MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

PURITY FLOUR

Baking triumphs are everyday occurrences with Purity flour.

Highest grade in the world.

Home-made bread awarded first prize at the National Exhibition, Toronto, was made from Purity flour.

WESTERN CANADA FLOUR MILLS CO., LTD.

Mills at Winnipeg, Goderich, Brandon.

More bread *and* better bread

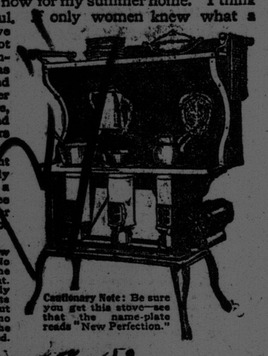
A Storekeeper Says:

"A lady came into my store lately and said:

"'I have been using a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove all winter in my apartment. I want one now for my summer home. I think these oil stoves are wonderful. If only women knew what a comfort they are, they would all have one. I spoke about my stove to a lot of my friends, and they were astonished. They thought that there was smell and smoke from an oil stove, and that it heated a room just like any other stove. I told them of my experience, and one after another they got one, and now, not one of them would give hers up for five times its cost.'"

The lady who said this had thought an oil stove was all right for quickly heating milk for a baby, or boiling a kettle of water, or to make coffee quickly in the morning, but she never dreamed of using it for difficult or heavy cooking. Now—she knows.

Do you really appreciate what a New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove means to you? No more coal to carry, no more coming to the dinner table so tired out that you can't eat. Just light a Perfection Stove and immediately the heat from an intense blue flame shoots up to the bottom of pot, kettle or oven. But the room isn't heated. There is no smoke, no smell, no outside heat, no drudgery in the kitchen where one of these stoves is used.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

It has a Cabinet Top with a shelf for keeping plates and food hot. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company,
Limited.

WORLD OF SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC.

1910 July		Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	Tide. High	Tide. Low
5	Tues	4.48	8.08	10.13	4.26
6	Wed	4.49	8.08	11.09	5.22
7	Thurs	4.50	8.07	12.00	6.14
8	Fri.	4.51	8.07	0.20	7.03
9	Sat.	4.52	8.06	1.10	7.51

The time used is Atlantic Standard.

VESSELS BOUND TO CT. JOHN.

Steamers.

Barlby, 1599, Newport, May 25.
Bitterley, 1979, Huelva, June 9.
Indrani, 2339, Glasgow, June 3.

Barks.

Yuba, 1427, Saritos, May 26.

DOMINION PORTS.

Halifax, July 4—Ard, stmrs Florizel, New York; Trinidad, do and sailed for Quebec; Bornu, St John's (Nfld.)

Sld—Stmr Ocamo, Bermuda and West Indies.

Montreal, June 4.—Ard, stmrs Lake Champlain, Liverpool; Athenia, Glasgow; Lake Michigan, London; Southwark, Glasgow.

Sld—Stmr Caintor, Newcastle via Quebec.

BRITISH PORTS.

Liverpool, July 4—Ard, stmr Louisiana, St John.

Capetown, June 27—Ard, stmr Bendu, Montreal.

Sharpness, July 3—Ard, stmr Terscheling, St John.

Greenock, July 1—Sld, stmr Indrani, Young, St John.

Belfast, July 1.—Ard, stmr Helsingborg, Meyer, Campbellton.

Bristol, July 1—Ard, stmr Montcalm, Hodder, Montreal via Liverpool.

London, July 4—Ard, stmr Pandosia, Wright, from Antwerp for Rio Janeiro and Pernambuco.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Philadelphia, July 4—Ard, stmr Siberlan, Liverpool via St John's (Nfld) and Halifax.

Norfolk, Va., July 4—Sld, stmr Ragnarok, Dorchester.

City Island, July 4—Bound south, bark Hector, Chatham for New York; schrs Percy C, Ship Harbor for New York; Ethel, Halifax for New York; Pandora, River Hebert for do; Coal Leaf, Spencer's Island for do; E A Sabine, Sheet Harbor for do; Novelty, Newcastle for do; Silver, Bridgewater for do; Myrtle Leaf, Apple River for do; Hortensia, do for do; Abana, St Martins for do; Silver Heels, Waterside for do; Seguin, St George via Norwalk (Conn) for do; Fleetly, Campbellton via Bridgeport for do; Aldine, St John for do; E H Kitchener, do via New Haven for do; Ronald, do for do; Lois V Chapler, Bangor via Sag Harbor for do.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, July 4—Ard and sld, schr H H Chamberlain, Fredericton for New York.

Las Palmas, June 28—Cld, stmr Usher, Perry, Rio Janeiro.

Maderia, June 28—Sld, stmr Albuera, Lockhart, from Cardiff for Rio Janeiro and Europe.

Marseilles, June 29—Sld, Leuctra, Hilton, Cardiff for Huelva and Philadelphia.

CHARTERS.

The following charters are announced by Messrs. Scammell Bros in their weekly circular dated at New York, July. Br. stmr Westonby, 2475 tons, St John to W C England, deals, 30s. July. Br. stmr Corinthia, 2359 tons, same from Grindstone Island, 28s 9d. Span stmr Riojano, 3556 tons, St John to Cardiff and Plymouth, deals, 28s 9d. July. Dan schr Isabel, 199 tons, Weymouth (N S), to S S Cuba, lumber, $5.50. Br Schr Cheslie, 330 tons, Philadelphia to St John's (Nfld), coal, p t. Br. schr Annie E Banks, 135 tons, Bear River to Grenada, lumber, $5.25.

Sail tonnage—A moderate business was reported in sail chartering during the week, with rates in the coasting trades showing easier tendencies.

REPORTS AND DISASTERS.

Boston, July 1.—Stmr Jose (Nor.), from Port Limon, reports yesterday, lat 43, lon 69, passed a red conical buoy adrift.

SPOKEN.

Schr Evadne, Pensacola for Manzanillo, June 21, lat 40, lon 98 (by ship Glocscap at New York.)

MARINE NEWS.

The large Spanish steamship Riajano, 3,556 tons register, has been fixed to load deals at this port for Cardiff and Plymouth.

Furness line steamship Rappahannock arrived at this port yesterday from Manchester with a large general cargo, including 1,265 chests of tea.

Battle liner Pandosia, Captain Wright, arrived at London yesterday from Antwerp. She is bound for Rio Janeiro and Pernambuco. The steamer Platea, of the same line, sailed from Lisbon June 21 for New York.

New York, July 4—With a six-foot hole in her side, the White Star liner Baltic docked today, while her passengers hurried ashore and congratulated themselves on their escape from what might have been a mid-sea disaster.

Repairs were made and a patch was placed over the hole in the Baltic's bow. After a delay of more than two hours, the Baltic steamed away on her course for New York. A seaman was reported missing after the accident, and it was thought that he was knocked overboard by the impact.

(Additional shipping on page 3)

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Brent Good

Fashion Hints for Times Readers

A PRETTY LITTLE DRESS OF EMBROIDERY AND LAWN

Embroidery is much more satisfactory than lace for children's frocks which must make frequent trips to the laundry. This charming little model is simple in design, a flounce of the embroidery being attached to a bodice composed of alternate strips of embroidery and tucked lawn, the two materials being joined with lace insertion. In the neck is a round yoke showing a touch of hand embroidery, and the strips of embroidery insertion that are attached over the sleeves and shoulder give breadth and grace. These strips are lightly lined with lawn and have lace ruffles at the edge. The hat, which sets far down on the head, is quaint and a bit coquettish, and is a flexible Panama straw trimmed with white satin and pink peonies.

The Furnace of Gold

By PHILIP MIGHELS
Author of "The Pillars of Eden," etc.

CHAPTER XLII—(Continued.)

The moonless night, at ten o'clock, found Van alone at his tent. From the top of the hill whereon he had camped a panoramic view of all the town swung far in both directions. The glare of the lamps, the noise of life—even the odor of man upon the air—impinged upon his senses here, as he sat before the door and gazed far down upon it. He thought that man with his fire, smells and din made chaos in a spot that was otherwise sacred to nature. He thought of the persistence with which the human family haunts all the corners of the earth, pursues life's mysteries, invades its very God. He thought of this desert as a place created barren, lifeless, dead, and severe for some inscrutable purpose—perhaps even fashioned by the Maker as His place to be alone. But the haunter was there with his garish town, his canvas-tented circus of a day, and God had doubtless moved.

How little the game amounted to, at the end of a man's short span! What a senseless repetition it seemed—the same old comedies, the same old tragedies, the same old bits of generosity, and greed, of weakness, hope and despair! Except for a warm little heartful of love—ah love! He paused at that and laughed, unmirthfully. That was the thing that made of it a Hades, or converted the desert into heaven!

"Dreamers! dreamers—all of us!" he said, and he went within to flatten down his blankets for the night.

He had finally blown out his candle and stretched himself upon the ground, to continue his turmoil of thinking, when abruptly his sharp ear caught at a sound as of something slipping on a stone that turned, just out upon the slope. He sat up alertly.

Half a minute passed. Then something heavy lurched against the tent, the flap was lifted, and a man appeared, stooped double as if in pain.

"Who's there?" demanded Van. "Is that you, Gett?" He caught up his gun, but it and the hand that held it were invisible.

"It's me," said a voice—a croaking voice. "Matt Barger."

He fell on the floor, breathing in some sort of anguish, and Van struck a match to light the candle.

The flame flared blindly inside the canvas whiteness. A great, moving shadow of Van was projected behind him on the wall. The light gleamed brightly from his gun. But it fell on an inert mass where Barger had fallen to the earth.

He did not move, and Van, mechanically igniting the candle's wick, while he eyed the man before him, beheld dry blood, and some that was fresh, on the haggard face, on the tattered clothing, and even on one loose hand.

"Barger!" he said. "What in thunder, man—"

The outlaw rallied his failing strength and raised himself on one hand. He could barely speak, but his lips attempted a smile.

"I thought I heard you—call fer the joker," he said, "and so—I come."

Van was up. He saw that the man had been literally shot to pieces. One of his arms was broken. A portion of his scalp was gone. He was pierced in the body and leg. He had met the posse, fought his fight, escaped with wounds that must have stopped any animal on earth, and then had dragged himself to Van, to repay his final debt.

"I haven't called—I haven't called for anything," said Van. "You're wounded, man, you're—"

"Need the money, don't you—now?" he interrupted. "You can—use the reward, I guess."

"Good God, I don't want that kind of money!" Van exclaimed. "Who got you, Matt—who got you?"

"Sheriff," said the convict dispassionately. "Good man, Christler—and a pretty good shot—but I got away with his lead."

He slumped again, like a waxen thing on melting props, deprived of all support.

Van plunged out to the water bench, with its bucket, near the door. He brought back a basin of water, knelt on the ground, and bathed the convict's face. He poured some liquor between the dead-white lips. He slashed and unbuttoned the clothing and tried to staunch the wounds. He bound up the arm, put a bandage on the leg and body, continuing from time to time to dash cold water in the pallid bearded face.

Barger had fainted at last. What hideous tortures the fellow had endured to drag and drive himself across the mountain roughness to win to this tent, Van could but weakly imagine.

The convict finally opened his eyes and blinked in the light of the candle.

"What in hell—was the use of my comin' here," he faltered, "if you don't take the money—the reward?"

"I don't want it!" said Van. "I told you that before."

Barger spoke with difficulty.

"It's different now; they've—got you in a hole. Van Buren, I'm your meat! I'm—nuthin' but meat, but you acted—as if I was a man!"

"We're all in a hole—it's life," said Van, continuing his attentions to the wounds. "I don't want a cent of blood-money, Matt, if I have to starve on the desert. Now lie where you are, and maybe go to sleep. You won't be disturbed here till morning."

"By mornin'—all hell can't—disturb me," Barger told him painfully, with something like a ghastly smile upon his lips. "I'm goin'—there to see."

He lapsed off again into coma. Van feared the man was dead. But having lived a stubborn life, Barger relinquished his hold unwillingly, despite his having ceased at last to care.

For nearly an hour Van worked above him, on the ground. Then the man not only aroused as before, but sat up, propped on his arm.

"God, I had to—wake!" he said. "I was sure—forgettin' to tell you."

Van thought the fellow's mind was wandering.

"Lie down, Matt, lie down," he answered. "Try to take it easy."

"Too late—fer me to take—anything easy," replied the outlaw, speaking with a stronger voice than heretofore. "Gimme a drink of whisky."

Van gave him a drink and he tossed it off at a draught.

"I said to myself I'd be—hanged if I'd tell you that—day you cheated the quicksand," Barger imparted jerkily, "but you've got—a—right to know. McCoppet and that—pal of his give Lawrence twenty thousand—dollars, cash, to queer you on the—reservation line and run off with your claim."

Van scrutinized the sunken face and glittering eyes with the closest attention.

"What's that?" he said. "Bought Lawrence to fake out the reservation line? Who told you, Matt? Who told you that?" The convict seemed to gain in strength. He was making a terrible effort to finish all he had to impart.

"Trimmer put me—on to all the game. It was him that told me—you was goin' through, when I—pretty near got you, in the pass."

Van's eyes took on a deep intensity.

"Trimmer? Trimmer?"

"Larry Trimmer—Pine-tree Trimmer," explained the convict impatiently. "McCoppet—wanted you detained, the day they—jumped your claim. Lawrence—he run the line out crooked fer—twenty thousand bucks. Culver was put away by Cayuse, mebbe because—he was square—Larry wasn't sure— I guess—that's all, but it ought to—help you some."

He dropped himself down and languidly closed his eyes.

"Good heavens, man" said Van, still staring, "are you sure of what you're saying?"

"Excuse me, Van Buren, fer—bein' so damn—long—dyin'."

"You're not dying, Matt—go to sleep," said Van. "I'll be here beside you all night."

He sat down, got up and sat down again, stirred to the depths of his being by the story the man had revealed. Beth's money, then, had gone for this, to bribe a Government agent. A tumult of mad, revengeful thought went roaring through his mind. A grim look came upon his face, and fire was flashing from his eyes. He arose and sat down a dozen times, all the while looking at the worn, broken figure that lay on the earth at his feet. What an ill-used, gaunt, and exhausted frame it was, loose and abandoned by the strength that once had filled it with vigor and might. What a boyish look had come at last upon the haggard, sunken face!

The night wind was chill. He had forgotten for himself, but he thought of it now for Barger. He laid his blankets on the inert limbs and up around the shoulders.

Perhaps another hour went by, with Van still sleepless by his charge. The convict stirred.

"Van—Buren," he said in a horse, rattling whisper, "Van——"

Van was instantly alert.

"Hello."

Barger partially raised his hand.

"So long,"—and the hand dropped downward.

"Matt!" answerd Van, quickly kneeling on the earth. He caught up the fingers, felt their faint attempt to close upon his own—and the man on the ground was dead.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Preparing for the Net to Draw.

Beth Kent, as the sun was going from the sky, fell down in utter exhaustion. She and the others had come to within a mile of the "Laughing Water" claim. Pratt was far away in the rear, on the last of his stations. Glen, in the lead, was forging ahead on a second supply of strength. Hiden from the sight of either of the others Beth was ready to collapse.

But onward crept that merciless ribbon of steel that Glen was dragging. Three times the girl rose and stumbled onward, up the last acclivity. Her legs were like lead. She stubbed her toes on every rock. She could almost have cried out with the aches of weariness. It seemed as if that terrible hill unfolded new and steeper slopes for every one she climbed.

She went down repeatedly. To have lain there, hungry, but indifferent to anything but sleep, would have been the most heavenly thing she could conceive. She was literally falling up the hill, with all her machinery slumping towards inertia, when finally Pratt, on his distant hill, sent the signal for Glen to halt.

"All right, Beth—rest!" he called from the end of the chain, and she sank at once in her tracks.

It was almost dusk when Pratt came toiling up the hill. Glen had come down to Beth's position. He too was thoroughly tired. How the line had come out was more than he could care. But Beth, with the last of her flickering strength, arose to hasten Pratt.

"No use in the three of us being seen," he said, planting his transit in the sand, but making no fleort to adjust it to a level. "That ridge there overlooks the claim. I'll climb up alone and take a bird's-eye view."

"We're as near as that!" cried Beth in startled surprise. "Then what do you think? Does the line include the claim?"

"I'll have to look around from the ridge," repeated Pratt with aggravating caution. "You can wait ten minutes here."

He started laboriously up the slope—and Beth stood tensely watching. She thought she saw him top the ridge, but he disappeared from sight.

The darkness was gathering swiftly in all the desert world. The girl's excitment and impatience grew with a new flare up of energy. To think that Searle was so near at hand, with fate a-hover in the air, sent her pulses bounding madly.

It seemed as if Pratt would never return from the hill. She could almost have dashed to the summit herself, to learn the outcome of their labors. Then at last, from a small ravine, not far away, he appeared in his leisurely manner.

Beth ran along the slope to meet him.

"Well?" she cried. "What did you find?"

He smiled. "Unless I'm crazy, Lawrence is either a lawyer or a fool. That claim is safe outside the line by nearly an eight of a mile."

"Oh!" cried the girl. She collapsed on the ground and sobbed in exhausted and joy.

She could go no further. She had kept her strength and courage up for this, and now, inside the goal, she cared for what might happen.

They camped upon the spot. The man with the car, which had taken them out, had been ordered to meet them down at Reservation town—the mushroom camp which had sprung into being no more than a week before the rush. All the way down there Pratt continued alone. He and the chauffeur, long after dark, returned with provisions and blankets. They had driven the car as far as possible, then climbed the ravine on foot.

(To be Continued.)

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. Felix Gourand's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.

Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of years, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit or similar name. Dr. L. A. Sayer said to a lady of the haut ton (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gourand's Cream' as the least harmful of all the skin preparations." For sale by all druggists and Fancy-Goods Dealers in the United States, Canada and Europe.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop., 37 Great Jones Street, New York

Nigh's FAMILY REMEDIES

(LOOK FOR THE SIGNED PACKAGE)

Sold and Guaranteed by all good Druggists

They know the formulas

One for each everyday ailment

Dainty Silver

Possessing a charm equaled only by its fine workmanship and quality, silverware marked

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

is the ready choice of those who want the best in knives, forks, spoons, etc.

Best tea sets, dishes, pitchers, etc., are stamped

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.

SOLD BY LEADING DEALERS

"Silver Plate that Wears"

IT IS NOT IN THE BLOOD

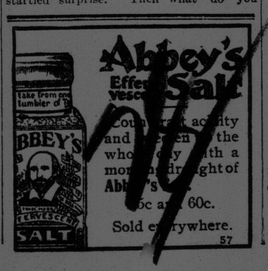
Medicine Taken Internally Cannot Cure Eczema, it is Caused by Germs

Eczema cannot be overcome by ordinary treatment and the old-fashioned way of dosing the system with drugs. Eczema is caused by a parasitic germ that bores into the skin. It is generally a contagious disease. Until the parasite is completely destroyed and removed eczema cannot be cured. Fully one-third of skin diseases are in the form of eczema.

I so thoroughly believe that Rexall Eczema Ointment will overcome eczema and allied skin ailments, that I unhesitatingly promise to promptly return the money paid me for it should it in any way be unsatisfactory to the user.

Because of its remarkable cleansing, antiseptic, germicidal, soothing and healing influence, Rexall Eczema Ointment has a very pronounced value in the treatment of skin diseases, especially where the form of ailments is of the chronic, aggravating sort. I highly recommend it for the dry scaly form or the weeping type, where there is a constant flow of ill-smelling excretion.

Rexall Eczema Ointment is very prompt in relieving pimples, blotches, skin discolorations, ringworm, acne, nettle rash, tetter, hives, ulcers, insect bites, and for healing sores and wounds. It is a pleasant smelling, grayish-white ointment, and is very cleanly for use. Two sizes, 50c. and $1.00. Sold only at my stores—The Rexall Store. Chas. R. Wasson, 100 King street



Abbey's Effervescent Salt

Counteracts acidity and poisons in the blood, whether arising from improper food or drink, sight of Abbey's.

50c and 60c.

Sold everywhere. 57

GREAT SALE OF

MEN'S PANTS

English Worsted Pants Regular $3.50 Value for $2.98

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union St.

Buy Now. Save $1.00 per Ton.

Canada's Best Coal "SALMON ASH"

ADAPTABLE FOR ALL PURPOSES.

$4.25 per Ton of 2,000 lbs. $3.10 per Load of 1,400 lbs

Credit by arrangement. C. O. D. or Cash with order.

For immediate delivery in City proper. Phone—Main 1172. P. O. Box 13

CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION

MANY DEMANDS ON MISS GOULD FOR MONEY

Among the millionaire women of the United States, Miss Helen Gould is the most prominent in acts of benevolence. Only moderately rich, for she has only $15,000,000, compared with Mrs. Hetty Green's fifty, she is constantly besieged by appeals for help. Miss Gould receives an average of 1,303 begging letters in a week. Among the purposes for which she was solicited in one week were:

Help to finance a colony in Cuba.
Financial help to produce an opera.
Assistance to provide a trousseau.
Horse and trap for a minister.
Money for a set of false teeth.
Sewing machines, watches, Bibles and straight hold-ups for the coin.

NATURE SPARES

The Stricken Rose From Grief

What a fortunate provision of nature it is, that deprives the rose of mental suffering; for how poignant would be its grief to discover, in the height of its blooming glory, that its beauty and fragrance were doomed forever. Nature always spares the suffering; she is a veritable store-house of pleasure for those who seek her aid. Some years gone by falling hair and baldness cast a gloom over the lives of thousands of young women, but thanks to the investigations of scientists the true cause of hair destruction is now known to be a germ or parasite that burrows into the hair follicles. Newbro's Herpicide absolutely destroys this germ, thus permitting the hair to grow as nature intended. Sold by leading druggists. Send 10c. in stamps for sample to The Herpicide Co., Detroit, Mich.

One dollar bottles guaranteed.

E. Clinton Brown, special agent.

DALHOUSIE MAN TELLS MONTREAL OF BOOM IN EAST

(Montreal Star.)

James B. Hume Storer, secretary of the Dalhousie Lumber Company, is convinced that there is a big boom coming in the Maritime Provinces.

"The East has awakened," said he to the Star today, "to the fact that Western Canada has been absorbing too much of the new capital and population which is pouring into the Dominion, and, speaking for New Brunswick, I can assure you that we intend to make a bid for our share in Canada's prosperity.

"Dalhousie, the town to which I belong," he continued, "recently put in a new mayor and council, committed to a progressive administration, and we are out after new industries. We have splendid natural advantages. Our harbor is one of the best on the continent. It could now, I think, be used with advantage by transatlantic carriers, and could be kept open all winter by a couple of small ice-breakers. Moreover, next year we will have the main line of the Intercolonial running through our town.

Many a man realizes after it is too late that his mascot was a hoodoo.

THE WORD "SAUCE"

What are the first essentials of a Sauce? Many professors of cookery and eminent chefs have, from time to time, set forth their views on this subject, but the point seems to have been completely decided. Many solid varieties of food, soluble only by digestion, are not rarely dry in substance, but are somewhat unattractive and insufficiently flavored. A sauce is intended, amongst other things, to lubricate dry food, and thus increase its palatability, by the addition of flavors or the production of contrast. A sauce is intended to stimulate the organs of taste and to promote the salivary secretion. Thus, by enhancing the appetite and secretion of the juices capable of digesting it, it adds the pleasure of eating, and assisting the mechanism of nutrition. The preparation of a sauce suited to one special dish is, in general, a simple affair, but the making of a bottled sauce, capable of fulfilling scores of demands, and happily allying itself with hundreds of dishes, is a matter necessitating great experience and elaborate skill. Such a sauce is Lea & Perrins' obtainable. It is imported from England, where it is produced in the largest Malt Vinegar Brewery in the World, and is known as "H. P. Sauce," and takes its title from the initial letters of the "Houses of Parliament," where it is used on the dinning tables both in the home country and in Canada. The makers tell us that its delicious flavor is obtained by blending together the choicest Oriental fruits and spices with pure malt vinegar, by a secret process, and we are sure our readers will find that a personal trial will confirm all the good things that are said of H. P. Grocers over here are already selling it freely.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

AN ODE TO MOTHS

The moth's an animal of taste
And cultivated mind;
When he gets in a suit, he picks
The nicest he can find.
Find a tailor.

And yet he's a perverted beast—
I know no other number;
In winter he likes summer clothes
And winter clothes in summer.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE

Upside down between boys.