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Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

A Million a Minute

A Romance of Modern New York and Paris

.... By Hudson Douglas ....

(Continued)

His half-formed purpose crystalized, assumed concrete shape. He must find her again at all costs. By eight o'clock he had O'Ferral, only half awake, on the 'phone, and immediately after breakfast presented himself, with a most efficious card from his friend, at a spacious showroom on Broadway. He promptly possessed himself, on approval, of a high-powered and no less high-priced modern model of all that an automobile should be.

Then, as soon as he could get in touch with O'Ferral again, he had insisted on taking him out for a trial spin.

The correspondent had his own manifold affairs to attend to, but he had also a noteworthy knack of combining pleasure with business. By a curious coincidence he was called to Rockaway Beach. If Quaintance could carry him thither, and back to the Cornucopia Club, it would be quite convenient to join him. Quaintance could. Quaintance picked him up at Thirty-fourth street from the Third Avenue L. They crossed the ferry together, and headed by the way of Jamaica to Lynbrook, then back through Far Rockaway and Arverne to the beach, where they drew up at the Inn, alighted refreshed themselves, and strolled towards the shore.

Jules Chevrel, following at a safe distance, also stopped at the Inn for long enough to absorb two brimming bumpers of absinthe frappee—it is dry work driving a hired car on a hot afternoon—and set out to dog them afoot.

They turned slowly along the boardwalk, discussing the points and performance of Quaintance's purchase, and, these all disposed of returned to the topic uppermost in that gentleman's mind, a topic which had already been touched upon at frequent intervals.

"I wish I had got a better view of the runabout that girl was driving last night," he remarked. "I don't believe I'd know it again unless she were in it herself."

"I should," answered his companion, a quick understanding smile wrinkling his thin face. "It was a Cadillac, two-seated, model Q, '06, lacquered in olive-green without relief, dark canvas Cape-cart hood, three head lamps. Most of the brasswork had been coated over, to save cleaning. The only thing I couldn't get a line on was the number—but it was too thick with dust."

"You're a marvel," said Quintance approvingly. "When special corresponding becomes a lost art, you ought to get good pay as a detective. I couldn't have told it off so concisely even if I had seen the car. How did you manage to notice so much in such a short time, eh?"

"The faculty of observation," retorted his friend. "In my trade one has to be as quick as a snapshot and accurate as an adding machine at the same time. I'd have been dead and buried a long time ago if I hadn't learned the trick young. And, besides, I had a good look at the thing.

"I'll give you another bit of my mind if you like, Steve. I've figured it out backwards and by deduction, but I'll let you have it right end up. You remember the rat-faced Frenchman?"

"I do," said Quaintance concisely.

"And a cheap-looking car we passed just outside the dock gates in Long Island City?"

"I didn't notice it particularly."

"Well, the Frenchman was with it. He followed us down here. He's close to us at this moment."

"Where?" asked Quaintance eagerly.

"Keep cool," requested O'Ferral, gripping him by the arm as he would have turned. "Be more circumspect, confound you. What d'you want to do?"

"I want to spread him to the four winds," confessed his companion. "I want to feed the fishes with him. Last night I offered the girl a seat when he left her standing while he was away wrangling with a waiter about ten cents. When he came back he gave me a scowl that would have earned him a broken neck then if she hadn't been looking on. Let me have just a couple of words with him, and I'll be as circumspect as an oyster."

"What you're going to do at present is to ignore him," O'Ferral explaned peremptorily.

"And the reason why," he continued, as Quaintance reluctantly fell into step with him again, "is that we want to find out first what his little game is. It's my belief that he's out after the girl too, and, if she's anywhere in this neighborhood, we'll let him find her for us. I have an idea that he thinks you know a good deal more than you do about her. We don't need to undeceive him, and while he's hanging about here she's safe—from him."

"True for you," agreed Quaintance upon cogitation, and frowning. "He's a thoroughly bad egg, that fellow, and—he seemed to have some hold over her. I'd give a great deal to find her again, O'Ferral, and when I do——"

"If you do," corrected his friend.

"When I do," he repeated stubbornly, "I'll make quite sure what it was and then settle scores with him. Meantime I suppose I must just lie low."

"But what will you do if you find she's married, or what's still more likely, engaged to be married to somebody else?" O'Ferral asked gravely.

"She wore no ring," retorted Quaintance. "She's free still, and that's why I'm in such a hurry. Let's turn back and get a drink—I'm thirsty."

They faced about, and the Frenchman, who had drawn closer as they slowed down, suddenly found himself confronting them. They drew to one side, and waited for him to pass.

A wiser man would have gone on his way and avoided their vicinity from that time forward. Their steady stare boded Jules Chevrel no great grace if he should give further offence. But the Frenchman's mind was bemused by the drink he had swallowed in the hot sunshine, and he was in no mood to be brow-beaten. He stopped, and eyed them with swaggering self-assertion. They waited for him to speak. He did so, addressing himself to Quaintance.

"You speak French?" he inquired unceremoniously, in that language, and Quaintance nodded.

"You are no doubt on intimate terms with the lady who sat at your table in Martin's last night during my unavoidable absence?"

Quaintance stepped very quickly up to him, while O'Ferral remained in the background unmoved, contentedly puffing at his Havana and noting with satisfaction that there was not likely to be any crowd.

"See here, my man," Quaintance said, in quick, nervous English, "I'll give you one chance to go on unhurt, though you don't deserve it. Another word in that strain and I'll manhandle you."

The Frenchman apparently understood him perfectly, but ignored the warning and went on in his own tongue.

"I want her address."

"What you want and what you're going to get are two very different things," said Quaintance, his lips compressed. "Put your hands up—I'm going to begin."

"I want her address," the Frenchman repeated obstinately. "And you will do well to beware what you are about. If you are abetting her in—"

Quaintance's fist shot out, but the vicious eyes were too wide awake to encounter that, and he had to spring back with all his agility to escape a dangerous boot-heel which had appeared where his enemy's head had been and within an inch of his own chin. The Frenchman was minded to fight with his feet, and was no mean exponent of la savate. He had indeed counted on that inelegant science to save him from a bout of fisticuffs, and was the more dismayed to find his opponent also a past-master in all its arts.

Quaintance had caught at his ankle and closed in so quickly that a savage kick from the free foot, which would otherwise have disabled him, no more than grazed his knee. He grasped it also, and, tucking both under his left arm, seized the struggling Frenchman by his coat-collar, plucked him off the ground altogether. He hung helplessly clutching and clawing, in mid-air, while Quaintance, breathing heavily, carried him to the water's edge and cast him seawards with all the swing of two muscular arms.

It was high tide at Rockway and the human projectile came down with a squelching splash, greatly to the amusement of the few spectators whom O'Ferral had been keeping in the background and now acclaimed Quaintance's tour de force with that pleasant impartiality for which American audiences are so justly famous.

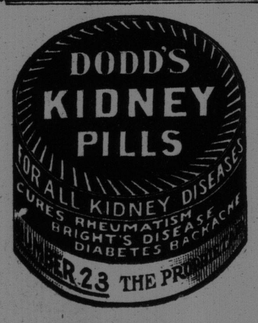
The Frenchman rose, spluttering, all the fight washed out of him. There was to be no further entertainment for the onlookers. He clambered ashore, dripping, hatless, pushed through them as soon as Quaintance had spoken a few low, menacing words to him, and went toward the Inn, swearing blood-curdling oaths to himself but without looking back.

Having rough-dried himself there and donned a coat he made for Manhattan at speed, planning prompt revenge for the cruel indignity Quaintance had put upon him.

They are thus intimate, he and she! And it will be safest to strike him through her," said the valiant Jules to himself, his first suspicion as to the stranger's interest in his own quarry confirmed by the incident in which he had perforce played such a shameful part, his whole mind bent on condign revenge. "It will hurt him most to see her suffer, and—I shall always be there, looking on. And Monsieur must play the catspaw for me."

Still chewing the sweet cud of such schemes, he reached the St. Regulus some time before Monsieur came in from his afternoon promenade, and tended to all the details of that connisseur's evening toilet so deftly as to win a word of approval. Whereupon he opened fire on his absent enemy, at long range, from a masked battery.

(To be Continued)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

A SPRING SUIT OF BLUE SERGE.

Faded cadet—one of the smartest of the new Paris colorings—was used for this attractive little serge suit, a very authoritative Easter model. The coat has a deep waistcoat front and is collarless, a turned down collar of white lingerie stuff forming a dainty finish at the neck. The side trimming of the skirt is a feature of late Paris models, many of the new French suits having side openings on the skirts, the back and front being kept quite flat on effect. The wearer of this suit carries one of the new 16-rib parasols, with the very long handle topped with a queer Chinese bird.

CASTRO CARRIED BY POLICE FROM HIS BED TO A SHIP

Former Ruler of Venezuela is Ignominiously Expelled From Martinique

Fort De France, April 10—Cipriano Castro, expresident of Venezuela, was tonight ignominiously expelled from the island of Martinique by the French government. He protested to the last against his expulsion, but his protests were in vain. He is now on board the French line steamship Versailles bound for St. Nazaire.

Official notice was served on Castro this morning of the decision of the French government that he must leave the island within nine hours from the receipt of such notice and that the commissary of police at Fort de France had been charged with the execution of the order. The ex-president was furious with indignation and strove throughout the day to find some excuse that would be satisfactory to the colonial government whereby he would not be compelled to obey the order.

To this end late this afternoon he summoned a lawyer and physician to certify that he was unable to leave the country.

The governor of Martinique and the public prosecutor, however, refused an extension of time and about 5 o'clock the commissary of police, accompanied by a large force of gendarmes proceeded to the hotel where Castro was stopping for the purpose of removing him, forcibly if necessary, to the steamer.

The affair created a great sensation and long before the police made their appearance at the hotel crowds had gathered which later were joined by the consuls representing the various foreign powers, who showed great interest in the expulsion of what one of them termed "the common enemy of peace."

Castro, who during his few days at Fort de France has had very little to do with anybody, locked himself in his room, in company with his brother Carmelo and his secretary, and for a time refused to reply to the summons of the police official. The police hesitated to break in the door and finally decided to submit the matter again to Governor Foureau. The governor absolutely refused to sanction any delay and ordered that Castro be removed at once by force of arms. He also gave orders that the Versailles remain in port until Castro could be put aboard.

It became necessary for the police and gendarmes to take rigid measures to hold in check the crowds that had by this time became riotous outside the hotel.

The ex-president railed against the French government and the local authorities, denouncing them for forcing upon him the alternative of deportation or imprisonment for six months. He declared that he would not budge and that it would be necessary to take him on board the steamer on a stretcher. This the commissary of police, who finally entered Castro's room with an escort of gendarmes, prepared to do, but Castro's lawyer took steps to find the chief justice and at the very last moment the governor and public prosecutor decided to have another medical examination made.

Accordingly, a medical commission, composed of Drs. Bouvier, Costet and Barbe, proceeded with the examination in order to establish if Castro's health was such that he could make the voyage.

The consultation continued for more than half an hour and they agreed that the life of the ex-president would not be jeopardized by his removal to the steamer and the return voyage across the ocean.

Professor Ricci, however, who was a passenger with Castro on the Guadaloupe on the trip from Bordeaux to this port, was the original authority for the statement that during the voyage the wound resulting from the operation on Castro in Germany, had shown signs of suppuration but the final examination of the physicians this evening seemed to indicate that the former president is in quite as healthy a condition as when he left France on March 26 last.

At 8.30 the force of gendarmes went to Castro's rooms and he was placed on a mattress when he refused to put on his clothes, and carried on a stretcher to the steamer, a distance of more than a mile. A thousand or more of the population had assembled by this time, and a great deal of sympathy was expressed for the former president. The latter complained of great suffering and every movement of the stretcher seemed to give him further pain. He has prepared a protest, which will be sent to the French government tomorrow.

The Versailles left here at 9 o'clock and measures have been taken to keep a careful watch on Castro during the voyage. The colonial government intends to put down any sympathetic demonstration that may be made on shore.

Castro's brother will remain here for the present but it is thought that he will join Castro at La Guara, if he is permitted to land at that port. The United States cruiser North Carolina arrived here at 4 o'clock this afternoon and is still in the roadstead.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c. at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

INFLUENZA COMING FROM EUROPE

If a Wave of This Disease Sweeps Over Canada, Thousands Will Die.

Be prepared—now is the time—today you should commence to protect yourself.

Influenza or La Grippe invariably seizes upon those who have coughs, colds and sore throats.

An important Montreal physician states that the epidemic can be minimized if the people will only guard their colds—stop them before they grow large. Nothing better for the purpose is known than "Nerviline,"—taken in hot water three or four times during the day and just before retiring. Nerviline will cure any cold.

In connection with the above warning the story of Mr. Ernest E. Eckhart, of Augusta, will serve to illustrate how valuable Nerviline is. "Early in the winter I contracted a stubborn cold and until it grew severe I did little for it. When I saw I was in for an old-fashioned attack of Influenza, I went to the drug store and got a large 25 cent bottle of Nerviline and a Nerviline Porous Plaster. I rubbed my back, throat and chest three times with the Nerviline and then put the Nerviline Porous Plaster over a very sore, congested spot on my chest. Before retiring I took half a teaspoonful of Nerviline in hot sweetened water; next morning I was like a new man—that throbbing headache, the burning fever, the sensation of choking and tightness in my chest and throat had disappeared. There was no ringing in my ears, no fever left, and not a trace of a cold."

This is but one instance of thousands of cures from Nerviline which has no equal in curing all winter ills such as croup, quinsy, hoarseness, bronchitis, lumbago, sciatica or rheumatism. Safe, sure and certain—that's Nerviline—refuse any substitute. Sold by all dealers.

SCHR. ANNIE A. BOOTH STILL HARD AGROUND

Revenue Cutters Tried in Vain to Float St. John Schooner Yesterday

Chatham, Mass., April 11—An unsuccessful attempt was made to float the schooner Annie A. Booth, Captain Melvin, of Boston, which struck on the Nauset beach bar yesterday, while on her way from St. John to Fall River, with a cargo of lumber. The revenue cutter Gresham pulled on the schooner for over an hour at high water this afternoon but could not start her. Half of the deckload was removed today and, in hopes of floating the vessel tomorrow afternoon, more of the cargo will be taken ashore.

The Gresham sailed northward late today. The crew of the schooner still remains aboard.

The Irish Literary and Benevolent Society, in celebration of their 25th anniversary, will have a social time in Keith's assembly rooms tonight, beginning at 8.15 o'clock. A programme of seventeen dances has been arranged and supper will be served about midnight.

SIX PERISH IN FIRE IN LENOX, MASS.

Four Business Blocks Burned and $200,000 Damage Done — Explosion Cut Off Escape of Inmates

Lenox, Mass., April 11.—Six people lost their lives, three others were badly burned, and property loss of between $200,000 and $300,000 was caused in a fire in the heart of the business section in this town early today. Four business blocks, two dwellings and two other structures were destroyed in a section bounded by Franklin, Main, Housatonic and Church streets. The fire is believed to have started in the Clifford building from spontaneous combustion.

Edward C. Ventres, aged forty-one years, electrician.

Mrs. Edward C. Ventres, aged thirty-five.

Miss Leslie Ventres, aged twelve.

Miss Alice French, aged forty-one, bookkeeper.

Miss Isabel Cook, aged forty, bookkeeper.

Miss Mary Sparks, aged twenty-six, school teacher.

Mrs. Catherine Root, and her two sons, George Root and Arthur Root, all burned about face, hands and neck.

Mahanna building, owned by Wm. Mahanna, $25,000.

Wm. B. Bell building, and owner's plumbing shop, $35,000.

Clifford building, $20,000.

James Clifford & Sons, hardware, $20,000.

Murray A. Brown, grocer, $10,000.

Eddy building, Chas. Eddy estate, $15,000.

John Cutwood, plumber, $10,000.

Frank Morrier, department store, $12,000.

James Cassidy, druggist, $10,000.

Joseph Regnier, residence, $3,000.

Mrs. Rose Colbert, residence, $6,000.

Fenwick blacksmith shop, $2,500.

Eugene Talmage, ice stack, and smaller structures, $3,500.

The residences of Mrs. Theodore Cowhig and B. H. Rogers, both on Main street, with some adjoining structures, were badly damaged but not destroyed.

A fortunate shift of wind from the northwest to the southwest saved the public library and the fashionable Curtis hotel, where there were several parties from New York and Boston, from the flames.

The loss of life occurred in the Clifford building, in the basement of which the blaze started, and resulted primarily from a series of explosions among the turpentine, paints, oils and dynamite stored in the cellar of the James Clifford & Sons Company, hardware dealers. Lenox has only a small unorganized volunteer fire department and aid was called from Pittsfield, Lenoxdale and Lee.

PORTLAND, ME., HAS DOUBLE TRAGEDY

Man and His Young Bride Found in a Room Shot to Death—Husband Killed His Wife and Himself

Portland, Me., April 11.—In the midst of preparations for a joyous Easter feast, the bodies of Samuel Kline, twenty-five years old, and his bride of three weeks, Ida Branz Kline, twenty-one years, were found dead, from bullet wounds, on the floor of their room at 142 Hancock street by the girl's aunt and cousin, Mrs. David Branz and Abraham Branz. While Coroner James A. Martin decided that it was a case of murder and suicide, he did not state which of the victims did the shooting.

The cause of the crime is not known. The couple had been unhappy together for the past two weeks, it is said, and the theories of the relatives of the young couple conflict as to whether a dispute over money matters or the bride's accusation against her husband that he had another wife in New York was responsible.

The bride and groom had been dead for several hours before their bodies were discovered. The last seen of Mrs. Kline was at midnight last night, when she went to her room after spending the evening in preparations for the Eastertide feast. Kline is believed to have been asleep at the time his wife entered. During the middle of the forenoon, when the couple had not appeared and their assistance was needed in finishing the preparations for the day's festivities, Mrs. David Branz and her son Abraham went up stairs and knocked at the chamber door. There was no response. Becoming alarmed at the continued silence, Abraham unlocked the door with a key from his own pocket, and on attempting to push open the door found that some heavy obstacle had been placed against it. Making an opening wide enough to allow an observation of the interior of the room, Abraham saw the two bodies lying on the floor. Calling for more help, the room was entered. Mrs. Kline was lying on the bed, which had been made on the floor, in her night clothing. Her hands were folded across her breast and it was believed by some that this might have been done by her husband, thus hinting that he had done the shooting.

Within a few feet of Mrs. Kline's body was her husband's body, partially dressed as if he had thrown himself down to sleep without removing all his clothing. In the young bride's forehead were two bullet wounds, where two bullets from a 32-calibre revolver nearby had penetrated the brain. From the same revolver a bullet had entered the right temple of Mr. Kline and fractured the skull.

Efforts to learn the cause of the shooting brought out conflicting theories. Mrs. Kline's father, Jacob Branz, died about six months ago, leaving considerable money. Kline, however, learned after the death of his father-in-law that the man had married the second time and left four children by his second marriage, which thus cut down Mrs. Kline's share of the inheritance more than had been expected. Quarrels over this fact, it is said, may have caused the shooting.

On the other hand, it is said that Mrs. Kline had suspicions that her husband had another wife in New York city, and some of the girl's relatives claim that Kline might have done the shooting while enraged at the girl's accusations. Kline came here from New York several months ago and with another man had gone into the bottling business on Portland street, under the firm name of Brown & Kline.

Today's tragedies make the second murder and suicide of a young married couple in Maine within three days. Herbert Nottage, aged thirty years, shot and fatally wounded his wife Lucinda, aged twenty years, at Bingham, and later shot and killed himself to avoid capture by a posse who had trailed him all night through the snow-encumbered woods.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS

The most reliable makes and in a great variety of styles and prices ∴ ∴ ∴

Special Attention Given to the Repairing and Adjusting of High Grade Watches

FERGUSON & PAGE
Diamond Importers and Jewelers
41 KING STREET

Railway Contractors' Supplies

McKelvey Concrete Mixers
Dump Cars. Hand and Push Cars.
Track Equipment.

The Canadian Fairbanks Co., Ltd.
58 Water Street

Mr. A. Goodfellow on "Office Interruptions."

You been having many of these hot-air artists in your office lately?" asked Mr. A. Good Fellow, as he bit the end off a black cigar after his noonday repast in a "Quick and Dirty" and strolled along officeward. "We've been over-run with 'em. Regular epidemic. One right after another—and each slicker than the last. Say aren't they the smooth bunch, though? Talk about your line of brownstone-front talk—take it from me, those chaps have got the market cornered on it. And once you give 'em a start you can't pry 'em loose with anything less than a writ of habeas corpus.

"You know how they come in on you—those 'office interruptions'—with anything from a subscription to a weekly magazine to a box of pink paste that'll do everything from cleaning up grease spots to whitening the teeth. Most of the boys call 'em nuisances—but not yours truly. No, sir-ee! But it all depends on the 'front' they throw. When they enter meek like and hesitating, with their business tucked under their arm in plain sight—then's when I give 'em the '23' sign on a hurry call. But let 'em come in, smart and brisk and up to the mark, with a dignity and aplomb that, you think, a book agent or a peddler never could have—then it's me for 'em every time!

"I'v been keeping tab this week on their different methods of attack, so to speak. Only yesterday the door opened and a white-haired old chap stepped quietly and impressively in. I was busy at the time and the old fellow just waited, patiently, but not apologetically, until I had finished. Then he stepped up to me and handed out: 'Ther's a matter, Mr. Good Fellow, that I should have brought to your attention sometime ago, but stress of business and a painful attack of the gout has delayed me.'

"There, sa?" I giving him my closest attention and trying to figure out which one of the shareholders in the company he was.

"'I am sorry, indeed, sir,' the old boy continued, 'that I could not see you sooner, and I must crave your indulgence. But, you know—better late than never. That old adage holds true. Mr. Good Fellow, in every case except—accident insurance! You never can tell, you—'

"Well, he had me fairly hanging on his words before he let the cat out of the bag. It took me exactly twenty-two minutes to convince him of my firm belief that any accident I might suffer would be fatal, instanter, and the consequent 'relief' of no use to me whatever.

"Just about an hour after that a brusque, well-dressed young chap entered and asked to see Mr. Barnstorm. I informed him that there was no man in the office by the name of Barnstorm. He expressed his regret and asked if I knew where the aforesaid Barnstorm had moved. Then he went on to tell how this Barnstorm had always been interested in art—in fact he was a regular patron of the trade, so to speak. Perhaps I would be interested in seeing a few of the samples he had brought for Mr. Barnstorm's inspection. They were not for sale—but wouldn't I like to see 'em. He left the room for a minute and returned with one of those portfolios big enough to cover one side of the wall in the average room in the modern apartment house. Then he spread 'em out one by one and cut loose with a long list of their unusual points.

"'They are very handsome, aren't they, sir?' Quite out of the ordinary,' he concluded, 'and I know Mr. Barnstorm will regret not seeing 'em. Ah! I see you are really enthusiastic about 'em! They positively are not for sale—too bad, isn't it?—but I can let you have a set of them with a year's subscription to the Scoop'em Magazine—etc.—etc.'

"Just before I came out to lunch today, a young fellow blew in. He couldn't possibly be over 20 years old. When I looked up from my desk I started to yell for the police. The poor chap was standing right over me—going through the worst convulsions you ever saw. His face was red and his mouth twisted forty ways from Sunday. I recovered sufficiently to ask him what was the matter, and all of a sudden he exploded. He didn't break up into little pieces, you know—but his speech did. Of all the stammerers I ever saw he was the worst. I finally managed to get his "C. Q. D." to the effect that a purchase of one of his ten-cent patent necktie holders would save him from further convulsions. I told him that his message hadn't reached my wireless station yet; that I couldn't translate his dots and dashes when it did reach me; that I never wore neckties, and, finally, that I didn't have ten cents to my name. But it didn't work. The harder I tried to tell him to get out the more violent his convulsions of speech, in which he tried to explain the especial merit of his goods, became. In self-defence I handed him a dime and threw his scarf-holder in the waste basket.

"He went out, stammering his thanks. What's that? I shouldn't kick about a thing like that—only a dime? Sure not. I wouldn't kick at all—if I hadn't heard that same fellow order his lunch at the 'Quick and Dirty,' not ten minutes ago, without a single, solitary stammer. Judging by the lunch he ordered too, he must have had a pocket full of dimes."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

Trade of the United States with the republic of Panama in the last five years amounted to about $66,000,000. Of this total $6,000,000, speaking in round terms, represented the value of the imports from Panama and the $60,000,000, still speaking in round terms, was the value of merchandise exported to Panama.

A plan to discourage Chicago spitters by posting their names and the amounts of their fines weekly in the various surface and elevated cars, as is done in London, has been suggested to Dr. W. A. Evans, health commissioner, by Dr. Alfred Lewy, who recently returned from a European tour.

About one-third of the total lemon crop of Sicily is consumed in the manufacture of citrate of lime, and from the peel of these same lemons comes an enormous quantity of essential oil, or essence of lemon, which furnishes practically the world's supply, and finally, even the peel itself is exported in brine to be candied.

Your Advt. Here
Will be read by thousands every day

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

HER EASTER HAT.

Though Grace is haughty and puts on airs,
She is over her ears in debt;
Yes, "over her ears," for I have just heard
Her Easter hat's not paid for yet.

Find her husband.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left side down in figure.