MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT



**Every Time You Cough** —you strain the delicate tissues which line the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs. Stop this strain, by curing the cough. Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum brings ease and comfort to the throat and lungs. It not only cures the cough—but also heals the membranes and strengthens the respiratory tract. 25c and 50c a bottle. Sold everywhere.

**Gray's Syrup of**

**Red Spruce Gum**

Used over 40 years as a Specific for Coughs, Colds, etc.

25

# THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc., etc.

(Continued)

Presently dinner came to an end. The ladies retired to the drawing-room, while the gentlemen prepared to sit over their wine. Being an abstainer, I asked leave to retire with the ladies. I did this for two reasons besides my principles of abstinence. First, I thought the custom a foolish one, as well as being harmful; and, second, I hoped by entering the drawing-room early, I might have a chance to speak to Miss Forrest.

I did not leave alone. Two young Englishmen also declared themselves to be abstainers, and wanted to go with me, while Herod Voltaire likewise asked leave to abide by the rules he had ever followed in the countries in which he had lived.

Of course, there was some laughing demur among those who enjoyed their after-dinner wine, but we followed the bent of our inclination, and found our way to the drawing-room.

Evidently the ladies were not sorry to see us, for a look of pleasure and surprise greeted us, and soon the conversation became general. Presently, however, our attention was by degrees drawn to that part of the room where Herod Voltaire sat, and I heard him speaking fluently and smoothly on some subject he was discussing with a young lady.

"Yes, Miss Emery," he said, "I think European education is poor, is one-sided. Take, for example, the ordinary English education, and what does it amount to? Arithmetic, and sometimes a little mathematics, reading, writing, French, sometimes German, and of course music and dancing. Nearly all are educated in one groove, until there is in the English mind an amount of sameness that becomes monotonous."

"You are speaking of the education of ladies, Mr. Voltaire?" said Miss Emery.

"Yes, more particularly, although there is but little more variation among the men. Take your University degrees—your Cambridge and Oxford Master of Arts, for example; what a poor affair it is! I have been looking over the subjects of examination, and what are they? A couple of languages, the literature of two or three countries, mathematics, and something else which I have forgotten now."

"You are scarcely correct sir," said one of the young men who came in with me. "I happen to have passed through Cambridge, and have taken the degree you mention. I found it stiff enough."

"Not so stiff, when it can be taken at your age," replied Voltaire. "But, admitting what you say, you are all cast in the same mould. You study the same subjects, and thus what one of you knows, all know."

"And what may be your ideas concerning education?" said Miss Forrest.

Herod Voltaire turned and looked admiringly on her, and I saw that a blush tinged both their cheeks.

"My ideas are such as would not find much favor in ordinary English circles," he said smilingly. "But I should do away with much of the nonsense of ordinary English education, and deal with the more occult sciences."

"Pardon me, but I do not understand you."

"I will endeavor to make my meaning plain. There are subjects relating to the human body, mind, and soul, which cannot be said to have been really studied at all, except by some recluse here and there, who is generally considered mad. You deal with the things which are seen but think not of the great unsolved spiritual problems of life. For example, the effect of mind upon mind, animal magnetism, mesmerism, biology, and kindred subjects are unknown to you. The secrets of mind and spirit are left unnoticed by you Western people. You seek not to solve the occult truths which exist in the spirit of all men. You shudder at the problem of what you call death, and fancy nothing can be known of the spirit which leaves the world in which you live, whereas there is no such thing as death. The spirits of the so-called dead are living forces all around us, who can tell their condition to those who understand some of the secrets of spiritualism. Nay, more than that. There are occult laws of the soul which, if understood by some powerful mind, can be made to explain some of the deepest mysteries of the universe. For example, a man versed in the secrets of the spirit life can cause the soul of any human being to leave its clay tenement, and go to the world of spirits, and learn its secrets; and by the powers of his soul life, which can be a thousand times strengthened by means of a knowledge of the forces at the command of all, he can summon it back to the body again. Of course I can only hint at these things here, as only the initiated can understand these secret laws; but these are the things I would have studied and thus lift the life of man beyond his surroundings."

By this time the drawing-room was pretty well full. Nearly all the men had left their wine, and all were listening intently to what Voltaire was saying.

"You have lived in the East?" said Miss Forrest, evidently fascinated by the strange talk.

For the last ten years I spent a year in Cairo, two up by the banks of the Nile, among the ruins of ancient cities, where, in spite of the degradation that exists, there is still to be found those who have some of the wisdom of past ages. Four years did I live in India among the sages who hold fast to the teaching of Buddha. The three remaining years I spent in Arabia, Syria and Chaldea."

"And do you mean to say that what you have mentioned exists in reality?" said Miss Forrest.

"I have only hinted at what really exists I could record to you facts that are strange beyond the imagination of Dumas; so wonderful that afterwards you could believe the tales told by your most renowned satirist, Dean Swift."

"Favor us with one," I suggested.

Voltaire looked at me with his green-tinted eyes, as if he would read my innermost thoughts. Evidently his impression of me was not favorable, for a cynical smile curled his lips, and his eyes gleamed with a steely glitter.

"One has to choose times, occasions, and proper circumstances, in order to tell such facts," he said. "I never speak of a sacred thing jestingly."

We were all silent. This man had become the centre of attraction. Both men and women hung upon his every word. I looked around the room and saw a strange interest manifested, except in the face of the Egyptian. Aba Wady Kaffar was looking at the ceiling as if calculating how many square feet there were.

"Perhaps you find it difficult to believe me," went on Voltaire. "The truth is, I am very unfortunate in many respects. My way of expressing my thoughts is perhaps distasteful to you. You see, I have lived so long in the East that I have lost much of my European training. Then my name is unfortunate. Herod killed one of your Christian saints, while Voltaire was an infidel. You English people have strong prejudices, and thus my story would be injured by the narrator."

"Nay, Voltaire," said Tom Temple, "we are all friendly listeners here."

"My good host," said Voltaire, "I am sure you are a friendly listener, but I have been telling of Eastern knowledge. One aspect of that knowledge is that the learned can read the minds, the thoughts of those with whom they come into contact."

The ladies began to express an intense desire to hear a story of magic and mystery, and to assure him that his name was a delightful one.

"I trust I am not a disciple of either the men whose name I bear. Certainly I am susceptible to the influence of ladies"—and he smiled, thereby showing his white, shining teeth—"but I am a great admirer of honest men, whoever they may be, or whatever be their opinions. I am not a follower of Voltaire, although I admire his genius. He believed but little in the powers of the soul, or in the spirit world. I, on the other hand, believe it to be more real than the world in which we live."

"We are not altogether strangers to stories about spiritualism or mesmerism here," said Miss Forrest, "but the votaries of the so-called sciences have been and are such miserable specimens of mankind that educated people treat them with derision."

There was decision and energy in her voice. Evidently she was not one to be easily deceived or trifled with.

"Counterfeits prove reality," said Voltaire, looking searchingly at her; "besides, I seek to impose none of my stories on any one. I am not a professional spiritualist, psychologist, or biologist. I simply happen to have lived in countries where these matters are studied, and, as a consequence, have learned some of their mysteries. Seeing what I have seen, and hearing what I have heard, I beg to quote your greatest poet—

"There are more things in heaven and earth
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

"Your quotation is apropos," she said in reply, "but it so happens that I have taken considerable interest in the matter about which you have been speaking, and after seeing various representations of these so-called occult sciences, and carefully examining them, I have come to the conclusion that they are only so many fairly clever juggling tricks, which have been attempts to deceive credulous people. Moreover, these have been so often exposed by cultured men, that they have no weight with people of intelligence."

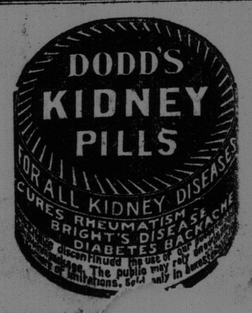
His eyes gleamed savagely, but he smiled upon her, and said, "Perhaps I may have an opportunity of undeceiving you, some time in the near future."

"Meanwhile you will tell us an Eastern story," said one of the young ladies.

"Pardon me," replied Voltaire, "but tonight is Christmas Eve, and as my story might be regarded as heathenish, I will wait for some more favorable time, when your minds will not be influenced by the memories of the birth of the Christian religion. Besides, I know many of you are longing for other amusement than stories of the unseen."

As he spoke I saw his eyes travel towards Aba Wady Kaffar, and they exchanged glances; then he looked towards Miss Forrest, and again a look of intelligence passed between him and the Egyptian.

(To Be Continued)




Birmingham's new mayor has given £10,000 towards the Birmingham university building fund, to which he previously made a donation of £1

## FAMOUS BANDIT BAND ON TRIAL

### Two Hundred Witnesses to Tell of Crimes That Held a District in Terror.

Milan, Dec. 16—The trial began today of the notorious bandit chief, Michael Suma, whose appearance in the dock at Taranto, in the midst of twelve of the best-known desperadoes of his band, brought crowds of curious sightseers from other towns. Suma's band was strongly armed, and consisted mostly of able-bodied men between 40 and 60 years of age, four of whom were brothers named Leo. Their women associates have so far evaded capture through the heroism of their lovers.

The band dwell in the hill country, levying taxes on the peasantry in the plain and executing any sort of evendetta which its clientele desired against neighboring enemies. The bandits descended in the darkness of night to perpetrate these acts of vengeance which generally took the shape of pillage, firing cottages, farmhouses and haystacks, slaughtering dogs, and poultry and hamstringing cattle. After many months' success they were finally betrayed by a married couple, who had commissioned them to burn some adjacent property, but had had their own farm given to the flames instead through an unlucky blunder of the avengers.

About 200 witnesses will appear at the trial. The judicial acts comprise twenty-two bound volumes of 180 pages apiece, and the trial is expected to last three months.

## FRENCH FAGAN RUNS ACADEMY FOR THIEVES

### Special Classes to Teach Young Women the Art of Shoplifting

Paris, Dec. 16—An academy where the students were initiated in all the arts of burgling and other forms of robbery was discovered by the police in the Rue Poissoniere.

Emil Lelulan, the principal, and four of his students have been captured, and the police are looking for a number of other persons, including some young women who attended the academy.

Leluan was supposed to give instruction in motor driving, but he has admitted to the police that he devoted most of his time to instruction in burgling. He had drawn up a wide curriculum, and no one was allowed to embark in the profession before he had satisfied his tutor of his competence in all branches of the art.

Practical demonstrations were given daily in the laboratory of the establishment, where the assortment of "scientific" implements would bring tears of joy to any professional burglar.

A special class was held for young women, who were taught pocket picking and shoplifting.

**Only a Common Cold,**

**BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED.**

Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh or Consumption is the result. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep and often affecting a permanent cure.

Mrs. Henry Smallpiece, Brudenell, Ont., writes:—"I was always subject to a cough and could get nothing to relieve me until I saw an advertisement of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thought I would try a bottle, and when I had taken a few doses I found I was getting relief, and when I had finished it I was cured. I procured a bottle for my baby, who had a cough, and a few doses cured him. I would advise anyone having a cough, to give Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup a trial and I am sure they will never be without it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts. per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is "Dr. Wood's."

## TO RAISE VALUABLE SUBMERGED TIMBER

### American Company Buys Piling Which Has Lain Under Water for Eighty Years.

Washington, Dec 17—Five hundred cords of sunken pine piling now lying submerged in the Rideau river and in the lakes some miles back of Kingston, Canada has been bought by an American concern which will raise the timber and take it by boat down the St. Lawrence to Ogdensburg, where it will be made into bleached soda pulp. This pulp is said to be made by a secret chemical process for use in the manufacture of high grade stationery. The piling in question was sunk some 80 years ago when lumbering operations along the Rideau were beginning and while the canal was being built. As the lumber in this district has been generally cut, the wonder is, says Consul Vansant, writing from Kingston, that this valuable submerged timber has not been used before.

## OVER 650,000 PENSIONS NOW

### Number Greatly in Excess of the Government Estimate.

London, Dec. 16—The number of applicants for old age pensions is up to the present 153,070 in excess of the estimate made by the Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer. Their estimate was 500,000; the latest returns are 653,070, and the number is increasing daily.

Of these 367,197 come from England, 193,138 from Ireland, 68,785 from Scotland and 23,950 from Wales. The Treasury is amazed at the figures. It had been generally expected that the pension committees would on investigation cut down the applications to something like the original expert estimate, but this enormous number has been passed by the excise officers and practically all of them are sound.

## Fashion Hint for Times Readers

THE CAPE-LIKE COAT FOR EVENING WEAR.

While the long cape is undeniably graceful, the evening wrap with sleeves is a more practical protection against the cold. In making the wrap with sleeves care should be taken to have the armhole sufficiently large to prevent crushing fragile blouses underneath. While the new puffed chiffon and tulle sleeves, now making their first appearance on evening frocks, much larger sleeves will be demanded on all evening coats.

## WILL CASTRO PROVE TO BE THE SECOND BLANCO

(Mail and Empire.)

Those South American politicians have a trick of keeping in the limelight. Even after he has traveled thousands of miles from home, President Castro of Venezuela finds that people are taking a deep interest in his movements; but it is not likely that he finds their attention flattering. Had he gone to France on an avowed or even denied political mission, or were he posing merely as a distinguished tourist, the curiosity of the world might tend to confirm his own opinion of his importance, but when Castro has announced that he is in Europe for medical treatment, having a torpid liver, he may well be indignant to find himself still eyed with suspicion.

There are also put to him shameless questions about the contents of his suit case. What has he got in there, hey? He explains, with suitable modesty, that he has his other shirt in there. The interviewer departs, and Castro reads in his paper next morning that the suit case contains securities to the value of $60,000,000. Of course, this is quite a mistake, for if Castro had stolen all the revenues of Venezuela from the time he became dictator down to the present moment, the sum would not amount to $60,000,000. The annual revenue of Venezuela is not quite $5,000,000, and the annual expenditures are great, because of interest due on $50,000,000 of foreign debt, and the cost of subduing a revolution or two every twelve months. That Venezuela offers fine opportunities to the enterprising grafter cannot be denied; but Castro appears to have turned down many chances in this direction. His policy has been one of refusing foreign concessions, or canceling those already in existence, instead of encouraging exploiters and taking his "rake-off."

One is reminded of the case of another Venezuelan dictator who also went to Paris. His name was Antonio Guzman Blanco, forgotten by most of us, probably because with all their genius for keeping in the spot-light these South Americans leave a very slight impression upon the memory. The possibility that Castro's subsequent career may be a duplication of that of Blanco makes a reference to the latter statesman of interest at the present moment. Blanco, having studied law, drifted into politics, and spent a few years in Washington as secretary of the Venezuelan Legation. It is unkindly suggested by the Detroit News-Tribune that Blanco's chief study in these years was graft. This is mere wisdom, after the event, for Blanco, when he returned to Venezuela, was full of reform ideas, and interested himself in scotching several horrid abuses.

Strangely enough, he did not make himself popular with the governing clique, and in 1858 he had to become a refugee. This misfortune proved to be a blessing in disguise, for in his wanderings Blanco fell in with Gen. Falcon, also a refugee, and leader of the Liberal party in Venezuela. The next year the Falcon revolution succeeded, and Blanco became vice-president. Soon afterward he became foreign minister and was placed in charge of the finances of the country. Thus he was in a position to do some grafting, and all went well until a revolution put Falcon out of office. Again Blanco fled, but shortly returned at the head of another revolution and became president. For twenty years he was the ruler of Venezuela, though he did not hold the office of president all this time. Indeed, most of the time he lived in Paris, and it is here that the possible analogy with Castro arises. Blanco proved to the people of Venezuela that the place for the best intellect in Venezuela was not in America, but in Europe.

Blanco's genius for finance explained his unusual position. While he was given a free hand, he saw to it that the people were not crushed by debt, nor worried about money affairs. Naturally they were grateful, and the puppet presidents whom Blanco named from Paris were more than willing to draw their salaries, receive the salutes of the populace and leave all business to Blanco. Money flowed into Venezuela to build railways, colleges and public schools; to modernize cities, and bring up-to-date departments of government. New industries were started, and the people's minds diverted from politics. Religious tolerance was established, and for twenty years the people were so prosperous and contented that revolutions were almost forgotten. Statues to Blanco were scattered all over the country.

In 1880 the people began to break up these statues. They discovered then that Blanco had simply sold the country from beneath their feet. Concessions of all sorts he had disposed of, and his own commission amounted to anywhere from 50 to 90 per cent. of the purchase price. The millions the people had been enjoying had been borrowed, and the notes began to come due. There came another revolution and the Blanco regime was swept away. Since then there has been little progress, but less graft, for the hatred of the foreign concessionaire, that was born of Blanco's enterprise, flourishes strongly today.

## A PROMINENT PHYSICIAN MAKES ATTACK ON ALCOHOL

(Mail and Empire.)

A series of articles in McClure's Magazine on the subject of alcohol by Dr. Henry Smith Williams, has attracted wide attention; and has provoked almost vicious debate between the friends and foes of temperance reform. Dr. Williams takes the position of an avowed temperance man, and is most sweeping in his denunciation of alcohol. It is bad, bad, bad, any way you look at it, drug, food or drink, says Dr. Williams. Naturally Dr. Williams is harshly criticized by the alcoholic medical men, while he has become a hero in the opposite camp. Whatever his standing may be as a scientific authority, he has a graphic way of writing, and unquestionably his articles in McClure's will have considerable effect upon the local option movement in the United States.

In the first article, "Alcohol and the Individual," Dr. Williams tries to show that alcohol has an affinity for protoplasm, the "physical basis of life," and that the tissues of the brain, the nerves, the heart and blood vessels, the stomach and intestinal tract, the lymphatic system, the kidneys and the liver may each and all become diseased by habitual drinking, even though the amount of alcohol consumed at one time is infinitesimal. He compares the effects of alcohol on the system to a river, which gnaws its banks where they are weakest. So with alcohol, the organ that is first attacked is the one whose resistance is feeblest. Nor do these eroding effects cease with the death of the individual. They may be transmitted to his descendants, for several generations, and if these descendants are themselves drinkers their decay is all the more rapid.

Alcohol is neither food nor harmless stimulant, says Dr. Williams; it is a poison. That it gives any persistent increase of muscular or mental power he describes as a "pernicious theory." And he continues:

"It is very questionable whether the energy derived from the oxidation of alcohol in the body can be directly used at all as a source of muscular energy. Such competent observers as Schumberg and Scheffer independently reached the conclusion that it can not. Dr. Abel inclines to the same opinion. He suggests that alcohol is not a food in the sense in which fats and carbohydrates are food; it should be defined as an easily oxidizable drug with numerous untoward effects which inevitably appear when a certain minimum dose is exceeded. He thinks that alcohol should be classed 'with the more or less dangerous stimulants and narcotics, such as hasheesh, tobacco, etc., rather than with truly sustaining foodstuffs.'"

In its action on the brain alcohol is no more beneficial than on the muscles. It is a disturber rather than a promoter of activity. Its effect is cumulative, so that a drinker of a single bottle of wine a day is never really sober. Loss of mental efficiency caused by the use of alcohol as a stimulant he estimates at ten per cent.

The second article discusses alcohol in relation to the community. Starting from the admitted fact that alcohol strikes at the weakest spot, he brings forward another fact, well known to students of evolution, that the weakest tissues of an organism are those most recently evolved. Therefore, man's most delicate tissues are the complex central nerve cells of the grey cortex of the brain, and it is the brain at which alcohol strikes its deadliest blow. The first and superficial effects of this blow are familiar to everyone. A man under the influence of liquor is silly, and acts like one of a very small brain power. The effect passes off when the patient becomes sober, but, as our old French lesson taught us, though the nails may be removed from the door, the holes remain. So with the brain and alcohol. Drink is recognized as a most potent cause of insanity; and statistics satisfy Dr. Williams that it is also the chief cause of crime and pauperism.

He sums up the disastrous effects of alcohol upon the community:—

One-third of the pauperism in Christian countries is due to alcohol.

One-fourth of all the insane are victims of alcohol.

Two-fifths of abandoned and neglected children have a right to blame alcohol.

Half the convicts and four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and work-houses were sent there by alcohol.

These figures are alarming enough, but Dr. Williams says that for every person who dies prematurely as a result of alcoholic poisoning, there are scores who suffer to lesser degree from maladies which are wholly or in part of the same origin. For every man whom alcohol drives insane there are scores of patients who are the victims of mental disorders due to alcohol, but not serious enough to warrant asylum treatment. For every criminal made by alcohol there are dozens whose moral delinquencies do not amount to crime, though they cause untold annoyanceand suffering to their friends. He concludes. "As we have this pageant, the vast majority of its members impelled by a power they loathe, yet must obey, a realizing sense comes to us of the tyranny exercised over humanity, generation after generation, by this arch enemy of progress."

## CAN PHOTOGRAPH THE STOMACH

### The Remarkable Invention of a Munich Doctor

London, Dec. 16—A remarkable invention in the medical line is an apparatus by which the stomach may be photographed from within. It is the discovery of a Munich doctor, and is thus described in action:

"The camera is actually swallowed by the patient, and when it reaches its destination the interior of the stomach is illuminated by a small electric lamp attached to the apparatus. At the bottom of the camera is wound a photographic film twenty inches long and a quarter of an inch wide.

"The physician pulls a cord which runs the film past the lens, the electric lamp is turned on and the impressions made on the sensitive film. The procedure is repeated until the requisite number of pictures has been taken."

**Only One "BROMO QUININE"**

That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of E. W. Grove. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

**Cowan's**

**Nut Milk Chocolate**

A chocolate confection of rich milk chocolate and fresh shelled walnuts. Simply exquisite. In ¼ and ½ pound cakes.

THE COWAN CO. LIMITED, TORONTO. 83

**SPECIALLY PRICED AT $1·00**

**D&A № 273**

TRADE MARK

A stylish and charming new model, for medium and petite figures, combining the advantages of the girdle top, with those of the medium long hip corset.

Produces lines of exquisite shapeliness and grace, imparts absolute comfort and a superb figure.

Made of Imported Coutil, rust-proof boning thruout, one of the best sellers ever made

On sale at your dealer, if not, write for Descriptive Circular

DOMINION CORSET CO., Mnfrs.

Quebec, Montreal, Toronto.

## BIG SEIZURES AT EASTPORT

### Sturgis Deputies Find 300 Bottles of Whiskey in a Hide, Six Cases in Another.

Eastport, Dec. 16—Sturgis Deputies French, Howard and Hayward made a seizure of 300 bottles of whiskey at the dwelling of William J. Collins, the stuff being found in a "hide" beneath the floor of the kitchen. Collins was arraigned in the Municipal court and was given the usual sentence, an appeal being taken and bonds furnished for appearance at the January term of court. Six cases of liquors were also seized by the deputies at the store of which George Godfrey is manager. The stuff came with a large shipment of regular goods and the contents of the boxes were unknown to Mr. Godfrey, who was considerably surprised when the deputies appeared at his place of business and took the packages away. The seized goods were shipped to Calais to the care of Deputy French and will be turned over to the sheriff after the cases have been disposed of by the court. It is supposed that the goods found in Mr. Godfrey's store were shipped to his address by parties in Boston who intended later to send an order for their delivery to the parties for whom they were really intended, this step being taken to avoid having the stuff seized by the enforcement officers.

## HOW CAPTAIN HUDSON SPENT HIS HONEYMOON

### How He and His Bride and His Crew Escaped From a Burning Schooner.

New York, Dec. 16—The honeymoon trip of Captain Hudson, skipper of the Bath, Me., schooner Henry Clausen, Jr., and his bride last month was thrilling in the extreme, according to details received of their experiences on board that ill-fated vessel which, after numerous vicissitudes, finally burned in mid-ocean. The newly-amrried couple and crew, finally rescued by a passing steamer, were taken to Messina, and it is from there that account of the experiences has reached this city. The Clausen, a three-master, was bound from Gulfport, Miss., to the Azores, lumber-laden. When some five hundred miles from St. Michael's, her port of destination on Nov. 10, a hurricane began to tear away everything above decks, and for three days kept the little company of eight in terror. The schooner sprang a leak and all the food was under water. Just as it seemed that the vessel must go to pieces a steamer was sighted. It proved to be the Snowdonia, and all were rescued in lifeboats. Hardly were they aboard when smoke began to pour from the Clausen, and soon the wreck was a blaze.

## The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

Why didn't that blasted janitor sprinkle ashes on those steps? Find the janitor.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Upside down, in body.