

CHAPTER X .- (Continued.)

stretched high his head and sent back. with curled nostril, an answered chalwaited for a charge from his natural enemy. When the mingled call of his mistress and Diablo's bugle note came to him he waited no longer, but rushed across the passage and seized the black horse by the crest just as he was overpowering the girl.

It was at that instant Mortimer reached the scene—in his hand a stable fork he had grabbed as he raced down the passage. Even Lauzanne's attack. though it gave Allis a respite, would not have saved her life; the madly fighting horses would have kicked and

"My God! Back, back, you devils!" And pushing, crowding, hugging the

side of the stall. Mortimer fought his way to the girl. Once Diablo's hoof shot out and the man's left arm, snaping like a pistol, dropped useless at his side. His brain reeled with the shock. The oddly swinging arm, dangling like a doll's, with the palm turned backward, seemed to fascinate him. Why was he there? What was he doing? Why was he hammering the horses over the head with a stable fork held tightly in his right hand? He hardly knew; his mind was clouded: he was fighting by instinct, and always crowding along the wall toward the farther corner. The girl had quite faded from his Somehow he felt that he must drive the horses back, back, out of the

Allis too, was fighting; bringing the crop down with cutting force over the vithers, neck, head, any part of the could escape now through the opening where the boy had gone; but was not must be sorely hurt: now he was reel- house." ing like a drunken man as he fought

Ah, that was it! He saw her now It steadied his senses. It was the girl, and she had called him-"Mortimer!" 'Back," he yelled irrelevantly, in arm. answer, cutting Diablo across the face with the fork. It was pandemonium.

"I'm—afraid;" then he set his teeth been too late."

"It's dreadfu

screamed in his ear. "Quick! Now!" and she pushed him toward it.

The horses were giving way; Diablo was fighting half through the door, weakening before the onslaught of the

powerful chestnut. Even in battle, as in a race, the stamina of the Lazzarone blood was telling: the bull dog courage of the strain was strong upon Lauzanne, now that he was roused. "Quick! You can get out!" again

"You first!"

This drear, repetition was the only expression Mortimer's numbed senses were equal to: but he fought with the ferocity of a tiger-his wound but en-

They could both escape, Allis knew, if she could bring Mortimer to underthe swift-cutting forefeet; sometimes coming to Allis through the horses. even hugging close to the side of the the stallions were forced out into the passage, just as Mike came rushing Allis, John; oh, my God!"

Aim, pointing down the drive. "It's made me tired. An' whin he talked about Lauzanne's knees. m'aning his

But the battle had waned. Twice Diablo had been pulled to his knees, forced down by the fierce strength that as Mike pulled up. was Lauzanne's: the black was all but conquered. The trainer's voice checked Lauzanne's fury; even the boy had

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into his stall. All the fight had been In rushing from Lauzanne's stall taken out of Diablo. He struggled to Allis had left the door swinging on its his feet, and stood trembling like a ling and racing is contrary to His law. hinges. At the first cry of defiance from the black stallion Lauzanne had cutting race. On his neck were the marks of Lauzanne's teeth, where they your father's eyes to the sin of racing. had snapped like the jaws of a trap; No good can come of it-no good has lenge. Then with ears cocked he had from his crest trickled a red stream ever come of it—nothing but disaster that dripped to the floor like water and trouble. In a day the substance from a running eave. All the fierce of a year is wasted. There never can fire of hate had gone from his eyes. be prosperity living in sin." He hung his head dejectedly, and his

> been lashed with a sickle, and his with- had nearly always preserved a reers were torn. Mortimer and Allis had come out of the stall. The man, exhausted by the struggle, leaned wearily, with pale, drawn face against the wall the loor seemed sliping from under him; he felt a sensation of swiftly passing off into nothingness. He was sleepy,

that was all; but a sleepiness to fight against-he must still fight. "You are badly hurt." It was the that he recognized it, everything was so confused.

He answered heavily, "Yes, I'm-I'm -I want-to lie down." "Here, lean on my shoulder." It was business," the trainer was saying; "we must get him out of this: he's nearly turning to Allis.

The wounded man turned guiltily: he had been in that hell of noises with him, fighting too.

"I'm just frightened, that's all," an-

Mortimer in the same position she had ing to Mortimer's right side. "Come, nestled his wife's head against been? She had seen him drop to his lean on me, sir. Can ye walk? I'll put side. "How did it happen, Allis? Did

"This way," she panted, catching his side were many sharp things pull- in to rescue him, and Mortimer risked him by the coat, and pulilng him to- ing him down like dragging irons; on his head was a great weight that crushed his feet into the hard planks:

'Get through the window!" the girl sentence in a groan of anguish; the thing that was tearing at his side had

whistled in his lungs. "You-first-back, you devils!" and Allis stepped forward swiftly, and ed talking about Alan-wondering he pressed away from her, closer to the passing her arm about his waist, help- where he was, and other irrelevant horses, thrusting and striking with the ed Mike lead him to the door. Twice matters. she put her left hand up and brushed tears from her eyes; the struggle had as Mike rattled up, and Doctor Rath- sion gradually merged into a crusade unnerved her. Very helplessly against her swayed the man she had laughed at half an hour before. And he had Three smashed ribs and been crushed saving her! But that was not why the tears came-not at all.

She was unstrung. "And he's got grit," she kept muttering to herself; "he has never even

groaned.' Together they succeeded in getting him into the buggy; then, gently, Mike drove to the house.

CHAPTER XI.

Mrs. Porter, reading a book on the veranda, heard the crunch of wheels as a buggy, slow-moving, turned into the stand; but they must do it quick, if at drive. She raised her eyes leisurely, all. It was useless. He seemed con-scious of but the one idea that he mind; but with a quick cry of "John!" must drive the fighting animals out she sprang to her feet, the yolume, left into the passage to save her. She was to itself, rustling from her lap to the it was a horse on the other gintleman. not afraid now; the man's presence floor. The mother eyes saw that somehad driven that all away. It was use- thing was wrong, and the mother heart Saw-bones had been in the box yonless to speak to him of the window, felt that some evil had come to Allis. der wit' Diablo, he wouldn't a-felt so neither would go first; so, with her Mrs. Porter had zone white in an inriding whip she fought side by side stant. Over her hung heavy at all times with Mortimer; springing back from the dread of some terrible accident Mike?" asked Porter.

"Did you call, wife?" Porter asked as horse as he lashed out from behind; he came to the door. Then he sprang till they took water an' backed out, and once saving her companion from quickly across the veranda at sight of My word! whin first I see him come to being cut down by pulling him swiftly his wife's blanched face, and made to from under a raised foot. In the end cacth her in his arms. But she stopped here's wan av thim city chumps; he

> coming back; here, sit down again, I'll see," and he raced down the steps just

"What's the matter, girl?" he began "The young gentleman's got a bit shook up, sir; nothin' bad loike." Mike plucked up courage to return; and be-tween them the chestnut was driveu "nothin' bad," was added for Mrs. Porter's benefit, his quick eye having seen almost bringing a smile to Mrs. Porher white face.

> "Miss Allis' not hurt at all," he continued. "We'll help the young gintle- there. I've seen a herrin'-gutted weed But he turned the point to his own bad one he stands out and everybody man in, an' I'd best go for the docthor,

> I'm thinkin'. Even as he was speaking they had helped Mortimer from the rig. He had made hacks av iverythin' in soight— the Creator's intentions, quite apart they don't deserve it," added Allis. not uttered a sound; his teeth were set spread-eagled his field. Ye wouldn't from the evil effect it has on morals." hard against the agony that was in his a-give two dollars fer him, an' he side, and the queer dizziness that was come out an' cleaned up the Troy Dolman?" John Porter asked. over him left little beyond a conscious- stake, like the great horse he was." ness that he was being looked after, and that if he could only keep going ed out something like that; eh, Mike?" for a little, just use his legs a trifle, he would presently be allowed to sleep. av horses than I know av the strology found him rather a difficult man to sold my husband a crooked horse. Yes, that was what he wanted; he was av stars, he's a hot wan, an' that's tackle. He had this irritating way of Now, John, what are you laughing at?" so drowsy. As he went up the steps the God's trut'." between the two men, a haggard face Mortimer's gallant act had roused ing the speaker to get back to first chair.

tried to smile. Then he was on a bed and-and-sleep at last. When the three men with the silence of disaster over them passed struggling nto the house, Mrs. Porter threw he self on Allis' neck, and a passion of tears flooded down and damped the

"God be thanked. God be thanked! gasped the troubled woman, and one hand that was over the girl's shoulder patted her with erratic rapidity. Then she interrupted herself. "What am I saying-it's wicked, and Mr. Mortime like that. But I can't help it- can't help it. Oh. Allis! my heart was in my mouth; I feel that some day you wil

come home like this." At that instant Gaynor dashed by them, leaped into the buggy, and called, as he drove off: "I'll have the doc thor in a jiffy; the young man's all right!" He was still talking as the whirr of swift-rushing wheels smothered out his voice, and the dust rose like steam cloud, almost blotting him from the landscape.

"Oh, girl! I thought you'd been kill-"Here, sit down, mother: you're al

worked up," and Allis put a cool hand on her mother's hot forehead. But the shock of her feelings had cosed the good woman's vocabulary. At all times smouldered in her heart a hatred of racing, even of the horses "It's the anger of God," Mrs. Porte denounced vehemently. "This gamb-

"Hush, mother," crooned Allis, softflanks quivered. Lauzanne, too, bore ly. This outburst from Mrs. Porter evidence of the vicious strife. On one startled the girl; it was so passionate, quarter, where Diablo's sharp hoof had so vehement. When they had talked ripped, was a cut as though he had of racing in the home life the mother proachful silence; her attitude was un derstood and respected.

"I must speak, girl," she said again; 'this sinful life is crushing me. Do you think I feel no shame when I sit in meeting and hear our good minister | tered the stall with the fighting staldenounce gambling and racing? I lions was quite a different matter. can feel his eyes on me, and I cannot raise my voice in protest, for do not I veloped sense of character analyzation, girl's voice. He was almost surprised apologetically, "tolerating no sin in tion of Mortimer's integral force, and be no hope for eternal life."

horses all his life."

"Ah, sweetheart!" John Porter cried out in a pleased voice, as he came out swered Allis. "Mr. Mortimer saved to them, "looking after mother; that's right. Cynthia has helped me fix up at Ringwood for a few days. Had he? he wondered. How had he Mortimer. He'll be all right as soon as come in there, anyway? His mind re- Mike gets back with Rathbone. I these horses are trying on the nerves, "Yer arm's broke," said Mike, pass- aren't they, little woman?" and he knees when Diablo lashed out; he ye in the buggy and drive ye to the Moritmer slip into Diablo's box or-"It was all over that rascally boy, Shandy. Diablo was just paying him and swayed like a drunken man. In back for his ill-treatment, and I went his life to save mine.'

"He was plucky; eh, girl?" "He fought the black like a hero his knees gave under this load, and he father. But, father, you must never would have fallen but for Mike's strong think bad of Lauzanne again; if he hadn't come Mr. Mortimer would have

"It's dreadful, dreadful," moaned Allis shot a quick look at her father.

He changed the subject, and commenc-

bone, who was of a great size, bustled Three smashed ribs and a broken arm was his inventory of the damage inflicted by Diablo's kick, when he come out again with Porter, in an

"I'm afraid one of the splintered ribs is tickling his lung," he added, "but the fellow has got such a good nerve that I hardly discovered this unpleasant fact. He'll be all right, however; he's young, and healthy as a peach. Good nursing is the idea, and he'll get that here, of course. He doesn't want much medicine; that we keep for our enemies-ha! ha!" and he laughed cheerily, as if it were all a joke on the

"Thim docthors is cold-blooded divils," was Mike's comment. "Ye'd a thought they'd been throwin' dice, an' Bot' t'umbs! it was too. Still if ould

"Mortimer behaved well; didn't he, "Behaved well, is it? He was like a live divil: punched thim two stallions the stable wit' Miss Allis, thinks I about Lauzanne's knees, m'aning his "No, no," he answered, "they're just hocks, I had to hide me head in a thought it was single sticks he was at, wit' a thousand dollars fer a knock-

> shape, can they, Mike?" spoke Porter. | was anv." for Mike's fanciful description was ter's troubled face.

"Ye can't sor, an' yer next the trut' av a two-year-old-I remember wan ends. "It's quite wrong to abuse the sees him.". now; he was a Lexington. It was at noble animal; and that's one reason ("And sometimes horses—and men, Saratoga; an' bot' t'umbs! he just why I hold that racing is contrary to too, I suppose—get a bad name when

peered at him over the rail. It was the Irishman's admiration. He would have done as much himself, but that

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OTTAWA.

man, constantly encountering danger; that an office man, to be pitied in his ignorance, should have fearlessly en-Even Allis, with her more highly decountenance it? My people were all felt something of this same influence.

church people," she continued, almost | She had needed some such manifestathe household. Living in sin there can this had come with romantic intensity in the tragic box stall scene. This "I know, mother," soothed the girl; drama of the stable had aroused no I know just how you feel, but we polished rhetoric; Mortimer's declamacan't desert father. He does not look | tion had been unconventional in the Mike's voice this time. "This is bad upon it as a sin, as carrying any dis- extreme. "Back, you devils!" he had honor; he may be cheated, but he rendered with explosive fierceness, obcheats no man. It can't be so sinful livious of everything but that he must knocked out. Are ye all right, Miss?" if there is no evil intent. And listen, save the girl. The words still rang mother; no matter what anybody may in the ears of Allis, and also the echo say, even the minister, we must both of her own cry when in peril, "Morihad forgotten the girl. Yes, surely she stick to father if he choose to race mer!" There must have been a foreshadowing in her soul of the man's reliability, though she knew it not.

Even without the doctor's orders, it was patent that Mortimer must remain It was as if Philip Crane, playing with all his intense subtlety, had met

plunging mass in front of her. She fused to work out the problem; his side think we'd better have a cup of tea; his master in Fate; the grim arbiter of man's ways had pushed forward a chessman to occupy a certain square on the board for a time Mortimer had been most decisively

smashed up, but his immense physique had wonderful recuperative powers. The bone-setting and the attendant fever were discounted by his vitality. and his progress toward recovery was marvelous.

CHAPTER XII.

Crane heard of the accident on one days later, and of course must hurry his arm," declared Allis. to Ringwood to see his employee. It happened that the Reverend Mr. Dolman graced the Porter home with his was there.

Naturally the paramount subject of Allis: but the individuality of discusagainst racing, led by the zealous neglected. Race horses are much bet-clergyman. John Porter viewed this ter taken care of." trend with no little trepidation of feel-

It was Porter who precipitated matters by piously attributing Allis' es-

cape to Providence.
"Undoubtedly, undoubtedly!" Dolman said, putting the points of his spiritual welfare of my congregation fingers together in front of his lean takes up my entire time." chest. He paused a moment, and Porter groaned inwardly; he knew that attitude. The fingers were rapiers. stilettos; presently their owner would thrust, with cutting phrase, proving that they were all indeed a very bad lot. Perhaps John Porter would have resented this angrily had he not felt reply. that the Reverend Inquisitor was really honest in his beliefs, albeit intolerably narrow in his conclusions.

Dolman broke the temporary silence. 'But we shouldn't tempt Providence animals is commendable-commendable"-he emphasized this slight con-

"It wasn't the horse's fault at all, Mr. Dolman," Allis interposed, "but just a he had to do with." depraved human's. It was the boy Shandy's fault." "I wasn't thinking of one horse,"

continued the minister, airily; "I the battered young man who had submeant race horses in general." "I think Mr. Dolman is right," ven-

tured Mrs. Porter, hesitatingly; "it's grain bag, But if ye'd seen him handle flying in the face of Providence for a that fork, bastin' the black, ye'd a girl to go amongst those race horses." "Bad-tempered men make them vicious, mother," Allis said; "and I believe that Shandy's punishment was might anger her nusband, then his "One can't always tell how a colt will the visitation of Providence, if there logic would avail little,

The Reverend Dolman's face took on mented Porter, "some bad and some an austere look. It was an insult to good. They agerage about the same as the divine powers to assert that they they do in anything else, mostly good, had taken the part of a race horse. I think. Of course, when you get a "Are all men immoral who race, Mr. I know he's not."

His question forced Dolman to de- dishonesty," said Mrs. Porter, speak-"And you think Mortimer has turn- fine his position. Porter always liked ing hastily. She turned in an explanthings simplified; racing was either atory way to Crane. "You know, Mr. "Well, fer a man that knows no more wrong in principle or right. Dolman Crane, last summer a rascally man brushing aside generalization and forc- for her husband was shaking in his

go so far as that-to make the rule lutely; a very strong man might scape contamination, perhaps."

Mrs. Porter sighed audibly. The min giving her husband a loophole to es-

"I hardly think racing quite so bad, as it is generally supposed to be," inerposed Crane, feeling that Porter was being pilloried somewhat. He received a reproachful look from Mrs. orter for his pains.

"I've never seen any good come of t," retorted Dolman. "A Christian an must feel that he is encouraging cambling if he countenances racing for they contend that without betting racing is impossible."

"Everything in life is pretty much f a gamble," Porter drawled, lazily; here aren't any such things. The hins that go to see the farmer's crop everything is more or less a matter of chance. If a man goes straight he has a fairly easy time with his concience, no matter what he's at: but if he doesn't, well, he'd better go hun-

"A great many very honorable men are racing to-day," added Crane: "men who have built up large fortunes through honest dealing, and wouldn't e racing if they felt that it was either nchristian or dishonorable.

"They can't be Christians if they ountenace gambling." asserted the inister, doggedly. It occurred to Mortimer that when

ever the discussion took broader lines,

olman drew it back into the narrow ell of his own convictions Porter scratched his head perplexed-. They had been discussing the moral nfluence of racing; this seemed more like theology.

"It is certainly unchristian." comnented Mrs. Porter, severely. 'I haven't seen much Christian spirit any business," said Porter, quietly; they all seem more a matter of writen agreements. In fact there's more done on honor in racing than in any of the business gambles. A man that's rooked in racing is sure to come to grief in the long run."

Crane shifted in his chair, and Dolnan coughed deprecatingly. 'For my part," continued Porter,

I've never found it necessary to do anything I'm ashamed of in racing." His wife saw an opening. "But, John lear, you were treated most shamefully last year; a dishonest boy hauled your hrose-"Pulled, mother," interposed Allis;

pulled father's horse, you mean." 'Perhaps, though I fail to see where he difference can be, if the horse ran the other way and your father lost." Porter smiled indulgently. "The boy vas punished, Helen," he said. 'Dishonesty is not tolerated on the race

course. "Yes, but something is always hapbening," she continued in lament. "It's contrary to the law of the church. John. It seems just like a visitation of divine wrath the way things happen. And you're so sanguine, John; last year you were going to win a big race with Diablo when he threw his leg-"Threw a splint, mother," prompted

"I thought your father said it was his leg had something the matter with t." argued Mrs. Porter. 'The splint was on his leg, mother dear."

"Well, I'm not familiar with racing hrases, I must say, though I should be, goodness knows: I hear little else, And talk of cruelty to animals!" she turned to Mr. Dolman; "they burned the poor beast's leg with hot irons-' The minister held up his hands in

"It didn't give him as much pain as of his visits to Brookfield a couple of the doctor gave Mr. Mortimer setting

"But it was racing injured the horse's leg." interposed Dolman. "But your horse has got a ringbone presence the same eyening that Crane | Mr. Dolman," said I "is, "and a spavin, too. I've been looking at him. That's because you drive him too fast on hard interest was the narrow escape of Miss | roads. And his feet are contracted | from neglect in shoeing. It's just cruel the way that poor old horse has been

Allis' sudden onslaught switched Mr. Dolman from the aggresive to the defensive with great celerity.

"I confess I know very little about horses," he was forced to apologize; then, with something of asperity, "the This rebuke caused a momentary silence, and Dolman, turning to Mortimer, said, "I hope you don't approve

of racing, sir." Mortimer didn't, but a look from Allis' eyes inexplicably enough caused him to hedge very considerably in his

"I know nothing about the race ourse," he said, "but from what I see of the thoroughbreds I believe a man would have to be of very low order if their noble natures did not appeal to him. I think that courage, and honby worshiping false images. Love of him. I think that courage, and honesty, and gentleness—they all seem to gressively. Promptly the invitation to the effects of the San Francisco have it-must always have a good incession—"but race horses always appeal to me as instruments of the Eyil a touch of excitement, "I think a man rould be ashamed to feel that he was making himself lower than the horses

Allis looked grateful. Even Porter turned half about in his chair, and gazed with a touch of wonderment at stituted common sense for sophistical

The reverend gentleman "It's not the horses at all." he said. it's the men who are disreputable." Mrs. Porter gave a little warning cough. In his zealousness Mr. Dolman "The men are like the horses." com-

"Everybody says Lauzanne is bad, but "That was a case of this dreadful

"I was wondering what a crooked The reverend gentleman proceeded horse would look like," he answered, was due, for it was a woman's face. He would have been expected of a horse-cautiously. "I should hardly care to and there were sobs in his voice.

'Why, John, when you brought him take it out of your hide," quoth he, ne you said he was crooked." As usual, Allis straightened matters out: "It was the man who was crook- the offender a deeper respect for the

continued. proceeded the good woman, "a Mr. Langdon, I remember now, treated my husband most shamefully

Crane winced. He would have pre ferred thumbscrews just then. "John is honest himself," went on Mrs. Porter, "and he believes other men, and this horse had some drug given him to make him look nice, so that my husband would buy him.'

"Shameful," protested Dolmon. "Are men allowed to give horses drugs?" he appealed to Mr. Porter. "No; the racing law is very strict on that point."

"But evidently it is done," contended Dolman "I think there's very little of it, said Porter.

Crane feel very uneasy. "Do think, Mr. Porter," he asked, "that there was anything of that sort over Lauzanne? Do you think Langdon would-" He hesitated. "Mr. Langdon has a tolerable idea of what I think," answered Porter. "I shouldn't trust that man too much if

This turn of the conversation made

yourself, who has a horse or two in his stable, and doesn't go in for betting very heavily." 'I know very little about him." protested Crane; "and, as you say, he will probably act quite straightforward

I were you. He's got cunning enough,

though, to run straight with a man like

with me, at least." "Yes," continued Porter, half wearily, as though he wished to finish the distasteful discussion; "there are black sheep in racing as there are in everything else. My own opinion is that the most of the talk we hear about crook- having made it possible for ed racing is simply talk. At least nine out of ten races are honestly run-the best horse wins. I would rather cut off my right hand than steal a race, and yet last summer it was said that I had pulled Lucretia."

"I never heard of that, John," cried Mrs. Porter, in astonishment. "No, you didn't," dryly answered her husband.

Allis smiled; she had settled that part of it with her father at the time. "If you'll excuse me," began Crane, rising, "I think Mr. Mortimer is getting tired. I believe I'll jog back to Brookfleid."

Reluctantly the Reverend Dolman ose, too. He felt, somehow, that the atmosphere of racing had smothered his expostulation—that he had made little headway. The intense honesty that was John Porter's shielded him about almost as perfectly as a higher form of belief might have done.

But with almost a worldly cunning it occurred to the clergyman that he could turn the drawn battle into a victory for the church; and as they stood for a minute in the gentle bustle of leave-taking, he said: "The ever-continuing fight that I carry on against the various forms of gambling must necessarily take on at times almost personal aspect-" he was addressing Mr. Porter, ostensibly-"but in reality it is not quite so. I think I understand your position, Mr. Porter, and-andwhat shall I say-personally I feel that the wickedness of racing doesn't anpeal to you as a great contamination; you withstand it, but you will forgive me saying so, thousands have not the

same strength of character." Porter made a deprecatory gesture, but Dolman proceeded. "What I was of Mr. McMurrich, of Hamilton, studies going to say is, that you possibly rea- ed law, and in due course of time lize this yourself. You have acted so passed the examinations and was given wisely, with what I would call Christian forethought, in placing your son, Alan, in a different walk in life, and-" | nipeg and Portage la Prairie. In 18 he turned with a grave bow in Crane's he married Miss Hampton at Hamil direction-"and in good hands, too." Twenty-three years since he (To be continued.)

A LIVELY BOUT.

Chief Langley Experiences Some Difficulty in Arresting Youthful Offenders Yesterday.

(From Saturday's Daily.)

of 1903, when he resigned, being If Chief Langley, of the police force, ceeded by W. J. Nelson. At the wasn't a little nervous in court this Dominion election, in 1904, he was norning he should be congratulated turning officer for the Kootena pon being blessed with an iron contrict. In March of the present stitution. Yesterday he unsuspectingly went to Vernon to reside, and walked into a corner from which he there up to two weeks since, wh was extricated only after at least ten returned to Rossland. Mrs. Bould minutes of rough-and-tumble with a died about three years ago. half-drunken and extremely belligerent roung man.

siderable noise coming from the direction of Deverne's wood yard and, G. Cruikshank, Mrs. F. A. Hewer, rompted by curiosity and righteous Ethel and Miss Harriet. The indignation over such an unwarranted | ment will take place at Vancouve disturbance of the peace, he proceeded to trace it to its source. He found one Charles Nelson and a number of others enjoying themselves after their own style and using profane language with style and using profane language with battle came from young Nelson. "I'll quake.

Naturally the chief wouldn't stand any such retort, and proceeded to give law, as represented by his person. Forthwith a somewhat amusing scuffle commenced. The boy, for Nelson is only about 18 or 19 years of age, grap. nied with the chief's stalwart figure and struggled hard to lift him from hi feet. Time after time, however, he was thrown away. In view of Nelson's youth the chief was unable to allow his pugilistic powers full sway and, as a result, he got several knocks before th rash youth was netted and placed within the patrol wagon. Once the boy struck out with his feet and bit th chief upon the back of the head and again he sunk his teeth through trousers, just missing the skin. R he was finally pinned down and placed

durance vile. This morning Magistrate Hall victed him of being drunk and dis derly and imposed the exceptions heavy fine of \$16 and costs, in default one month's imprisonment.

AN APPRECIATION.

An Eastern Musician Tells of the Pless of a Visit to Victoria.

Dr. Torrington, one of Canad prominent musicians, who visi toria some weeks ago, writin Kent, of this city, makes nteresting comment upon his in of Victorians and Victoria

our stay in your lovely city, but give you the heartiest thanks of and myself for your extreme kinus. The marks of courtesy and on your part, and, in fact, of all the friends in Victoria, will always ren amongst the most pleasant rem 'I must particularly thank you

the Arion Club and its capable and genia conductor, Mr. Russell. "I read and have shown to my frien with special interest the very kind as pleasant notices in the local papers ve sent me of the reception given us by

"I shall preserve these papers amongst my treasures, and place th the records of my musical work in Ca "I was very much pleased with and not only with the quality of

voices, but their general work also, and we thoroughly enjoyed the numbers the sung so well. 'I shall be glad if you will convey them my sincere thanks for their kindne in coming together at such a seas "I heartily appreciate their consid-tion and courtesy and wish I could ciprocate in some way, which I she ways do in spirit if not in fact. tainly wish the society every su and trust the good people of Vic

an organization that reflects the great credit upon your city leaving Victoria I have he praises of Victoria and its kind citizens.

ROSSLAND PIONEER DEAD.

Former Police Magistrate Passed Away

permission to practice as a soli

west, settling in Vancouver,

Subsequently he practiced law in I

practiced his profession. In 1895

went to Rossland. There he emba

in the real estate and brokerage

ness with Mr. Rankin, under the

name of Boultbee & Rankin. I

he was appointed police magis

succeeding Judge Jordan, who r

ed. He held the position until the

on Thursday. John Boultbee died at the residence a good effect. of his daughter. Mrs. G. Cruikshank at Rossland on Thursday. Mr. Boultbee was a pioneer of Rossland, going there in 1895, and taking a prominent part in the affairs of the city. Mr. Boultbee was a native of Du das, Ont., where he was born a little over 54 years ago. After he graduate against an attacking from college he entered the law offic ment recruits and re out any other result

gents in Santa C who was arrested

Mr. Boultbee leaves three sons four daughters to mourn his der While on his way home he heard con- The sons are William. Herbert Leonard, and the daughters are

A New York dispatch says: Becau



CLARKE & PEARSON, Sole Agents.

Winnipeg - Vancouver-St. John N.B.

MANY REBELS E TO I

Promises Has Di of His Fo

Guerra's Inactivity F

Havana, Aug. 28 .the government of suspended until the Palma's offer of am gents can be determ At the palace con the great body of rel carried away with were to have the o the overthrow of th will seize the prese risk their liberty by what the governme a hopeless cause. Senator Dolze, the following his conference sident, declared ear the exception of Pi insurgent leaders we band their men if a ity. Guerra has ye His early p Pinar Del Rio and m followed by a period apparently injured h insurgents and sym pected him to make a the government fort President Palma's of yesterday have r sions with the busine

terests are seriously disturbed condition dent Palma's son is and his daughter has nurse. These enlistme Four Men Havana, Aug. 27 .gents commanded by tered the town of Be Havana, at 11 o'clock fied themselves and

defenders of the pla guard being killed. More Ar Havana, Aug. 28. Carlos Mendieta, le was arrested on Au city of Santa Clara,

brought to Havana e To Protect Ger Berlin, Aug. 28.-Th Gazette to-day ann consul-general for G Orleans has been dire Havana to protect G Cuba during the ab ister, who is on leav

SUICIDE AT

Woman Took Carbo Found Dead b Seattle, Aug. 27.-M wife of H. Putnam, the Frye-Bruhn (acid at her home in cause of the act is p sealed note which for her husband. Put vicinity of North Be Mrs. Putnam was apparently in the bes day night at 10 o'cle her friend, Mrs. Deni told Mrs. Denny that ng to North Bend yes morning Mrs. Denny nam's home and findi found Mrs. Putnam empty carblic acid bo Neighbors of the Putn band and wife appea

of age. ALLEGED BARON Was Charged With and Money Belor

happily and they ca

for the act. Mrs. Put

Wife. Hamburg, Aug. 28. alias Baron Santos Donnersmarck, who have deserted his Ar Paris, taking with his lewels and some m her, and who was arre 23rd on the charge discharged yesterday, that he was not cult man law. His wife, aroness Donnersmar his hotel here yesterd eral conferences with called baroness, who good family, was main Manila. Her mai Susan May Codyforest

COMING TO

Ottawa, Aug. 27.-W migration superintend the Pacific Coast to-n