BEST OF THE "HOPES" IS WHIPPED BY LANGFORD

"Boston Tar Baby" Floored "Gunboat" Smith Three Times.

BOSTON, Oct. 21.—Sam Langford of Boston knocked out Gunboat Smith of New Fork in three rounds here last night.

Smith finished the first round in a weakened condition. In the second round Langford again took the aggressive. Leading a left, he hammered a right home to Smith's jaw, crushing him to the mot. Smith sprawled there for nine seconds, staggering to his feet barely in time to save himself from being counted out. Feinting and landing with left and right, Langford rocked Smith with his blows and floored him again. Referee Jack McGuigan of Philadelphia had counted four, when the bell gave Smith a reprieve.

Protecting himself as best he could, Smith lasted through nearly two minutes of the third round. Then Langford again pointed his left menacingly, and drew Smith's guard over. The negro quickly drove his right with terrific force to the white man's jaw, and Smith sank to the mat, where he was counted out.

A block of tenements in Montreal was wrecked by an explosion caused, it is believed, by a bomb carried into the building by two foreigners, both of whom were killed.

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THRILLING TRIP OVER WAR ZONE IN AEROPLANE

Famous French Pilot Delivers Despatches in Spite of Enemy.

The London Morning Post's Paris corespondent sends a description of the experience of a passenger on board an aeroplane in time of war.

"The start," he says, "took place at grey dawn, after a night on a train. The pilot, a famous civilian aviator clothed in the leather armor off his craft, received the orders from his captain:

"You will convey the passenger and despatches straight north to———. Your orders are simply to get there. You must take no risks en route. If the enemy brings you down, destroy both despatches and aeroplane. If you get through, go at once to the general with your passenger, who will give him a verbal message. Good luck and quick is the word."

The passenger's story continues:

"While the pilot was looking over his machine, I took my place with the despatch between my legs and a carbine slung along the framework of the other side of the machine, which ran joltily along the ground and then rose. In front of me, the pilot, lashed to his seat, regulated the course with little movements of the lever. We started directly north, tossed a little by the east wind, which caught us under the wings.

Cuts Off Motor

"Suddenly the pilot cut off the motor and nothing was audible except the whistling of the wind through the rigging of the aeroplane. The aviator turned to me and pointed out some little black smoke puffs far below us. He told me to listen but I could hear nothing except the wind. Then the motor started again and the smoke puffs grew nearer and more numerous. We tried to rise still higher when a great guest of wind came and threw us to one side. The ever ready pilot righted us, but another and more terrific shock hurled us vertically upward. Then we began to fall. The smoke and fleshes were now quite near us, and we were thrown this way and that by great blasts of air. We still forged ahead at full speed.

"Clinging to the frame work I waited the inevitable end, and incapable of thinking. Then suddenly calm was restored. We had passed the danger zone and beneath us stretched a great forest cut with ravines.

"Hardly had we recovered the sense of security than danger reappeared in all its horror. As we left the zone of danger our aeroplane began to list over. The pilot having done his utmost to right us, cut off the motor, and half turning his head gazed towards our left wing, where a great strip of torn canvas was streaming in the wind. At once a headlong descent began, ending with an abrupt ending in a narrow glade.

Damage is Repaired.

"No one but that pilot could have attempted so desperate a manœuvre with success.

"Calm, though with face drawn with anxiety, he jumped to the earth, shouting, 'Take your gun while I repair the damage,' and he set to work to fix a patch on the torn wing.

"'Quick,' he added, 'Quick. If the enemy come go at them, then I will set the machine on fire and we will run for it.'

"While I watched the glade the pilot continued to work, muttering mechanically 'Quick, Quick.' At last he signalled me to lift the tail of the machine. He started to pull himself, and there we were bent double with our efforts trying to drag it to the other end of the glade, but the roots and stones impeded. We were on the point of abandoning our useless task, when suddenly the pilot sprang forward and thrust a revolver into the face of an unkempt, dirt-stained man, who had appeared without seeing him. I seized my carbine, while the man stood easily with his hands in his pockets.

Again on Their Way.

"He said:

"'We belong to you. We are ready to guide your men to the forest. When the Germans arrived we hid ourselves. My friends are near, and we will give you a hand.'

"He gave a call and a number of peasants took their places around the aeroplane. In an instant we were in our places ready to go. The propeller was started and we rose, but three trees at the edge of the glade came toward us at a mad pace and their height seemed to grow as we approached. It seemed as if we would never rise above them. Suddenly with a bound that carried us up almost vertically, we passed above them and once again we were looking down on a sea of tree tops.

"At the edge of the forest gunflashes reappeared, but a sudden swerve enabled us to regain the cover of the forest and gain altitude.

"When we came out again, lost in the sky, the guns had ceased to fire, and descending slowly we landed in French lines.

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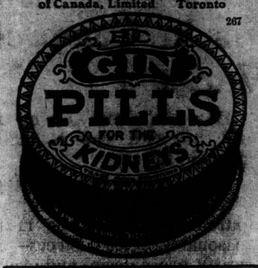

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If your meals don't fit comfortably, or what you eat lies like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn, that is a sign of indigestion.

Get from your pharmacist a fifty-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a dose just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn, nausea, debilitating head aches, dizziness or intestinal griping. This will all go, and, besides, there will be no sour food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseus odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is a certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it takeshold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there.

Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store.

These large fifty-cent cases contain enough "Pape's Diapepsin" to keep the entire family free from stomach disorders and indigestion for many months. It belongs in your home.

Alfred Berglund, while moose hunting near Finmark, on the C. P. R., leaned on the muzzle of his gun which exploded by a branch catching the trigger, and he was killed instantly.

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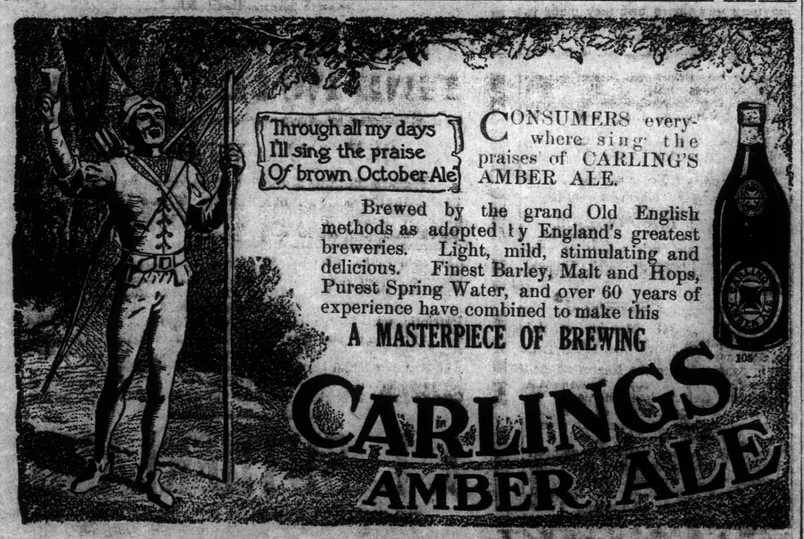

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SIR NIGEL

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

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The old dame flamed suddenly into white wrath as she stood before the angry monk: "Listen to me while I lay a curse upon you and yours!" she cried as she raised her shriveled arms and blighted him with her flashing eyes: "As you have done to the house of Loring, so may God do to you, until your power is swept from the land of England, and of your great Abbey of Waverley there is nothing left but a pile of gray stones in a green meadow! I see it! I see it! With my old eyes I see it! From scullion to Abbot and from cellar to tower, may Waverley and all within it droop and wither from this night on!"

The monk, hard as he was, quailed before the frantic figure and the bitter, burning words. Already the summoner and the archers with their prisoner were clear of the house. He turned and with a clang he shut the heavy door behind him.

CHAPTER V.

The law of the Middle Ages, shrouded as it was in old Norman-French dialect, and abounding in uncouth and incomprehensible terms, in deodands and heriots, in infang and outfang, was a fearsome weapon in the hands of those who knew how to use it. It was not for nothing that the first act of the rebel commoners was to hew off the head of the Lord Chancellor. In an age when few knew how to read or to write, these mystic phrases and intricate forms, with the parchments and seals which were their outward expression, struck cold terror into hearts which were steeled against mere physical danger.

Even young Nigel Loring's blithe and elastic spirit was chilled as he lay that night in the penal cell of Waverley and pondered over the absolute ruin which threatened his house from a source against which all his courage was of no avail. As well take up sword and shield to defend himself against the black death, as against this blight of Holy Church. He was powerless in the grip of the Abbey. Already they had shorn off a field here and a grove there, and now in one sweep they would take in the rest, and where then was the home of the Lorings, and where should Lady Ermyntrude lay her aged head, or his old retainers, broken and spent, eke out the balance of their days? He shivered as he thought of it.

It was very well for him to threaten to carry the matter before the King, but it was years since royal Edward had heard the name of Loring, and Nigel knew that the memory of princes was a short one. Besides, the Church was the ruling power in the palace as well as in the cottage, and it was only for very good cause that a King could be expected to cross the purposes of so high a prelate as the Abbot of Waverley, as long as they came within the scope of the law. Where then was he to look for help? With the simple and practical piety of the age, he prayed for the aid of his own particular saints: of Saint Paul, whose adventures by land and sea had always endeared him; of Saint George, who had gained much honorable advancement from the Dragon; and of Saint Thomas, who was a gentleman of coat-armor, who would understand and help a person of gentle blood. Then, much comforted by his naive orisons he enjoyed the sleep of youth and health until the entrance of the lay brother with the bread and small beer, which served as breakfast, in the morning.

The Abbey court sat in the chapter-house at the canonical hour of tierce, which was nine in the forenoon. At all times the function was a solemn one, even when the culprit might be a villain who was taken poaching on the Abbey estate, or a chapman who had given false measure from his biased scales. But now, when a man of noble birth was to be tried, the whole legal and ecclesiastical ceremony was carried out with every detail, grotesque or impressive, which the full ritual prescribed. The distant roll of church music and the slow tolling of the Abbey bell, the white-robed brethren, two and two, walked thrice round the hall singing the "Benedicite" and the "Veni, Creator" before they settled in their places at the desks on either side. Then in turn each high officer of the Abbey from below upward, the almoner, the lector, the chaplain, the subprior and the prior, swept to their wonted places.

Finally there came the grim sacrist, with demure triumph upon his downcast features, and at his heels Abbot John himself, slow and dignified, with pompous walk and solemn, composed face, his iron-beaded rosary swinging from his waist, his breviary in his hand, and his lips muttering as he hurried through his office for the day. He knelt at his high pre-dieu; the brethren, at a signal from the prior, prostrated themselves upon the floor, and the low deep voices rolled in prayer, echoed back from the arched and vaulted roof like the wash of waves from an ocean cavern. Finally the monks resumed their seats; there entered clerks in seemly black with pens and parchmont; the red-velveted summoner appeared to tell his tale; Nigel was led in with archers pressing close around him; and then, with much calling of old French and much legal incantation and mystery, the court of the Abbey was open for business.

It was the sacrist who first advanced to the oaken desk reserved for the witnesses and expounded in hard, dry, mechanical fashion the many claims which the House of Waverley had against the family of Loring. Some generations back in return for money advanced or for spiritual favor received the Loring of the day had admitted that his estate had certain feudal duties toward the Abbey. The sacrist held up the crackling yellow parchment with swinging leaden seals on which the claim was based. Amid the obligations was that of escuage, by which the price of a knight's fee should be paid every year. No such price had been paid, nor had any service been done. The accumulated years came now to a greater sum than the fee simple of the estate. There were other claims also. The sacrist called for his books, and with thin, eager forefinger he tracked them down; dues for this, and tailage for that, so many shillings this year, and so many marks that one. Some of it occurred before Nigel was born; some of it when he was but a child. The accounts had been checked and certified by the sergeant of the law.

Nigel listened to the dread recital, and felt like some young stag who stands at bay with brave pose and heart of fire, but who sees himself compassed round and knows clearly that there is no escape. With his bold young face, his steady blue eyes, and the proud poise of his head, he was a worthy scion of the old house, and the sun, shining through the high oriel window, and showing up the stained and threadbare condition of his once rich doublet, seemed to illuminate the fallen fortunes of his family.

The sacrist had finished his exposition, and the sergeant-at-law was about to conclude a case which Nigel could in no way controvert, when help came to him from an unexpected quarter. It may have been a certain malignity with which the sacrist urged his suit, it may have been a diplomatic dislike to driving matters to extremes, or it may have been some genuine impulse of kindliness, for Abbot John was choleric but easily appeased. Whatever the cause, the result was that a white plump hand, raised in the air with a gesture of authority, showed that the case was at an end.

"Our brother sacrist hath done his duty in urging this suit," said he, "for the worldly wealth of this Abbey is placed in his pious keeping, and it is to him that we should look if we suffered in such ways, for we are but the trustees of those who come after us. But to my keeping has been consigned that which is more precious still, the inner spirit and high repute of these who follow the rule of Saint Bernard. Now it has ever been our endeavor, since first our saintly founder went down into the valley of Clairvaux and built himself a cell there, that we should set an example to all men in gentleness and humility. For this reason it is that we built our houses in lowly places, that we have no tower to our Abbey churches, and that no finery and no metal, save only iron or lead, come within our walls. A brother shall eat from a wooden platter, drink from an iron cup, and light himself from a leaden sconce. Surely it is not for such an order who await the exaltation which is promised to the humble, to judge their own case and so acquire the lands of their neighbor! If our cause be just, as indeed I believe that it is, then it were better that it be judged at the King's assizes at Guildford, and so I decree that the case be now dismissed from the Abbey court so that it can be heard elsewhere."

Nigel breathed a prayer to the three sturdy saints who had stood by him so manfully and well in the hour of his need. "Abbot John," said he, "I never thought that any man of my name would utter thanks to a Cistercian of Waverley; but by Saint Paul! you have spoken like a man this day, for it would indeed be to play with cogged dice if the Abbey's case is to be tried in the Abbey court."

The eighty white-clad brethren looked with half resentful, half amused eyes as they listened to this frank address to one who, in their small lives, seemed to be the direct vicegerent of Heaven. The archers had stood back from Nigel, as though he was at liberty to go, when the loud voice of the summoner broke in upon the silence:

"If it please you, holy father Abbot," cried the voice, "this decision of yours is indeed secundum legem and intra vires so far as the civil suit is concerned which lies between this person and the Abbey. That is your affair; but it is I, Joseph the summoner, who have been grievously and criminally mishandled, my writs, papers and indentures destroyed, my authority flouted, and my person dragged through a bog, quagmire or morass, so that my velvet gabardine and silver badge of office were lost and are, as I verily believe, in the morass, quagmire or bog aforementioned, which is the same bog, morass——"

"Enough!" cried the Abbot sternly. "Lay aside this foolish fashion of speech and say straitly what you desire."

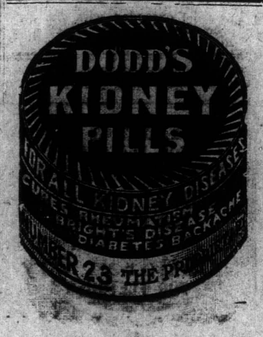
"Holy father, I have been the officer of the King's law no less than the servant of Holy Church, and I have been let, hindered and assaulted in the performance of my lawful and proper duties, whilst my papers, drawn in the King's name, have been shended and rended and cast to the wind. Therefore, I demand justice upon this man in the Abbey court, the said assault having been committed within the banlieue of the Abbey's jurisdiction."

"What have you to say to this, brother sacrist?" asked the Abbot in some perplexity.

(To be Continued.)

Mike Rossa was killed at Field, on the C. N. R. while felling a tree, stepping aside in the wrong direction.

Hon. T. Chase Casgrain of Montreal, chairman of the Canadian section of the International Waterways commission, and Pierre Edouard Blondin, Deputy Speaker of the House of Commons, were appointed to the Cabinet in place of Hon. L. P. Pelletier, the Postmaster General, retiring on account of ill-health, and Hon Bruno Nantel, appointed to the Railway Commission in succession to Hon. M. E. Bernier, term expired.



HOW IT FEELS TO BE HIT BY A SHELL

Wounded Officer Describes Sensations—the Luxuries of Delayed Bath.

Some 140 wounded English officers and men of the 500 lying in the Gare maritime at Havre have been taken on board two hospital ships and sent back to England.

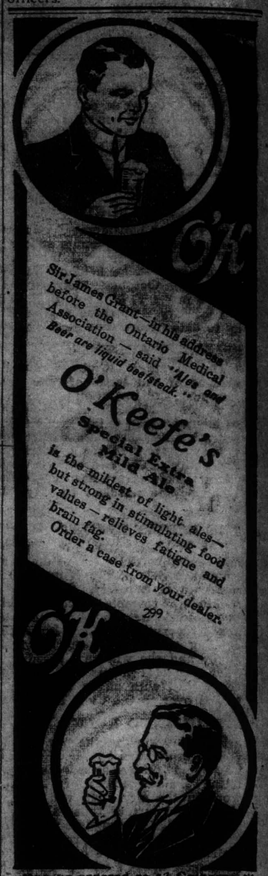
All those whom I saw were in the best of spirits and looking forward anxiously to the time when they can "come again and let 'em have it in the neck," at a cheerful Tommy expressed it, writes a correspondent.

One officer who was struck by flying fragments of a big shell in the arm and leg described to me how it felt to be hit. "I was just behind the limber of a gun," he said, "when I was knocked flat, feeling exactly as if I had been battered all over with enormous red-hot sledge-hammers. It hurt like anything, and, what's more, it began hurting at once. There was none of that pause one reads about between the moment of being hit and the moment when one feels it.

"I was taken to shelter on a gun-limber and managed to get a good long sleep in my great-coat. The next morning, while I was trying to get back after my battery and to go ahead I was caught by an army medical officer, who has sent me here. I shall be all right in a month anyhow."

The arrangements for transporting the wounded from the French port are wonderfully complete and everything seems to be working smoothly. A train arrived here last week in charge of Major Gallie in which the ordinary luggage-van type of trucks used in France for soldiers had been transformed into rough but very serviceable and practical invalid carriages. Each truck contains two stretchers slung one above the other on either side, two of them being fixed on springs for ordinary cases and two for cases of fractured limbs. There is a complete dispensary and a store-car attached with, of course a detachment of trained orderlies.

Both officers and men are very reluctant to speak of the severe hardships they have undergone, but in the officers' ward there was enormous jubilation among those who were going to be allowed to have a bath. "It's exactly thirty-three days since I last had one," said one of them as he gleefully seived a lump of soap and shouted to an orderly to bring the biggest and stiffest scrubbing brush in Havre. "Nothing else will do it." And the big Scot disappeared into the longed for tub, giving minutest instructions for the proper scouring of his muscular person. "I am going to be quite clean," he explained to his envious brother-officers.



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