MC 2035 POOR DOCUMENT

GOOD STYLE
FOR PLUMP FIGURES

A PERFECT FIGURE is impossible without plumpness, and even if you are a trifle stout your figure will be the envy of your friends if your corset is right. Try our new

La Diva Reducing
No. 609.

You will at once be struck with its comfortable support, and also the absence of pinching. Then when you have adjusted the straps at the hips you will perceive the improvement in your profile. A difference of 3 inches or more can be effected with comfort. The band at the bottom prevents creasing of the flesh and the gown will fit with absolute smoothness.

New and improved Rustless Garters and rubber covered Graduated Nickeled Clasps are among the features of the La Diva—609—Reducing. Every bone is stopped with silk at top and bottom.

The La Diva Reducing though fully equal in finish and workmanship to the most expensive custom made and imported corsets, and superior to any in the system of clasps, are nevertheless sold retail at only $2.00. We know Madam they will please you.

If your dealer does not sell the La Diva Reducing write us and we will see that your order is filled.

THE DOMINION CORSET CO., QUEBEC.

Every "DIVA" Corset guaranteed

8-C

TELEPHONE SUBSCRIBERS

PLEASE ADD TO YOUR DIRECTORY

Main 2385-41 American Dye Works, Elm, number changed from Main 541-41 to Main 2385-41.

Main 956-41 Baillie, Chas. 70 King, number changed from Main 1793-11 to Maain 956-41.

Min 1434-21 Burditt, W. F., residence, Crouchville, number changed from Main 768 to Main 1434-21.

Main 400 Curtis, A. B., residence. Y. M. C. A., Bldg, number changed from Main 2351 to Main 400.

West 119-21 Carter, Frank B., residence, Lancaster Heights.

Main 2391-21 Crawford, Mrs. W., residence, 29 St. Paul.

West 108-44 Charlton, Frank S., residence, South Bay.

Main 754-11 Day, George E., Printer, 29 Canterbury, number changed from Main to Main 754-11.

Main 1642-31 Durick, T. J., 183 Main, number changed from Main 260-11 to Main 1642-31.

Main 653 Fairweather, F. R., 12 Canterbury.

Main 2397 Foshery, Wm., Resident Engineer, Marine Dept., Customs House.

Main 2372-21 Fowler, B., residence, 103 Wright, number changed from Main 1846-21 to Main 2372-21.

Main 2255-41 Ferris, Miss Nellie, residence, 91 Moore.

Main 1783-11 Gundry, Allan, A., Jewellery, etc., 68 Prince W m.

Main 2392-11 Gilbert, Harris, General Dealer, 24 Mill.

Main 1642-21 Gault, James, residence, 183 Main, number changed from Main 260-21 to Main 1642-21.

Main 360 Hallamore, C. W., residence, 196 King, East.

Main 2396-11 Hannah, Dr. Geo. O., Dentist, 1 Coburg.

Main 2383-41 James, Mrs. T. R., residence, 280 Main, number changed from Main 1821-41 to Main 2383-41.

Main 1791-11 Kiervan, Mrs. R., residence, 126 Main, number changed from Main 1821-21 to Main 1791-11.

Main 1434-11 Lee, John, residence, Red Head, number changed from Main 1434 to Main 1434-11.

West 102-22 Lewis, F. J., residence, 110 Ludlow, W. E.

West 159-41 Lord, Samuel C., residence, Bay Shore, W. E.

Main 400 Morse, J. D., Gen. Contract agent N. B. Tel Co., Ltd., res. Y. M. C. A. Bldg, number changed from Main 2351 to 400.

Main 1774-22 Mahoney, J. Benson, Chemist & Druggist, 24 Dock.

Main 1325-11 Noble W. F., residence, 82 Stanley.

Roth, 35-31 Patterson, A. P., residence, Riverside, number changed from Roth. 28-31 to Roth. 35-31.

Main 2011 Pay Station, Mahoney, J. Benson, 24 Mill.

Main 2392-11 Rex Pressing & Cleaning Co., 24 Mill.

Main 2000-11 Rhea, Mrs. Elizabeth, residence, 18 Mill, number changed from Main 2000 to Main 2000-11.

Main 864 Spencer, F. G., "Unique" 95 Charlotte, number changed from Main 864-21 to Main 864.

West 159-21 Sheehan H. J., residence, Bay Shore, number changed from West 184-11 to West 159-21.

Main 583-11 Trueman, C. D., residence, 292 Princess, number changed from Main 583 to Main 583-11.

Main 86 White, John, Furniture, 93 Charlotte, number changed from Main 864-11 to Main 86.

Main 2398 Wisely, Robert, Director Public Safety, Office, City Hall.

Main 1435-41 Woodley, Percy H., residence, 27 St. Paul.

F. J. NISBET,
Local Manager.

June 18, 1910

George Campbell Killed in West

George Campbell, of St. John street, Carleton, received a sad message Saturday, telling him of the death by accident in Calgary, Alberta, of his son, George, who left for the west a few months ago.

The young man, who was in the employ of the C. P. R. as a brakeman, was making a flying shunt when he was thrown under the wheels of a car and cut in two. Death, it is said, was instantaneous. His brother, Lester, left Saturday night to meet the body, which is being sent home, at North Bay (Ont.)

Deceased had many friends here and general sympathy is expressed for the bereaved family.

The message also stated that in the same accident Fred Hillman, a Dane, once employed with the C. P. R. in Carleton, lost both of his legs. It is not known what chances he has for recovery.

When you see a man looking for trouble it won't be long until you'll hear him call for help.

The gift of gab is one gift that some men should have refused to accept.

SHIPPING

MINIATURE ALMANAC

1910 June	Sun Rises	Sun Sets	Tides High	Tides Low
20 Mon	4.41	8.09	10.20	4.27
21 Tues	4.41	8.10	11.50	5.05
22 Wed	4.41	8.10	11.38	5.41
23 Thurs.	4.43	8.10	12.00	6.19
24 Fri	4.42	8.10	0.29	6.59
25 Sat	4.42	8.11	1.08	7.41

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived Yesterday.

Schr Hunter (Am), 187, Sabean, from New Bedford (Conn), D J Purdy, bal.

Sailed Saturday.

Stmr Dahome, 1,552, Gorst, for Halifax and West Indies, Wm Thomson & Co,gen cargo.

Bktn Kremlin (Am), 09, McNeil, for Havana, J H Scammell & Co, potatoes.

Stmr Toftwood, 1961, Foyn, for Rosario, Stetson Cutler & Co., 2,667,791 feet spruce scantling.

Stmr Terschelling (Dutch) 2972, Vollenhoven, for Brow Head for orders; Wm. Thomson & Co., deals.

DOMINION PORTS.

Halifax, N S, June 19—Sld stmr Carthaginian, for Philadelphia.

Ard—Schr James William, from Port Reading (N J.)

BRITISH PORTS

London, June 19—Sld stmr Rappahannock, for St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Vineyard Haven, June 19—Ard and sailed schrs W E & W L Tuck, Port Reading for Calais; McClure, Elizabethport for Halifax.

Sld—Schrs Damietta and Joanna, from New York for Windsor (N S); Pemsaquid, for Nova Scotia; Pacific, from Chatham (N B), for New York; Advance, from Windsor (N S), for do; Preference, from Port Reading for St John; S A Fownes, from St Martins (N B), for Northport (L I.)

City Island, June 19—Bound south, schr John G Walter, Apple River (N S.)

New York, June 19—Ard, stmr Edda, from Hilsboro, N. S.

Sld—Bark Puritan, for Sydney (N S W.)

(Additional shipping on page 3)

The Vatican and Spain

Madrid, June 19—A semi-official note intimates that if the Vatican insists upon coupling its protest against the royal decree issued on June 11 with the negotiations to revise the concordat, the government will break off all negotiations.

The royal decree authorizes the edifices of non-Catholic religious societies to display the insignia for public worship and other ceremonies.

Pain in Heart

"For two years I had pain in my heart, back and left side. Could not draw a deep breath or lie on left side, and any little exertion would cause palpitation. Under advice I took Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy and Nervine. I took about thirteen bottles, am in better health than I ever was, and have gained 14 pounds."

MRS. LILLIE THOMAS,
Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

For many years Dr. Miles' Heart Remedy has been very successful in the treatment of heart troubles, because of its tonic effect upon the heart nerves and muscles. Even in severe cases of long standing it has frequently prolonged life for many years after doctors had given up all hope, as proven by thousands of letters we have received from grateful people.

Price $1.00 at your druggist. He should supply you. If he does not, send price to us, we forward prepaid.

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., Toronto, Ont.

SOCIALISM AND THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Editor Times-Star:

Sir:—The liquor traffic presents one of the very grave problems of today, in the minds of al thinking men and women. Not the gravest, as so many of my temperance friends would have me believe, for it is as nothing to the very much graver question of poverty, but still it is the cause of so great an amount of misery, that it behooves us all to give it serious attention.

Unfortunately, a great many of the leaders of the temperance party appear to think that there is only one solution to this problem, so we have "Prohibit the saloon, Prohibit the saloon" shouted at us so often that the majority of people think that this is the only answer. That this is not so, in fact that prohibition is far from being the best remedy is the reason why I write these lines.

Roughly speaking there are four of these remedies advocated, each having a large following. 1. Prohibit the saloon. 2. Prohibit the sale, manufacture or importation of any kind of alcohol for human consumption. 3. High license. 4. Socialization of the whole of the liquor traffic.

To deal with these in their given order. 1. Prohibit the saloon:—I am personally in every way opposed to any form of coercion until every other means have been found to fail, and as other means which I shall mention later have not been tried, if there was no other reason, I should be opposed to prohibition. My prohibition friends must remember that primarily it is not drink that they object to, but the squalor and misery caused through the abuse of drink that they are fighting. A dose of brandy has saved many a man from death, whilst many of my friends tell me (and I have no reason to doubt their word and even the most bigoted teetotaller would not call them drunkards) that a glass of beer is the finest drink in the world when one is thirsty. A man who drinks twenty glasses of beer, however, is a beast, whilst a man who drinks 20 glasses of brandy must be a lunatic. Is it right, is it just that Bill must be punished by not being allowed to have one glass of beer, because Jack makes a beast or a lunatic of himself?

Again, will Prohibition really stop excessive drinking. Almost everywhere where prohibition laws have been passed, immediately an attempt is made to strictly enforce them, a host of dives spring up. This must necessarily be so, for under the present system if there is profit to be made, law or no law, some one will make that profit. If there is a demand there will be a supply and all the prohibition officers in the world cannot stop this. It is time that a large amount of the traffic is stopped, but it is far more than made up for in the vile stuff that is sold in these dives. Wood alcohol being very very common in most prohibition towns. John Stewart Mills says that unless a great majority of public opinion is on the side of any law that law cannot be properly enforced.

Therefore I claim that not only is prohibition unjust, but that it does not prohibit.

2. Total Prohibition:—The same arguments can be used against this as above, but personally I like it much better because it says that not only the saloon which the poor man uses, but the rich man's club and cellar shall not contain it. A friend of mine, with whom I often discuss these things, and whose bete noir is one law for the rich and another for the poor, waxes very sarcastic when I mention total prohibition. "What," says he, "the temperance party try to shut up the bar in the Union Club, the Royal or the Dufferin. Take the wine from the rich man's table and the whiskey from his sideboard! Rot! The temperance party will never attempt such a thing. It's the poor man's saloon they're after." And I am afraid this is the common opinion.

3. High license is in my opinion better than the other two. The fatal objection to high license being that the saloon keeper would be encouraged to entice men to consume more drink. He would be encouraged to sell more adulterated drinks, and he would also (if the license was very high) he would have oN— ..— ..—okh high) have to charge more for his drinks, in which case we should in all likelihood again have dives and their evils.

Thus we see that none of these are genuine solutions. They all contain fatal defects. The fourth, the way that socialism will deal with this evil, I had fully intended to discuss in this letter, but I am afraid I have trespassed already too much on the good nature of the editor, therefore I will another day go into the fourth solution, which, in my opinion, is the only true one.

Yours truly,
JAMES W. EASTWOOD.

The first motor bank in England is being given its trial run through the villages of Sussex. Every detail of a bank in miniature is to be found in the car.

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A DIGNIFIED GOWN OF BROCADED SATIN AND JET

Though unsuited to a debutante, this impressive costume would well become a mature woman, or even a young matron. The material is black satin brocade in a Persian pattern well thrown up on the surface of the satin and the little bodice is made of apple green chiffon over white lace, the shoulder straps, which apparently hold up the heavy jet tunic, passing over this apple green stuff with very good effect. The gloves also are green, and are of the cool, dainty embroidered sort which are fancied for summer wear. These cool, greenish Niagara gloves, as they are called, unite with the green bodice in giving individuality to the costume.

Men's Balbriggan Underwear
At 35c. a Garment
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

The

Furnace of Gold

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

CHAPTER XXXI—(Continued.)

"Someways I'm glad Van Buren's going," he said. "I've been trying to figure how I could play the game to have him away when we come to take the trick. He's hostile in a fight. I guess it's all right. Don't need you here. You can copper any possible harm down there at Starlight, and meantime I'll see if there's any known way of delaying Van Buren's return."

"But how am I going to get down there and back?" said Bostwick, intent upon the need for haste. "I can't get around without a car."

"Don't get tropical," said McCoppet calmly. "I can get you a car in fifteen minutes. It ain't as good as yours, but we needed the one that was surest to keep on its legs. If you ain't got anything more on your mind, I want to chase around for a lumberman—a fried of mine—before he gits any drunker."

Bostwick arose.

"Arrange for that car to take me tonight. After dinner, I think that's all."

He repaired to his room to attend to a dozen small affairs, then went once more to Beth's. She was not in the least surprised to hear him say he meant to return to Starlight and to Glen that night, on business of importance to them all, but she did not believe him in the least. He remained in the hope of entrapping her into some sort of self-betrayal as to what she had recently done, but without avail.

The hour that he spent at Mrs. Dick's was dull for them both—dull and distasteful to the girl, growing so rapidly to hate and distrust him, dull and aggravating to Bostwick, with jealousy increasing upon him. His one consolation lay in the fact that in less than two days Van Buren would be no better off than a pauper at best with scarcely a shelter for his head.

One of the interesting and vital chapters in the whole affair was meanwhile in McCoppet's hands and receiving his attention. Trimmer, had been captured, far more sober than the gambler could have hoped. The two men were in the den once more, the lumberman smoking an excellent cigar as if it had been a stick of candy.

McCoppet came to his subject promptly. "Look here, Larry," he said, "you know Van Buren when you see him."

Trimmer glanced up sharply, ready in an instant to resent what he felt to partake of the nature of a personal affront.

"Don't git funny, Opal. If ever I fight Van Buren when I'm sober I'll eat him alive. I was drunk when he licked me, and you know it!"

McCoppet leaned back in his chair and half closed his eyes.

"I didn't know but what you'd like to sober up and lick him."

Trimmer stared, shifted uneasily in his seat, and demanded:

"Where? Where is he at?"

"He's going to Starlight tomorrow—from up by the reservation—from his claim. If he don't git back for a copule of days—I could make it worth your while; and you could cash in for that time he licked you when you wasn't in condition."

Again Trimmer fidgeted. "I guess he licked me fair enough. I admit he's all right in a scrap. I ain't holdin' nuthin' agin him. Goldite's good enough fer me."

McCoppet knew the creature was afraid to meet his man—that Trimmer's attack on Van Buren, once before, had been planned with much deliberation, had amounted to ambush in point of fact, resulting in disaster to the bully.

"I counted on you to help me, Larry," he said, drumming on the table with his fingers. "You're the only man of your kind with brains in all the camp."

Trimmer had smoked his cigar to within an inch of his mouth. He extinguished the fire and chewed up the stump voraciously.

"Say!" he suddenly ejaculated, leaping to his feet and coming around the table. "I can fix him all right," and he lowered his voice to a whisper. "Barger would give up a leg to git a show at Van Buren!"

"Barger?" echoed McCoppet. "Matt? But they got him! Got em' all."

"Got nuthin'," the lumberman ejaculated. "What's the good of all these lyin' papers when I see Matt myself, readin' the piece about him goin' back to the pen?"

McCoppet rose, went to the window, and returned again.

"Larry, you're all right," he said. "Where's Barger now?"

Trimmer winked. "That's his business, and mine."

"All right—that's all right," agreed the gambler. "Wouldn't he take it as a favor if you passed him some money and the word about Van Buren's hike to Starlight?"

Trimmer got out a new cigar, lit up, and began to smoke as before.

"I was goin' to pass him some of mine," he confessed. "Yours will suit me just as good."

"Five hundred ought to help him some," said the gambler. "Come out to the bar."

At dark the lumberman left the camp on foot, heading for the mountains. Bostwick departed in the borrowed car at eight. The whole town was ablaze with light, and tumultuous with sound. Glare and disturbance together, however, only faintly symbolized the excitement and fever in the camp. A thousand men were making final preparations for the rush so soon to come—the mad stampede upon the reservation ground, barely more than a day removed.

Miners with outfits, gamblers with their paraphernalia, saloon men with case on case of liquors, assayers, lawyers, teamsters, cooks—even a half dozen women—comprising the heterogeneous army making ready for the charge. The streets were filled with horses, men, and mules. The saloons were jammed to suffocation. Musical discord filled the air. Only the land, the silent old hills, the ancient, burned-out furnace of gold, was absolutely calm. Overhead a few clouds blurred the sky. Beyond them the eternal march of the stars proceeded in the majesty of space, with billions of years in which to fulfil the cosmic cycle of existence.

CHAPTER XXXII

The Hardships of the Trail.

In the night, far out to the northward, a storm descended like a cataclysm. Torrential rains were poured upon the hills from a cloudburst exceptionally savage. Only the scattered outposts, as it were, of the storm were blown as far as Goldite. A sprinkle of rain that dried at once was the most these mountains received.

Van made an early start from the "Laughing Water" claim, to deliver Beth's letter in Starlight. Her note to himself he read once more as his pony jogged down the descent.

"Dear Mr. Van: I wonder if I dare to ask a favor—from one who has done so much already? My brother, in Starlight, is ill. He has hurt himself, I do not know how badly. A letter I sent has never been received, and I am worried. The effort I made to see him—well— at least, I'm glad I made the effort. But meantime, what of poor Glen? Some little fear I have may be groundless. I shall therefore keep it to myself—but I have it, perhaps because I am a woman. I must know the truth about my brother—how he is—what has been happening. It is far more important than I dare confess. I have written him a letter and sent it to you in the hope you may not find it impossible to carry it to Glen in person. If I am asking too much, please do not hesitate to say so. I am sure you will be friendly enough for that—to say 'no' if need be to another friend—your friend, BETH KENT."

She did not regret that desert experience—that was almost enough for him to know! He had lived in a glow since that wonderful night—and this letter provided another. He rode like a proud young crusader of old, with his head in a region of sunshine and gold, his vision transfixed by a face. Her love had become his holy grail—and for that he would ride to death itself.

His way he shortened, or thought to shorten, by dropping down from the reservation heights to the new-made town a mile below. He came upon the place abruptly, after dipping once into a canyon, and looked with amazement on the place. In the past twelve hours it had doubled in size and increased twenty-fold in its fever. The face of the desert was literally alive with men and animals. Half of Goldite and practically all of a dozen lesser camps were there. Confusion, discomfort, and distraction seemed hopelessly enthroned. The "rush" was written in men's faces, in their actions in their baggage, words, and rising temperature.

A dozen stalwart stampeders pounced upon Van like wolves. They wanted to know what he thought of the reservation, where to go, whether or not there was any more ground like that of the "Laughing Water" claim what he had heard from his Indian friends, and what he would take for his placer. The crowd about him rapidly increased. Men in a time of excitement such as this flock as madly as sheep whenever one may lead. Anything is news—any man is of interest who has in his pocket a piece of rock, or has in his eye a wink. No man is willing to be left outside. He must know all there is to be known.

It was utterly useless for Van to protest his ignorance of the reservation ground. He owned a deposit of placer gold. Success had crowned his efforts. It was something to get in touch with success, rub shoulders with a man who had the gold.

His friends were there in the red-faced mob. They said they were his friends, and they doubtless knew. Some were, indeed, old acquaintances whom Van would gladly have assisted towards a needed change of fortune. He was powerless, not only to aid these men, but also to escape. Despite his utmost endeavors they held him there an hour, and to make up the time, he chose the hottest, roughest trail through the range, when at last he was clear of the town.

The climb he made on his pony to slice a few miles from his route was over a mountain and through a gulch that was known as The Devil's Slide. It was gravel that moved underfoot with never-failing treachery, gravel made hot by the rays of the sun, and flinging up a scorching heat while it crawled and blistered underfoot. On midsummer days men had perished here, driven mad by the dancing of the air and the dread of the movement where they trod. The last two miles of this desolate slope Van walked and led his broncho.

He entered "Solid Canyon" finally, and mounting once more let Suvy pick the way between great boulders, where gray rattlesnakes abounded in exceptional numbers. These were the hardships of the ride all there were that Van felt worth the counting. He had reckoned without that far-off storm, which had raged in the darkness of the night.

He came to the river the ford between the banks where he and Beth had found a shallow stream. For a moment he stared at it speechlessly. A great, swiftly-moving flood was there, tawny, roiled with the mud torn down and dissolved in the water's violence, and foaming still from a plunge it had taken above.

It was ten to twenty feet deep. This Van realized as he sat there on his sweating horse, measuring up the banks. The depth had encroached upon the slope whereon he was wont to ascend the further side. There was one place only where he felt assured a landing might be achieved.

"Well, Suvy," he said to the animal presently, "it looks more like a swim than a waltz quadrille, and neither of us built web-footed."

(To be Continued.)

THE WORLD LOOKS DARK

To the Dyspeptic. How to Make It Bright.

Father Morriscy, the learned priest-physician, realized that many of the difficulties and troubles of this world are due to indigestion. He discovered that to get a proper mental and spiritual attitude, a normal digestive apparatus is very helpful. The good Father therefore gave much study to the important question of the stomach.

His famous prescription, "No. 11," for dyspepsia and indigestion, consists of simple tablets cleverly compounded from the materials in Nature's laboratory. Each tablet will perfectly digest a full meal of 1½ pounds of food.

Father Morriscy's "No. 11" has brought ease and continued health to thousands of sufferers who had previously tried other remedies in vain. It instantly relieves and in due time restores the stomach to full vigor.

If you suffer at times or regularly from a sick, sour, dyspeptic stomach, try No. 11, and see how quickly you can again enjoy hearty meals, and how bright the world looks once more.

In convenient flat boxes at 50c. each. Get a box from your dealer, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 91

Fredericton News

Fredericton, N. B., June 19—The first Sunday band concert of the season was given this afternoon by the Fredericton Brass Band in Wilmot Park.

At the evening service in the Brunswick street Baptist church sixteen persons were baptized.

A. E. Logan, conductor on the I. C. R., and Mrs. Logan celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their wedding last night. A large number of friends gathered at their residence, Lansdowne street, to celebrate the event. Mr. and Mrs. Logan were the recipients of many handsome presents.

Rev. Parker Manzer, of Presque Isle (Me.), preached to large congregations at Christ church cathedral this morning. Rev. Mr. Manzer is a native of Fredericton, although a resident of the United States for some years.

The steam yacht Lolita, of the St. John Yacht Club, arrived here Saturday evening and set out on the return trip this afternoon. The party on board was composed of F. F. Burpee, J. A. Barry, P. L. Hunter, A. B. Hannah, H. P. Nixon and S. P. Gerow.

A horse belonging to Dr. W. J. Weaver ran away from the Victoria Hospital yesterday afternoon and completely smashed the carriage to which it was attached. No one was hurt in the runaway.

Whitney Sails for North

Boston, June 19—Her hold filled with trinkets for the Igloo dwellers of the frozen north, and cabins decorated with big game guns and an abundance of ammunition, the steamship Beothic, chartered by Harry Whitney, of New Haven (Conn.), and Paul J. Rainey, of Cleveland, for a hunting expedition in the Arctic, sailed from pier 2 of the New Haven docks in South Boston today.

Clearance papers were taken out for North Sydney (C. B.), where the Beothic will take on bunker coal.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

THE ANNUAL EXODUS

The chairs are in their suits
Of Holland, white and brown;
The china packed, the rugs are up,
Portieres and curtains down.
The books upon the library shelves,
Alas! are out of reach
Behind a barricade of trunks!
We're going to the beach.

Find a hotel keeper.
We talk with condscension now
To neighbors in our row
Who, have to stay at home because
They can't afford to go.
But even while of bathing, golf
And promenades I preach
At heart I hate the very thought,
Of going on the beach.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE

Lower left corner, down in front of girl.