

## INDICATIONS BRITAIN ONCE WAS TROPICAL

The Inhabitants Once Hunted  
Elephants and Other Ani-  
mals of Warm Climates.

### REMAINS OF MAMMOTHS BROUGHT TO SURFACE

Important Discoveries Made in  
Gravel Pits Near Farn-  
ham, Dorsetshire.

[The Associated Press]  
London, Aug. 30.—England 100,000 years ago was a tropical country in which the inhabitants hunted elephants and other animals of the warmer climates with skillfully made weapons, in the opinion of Major A. G. Wade, the British archaeologist, who has recently made important discoveries in the gravel pits near Farnham, Dorsetshire.

Among the relics brought to the surface were the remains of mammoths, an elephant, woolly rhinoceros and beautifully made flint instruments. The finding of the remains of the mammoth and the rhinoceros has no bearing on the climate theory, according to Major Wade, who said that both had thick coats and could have lived in a cold climate.

"With the elephant," he said, "the case is different. He was not only a warm weather animal, but needed a tropical climate."

The flint instruments consist of great hand axes, oval shaped discoidal implements larger than a man's hand, which were probably used for skinning and cutting up large animals, and enormous spears of the Paleolithic age. According to Major Wade, the persons who used them had attained a much higher degree of civilization than those of the Neolithic period who followed them.

Major Wade placed the age of his discoveries at 100,000 years, basing his estimate on the depth at which they were found under the gravel of the old bed of the Wey River.

### LOWER QUEENSBURY, N. B.

Lower Queensbury, N. B., Aug. 28.—There was a heavy rain here on Tuesday which was much needed.

Harvesting is well along and there is an average crop.

Miss Mildred Hood left last Sunday to spend a few weeks with her sister, Mrs. Lillian Jones of Upper Prince William.

Mrs. Ralph Murch and Mrs. Roy Jordan spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Robert Jordan.

Miss Ruth Currie of Fredericton is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Robert Jordan. Miss Eunice Brown is visiting her niece, Mrs. Oral Moorehouse at Bath.

Our school opened Tuesday after the summer vacation. Miss Margaret Edgar of Springhill is in charge.

Clarence Dykeman has bought the old Aaron Ingerham farm from Alfred Rosborough and is moving and repairing the buildings.

Fred Hood and little nephew and niece of Action spent last Sunday with his brother, Sandy Hood.

Mrs. Selby Embleton and Mrs. Pauline Agnew spent Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Frank Joclin.

Rev. G. C. Warren assisted by Mr. Davidson held service here last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. William Howland of Lr. Boat Island spent yesterday with Mrs. Selby Embleton.

Miss Edith Hood has taken charge of the school at Magnagac this term.

### ST. JOHN MILK PRICES.

St. John, N. B., Aug. 29.—The retail price of milk in St. John will be increased one cent a quart in Sept.

### WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS

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### TILLIE THE TOILER

HERE'S A LETTER FROM THAT  
BIG BUM, WHIPPLE—HE WANTS TO  
BORROW TEN BUCKS—IF IT WAS  
THREE, I WOULDN'T MIND IT SO MUCH

"I DON'T WANT ANYTHING  
SEND IT TO HIM, MAC  
YOU MAY BE PLACED IN  
SOME DAY"

"MAYBE HE'S UP  
AGAINST IT, MAC—  
I'LL GO OUT AND  
MAIL HIM A MONEY  
ORDER FOR YOU—  
WHAT'S \$10 TO  
YOU WHEN SOMEBODY  
IS IN NEED"

"ALL RIGHT, TILLIE  
I'LL GO OUT AND  
MAIL HIM A MONEY  
ORDER FOR YOU—  
WHAT'S \$10 TO  
YOU WHEN SOMEBODY  
IS IN NEED"

"HISN'T THAT  
CUTE!"

"YOU'RE RIGHT, MAC. \$10 IS A  
LOT OF MONEY FOR YOU TO LOAN  
MR. WHIPPLE—I ONLY SENT HIM  
\$3. AND I BORROWED \$7 FROM  
YOU TO BUY THIS  
LITTLE HAT—  
DO YOU  
LIKE IT?"

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### BRINGING UP FATHER

WELL—I GUESS I'LL STAY  
IN THIS EVENIN'—IT'S  
NICE TO BE HOME WITH  
YOUR FAMILY.

"WELL—GOOD NIGHT—  
DADDY—I'M GOING TO  
THE THEATRE WITH  
BOB AND TO A  
CABARET AFTER."

"ALL  
RIGHT."

"I'M GOING TO CALL  
ON MRS. SMITH—  
I DON'T KNOW  
JUST WHAT TIME  
I'LL BE HOME."

"FOR GOODNESS  
SAKE—DON'T  
ANYBODY WANT  
TO STAY IN THE  
HOUSE?"

ME-OW!

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### TOOTS AND CASPER—Well, Wouldn't This Make Toots Suspicious?

"I'D GIVE ANYTHING  
TO GET A LOOK AT THIS  
"CINDERELLA" GIRL  
WHITING LOVE LETTERS TO  
ME—I'M SO CURIOUS IT'S  
KILLING ME! CAN YOU JUST  
IMAGINE HER FROM HER  
DARNT HANDWRITING—  
SHE'S SURELY A  
PRETTY AS A PICTURE—  
SHE'S CERTAINLY GOT  
GOOD THINGS  
STUCK ON  
HER!"

"WHOOPS!"

"COME ON, CASPER—  
YOU'VE KEPT  
MARC ANTONIO  
WAITIN' AN  
HOUR!"

"WHY? DID SHE  
GIVE HIM A  
LOVE LETTER?"

"YES, SHE DID—  
SHE'S A REAL  
CINDERELLA!"

"DON'T YOU THINK  
TODD'S GOT  
SOME LETTERS  
TOO?"

"LOOK AT YOUR CIGARETTE  
SMOKE—IT'S ALL OVER THE  
FLOOR! I DON'T CARE  
IF SHE ARE IN A  
HOTEL—I WANT  
THINGS THAT NOW  
CLEAN UP!"

"CERTAINLY, DARLING!  
I'LL BE MORE CAREFUL  
IN THE FUTURE—  
DEAR! IT'S TRUE  
ANYTHING ELSE  
I CAN DO—  
SWEET HEART!"

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## HIS ISLAND HERITAGE

(Continued.)

Even when I was sick in my cabin and stretched out comfortably in my bunk, I still found my mind sufficiently busy to keep me wide awake lying there in the dark. I seemed to see Miss de Roda's face as plainly as if she were standing just in front of me. Slowly and with a curious pleasure I went through again all our conversation during the drive down from Oporto.

The more I thought it over the more certain I felt that in her own opinion there was some mysterious barrier which cut her off from the possibility of making friends with any one on board. Her uncle's wishes may have had something to do with it, but there seemed to be little doubt that she herself shared his views in the matter and was fully determined to carry them out. It was not exactly an encouraging conclusion, but I refused to let it depress me. At last with a feeling of drowsy contentment over the prospect of seeing and talking with her the next morning, I turned over comfortably on my side and dropped off to sleep.

It is not always that Nature is so obliging as to harmonize with one's feelings, but from what I could see through the porthole when I woke up the next morning it appeared to me that the weather was thoroughly in keeping with my own good spirits. When I reached the deck I found no reason for changing my opinion.

By half past seven one or two passengers had already made their appearance, but it was not until a few minutes after eight that I at last caught sight of Miss de Roda. There was not much time before breakfast, so without any unnecessary delay I at once made my way toward

her, and she looked up as I approached.

"Good morning, Mr. Dryden," she said, smiling.

"How is Señor de Roda this morning?" I asked. "I hope he hasn't heard anything about our adventures in the harbor?"

She shook her head. "Not a word, apparently."

In a few words I acquainted her with what Ross had told me the previous evening—a piece of information which she received with obvious thankfulness.

"I have always liked Doctor Ross," she said.

"We have been together for a dozen voyages," I explained.

"A dozen voyages!" she repeated, opening her eyes. "You must be getting a little tired of the Neptune, aren't you?"

"She has lost some of her first charm," I admitted frankly. "I have been thinking of applying for a separation for some time."

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I don't know exactly," I replied. "It depends to a certain extent upon Messrs. Wilnot & Drayton."

"They sound like two very important people," she said, wrinkling her forehead. "But I am afraid I have never heard of either of them."

"Neither had I until I got back yesterday," I returned. "Then I found a cable from them in my cabin telling me that my uncle was dead."

"She gave a little exclamation of sympathy. "Oh, I am so sorry," she began. "I'm afraid that—"

"It's quite all right," I interrupted cheerfully. "I never saw him in my life, and I believe he was several kinds of a blackguard. The only reason they wired to me was because I happen to be the next of kin. He died without making a will, I suppose."

"Who was your uncle?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"He was my mother's brother, and his name was Richard Jannaway."

"I had given my answer quite casually, but its object was so startling that, for a moment, I stood there petrified with astonishment. Every vestige of color had fled from my companion's face, and she was staring at me with an expression of incredulous horror.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed involuntarily. "What is it?"

By a tremendous effort of will she managed to pull herself together.

"It's nothing," she answered with amazing coolness. "I once knew somebody of that name but it couldn't possibly have been the same person."

"I don't know," I said slowly; "there can't be very many Richard Jannaways in the world." Then I paused. "My uncle spent most of his life in South America," I added deliberately.

"South America," she repeated in a low whisper. The same panic-stricken look had come back into her face.

I came a step nearer to her. "For God's sake tell me what's the matter," I said.

"Mr. Dryden," said Miss de Roda, "please don't ask me any questions. There is something I can't explain to you now—something I can never explain. It is quite impossible that we could ever be friends."

"Nothing is impossible unless one admits it," returned doggedly.

"You don't understand," she said; "and please God you never will." Without another word she turned away toward the companion, and disappeared down the steps into the saloon.

One thing seemed absolutely certain. Whatever Miss de Roda's original views may have been as to the wisdom of continuing her friendship with me, it was her sudden discovery about my uncle which had been wholly responsible for the extraordinary change in her manner.

If the family recollections of that distinguished gentleman could be traced, he had probably thrown himself heartily into all kinds of mischief during the course of his South American career, and since the de Rodas came from that part of the world it was quite possible that the name of Richard Jannaway might be connected with some black, unwholesome memory which overshadowed both their lives.

Señor de Roda was just the sort of man who suggested a mysterious past. His obvious avoidance of any sort of society, and the brooding depression which always haunted his sallow face were exactly in keeping with the idea. The more I thought it over the more probable it seemed that at some period in his life he had been mixed up with my disreputable relation.

The most likely people to be able to gratify my curiosity about this plan, difficult as it might be to put into practice, it appeared to me on two grounds. In the first place I was ready to jump at any suggestion which would bring me into further contact with her; and secondly, I felt perfectly certain that if she chose, she could give me a good deal more interesting information than I was likely to get in Bedford Row. I made up my mind that, if an opportunity came along to speak to her, I would be ready enough to grasp it, and with this resolve I at last tossed away the burned-out stump of cigarette, and went off to hunt up a belated and much-needed breakfast.

Late in the day, after we had rounded Ushant, and were making our way up Channel, the fine weather which had so far kept us company suddenly petered out. We ran into a gray, drizzling mist, which, although not thick enough to retard our speed to any great extent, was a most unpleasant change after the perfect conditions of the last twenty-four hours. Things got worse rather than better as we drew nearer to the mouth of the Thames, and when we stopped to pick up our pilot off the shore, the rain was coming down with a pitiless energy that would have dampened the ardor of the most enthusiastic patriot.

(To be continued.)

A mischievous wind coast Wm. Wilson of San Francisco, Calif., just \$300. As Wilson was taking out his wallet to buy a paper, the rapacious, predatory breeze caught three \$100 bills and carried them down the street. Wilson leaped to catch his flying money, but the gust carried them around a corner and although he was aided by a willing crowd of searchers, he was unable to recover the money.

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