mare, 16 high, eyes like a doe, forehead like a statesman, ears little enough for a pony, long, straight nose, thin throatlatch, chest an' shoulders like a greyhound, body straight and taperin' back t' hips like th' rock o' Gibraltar. They not only wasn't nothin' th' matter with that mare—barrin' a saddle-gall—but they wasn't no way for anything t' git th' matter with 'er.

"Purty soon a think hits me an' knocks me cold. When I feels th' circulation resumin' in my system, I hunts around an' locates my tongue an' mentions to 'im that I've got a mighty good travellin' hoss there that's just dyin' fer a long, rapid trip. An' I know I ain't lyin' when I says it. He was caperin' 'round at th' time, snortin' like a stalled freight engyne with frost on th' rails. He keeps at th' out end of 'is rope an' keeps 'is cancelled eye out o' sight. Happens most of 'is other beauty spots is on th' same side as 'is dark lantern, an' with 'is fattenin' an' th' curryin' I'd been givin' 'im with a long-handled broom, his hair shined like satin. He was a strong-lookin' devil, an' strong as he looked. If it hadn't been fer th' nasty interduction I'd had to 'im when th' perfessor a' cussology landed sudden there with him, I'd 'a' had some sort o' kindly feelin's toward th' hoss myself. But I knowed 'im fer a wicked runaway scamp that wouldn't never do nothin' but run away no matter how old he lived t' be.

"Th' greaser turned an' give a look at th' red hoss. Then he turned an' looked back at 'is mare, an' th' comparison wasn't endurable. He went at th' saddle-galls again an' I thought my think had gone plenty wide. But I kep' on a-naggin' an' ast him t' try that red hoss onct. No harm t' try him. But th' greaser wasn't listin' good, bein' all wrapped up in th' black's galls.

"Howsmever, after I'd bothered 'im quite awhile he agreed t' try th' red hoss just onct. I roped th' wildcat an' he seemed t' scent a chanst fer devilment, fer he never tried t' kill me ner nothin'. Then I ast th' greaser t' bring on 'is saddle an' bridle an' cooterments. He disagreed at fust, but I explained how it wouldn't be a fair test o' th' red hoss' road powers if he didn't put on th' entire travelin' kit right at th' start. So he drug 'is whole shootin' match over an' cinched it onto my hoss while that cherry colored satan stood as quiet as a lamb.

"Then Mister Mexican got onto th' red's back an' spurred 'im, gentle. Th' red rolled 'is eyes an' gritted 'is teeth, but only flinched a little. Then th' dark man, some provoked, raised 'is quirt an' brung it down on that hoss' flanks an' said 'Ad-a-lan-ty!' which is greaser fer 'Git up,' with other an' emphaticker meanin's thrown in extry.

"Now, as near as a can recollect, that red hoss got up. He didn't turn over none an' yawn an' take no mornin' nap. He had what he's been waitin' fer. That was th' very spot where his precious runaway had been untimely interrupted by that alfalfy an' 'is own appetite, three weeks before, an' he was abundant ready to resume with interest an' enthooziazzem. He did. He went down that trail like a cyclone, makin' up time. He looked as if he's started fer a good, long runaway—th' effort of 'is life. But I wasn't satisfied. I stood holdin' my breath an' lookin' fer a certain symptom, I seen it. Then I breathed easy.

"Th' symptom? Why he just put 'is nose down between 'is forelegs an shook 'is head. Then I knowed he had th' bits in 'is teeth an' would keep on runnin' till he got tired out. An' in th' condition he was then in, if that Greaser steered 'im right they would be about 40 miles nearer th' Mexican border by th' time lassitood set in in them wicked legs. I seen th' cloud of dust disappear, th' Greaser addin' cooperfluous demonstrations.

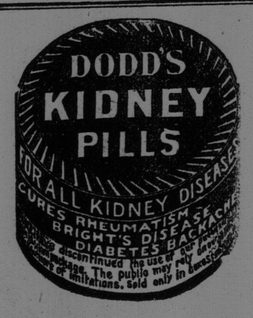
"I went an' fondled th' mare an' put alum water on 'er back an' pegged 'er out where th' alfalfy was longer. But I didn't dast let myself begin t' feel I owned 'er. That Greaser might—though I doubted it— manage t' head off that equine horror an' steer it back.

"Yet when late evenin' had come on an' they hadn't no Greaser showed up t' claim th' beauty, my hopes was raisin'. An' when I went over t' th' postoffice at Alhambry that night, I met this fool Ed, hyer, an' he says.

"'Hy, Perry, swapped off that red hoss o' yourn this mornin', didn't ye?'

"'Met a Greaser 'leven miles east o' town this mornin about 9, ridin' your hoss at a gait I never seen tetched on a race track. Th' Greaser's face looked like somethin' was troublin' him, an' he was sawin' away on that leather as if he had to. Th' hoss didn't seem interested in nothin' but goin'.'

"'Ed,' says I, 'frum what you says, I've swapped.'"



CHILDREN FROM BRITAIN

A report has been prepared from Mr. J. J. Kelso, superintendent of the children's department in Ontario, showing the number of children brought to Ontario from Great Britain during the past year. There are 11 agencies engaged in this work, and the total number of children brought to Ontario and placed in foster-homes was 1,938, made up of 573 girls and 1,365 boys. The largest number, 943, came from the Barnardo Homes, while the second on the list is the Catholic Emigration Association, with 308. The orphans' homes of Scotland sent out 164, and they were distributed from Brockville, while the Macpherson Home in Stratford received and distributed 177, and the Methodist Receiving Home at Hamilton 103.

WOMEN AND BARS

Wellington, N. Z., Jan. 21—At a meeting at Auckland of the Brewers and Licensed Victuallers' Association, representing all the wholesale and nearly every member of the retail trade, it was unanimously resolved to abolish barmaids in private bars, raise the age limit of youths who may be supplied with liquor from 18 to 21, and no woman will be supplied with liquor for consumption on the premises unless she is boarding in the house.

London, Jan. 21—The doctrine that temperance is the foundation of national prosperity and efficiency was enforced by Sir Victor Horsley, speaking at Whitefields Tabernacle. He asserted the desirability and practicability of high license, which would most certainly reduce the number of public houses, as he had seen in Canada.

AN INTERRUPTED TOAST.

George—Miss Evelyn, I rise to propose—

Evelyn (hastily interrupting him)—I am yours, dear George.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

SIMPLE WAY TO TRIM A GIRL'S HAT.

An unusual and pretty trimming is effected by sewing together widths of satin and velvet ribbon and arranging the double width band thus formed in ruche effect, catching the ribbon to the hat crown between the loose loops. A white, napped beaver with flexible brim was used for this hat, and where the brim rolls back from the face, a crisp bow of white ribbon and a full bunch of coque feathers makes a pretty trimming.

PRIMATE OF ALL CANADA IS DEAD

Archbishop Sweatman Head of the Anglican Church in the Dominion Passed Away Yesterday After a Week's Illness

Toronto, Jan. 24—The death of Archbishop Sweatman took place this afternoon about 1 o'clock, from bronchial pneumonia. His illness had lasted about a week.

The most Rev. Arthur Sweatman, D.D., was born in England and took his doctor's degree at Cambridge University. He was ordained in 1849 and began his work as curate of Holy Trinity church, Islington, in North London, and four years later was placed in charge of St. Stephen's, Canterbury, whence he came to Canada in 1855 to assume the head-mastership of Hellmuth College, London, Ontario. He held this position seventeen years. In 1872 he became rector of Grace church, Brantford, and remained there four years, when he became rector of St. Paul's church, Woodstock, Ontario, a position held later by the Right Rev. J. C. Farthing, Bishop of Montreal. On May 1, 1879 he was consecrated the third bishop of Toronto. Upon the death of Archbishop Bond he became Archbishop of the Church of England in Canada. The office will now probably pass to the new bishop of the church, the Right Rev. Charles Hamilton, D.D., Bishop of Ottawa. Bishop Sweatman was a scholar, an able organizer and a man of much tact and judgment. He will be greatly missed in Toronto, where his interest in all good work was proverbial.

In the Anglican churches here yesterday morning, prayers for the recovery of Archbishop Sweatman were offered up.

SNAKE DANCING IN NEW YORK SOCIETY

New York, Jan. 22—According to Mrs. Jack Gouraud herself, her snake ball in Martin's Sunday night, which she gave in honor of Mme. Odette Valery, champion snake charmer of the Manhattan Opera House, wasn't half as sensational as some of her previous affairs.

Mme. Valery was greatly pleased with the ball, though she was disappointed that no pictures were taken.

"I danced! Yes!" she said. "It was not too much out of the common—just my own little snaky dance, with a partner. Ah, it was glorious! I danced until I was dizzy."

"Oh, dear," said Mrs. Gouraud, yesterday, "my ball doesn't come up to half of some I have given, which were really wonderful. The only reason that there was any talk about this one, is because my guests came in costume, which in itself was odd. I didn't decide on it until the eleventh hour, and then out of courtesy to my guest of honor, Mme. Valery, who was to come in her Egyptian costume, we all decided to costume, with perfectly delightful results.

"I was amazed at the beauty of them and the originality on such short notice. My own was gorgeous. I was an hour and a half late through fussing over it. So as far as I can make out it was merely the fact of our being in costume that attracted attention. New York is so terribly conventional, one really cannot do anything or wear anything without causing a stir, but it never worries me.

"The only thing a little out of the ordinary about my 'entertainment' at Martin's was the snakes, but then I love snakes. I think most women love them and they reciprocate the affection.

"I sail for Paris very shortly. Then I shall give some things of interest. I expect to entertain a great deal and give quite startling parties."

Mme. Valery, the guest of honor, appeared at the ball with her snakes, which she not only used in her dance, but also allowed her pets to mingle with the women guests.

PAID $1,500,000 FOR A BIG MINING CLAIM

Toronto, Jan. 24—One million and a half of dollars were paid to Captain Pauley in money and stock for a Gowganda Lake claim here a day or two ago.

HE TURNED THE GAS OUT.

Her Father—Clara, do you know that young man's intentions as yet?

Clara (quite a joker)—No, papa. He's keeping me completely in the dark.

TWO MEN PERISH FROM COAL GAS

They Were Asphyxiated in Their Little Cabin on the Barge Boston Last Night—Captain George H. King Also Overcome but May Recover

Vineyard Haven, Mass., Jan. 23.—Two members of the barge Boston are dead and Captain George King, of Perth Amboy (N. J.), is lying at the Marine Hospital with no hopes offered for his recovery, as the result of being overcome by coal gas in their little cabin last night.

The accident was not discovered until this afternoon, when the captain of the barge Bear Creek, lying alongside the Boston, became suspicious of the deserted appearance of the Boston and made an investigation. As he pushed open the door of the Boston's cabin he was met by the strong odor of coal gas. Waiting for an instant to allow some ventilation in the room, he went in and found Captain King unconscious in one bunk, while in the other bunks were the bodies of Ichabod D. Bagnell, of Plymouth (Mass.), aged seventeen years, and another member of the crew familiarly known as French Charlie, whose real name is not known. A dog was lying on the floor at the foot of Captain King's bunk, and he revived after being removed to the open air.

Captain King failed to regain consciousness upon being removed to the deck, and the captain of the Bear Creek called for assistance and had the skipper removed to the Marine Hospital where it was said tonight that he was not likely to recover.

Dr. Edward Roth, of this port, took charge of the bodies of Bagnell and French Charlie.

The Boston put in here last night in tow of the tug Lehigh Valley, from Boston for Perth Amboy.

Vineyard Haven, Jan. 24.—Captain George H. King, of Perth Amboy (N. J.), who was overcome by coal gas on board the barge Boston on this harbor on Friday night and taken to the Marine Hospital in a critical condition yesterday, was reported tonight to be improving and the physicians at the hospital expressed the belief that he might recover.

RHEUMATISM IS NOW OVERCOME

Science Proves It Only a Symptom of Inactive, Feeble Kidneys and Can Be Easily Relieved With This Recipe.

Recent hospital reports show that the dread disease, rheumatism, is steadily increasing throughout the country. All known means of relief are being suggested to save the great amount of suffering this winter, especially among those who are not in a position to pack up and visit the noted health resorts to be treated. Recent tests prove rheumatism not exactly a disease in itself, but a severe symptom of kidney trouble, a condition caused by clogged up pores of the eliminative tissues in the kidneys which fail to filter the poisonous waste matter and uric acid from the blood, permitting these substances to remain in the veins and decompose, usually settling about the joints and muscles, causing the intense pain, swelling and stiffness of rheumatism.

The following simple home treatment will cure Rheumatism and is harmless and inexpensive, and so simple that anybody can mix it at home.

The ingredients are: Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Go to any good prescription pharmacy and get these three harmless ingredients and mix them by shaking in a bottle, taking as a dose a teaspoonful after each meal, and again at bedtime.

There is nothing better in the world for backache, kidney and bladder trouble, too. Such symptoms as frequent and painful urination, soreness, weakness, general and nervous debility are caused by certain acids and poisonous waste matter, decayed tissue, etc., in the blood, which the kidneys will clear and purify after a few doses of this prescription.

The police report no developments in the case of the baby girl found on Friday afternoon near the Courtenay Bay shore. They have run down several stories, to find nothing at the end. It is believed the child was still-born.

All Physicians

Must prescribe some of the ingredients that are contained in Hood's Sarsaparilla—for all troubles of the blood, stomach, kidneys and liver.

They include sarsaparilla, stillingia, yellow dock, gentian, wild cherry bark, mandrake, dandelion, juniper berries, pipsissewa, etc.

The combination and proportions are our own formula and give power to cure beyond the reach of any other prescription or substitute. That's why it is wise to get Hood's and only Hood's.

VIGOROUS APPEAL FOR WOMAN SUFFRAGE

American Senator Declares Subordination of Women is the Political Crime of the Ages

Senator Owen Vere Goldthwaite, of Boston, has presented to the senate of the United States, a memorial for the enfranchisement of women, which contains some striking passages.

He argues "that as the first man could not by any possibility have formed the first family and thus established the first government without the aid and concurrence of the first woman, it follows as a logical conclusion, that succeeding generations of men could not have formed succeeding families and thus established subsequent governments without her."

This he sets out as "our first great lesson in political science," and shows "that women are not only a desirable but an absolutely necessary part of any body politic."

"Indeed," he continues; "the very idea of a political community without women would be an utter absurdity.

He represents the male half of the race as "cracking the whip" over the female half and says that the subordination of women is "the political crime of the ages."

"There is," he says, "no escape from congressional action," and he contends that "there are now over twenty millions of free, intelligent and desirable citizens of the United States, who, for want of congressional action alone, are living under an absolute depotism."

In the meantime millions of aliens, he declares, have assumed acts of sovereignty. This condition, he declares, is intolerable and demands reform.

Mother Gave Her Child Away.

Had Given up all Hope of Living. Heart Trouble was Cured by Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Mrs. Andrew Savoy, Gratton's, N.B., writes:—"In the year 1905 I was taken sick and did not think I could live any length of time. My trouble was with my heart and people told me that nothing could be done for a case like mine. I consulted the very best doctors but they could do me no good. For seven weeks I could hardly cross the floor. I had no pain, but was so weak nobody in the world can believe how I felt. I had given up all hopes of living and had given my little girl to my sister-in-law.

"One day a friend came to see me, and calling me by name, said, 'Lizzie, if I were you I would try a dose of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills as they are good for heart trouble.' My husband got me a box, but for two days I was not feeling any better, but on the fourth day my husband said, 'I believe those pills are doing you good.' I was able to say, 'Yes, I feel a good deal better this morning.' He said, 'Well, I will get you another box right away.' I took two boxes and three doses out of the third one, and I was perfectly well and have not been sick since then.

"I will never be without them in my home for God knows if it had not been for Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, I would not have been alive now."

Price 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

WIPING OUT NEST OF IMMORALITY

English Bishop Succeeds Against Agapemonites—Leader is Declared Guilty.

Wells, Somersetshire, Jan. 22—The Consistory has found that Smyth-Piggott, the self-styled Messiah, has been guilty of immorality. It will be remembered that Smyth-Piggott succeeded a fanatic "Brother Prince," some years ago, as leader of the Agapemonites, whose quarters are at Spaxton, Somersetshire. The place is called by them "the abode of love." Smyth-Piggott, who has been an Episcopal clergyman, a Salvation Army soldier, a sailor, a miner, has since lived in luxury at the expense of his followers, who mostly are well-to-do people of the lower middle class. They say that "having the spirit of God we are lifted above the ordinary code of morals and that the violation of the commandments, so far as we are concerned, is not sinful." So they have discarded marriage and hold to their peculiar views that have made them very unpopular with their neighbors.

The proceedings that resulted, as above stated, were taken by a bishop who was anxious "to cleanse this cesspool of blasphemy and immorality," out of his diocese. It rests with the bishop to take further steps. Smyth-Piggott has about 25 female inmates of his Agapemone. Piggott has a three-year-old-son and the Smyth-Piggott community regards him as divine. About this time last year a church they had in a suburb of London was mobbed and since then they have conducted themselves more quietly and have endeavored to attract as little attention as possible.

LET THE PAST DROP

What need you care, if you've done your best,
And things have gone wrong in spite of all?
Go to your couch at night to rest
And laugh at the way things chanced to fall.
Never brood about what you couldn't stop,
Let the past drop.

Turn to the new task born today,
Forgetting the failure made before,
Forging ahead in the self-same way,
With the self-same courage you knew of yore.
Worry won't help you to reach the top.
Let the past drop.

In St. John's (Stone) church last evening Miss Helen Darling most effectively rendered I Know That My Redeemer Liveth, from the Messiah, at the offertory, and the rector preached from the same text. At the close of the service Miss Darling sang the aria Come Unto Me. There was an overflow congregation.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25

RIBBON SALE

All Silk Ribbons and Satin and Silk Ribbons

Good values at **30c** per yard. Our price for a few days

19c per Yard

And no charge for making the bows when the ribbon is purchased from us. Colors, black, white, cream, leghorn, navy, tabac, maroon, mexique, reseda, Saxe or Alice blue, myrtle, lotus, moss, champagne, sky, rose, cardinal, rosewood, turquoise, wine, paon, coral, gold, coquelicot, argent, lilac, prue and castor.

THE BEST RIBBON VALUES EVER OFFTRED.

Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg streets, and 687 Main street, North End.
SAME VALUES ALSO AT MONCTON, N. B.

THE EARTHQUAKES

Account of a Merchant Service Officer on the Spot

The following stirring account of the catastrophes in Calabria and Sicily has been forwarded to T. W. Moore, secretary of the Imperial Merchant Service Guild, by C. Holdorf, chief officer of the Wilson liner "Ebro," of Hull:

As we all know your interest in ships and their happenings, perhaps a short account of the late earthquake at Calabria and Sicily would interest you, especially as it is from an eye witness. We arrived at Messina at noon, Sunday, 27th Dec. Beautiful weather, but very sultry. The water in the Straits was in a great state of agitation, and current running strong and very irregular.

Monday morning at 5.10 a. m. Ship began plunging and rolling wildly, with sounds of heavy explosions under the bottom of the ship. Jumped out on deck and found it was an earthquake. The air was thick with dust, and it was pitch dark. The crash of the falling buildings, the shrieks and groans of the injured, the frantic prayers of the crowds who rushed out into the streets, make up a scene, combined with the roar of the water and the wild plunging of the ship which cannot be described, and only faintly imagined. Nothing could be seen on account of the darkness and dust, but the quay and square alongside the ship, judging from the sounds, must have been full of people. At 5.15 a. m. another shock followed, more severe than the first. The custom house collapsed alongside the ship, the wreckage just falling clear of the ship. The Naval College and barracks fell in, and a great wave arose from the harbor and swept up the square and through the streets, rushing back as the water subsided suddenly in the harbor. After this the tumult suddenly stopped in the square, and we knew the crowds of frantic people had been swept away into the harbor underneath all the piles of goods which washed out of the custom house into the sea. The quay astern of the ship disappeared into the harbor with the second shock. Less severe shocks occurred at short intervals, until at 7.0 a. m. daylight dawned, and some idea of the extent of the disaster could be gained. The once fine city of Messina was a mass of ruins, and all round the harbor as far as could be seen was nothing but heaps of fallen masonry and wreckage; which, the gasometers exploding set on fire. After heaving the ship off to her anchor clear of the wreckage and quay, we put our boats over, and together with the crews of other English ships, engaged in rescue work for the rest of the day. When we got ashore we could see better the ruin that had overtaken the city. The smaller streets had been veritable death traps, for as the people rushed out of their houses, the walls had fallen into the streets and in places were piled up about 40 feet completely filling the street. Some of the houses had evidently subsided into the ground before the top portion collapsed, and everywhere were dead and injured partly buried in the ruins. We took the British consul and child aboard (both injured); we met him on his way down to the quay, and 15 English residents, mostly ladies, two of whom were badly crushed. We took scores of injured to an Italian cruiser in the harbor, and to the military hospital at the fort, and women and children to the ships in the harbor.

The Florio steamers did all they could, by rigging awnings, etc., to provide shelters for the people we put aboard, and did all they could to provide for their comfort. The shocks continued in a less severe form until about 1.30 p. m. The water in the harbor was continually rising and subsiding suddenly. The general effect on the people after the worst was over, seemed to be a dull despair and great helplessness, as if the feeling had taken possession of them that nothing worse could happen. Movement in the streets was difficult, as there were great cracks in the streets and piles of masonry everywhere. The squares and open places were filled with the injured, hastily carried there by their friends and left, and everywhere the survivors were looking for friends and relatives. The sights at the hospital were awful, and the small landing-place was crowded with injured, until it proved difficult to find room for them as we brought them over. Being so early in the morning, the shock caught every one in bed, and no doubt accounts for the heavy death roll. We on the ships shall not soon forget the long two hours until daylight dawned, wondering and waiting for what was going to happen next. Several of the ships had marvellous escapes. Our ship escaped scot free—how, we do not know, but a good deal, I think, was owing to the goods washed off the shore filling up the space between the ship and the quay, and thus making a good fender for her, and also to excellent moorings.

At 5 p. m. we got under weigh and steamed out of the harbor, the captain having decided to go to Palermo and land our passengers and injured. As we steamed through the Straits we could see that what had happened in our corner was only part of what had been happening over a large area.

The town of Reggio (opposite Messina) was completely destroyed, and part of it seemed to have slipped into the sea. The town of Faro was a heap of ruins, and all the little villages that stand on the shores of the Straits were laid flat, and in some cases had disappeared altogether.

We arrived at Palermo at 8 o'clock next morning, and ours was the first news they had after the brief notice from a torpedo boat which called to ask for help. Everybody wanted news of relatives and friends, which we could not give them.

It is an experience none of us would care to repeat, and the horror of it will stay with us for many a day, but we have the satisfaction of having done what we could to relieve or rescue some, although it was only like a drop in the ocean compared to what was waiting to be done.

It is reported that the whole contour of the Calabrian coast is altered, and fears are entertained that the navigation of the Straits will be rendered difficult, if not dangerous. But since the occurrence we have steamed through, and by keeping well over to the Sicilian side, found no difficulty, although, seeing the lights are disabled at Faro and Pt. Pezzo, it is not prudent to take the Straits at night time. San Ranieri Light, on Messina breakwater, was showing as usual.

Fog has always been cited as our greatest enemy at sea, but after this I shall yield pride of place to earthquakes. Apologising for this long screed,

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
C. HOLDORF.

'GATOR HUNTING IN EGYPT

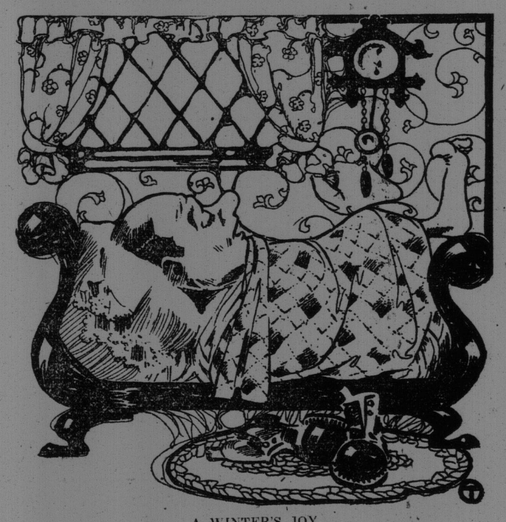
"At the sound of the gun," says a writer in the Strand Magazine, describing alligator hunting in Egypt, "the whole of this bank of the river, over the extent of at least a quarter of a mile, sprang into hideous life, and my companions and I saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sorts and sizes rushing into the Nile, whose waters along the line of the shore were lashed into white foam. It would be no exaggeration to say that at least a thousand of these saurians had been disturbed at a single shot."

VERY LIKELY.

The Naturalist—The horse is man's best friend.

The Sport—I guess you never bet on a horse that came in last in a race.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



A WINTER'S JOY.

In winter time I love to hear
The new day break, and then
To pull the covers still more near
and go to sleep again.

Find an early riser.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, in fire place.