32ND ANNUAL

Ontario Provincial Winter Fair **GUELPH**

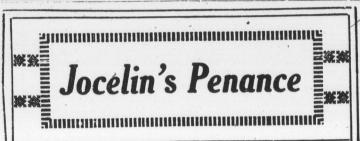
DECEMBER 3rd to 9th, 1915

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but though the irate Abbot call each | bot Samson once said, 'If the lord of the treasury by name, each answered in turn, "Not I, my lord." and the shrine was not meddled with. Then the nobles, willing or unwilling, gave of their wealth. Archbishops, hishops and abbots pledged the treasof their convents. The Queen, through a lord-in-waiting, proffered certain jewels, and the city of Loncertain jewels, and the city of Lon-don donated generously, and it was thus the great ransom was raised with which, some days later, Abbot Samson set forth to the court of the Emperor of Germany.
CHAPTER XXX.

One blustering March evening a messenger entered the gates of West-minster Palace. He was a churl of Oxfordshire, whom Prioress Rosamuno Oxfordshire, whom Prioress Rosaldand Ea deent to her son with a message, summoning him to Godstowe, as the time was now ripe, Samson being absent from England, for the fulfilment of his wishes. Had Rosamund ended here, all might have gone well for

nere, at might have gone with total teeffrey, but a postscript proved his undoing, for she incautiously added, "she is here, more fair than ever."

Now the Prioress' messenger arrived, cold and wezry, on Queen Elinor's birthday, and on seeking the palace kitchen, he there found ale and reacht in greater plenty that he had in greater plenty than he had ever dreamed of; and sat late into the night, eating till he could eat no more, and drinking until he was too befuddied to attend on Chancellor Geoffrey So, taking the advice of his fellow-revelers, he decided to let his mes sage wait until the morrow, and nodded and drank, and drank and nodded, babbling of his lady, the Prioress, and the beautiful gold-haired maid whom she had brought from the Suffolk Priory. Jocelin, coming in, was pierced to the heart by what the was pierced to the heart by what the others took to be the ramblings of a drunken fool. As he watched the churl grow heavy with sleep, one idea ever recurred to him, "What says the message he carries?" Finally, leading the messenger, nothing loth, to bed, Jocelin gave him a place upon bis own tool of the trail of the follow was soon sorring. The fellow was soon snoring pallet. The fellow was soon snoring in a drunken sleep, and Jocelin had little trouble to detach his pouch with the Prioress' letter. Breaking its seal and untying its cord, he read it swiftly and understandingly, and then crumbling the missive, as if its bending had broken the wax, retied it, and leaving the pouch opened with the letter half falling from it, he dropped it on the straw beside the messenger and stole leaving him to sleep far into the morning

Loud were the churl's lamentations when, on awakening, he found the marred missive. "Vile potleach that I am," he growled; "now the foul fiend seize me, I must perfore have lain upon this accursed thing. Vell, 'tis a buffeting for me at best, for take the missive to my lord! must, or twould be ruin, indeed," and so he sought De Clifford in fear and trembling, recelving the curses and blows of that irate ger tieman philosophically. As the fel-low assured Geoffrey that he had slept in an outhouse, entirely alone, the Favorite consoled himself with the thought that none could have a mo-tive for opening a message from his mother, and that as the fellow was entirely unknown, his story that he had lain on the missive and broken its seal, was probably true. "And, its seal, was probably true. "And, Gramacy, what could any have made of it if they had read it?" murnured he, dismissing the churl with another buffet for his carelessness.

Within an hour, however, he learned that something could be made of it, for his ready wit nearly descrited him alson, as he externed Prince Lohn's

ahen, as he entered Prince John's edchamber, the prince said cheer-y, after waving away his at-endants, "So thou thought'st to endants, out us to pot, ungrateful one. Go to! Shalt the subject be served ere the King? When thou goest to God-stowe thy brother will ride with thee! Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartly stowe thy brother will ride win these. Ha, ha!" and he laughed heartily at the chagrined face before him. "The tiny bird chirped well when it brought this news, by my troth. I see tis true, and the maid hath been garnered for thee by thy careful mo-'til now the time is ripe. Well coz, we'll go incog to Godstowe soon so frown not, sweet Geoff, but will ngly divide the spoils. Remember the

So Chancellor Geoffrey had to make messenger that he was safely gone ere the irate courtier rushed officeward in quest of him. As he fumed by, Jocelin peering at him from his little thamber, smiled grimly, and thought as he maded its narrow bounds—"Abthe best of it, but 'twas lucky for the

smell blood, he will cease not till he track his prey.' Rohese, I doubted thec—mayhap I doubt thee still. An' by God's eyes! Mine own has taught me sore to doubt, yet thou may stand in need of aid, Ah, Mary Mother! If I can look on her face I'll know if she be innocent. But pure or foul, Rohese, I love thee still, and so mayhap whilst two dogs fight for the tempt-

ing brocale, a kite may yet snatch it from their jaws."

In vain did Geoffrey essay to slip from the palace. Once he had ridden as far as the Moorfields, when a cap-tain of horse, with his soldiers, came

upon him, and courteously requested his return to Westminster, as the Prince much desired his presence. closely did John watch him that after some weeks of ineffectual ef-fort, Geoffrey sullenly desisted from his attempts, and awaited the royal pleasure. Yet, "Let him look to him; self," Geoffrey oft muttered, when communing with himself, "More than once had he flouted me and come off safely, but this time he entereth into the enemy's country. E'en though it were Richard himself, I will brook no interference in this. By the rood, he'll find it's no easy thing to turn a desperate man from his will. John arrives at Godstowe, he shall be rendered harmless till this business be despatched. A pleasant business 'tis I vow! Zounds, what white skin the wench hath! Her cheek is like a peach. I'll pay thee, haughty minx, for thy bloom, and quench the lustre of thine agate eyes. Twill be sweet, by Jesu, to hear thee plead—'Sweet sir, here's all my gold, pray wed me.' Yet, 'twere foolish to cast away so rare a mould, She'd make a perfect queen by Yenus', gone so when she's punished Venus' zone, so when she's punished till she's meek, she shall have her boon, poor poppet. How round the contour of her limbs! Yea, a queen she'd be, with John and young Arthur up in Heaven, and Richard ne'er returned from Greifenstein (for 4f the Duko hath housed him with a lion as Duke hath housed him with a lion, as he swore, old Samson'll find little there to ransom, methinketh, save a pile of mumbled bones), then mayhap the bastard will turn king, who knoweth?

menting his Favorite, and one morn ing late in March he chose to speak to him privately as they stood in the tilt yard apart from the other gentlemen and watched two jousters try their powers. With an injured look, John

"What now, Brother Geoff, hast forgotten our project of some days agone? Why put off so pleasant a journeying? Was't to spite me? Fie. that were churlishly done. Come, let us go to Godstowe on the morrow's eve. The thought of that white-necked wench hath set my blood crinkling all the morn. To morrow eve, then, Geoff, Twill be all fools day, a very fit one for such a junketing, eh, coz?"

Geoffrey tried vainly to conceal his feelings, but John, watching him closely, paled as he observed the hat-red which lit his brother's eye; and continued, as he moved away, forced-ly jocular, "An as 'tis all fools' day, we'll take the fool-to make three

fools in this foolery.

The joust soon ended, when Prince John had departed; and Geoffrey was left alone in the tiltyerd, pacing with perturbed strides, careless that he could be seen from the palace windows, and cursing long and deep in

"If this fool go," he thought, "twill disarrange all planning, by my hall-dame; 'twere easy to be rid of one, but two were hard to dispose of. Twould necessitate two fellows, yes. or three, to do the work, if I concluded then to make an ending o' it." And he strode into the palace thinking deeply. Aimlessly turning down a corridor, his attention was attracted. tracted by a noise outside, and look ing from the casement into a small right before him a naked and emactated shoulders quivering under the lash, which was wielded steadily and well by a stal-wart soldier. The thongs, whistling the size of the s wart soldier. The thongs, whistling through the air, cut the flesh cruelly and caused more than one groan to fall from the tightly set lips of the Prince's jester, for it was he who was

quivering form, striving to suppress all signs of suffering. In answer to Geoffrey's query, a passing variet

"My Lord, in sooth, I know not why the poor ninny is beaten. An usher told me, but since, that His Highness returned from the tilt-yard in an angry mood, and for some offense the fool was ordered flogged," and the varlet passed on with a sympathy in

variet passed on with a sympathy in his rugged face he dared not express. The flogging was not a lengthy one, however, for the soldier was a humane fellow, and soon poor Jocelin drew his clothing over his ridged flesh and went away to his cell to get what compact he could from his gain what comfort he could from his ittle friend the ape, who sighed mournfuly at his evident distress, and seemed striving to mitigate his suf-fering by such mute sympathy as animal can express.

Geoffrey nodded as he watched the jester creep away, then assuring himself that the corridor was empty, he drew forth a dagger curiously hitted with brass and jade. "Twere good I found thee in the armory rack to-day, little prick-spur. Thou goadest mine ambition," and he laid the weapon across its side to measure the length of its blade. "Jesu, 'twill near go throug a man. And now for the fool. John hath flogged him sore of late, an' if I judge aright, he's a des-perate villain, with something dark and damnable 'neath his caperings' which I cannot quite fathom. Some-times methinks he's a spy sent by France himself, for France so plots France himself, for France so plots and counter-plots that God in heaven knows not what spells he's weaving across the channel there. But nay. The fellow is too patient. He must come hither to do more than spy. Mayhap the Wolf of Bury sent him here. Gramacy, now that I think o' it, he hath the look of a monk about him, and Samson likes John not. Well sny or what or but just a nin-Well, spy or what; or but just a nin-ny, who affecteth a melancholy stare I'll see what lust of vengeance and red gold can do. If he shall be guided by me, he shall have wealth and a dukedom in fair Normandy; that is, if he come not upon an untimely end at Godstowe house a-drinking too much ale. Well, by the saints, he's in the mood to strike now if he ever will be, and if I succeed in pledging him into this deed I so long to see complete, yet which I dare not com-pass, why, by his sudden taking off there'll be none save mine own leal heart to be my confidant. If John will go—I've said, if John will go to Godstowe, let him look well to him-

CHAPTER XXXI.

The winter's snows had melted; the earth lay expectant of her lover, spring. Frogs chanted discordant choruses along the Thames' edge, and the night seemed athrill with the flut ter of unseen wings, as if all the tiny atoms animating the green beauty of living growing things were moving through the air down from the Fountain head of life into the fecundite glebe; there to rest, cradled safe, until the smile of spring should woo them forth again into the sunshine in thousand myriad shapes of uds, blossom and leaf.
The bells of Westminster had just

rung two. Over the dreaming palace the darkness closed down soft and warm like God's tender hand spread above His carth-children, and the of the stars peering th the interlaced clouds fell hrough in softened glory through the sky, as if a smile filtered through his finger chinks. It was a night for "lullabys yet, ere the last note of the bell died away, three men came out of a postern in Old Palace yard, turning down the winding lane to the

carefully up the stream, passing Westminster, and soon coming out to where the river ran lonely and quiet beneath the trees of the Middlesex for-est. Jocelin sat at the helm, and John could i die than in defense of thee!" and his brother rowed

On the boat glided under the starlit sky, the occupants nursing their fell designs while lightly chatting, the Prince sometimes singing bits of tunes. And when, as the night wore away and they had frequent recourse to thei wine flasks, the three sang catches as they rowed along with such good will that the dwellers of the lonely granges by which the river wound turned uneasily in their beds, awaken ed by the burst of melody arising from the water.

In the early dawning they went ashore at Windsor, a little hamlet nestling by Thames' side, with rude timbered house scattered here and there, surrounded with trees and gardens clustering around the tower. The walls of the ancient fortification rising sternly from its chalk rock, loome mistily in the uncertain light, its win dows showing black, mere loopholes hung with ivy, wherein the rooks and starlings had long built unmolested.

They entered an inn near Datchet mead, where they were welcomed as the bargemen their disguise proclaimriver route for their journey (though was by far the longer), pecause here was no direct road from London to Oxford, on account of the Chiltern hills; then, too, along the river were stationed rude little inns for the accommodation of bargemen, and these

afforded facilities for entertainment such as could not be found overland, save at an occasional monastery. Their river journey was uneventful, and they came at last, one evening just at dusk, to Oxford, and disembarking at the slimy causeway, they passed through its crooked, dirty streets, coming to the northern gate as it was closing for the night. A little silver caused the keeper to cheerfully reopen it again, and it was not long ere they were at Beaumont Palace, outside the northern wall of the town, where Queen Elinor kept a small retinue of servants in such parts of the building as were occasionally used by her. Here John had decreed that he and Geoffrey tarry awhile to discard their rough disguise for fairer garb



palace, and stopping him outside gate, said between his teeth—"Pitli-kins! Sir Fool, thou art but a sorry craven! Thou hast failed to fulfil thy promise, sirrah! Twice could'st have done the deed, once at Willingford as he walked to board in the dawning; once as he slept within the boat, while we floated through that lonely, sedgy stretch of flats. And there, by the rood, well weighted, thou couldst have thrown him in the marsh, and none save thou and I would have known

till doomsday where he lay."

Jocelin replied sulleniy: "If thou wishest it so keenly, my Lord, why not his taking off thyself? I will strike at the fitting time, me said; the narrow lane outside Godstowe would be a fitting spot, but look ye, sir, I'll choose the time myself."

"Ha! Thou growest insolent, thou rump-fed braggart. Dost forget who heard thee cry, 'O Jesu, give him to mine mands! Deliver thou mine enemy to me? Beware false fool for than fool thou art, lest I cry forth a treason to the Prince, and tell of plots to murder him, an' then we'll see thee hanged as high as Haman! not, sir! I will fail thee

"Well then he must not bide lone at Godstowe, fool! replied Geoffrey.
"I'll strike when time is fit," repeat ed Jocelin monotonously, leaving Goeffrey to re-enter the gate, wondering at this queer buffoon, little thinking that the prayer for vengeance which he had overheard was not directed against John, and that the jester had no inten-

tion of murdering the Prince.
On the way to Oxford, Jocelin had learned from the brothers' careless speech of the intent of their journey. and since the first shock and horro arising from the knowledge of their de signs had passed, moved like one in a dream, performing mechanically the functions of life, while his brain was dead to all exterior impressions, his mind revolving around one thought. As in a circle of light, konese stood out an innocent captive, deserted by all, doubted by him, betrayed into the hands of Geoffrey de Clifford by a cruel and wicked woman

"Ah, Jesu, and ail the while I doubted her. "I'was Rosamund whom I saw at Lenedict's," Jocelin kept repeating stapidly to himself, as he rode through the darkness. He did not believe that Geoffrey would yield up his prize to John, or trust to the fool's implied threat to murder, him in the lane. Thus he hardly looked for the Prince to arrive at the Nunnery. It was with Geoffrey he had to deal, and as he passed down the lane which skirted Goustowe, Jocella drew rein beneath the beetling walls of the Nannery, and took forth the dagger Geoffrey had turning down the winding lane to the river; and in their hearts raged like the fires of hell,—hatred, lust and murder.

They pushed off, rowing across the river almost to the other side, and the sign of the cross with it in the air, and murniured, with his hand still uplifted—"May God do for me as I do for thee, Rohese! I now devote keeping well in the deep shadow and this dagger to the cause, to stand because the surface and dishoner, and if my tween thee and dishonor; and if my poor life yielded up can save thee from one lecherous glance, I'll say amen 'To be Consinued.

EDITH CAVELL, 1915.

(John O'Keefe, in New York World) Sun, glint and gun glint, and sweet eyes clear or pasm. clear of plani, And on the nead of a woman dead the red cross made by Cain!

O distant ones, all white of face, Who hear the ritle-roll: See the leal death, the true disgrace, The devil's perfect toll: A nation in the firing-place (Has murdered its own soul:

Straight fire and hate fire, with orders from the crown; But from the lips one breath outslips to blow an empire down!

We saw the Tide of Terror sweep Across the Belgian Main, And women died like poisoned sheep That drop in a murrain, Then wherefore should we pause and For one more woman slain?

Clear soul and dear soul, white as the clouds that fly; But on her cheeks the rose that speaks, "No pale girl coward I"

For once she knew of mercy's knell When in a shuddering sea, The Lusitania's fragile shell A scorpion stung in glee; A thousand in the seasdeeps dwell; "What is one here?" asks she.

Proud head! I'nbowed head! O eagle's crest and dove's!
Where now you lie beneath the sky the wide world weeps and loves!

There is a hawk that haunts on high, On town-bred geese to dine, A thousand slays he from the sky, With ne'er a warning sign, "Behold." I hear the martyr cry, "What is one death like mine?"

Red breast and dead breast, the trembling flowers beneath!
Your white hands sow, row upon row,
a crop of dragons' teeth! The Loafing Day.

Butterfly a-swingin' On de blossom tree; Little bird a-singin Shadows lightly shiftin Where de sunbeams play. While de hours go driftin'

Th'oo a loafin' day

A halo wouldn't fit me, A harp I couldn't sound ! speck a rock would hit me If on wings I flew around. But by hope I ain't forsaken 'Cause from time to time I On a piece of heaven taken Foh to make a loafin' day.

WOMEN AND VOTES. How One Married Man Made Up His Mind.

Since charity begins at home, I began by asking if my wife ought to vote. A funny question: Sice was voting already. Every election day sire stepped out and devoted three minutes or so to making crosses next the names of candidates for the school board. They let her do it years and years before she had children of her own or any direct interest in schools, and I could not see that it unsexed It was about as thunderous an adventure as registering a letter.

Ah, but voting for politicians was another matter, I thought; only men understood politics. Nonsense: Where-as I, hurried with business as I was, glanced at the headlines in the paepra and let it go at that, my wife read the fine print underneath. She knew all both parties and who the decent candidates were. She had been over the Good Government Association's reports, and was better fitted to vote that day than I was. I had her coach

And I failed to notice that it "dfsrupted the home." Probably some spats occur where man and wife take frantic interest in the same thing and don't agree, yet there are plenty of homes disrupted every day and not from that cause. The cause is generally that man and wife have no in-

But what of my lady's "unfitness for military service"? Ought not this, if nothing else, to disfranchise her? The more I thought of that argument, the less I thought of it. In the first place, it would disfranchise me, for I am no longer very tasty food for cannon. In the next place, my lady is by no means unfit. Having seen her manage an oil stove the way she does, I know how easily she would manage a mere army aeroplane-and subsist on half a leaf of lettuce while doing it.

Still, my friends, the antis, regard her as quite exceptional in her fine, well-informed, broad-minded intelligence, and as representing a very limited class. But, they say, if you let that class vote, you must also give ballots to ignorant women, silly women, and out-and-out bad women When I weighed that side of it, seemed to behold thousands of Ignor ant men, thousands of silly men, and several times as many out-and-out bad men as there ever were out-and-out bad women.

Then, too, I came to the poser, "Suffrage would be all right if all the women wanted it. They don't. Why must you burden the antis with an inwelcome responsibility by making it our duty to vote?" I replied by say-ing, "My dears, it is your duty now. With your clever hands and lofty standards, you owe it to the state to assert yourselves politically. A law that prevents is unrighteous."—Rollin Lynde Hartt, in Womna's World.

WORN WORRIED WOMAN

Her Many Duties Affect Her Health and Often She Breaks Down Completely.

It is little wonder that there are

many time in a woman's life when she feels in despair. There is no nine-hour day for the busy housewife. There are a hundred things about the home to keep her busy from the time she arises until it is again bed time. What is the result? Often her nerves give way, her good looks suffer, her blood be-comes thin, her digestion is disturbed and her system threatened with a complete breakdown. Every woman should do all possible to protect her health and good looks, and there is one way in which she can do this, and that is by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These actually make new, rich blood, strengthen every nerve and ev ery organ, bring the glow of health to the cheeks and brightness to the eye. These pills have done more to make the lives of thousands of women sunshiny than anything else in the world.

Mrs. Daniel Theal, Waterloo, Ont. Mrs. Daniel Theal, says: "I was very much run down, my blood was thin and watery and I would faint at the least excitement. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and often it seemed as though there and often it seemed as though these were clouds before my eyes. Finally I was induced to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and when I had taken ten to take I was completely cured, and never felt better in my life. I am convinced that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me they will do for others, and I warmly recommend them to weak women.

You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

SHORNCLIFFE

Popular Hymn by Canadian Soldier Bears That Name.

For our valiant soldiers, And for those at sea, Britain's bravest sanors, Lord, we pray to Thee. Thou can'st shield from dangers, Earth, and sea, and ap— May those in our aips needs, be Thy special care.

When in the darkness resuing arms are laid aside, Lord, or Thou protest them, still with them abide. And if they in fighting, Should not think of Thee, Do not Thou forget them, still their succor be.

Lord, when sick and wounded, Far, perchance, from care, Let Thy healing Spirit, Save them from despair. Saviour, be Thou near them, All their prayers to hear, Strengthen, watch and comfort, When one else is near.

All our unknown dangers, Lord, to Thee are known, Thou art God of Battles, Thou, and Thou alone. And, although around them Tens of thousands die, Thou can'st keep in safety Those for whom we cry.

There is no teaching until the pupil is brought into the same state or principle in which you are.—Emerson.

Women With Weakness Find New Strength

For all special weakness from which girls and women suffer, no surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamil-ton's Pills; they maintain that bracing health every woman so earnestly desires, they uproot disease and bring strength that lasts till old age.

The blood is richly nourished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Appetite increases, weakness and secret ills give way to surplus energy and reserve

No pale girl, no ailing woman can afford to miss the enormous good that comes from Dr. Hamilton's Pills; get a 25c box to-day.

DETECTING FORGERY.

Extraordinary Ingenuity of Methods Now Employed.

Extraordinary ingenious means are now employed in the detection of forgery. It is a very cleaver forger indeed who candeceive the up-to-date expert in chirography.

It has been pointed out by Sandberg that the expert may put a juror to the proof that out of a dozen signatures of his own name no two will be alike in general form. Then the expert may turn to the authentic and forged signatures in almost any case, and show to therlay-man that the first question of forgery arose from the fact that these two signatures are at first glance identically alike almost to the minutes detail. The forger has been too skillfull. He hasheld to the old principle or copying the authentic sinsture in every proportion the more readily can the forgery arose from the sand the continue the line.

A the state of the signature, it should be called upon to be continue the line.

In the case of signature, it should be one of the caslest and least studied group of words that the writer should be called upon to put upon paper. In writing a letter, for instance, the pen scope throughout may exhibit an average stretch of one inch for the text of the lestic, while in the signature the whole lestic, while in the signature the whole lestic, while in the signature the whole lestic, while in the signature will ender the scope of the copyist that the studied copy is a forgery on its face. For, however, free of stroke the forger may naturally be about the signature will ender this scope shorter than that of the original signer.

A common means of reproducing a signature is to place the original signature to a piece of glass, lay another piece of glass on top of it, and fasten the paper that is to receive the forgery on top of that. Then by holding the glass strips to a bright light the original signature casts a shadow through, and this may be traced in pencil. From this the ink forgery is made. When, however, a forgery accomplished by this means is placed under a strong magnifying glass it will not pass muster.

If the original has a strong down

a forgery.

She Didn't Say.

If a Maori wishes to speak words of insuit to another Macri he calls his adversary some kind of food. Any kind will do, living or dead. One Maori chief once told another that he was a roast veal. Then he fled to the bush, hid in a cave, was tracked, cap-tured and beheaded. The cave is still shown to visitors, and when Lord Kitchener was in New Zealand he was taken to it by a partty Maori girl acting as guide. She told him the whole story, and at the conclusion the stern soldier's face softened into a smile as he said:

"Ah, then, I suppose it would be highly dangerous to call a Maori lady a little duck?"—London Mail.

A Smart Answer.

The following episode took place in country village in the north of Engand. One morning as a schoolmaster as proclaiming to his school he saw He picked it up, he placed penny. the penny in his pocket, and after the children had assembled in the school the schoolmaster said: "Has any child lost any money?

After a few moments a small boy in the front of the class put up his hand. "Well, Robert, what do you want?" asked the master.
"Please, sir, I have lost a penny,"

"Please, sir, I have jost a penny," replied the boy.

"And where did you lose your penny. Robert" inquired the master.

"Please, sir, where you found it."

Robert got the penny applied the haughter of the master and the whole

class.—Philadelphia Record. UP-TO-DATE.

(Judge)
Claire—Where are your horses?
Madge—I sold them and bought and auto.
Claire—And where's the automobile?
Madge—Sold it and bought a hydroplane.
Claire—And what'll you get when you
tire of that?
Madge—Wings, maybe.

NATURAL THING

(Baltimore American)
"I don't believe the captain of our ship was an experienced mariner. When we had that accident in mid-ocean he did not seem to know what to do,"
"But you must remember that it was only natural under the circumstances for him to be completely at see."

I would have you call to mind the strength of the ancient glants, that undertook to lay the high mountain Pellon on the top of Ossa, and set among those the shady Rabelala.