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POOR DOCUMENT

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Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

Wm. H. Dunn, Agent, Montreal.


# THE MESSAGE

By LOUIS TRACY

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

CHAPTER I.

Derelicts.

"It's fine!" said Arthur Warden, lowering his binoculars so as to glut his eyes with the full spectacle. "In fact, it's more than fine, it's glorious!"

He spoke aloud in his enthusiasm. A stout, elderly man who stood near—a man with "retired tradesman" writ large on face and figure—believed that the tall, spare-built yachtsman was praising the weather.

"Yes, sir," he chortled pompously, "this is a reel August day. I knew it. Fust thing this morning I tole my missus we was in for a scorcher."

Warden gradually became aware that these ineptitudes were by way of comment. He turned and read the weather-prophet's label at a glance. But life was too gracious at that moment, and he was far too well disposed toward all men, that he should dream of inflicting a snub.

"That was rather clever of you," he agreed genially. "Now, though the barometer stood high, I personally was dreading a fog three hours ago."

The portly one gurgled.

"I've got a glass," he announced. "Gev' three pun' ten for it, but there's a barrowmeter in my bones that's worth a dozen o' them things. I'll back rheumatiz' an' side o' bacon any day to beat the best glass ever invented."

All unknowing, here was the touch of genius that makes men listen Warden showed his interest.

"A side of bacon!' he repeated.

"Yes, sir. Nothing to ekal it. I was in the trade, so I know wot I'm talkin about. And, when you come to think of it, why not? Pig skin an' salt—one of 'em won't have truck wi' damp—doesn't want it an' shows it—an' t'other sucks it up like a calf drinkin' milk. I've handled bacon in tons, every brand in the market, an' you can't smoke any of 'em on a muggy day."

"Does your theory account for the old-fashioned notion that pigs can see the wind?"

The stout man considered the point. It was new to him, and he was a Conservative.

"I'm better acquent wi' bacon," he said stubbornly.

"So I gather. I was only developing your very original idea, on the principle that

"'You may break, you may shatter,
the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang
round it still.'"

The ex-bacon-factor rapped an emphatic stick on the pavement. Though he hoped some of his friends would see him hob-nobbing "with a swell," he refused to be made game of.

"Wot 'as scent got to do with it?" he demanded wrathfully.

"Everything. Believe me, pigs have been used as pointers. And consider the porcine love of flowers. Why, there once was a pig named Maud because it would come into the garden."

Had Warden laughed he might have given the cue that was lacking. But his clean-cut, somewhat sallow face did not relax, and an angry man puffed away from him in a red temper.

He caught scraps of soliloquy.

"A pig named Maud! . . . .Did anybody ever hear the like? . . . .An' becos it kem into a garden . . .Might just as well 'ave called it Maria."

Then Warden, left at peace with the world, devoted himself again to the exquisite panorama of Cowes on a sunlit Monday of the town's great week. In front sparkled the waters of the Solent, the Bond street of ocean highways. A breath of air from the west rippled over a strong current sweeping eastward. It merely kissed the emerald plain into tiny facets. It was so light a breeze that any ordinary sailing craft would have failed to make headway against the tide, and the gay flags and bunting of an innumerable pleasure fleet hung sleepily from their staffs and halyards. Yet it sufficed to bring a covey of white-winged yachts flying back to Cowes after rounding the East Lepe buoy Jackyard topsails and bowsprit spinnakers preened before it. Though almost imperceptible on shore, it awoke these gorgeous butterflies of the sea into life and motion. Huge 23-meter cutters, such as White Heather II. Brynhild and Nyria, splendid cruisers like Maoona, Merrymaid, Shima, Creole, and Britomart, swooped grandly into the midst of the anchored craft as though bent on self-destruction. To the unskilled eye it seemed a sheer miracle that any of them should emerge from the chaos of yachts, redwings, launches, motor boats, excursion steamers, and smaller fry that beset their path. But Cowes is nothing if not nautical. Those who understood knew that bowsprits and dinghies of moored yachts would be cleared magically, and even spinnaker booms topped to avoid lesser obstruction. Those who did not understand—who heard no syllable of the full and free language that greeted an inane row-boat essaying an adventurous crossing of the course—gazed breathlessly at these wondrous argosies, and marvelled at their escape from disaster. Then the white fleet swept past the mouth of the river, and vanished behind old Castle Point on the way to far distant buoy or light-ship that marked the beginning of the homeward run. And that was all—a brief flight of fairy ships—and Cowes forthwith settled down to decorous junketing.

Away to the northwest a gathering of gray-hulled monsters had thundered a royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the smoke-cloud still lay in a blue film on the Hampshire coast. The Dreadnought was hauling in her anchors before taking a king and an emperor to witness the prowess of her gunners. The emperor's private yacht a half-fledged man-o-war, was creeping in the wake of the competing yachts. Perchance her officers might see more of British gunnery practice than of racing.

Close at hand a swarm of launches and ship's boats buzzed round the landing slip of the Royal Yacht Club. The beautiful lawn and gardens were living parterres of color, for the Castle is a famous rendezvous of well-dressed women. Parties were assembling for luncheon either in the club-house or on board the palatial vessels in the roads. To the multitude, yachting at Cowes consists of the blare of a starting-gun, the brief vision of a cluster of yachts careening under an amazing press of canvass, and, for the rest, gossip, eating, bridge—with a picnic or a dance to eke out the afternoon and evening.

Arthur Warden soon turned his back on the social Paradise he was not privileged to enter. He was resigned to the fact that the breeze which sent the competitors in the various matches spinning merrily to Spithead would not move his hired cutter a yard against the tide. So, having nothing better to do, he sauntered along the promenade toward the main street. On the way he passed the one-time purveyor of bacon sitting beside a lady who by long association had grown to resemble him.

"Now I wonder if her name is Maria." he mused.

Drifting with the holiday crowd, he brought some picture post cards, a box of cigarettes, and a basket of hothouse peaches. Being a dilettante in some respects, he admired and became the prospective owner of the fruit before he learned the price. There were four peaches in the basket and they cost him ten shillings

"Ah," he said, as the shopkeeper threw the half sovereign into the till, "I see you have catered for Lucullus?"

"I don't think so, sir," said the greengrocer affably. "Where does he live?"

"He had villas at Tusculum and Neapolis."

"There's no such places in the Isle of Wight, sir."

GALLEY TWO—Story.

"Strange! has not the game-keeper across the street supplied him with peacock's tongues?"

The man grinned.

"Somebody's bin gettin' at you, sir," he cried.

"True, very true. Yet. according to Horact, I sup with Lucullus tonight.'

"Horace said that ,did he?"

The greengrocer suddenly turned and peered down the stairway.

"Horace!" he yelled, "who's this here Lucullus you've bin gassin' about?"

A shock-headed boy appeared.

"Loo who?" said he.

Warden departed swiftly.

"My humor does not appeal to Cowes," he reflected. "I have scored two failures. Having conjured Horace from a coal-cellar let me now confer with Diogenes in his tub."

Applied to Peter Evans, and his phenomenally small dinghy, the phrase was a happy enough description of the ex-pilot who owned the Nancy. Evans and his craft had gone out of commission together. Both were famous in the annals of Channel pilotage, but an accident had deprived Peter of his left leg, so he earned a livelihood by summer cruising round the coast, and he was now awaiting his present employer at a quay in the river Medina.

But Warden's pace slackened again, once he was clear of the fruiterer's shop. Sailing was out of the question until the breeze freshened. It was in his mind to bid Peter meet him again at four o'clock. Meanwhile, he would go to Newport by train, and ramble in Parkhurst Forest for a couple of hours. Recalling that happy-go-lucky mood in later days of storm and street he tried to piece together the trivial incidents that were even then conspiring to bring about the great climax of his life. A pace to left or right, a classical quip at his extravagance in the matter of the peaches, a slight hampering of free movement because the Porstmouth ferry boat happened to be disgorging some hundreds of sightseers into the main street of West Cowes—each of these things, so insignificant, so common-place, helped to bring him to the one spot on earth where fate, the enchantress, had set her snare in the guise of a pretty girl.

For it was undeniably a pretty face that was lifted to his when a young lady, detaching herself from the living torrent that delayed him for a few seconds on the pavement, appealed for information.

"Will you please tell me how I can ascertain the berth of the yacht Sans Souci?" she asked.

It has been seen that he was glib enough of speech, yet now he was tongue-tied. In the very instant that the girl put forward her simple request, his eyes were fixed on the swarthy features of a Portuguese free-booter known to him as the greatest among the many scoundrels infesting the hinterland of Nigeria. There was no mistaking the man. The Panama hat, spotless linen, fashionable suit and glossy boots of a typical visitor to Cowes certainly offered strong contrast to the soiled garb of the balked slave-trader whom he had driven out of a blood-bespattered African village a brief year earlier. But, on that occasion, Arthur Warden had gazed steadily at Miguel Figuero along the barrel of a revolver; under such circumstances one does not forget.

For a little space, then, the Englishman's imagination wandered far afield. Instinctively he raised his hat as he turned to the girl and repeated her concluding words.

"The Sans Souci, did you say?"

"Yes, a steam-yacht—Mr. Baumgartner's.

She paused. Though Warden was listening now, his wits were still wool-gathering. His subconscious judgment was weighing Figuero's motives in coming to England, and, of all places, to Cowes. Of the many men he had encountered during an active life this inland pirate was absolutely the last he would expect to meet during Regatta Week in the Isle of Wight.

The girl, half aware of his obsession, became confused—even a trifle resentful.

"I am sorry to trouble you," she went on nervously. "I had no idea there would be such a crowd and I spoke to you because—because you looked as if you might know—

Then he recovered his self-possession, and proceeded to surprise her.

"I do know," he broke in hurriedly. "Pray allow me to apologize. The sun was in my eyes, and he permits no competition. Against him, even you would dazzle in vain. To make amends, let me take you to the Sans Souci. She is moored quite close to my cutter, and my dinghy is not fifty yards distant."

The girl drew back a little. This offer of service was rather too prompt, while its wording was peculiar to say the least. She was so good-loooking that young men were apt to place themselves unreservedly at her disposal without reference to sun, moon, or stars.

"I think I would prefer to hire a boat" she said coldly. "I should explain that an officer on board the steamer told me I ought to discover the whereabouts of the yacht before starting, or the boatman would take me out of my way and overcharge."

"Exactly. That officer's name was Solomon. ..ow, I propose to take you straight there for nothing. Come with me as far as the quay. One glance at Peter will restore the confidence you have lost in me."

Then he smiled, and a woman can interpret a man's smile with almost uncanny prescience. The whiff of pique blew away, and she temporized.

"Is the Sans Souci a long way out?"

"Nearly a mile, And look! We can eat these while Peter toils."

He opened the paper bag and showed her the peaches. She laughed lightly. Were she a Frenchwoman she would have said, "But, sir you are droll." Being English, she came to the point.

"Where is the quay you speak of?"

"Here. Close at hand."

As they walked off together she discovered out of the corner of her eye that his glance was searching the thinning mob of her fellow pasengers. She guessed that he had recognized some person unexpectedly.

"Are you sure I am not tresspassing on your time?" she demanded.

"Quite sure. When I said the sun was in my eyes I used poetic license. I meant the West African sun. A man who arrived on your steamer reminded me of Nigeria—where we—er—became acquainted."

"There! You want to speeak to him, of course," and she halted suddenly.

He smiled again, and held out the bag. "He is a Portuguese gin-trader—and worse. And he is gone. Would you have me run after him and offer peaches that were meant for you?"

"But that is ridiculous."

"Most certainly."

"I don't mean that. How could you possibly have provided peaches for me?"

"I don't know. Ask the fairies who arrange these things. Ten minutes ago I had no more notion of buying fruit than of buying an aeroplane. Ten minutes ago you and I had never met. Yet here we are, you and I and the luscious four. And there is Peter, sailing master, cook, and general factotem of the Nancy cutter. Don't you think Peter's wooden leg induces trust? He calls it a prop, which suggests both moral and physical support. By the way, have you ever noticed that wooden-legged men are invariably fat? And Caesar vouched for the integrity of fat men."

Though the girl began to find his chatter agreeable, she was secretly dismayed when she compared the gigantic Peter with the diminutive dinghy. She had never before seen so broad a man or so small a boat. But she had grit, and was unwilling to voice her doubt.

"Will it hold us?" she inquired with apparent unconcern.

"Oh, yes. When Peter was a pilot that little craft carried him and his two mates through many a heavy sea. Don't be afraid. We will put you safely on board the Sans Souci. Now, you sit there and hold the bag.. I'll take my two at once, please, as I find room forrard."

"Not much of a breeze for cruisin', Mr. Warden," grinned Peter, casting an appreciative eye over the latest addition to the Nancy's muster-roll.

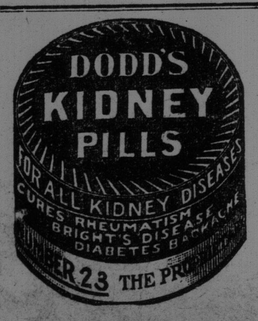
"We're not bound for a cruise, Peter worse luck," said Warden. "The young lady wishes to reach that big yacht moored abreast of the cutter. So give way, O heart of oak! Thou were christened stone, yet a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

Peter winked solemnly at the fair unknown.

"He do go on, don't he miss?" he said.

The girl nodded, for ripe peach is an engrossing fruit. She was enjoying her little adventure. It savored of romance. Already her slight feeling of nervousness had vanished. In her heart of hearts she hoped that Mr. Warden might prove to be a friend of the Baumgartners.

(To Be Continued)



## Fashion Hint for Times Readers

KEEPING THE HAIR DRY WHEN MOTORING.

Chiffon veils and silk hoods, however becoming, do not keep the hair dry when once the rain begins to pelt down. This clever little automobile cap of rubberized silk is intended for wear in stormy weather only. It may be slipped into the pocket of the motor coat and donned in a jiffy, the back and sores or the cap completely protecting the hair, and the little cap rests comfortably on the head with a visor to protect the face.

The most cooling of hot weather beverages is iced "Salada" Tea. It is most delicious. 54

Among those who passed the matriculation examination for entry to the arts course in McGill was Miss Clara Fritz, daughter of the late Capt. E. Fritz, of Carleton. William Wallace Alward, son of Dr. Silas Alward, passed for entrance in applied science.

The dominion government has authorized George Robertson, deputy receiver-general, to receive mutilated and defaced silver coin at a twenty-five per cent. reduction of its face value. It will not, however, be received in less quantities than $10 of any one denomination.

## CONTRACTS UNDER THE HAZEN REGIME GO TO THE HIGHEST BIDDERS

**Mr. Hazen and his government have reversed the usual order of letting out contracts. Tenders are advertised for and public competition invited. The honest and usual course is to award the contract to the lowest tenderer and to take bonds for the faithful performance of the contract. The Hazen government has awarded the Provincial Hospital contract for Minto coal to the highest bidder, causing a direct loss to the province of about $1,000. The contract was given to James S. McGivern at $3.69 a ton when J. S. Gibbon & Co. offered the same coal at $3.30 a ton. Is it any wonder that a government which hands out its cash to political friends in this way has no money to spend on the roads?**

## FAITHFUL DOG SAVES A LIFE

### Little Chatham Lad Would Have Drowned but for Intelligent Dog.

Chatham, July 15—Little Jack, son of A. R. Matthews took his big dog Marco to the Canada Dock for a bath, last Monday afternoon, and returned with beaming face, bright eyes and excited countenance. Marco was also excited about something, as he frisked and jumped and wagged his tail and seemed to be saying: 'Look at me and see what a fine fellow I am.' Jack told the story, and the dog showed by his actions that he knew Jack was telling it. Two other little boys, McDougalls, who lived last year near the Matthews, residence, were at the dock, and they walked over the logs to a scow and climbed upon it. The swell of a passing steamer set the scow in motion, and one of the lads fell off and sank. He arose to the surface, and Marco leaped into the water, dived under him and swam for the shore with the little fellow on his back. Jack got a pole as soon as possible, reached it to the lad and hauled him in. The boys were proud and happy at the fortunate finish to what might have been a tragedy—a drowned boy with upturned face, wet with the tears of sorrowing parents—but the most demonstratively happy one of the quartette was the good dog Marco. He ought to get the medal of the Humane Society.

## HOW WEAK GIRLS MAY GROW INTO STRONG WOMEN

### The Blood Supply Must be Kept Rich, Red and Pure—Good Blood Means Good Health.

Healthy girlhood is the only path to healthy womanhood. The merging of girlhood into womanhood lays a new tax upon the blood. It is the overtaxing of the scanty blood supply that makes growing girls suffer from all those headaches, backaches and sideaches—all that paleness, weakness and weariness—all that langour, despondency and constant ill health.

Unhealthy girlhood is bound to lead to unhealthy womanhood and a life of misery. Nothing but the blood-building qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can can save a girl when she undertakes the trials and tasks of womanhood. That is the time when nature makes new demands upon the blood supply. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich blood which meets those new demands with ease. In this simple scientific way Dr. Williams' Pink Pills fill a girl with overflowing health and strength.

Miss Eva Dennis, Amherst, N. S., says: —"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me a world of good. I was completely run down, was very pale, easily tired and suffered from frequent severe headaches. Though I tried many medicines I got nothing to do me the least good until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Even the first box of these seemed to help me, and after taking a half dozen boxes I was again a strong, healthy girl. I have not had any illness since, but should I again feel run down Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will be my only medicine, and I strongly recommend them to every weak and ailing girl."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## BURGLARS TRIED TO ENTER DRUG STORE

### Early Morning Attempt to Break into Fairville Drug Company's Establishment.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock this morning a daring attempt was made to enter the premises of the Fairville Drug Co., Main street, Fairville. There were evidently two or more of the would-be burglars, who secured an entrance to the adjoining cellar. From this a trap door leads to the drug company's premises, and while they were trying to force this, G. H. Allan, who was sleeping in the store, was awakened.

On Mr. Allan making his presence known the burglars decamped. So far as is known nothing of any value was taken.

## PREDICTS A GREAT CROP

### F. D. Mann Says West is Good for 140,000,000 Bushels.

(Montreal Star.)

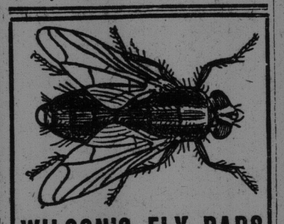
When prophets of evil were shaking their heads and uttering words of foreboding about the western crops this spring, not so Dan D. Mann.

He held to the idea that a late spring had never yet injured western agriculture. Again Mr. Mann predicts; he says the west is good for 140,000,000 bushels this year. Mr. Mann's words are worth listening to.

## ONTARIO'S RURAL POPULATION LESS

Toronto, July 16—W. Sutherland, the provincial director, says the decrease of the rural population of Ontario, not including New Ontario, from 1885 to 1905. the last year for which figures are available, was 114,971. He reports 188,000 acres less under wheat and 30,000 less loge this year than last.

The girl who knows how to make good biscuit and cream gravy seldom knows how to carry on a flirtation.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Will kill many times more flies than any other known article

REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS

Father Morrisey's "No. 11" Cures Stomach Troubles.

When your stomach is working right you never know it is there. But when it feels as heavy as lead—when you have Heartburn, Belching of Wind, Sourness, a gnawing hunger, with distress after eating—when you feel irritable and depressed — then you may know that the digestive fluids in the stomach are not sufficient to digest what you eat.

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" Tablets supply these fluids in concentrated form. Each tablet, dissolved in the stomach, will digest 1¾ pounds of food, which is more than an average meal.

Read what Father Morriscy's treatment did for Mr. Gosline, of Salmon Lake. He writes Nov. 30, 1908:

"I was troubled with indigestion, so severe that I really thought I had cancer of the stomach. I took much doctors' remedies, till I was forced to seek another resource, and this was the Rev. Father Morriscy. His treatments worked miracles, until I have been entirely cured, so that now I do not look to the quality of the diet but to the quantity."

50c. at your dealer's. 53

Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., - Chatham, N.B.


## HOW THE NATIONS TREAT THEIR NATIONAL ANTHEMS

### An Old Soldier's Story That is Not Without Its Lesson for Canadians—The Enthusiasm of the German.

(Portland Argus.)

A member of the Argus staff was walking along a residential street of this city recently with an elderly gentleman who had seen service for his country in this and other lands. It was on the edge of the evening just as the dusk was falling, and at a time when every natural object seems distorted by reason of its being neither light nor dark.

A piano was going in one house, a talking machine was tooting away in another, when suddenly out of the windows of a third house there came the stirring notes of the national anthem magnificently played, and on an old-fashioned cabinet organ at that. The elderly veteran stopped short, clicked his heels together, and "stood at attention" with his hat removed and under his arm, as the officers stand when the "evening colors" is being rendered at the military posts near by. After the last note had ended, the veteran spoke for the first time. "Boy," he said, "you'll never realize how much there is to that until you hear it as I heard it once a good many years ago in Egypt.

"It was at the time the English took Alexandria, when they assumed the general business management of Egypt and took possession of the custom house and a few other valuable assets to carry them on. I was right in the middle of that rumpus and saw it from beginning to end. Our ship, with Commander Benham, afterward Rear Admiral Benham, in command, was near by, but not too near, for we didn't know just how wild they were going to shoot.

When the thing was all over and the men were rowing ashore in the boats, to take possession of the town, the band on the flag ship struck up God Save the Queen, which is the same tune as our America, you know. Or rather our tune America is a steel from the English national anthem. Somebody took the Engylish tune and fited some Yankee words to it and used it for our national anthem, until Scott Key got up the Star Spangled Banner, which is better.

"Well, as I was saying, I never realized just how beautiful this Star Spangled Banner is until I heard it played by a band a very short time after the English fleet took possession of Alexandria. There were hundreds of blue jackets of all kinds ashore and a Russian ship. I think it was, or perhaps a German ship, had a nice band. The band was ashore playing a kind of concert in a public square. They played God Save the Queen and all the Englishmen sung it. Then they played Die Wacht Am Rhein and the Germans and some of our crowd took that up. Then they played some kind of a crazy thing, I never could figure out, but it was probably a Bohemian national air,—it sounded Bohemian anyway. Then they played the Russian national anthem and the Marseillaise, but somehow none of them took hold of me at all, till the leader of the band stood up and made a profound bow at Lieut. Glasscock, one of our officers, and then he started to play the Old Glory. It caught our fellows all right. They were yelling in great shape in no time.

"The band played it fine; I never heard it better, and when it was done, Lieut. Glasscock went up and shook hands with the leader and thanked him.

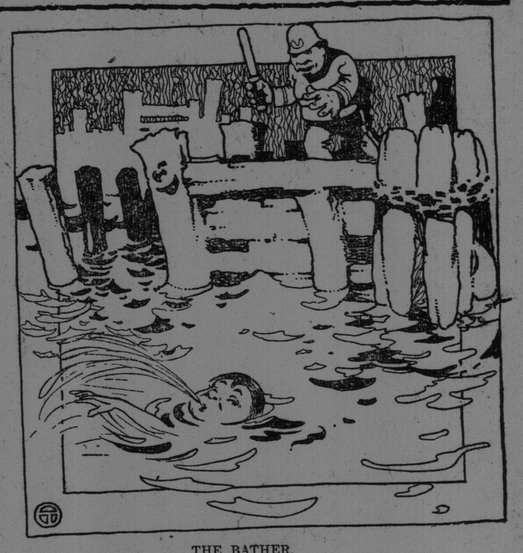
"'But,' he said 'if you want to see fellows get up on their hind legs and howl, you want to get somewhere where there are a lot of Germans of the better sort, men who didn't leave their country for their country's good, and have a good band strike up "Die Wacht Am Rhein." Talk about the Marseillaise and the excitable Frenchmen. It was in a certain place once where there were close on to 3000 German fellows, of just the right age to go out and do something if the hint was given them, and the band was playing stuff that evidently made them tired For instance it was jumping through some Hungarian music that sounds just like a cheap auto rides, bumpity bump, up and down pretty fast. The students were beginning to make remarks to the band, that were not at all complimentary. I guess somebody slipped around and told the leader, for he stopped right in the middle of a czerda or some other kind of Hungarian dance and struck up the Watch. Gee! But you ought to have seen those fellows sit up and take notice. Pretty soon they began to sing it and then to beat it out with their steins (a stein is a beer glass and it is pretty stout and heavy) and then they stood up and stamped their feet and sung. I tell you that was the grandest chorus I ever heard or ever expect to hear. There couldn't have been less than 2500 of them singing and of course in that lot there were some good voices as well as some not so good. But they all helped and it was the greatest thing I ever heard.

"It fixed 'em all right, too, for after the band had played it twice the boys gave some great big German cheers and then the programme went on with no further interruptions.

"The point of this oration on my part is this. In this country we don't do right by our national anthem. I was in a theatre were there were a lot of sailors recently, when they struck up the Star Spangled Banner. Of course every blue jacket rose at once, and stood at attention during the rendering of the national anthem. But nobody else did. The people thought there was a fire or something and everybody acted scared to death till they caught on. Then they began to hop up, one by one. but half of them didn't get up at all. That ain't right. There's no seven by nine little country 'way up in the Balkans where the people don't know enough to recognize their national anthem at the first bar and they all hop right up and stand at attention or else sing it out with the band."

The Argus recalled a very funny story in which an Englishman, a music box and God Save the Queen played parts and the veteran said: "That's the point, exactly. That story shows just how deeply the reverence for the national anthem is implanted in the hearts of every kind of a man but a Yankee. It makes some of our adopted citizens wonder what they are 'up against' when they see the way we do, in distinction to the way they do or did, before they came to the land of the free and the home of the brave."

## The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



THE BATHER.

'Tis now the wily urchin mocks
The lynx-eye cop along the docks,
And plunges in the cooling tide,
Arrayed in naught else but his hide.

Find another boy.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Go to Smith's for umbrellas.