

A Hero of the Waterways.

Continued from page 50.

Intoxicated to bed, his wife went through his pockets and posted the letter herself, supposing it to be some concern of his employer's; and when it was finally delivered to the waiting Aunt Sophia, it bore the postmark of Amsterdam clear and plain upon its face.

So little, however, do we realise when we harbour these heavenly ministers, that the Thurstons looked at their angel critically, and Mrs. Thurston even went so far as to remark that he smelled very unpleasant.

With many distresses the journey continued. Wimpje raided a neighbouring chickenyard, and Captain Thurston's baggy breeches yielded of their store once more. Mrs. Thurston lost one of her wooden shoes overboard, and had to pay four dollars for another pair. The captain, in standing on his head to repair the Schimmelpennick's side after one of her collisions, lost his watch and all his change out of his pockets. And so, with blow upon blow and pang upon pang, the bold voyagers and the proud ship crept on to Rotterdam.

It was evening of the fifth day when they moored at the Linker Rotte Quay. They were securing Wimpje in the cabin, preparatory to going ashore for their frugal meal, when they heard a shout from an approaching boat.

"I think that man wants to talk to you," said Mrs. Thurston. "He's yelling back, and shaking his fists."

"Yes, he wants me, all right," said the captain. "He's got all the symptoms. Stand aside, Genevieve, in case he throws anything."

He walked to the bow and faced the new arrival boldly. A violent colloquy ensued. With the help of interested bystanders and of much gesticulating, it was made clear that Captain Thurston's title to the Schimmelpennick was not valid; that, in the absence of its owner, it had been let by an irresponsible third party; that Wimpje's family considered him to have been fraudulently abducted; and that the adventurers must pay five hundred gulden as damages, or go to prison for theft.

By degrees the hot resistance of the captain was cowed into dull acquiescence. With his remaining money, his wife's watch, and Wimpje, he cancelled the obligation; and the bold manager and the staunch crew clumped wearily off the ship they had boarded with such high hopes. Wimpje, with one ear erect and the other at half mast, watched their departure with a cynical look which did little credit to the quality of his heart.

Penniless, friendless, homeless, the wanderers stood in the dim twilight and watched the proud ship fade from view.

"There she goes," said the captain bitterly. "I took her to sail after Aunt Sophia's money, and she's sailed away with all our own instead!"

Mrs. Thurston, mute and miserable, wiped away a tear.

"Schimmelpennick! Schimmelpennick! Where is the Schimmelpennick?" shouted a voice near them.

"Yonder," answered Thurston sepulchraly. "In the land of the Might-Have-Been."

The inquirer came toward them. "Are you Toorston, the Englishman?" he asked. "Yes! I see it by your hair. Take this!" He held out a letter, addressed in the firm chirography of Aunt Sophia.

Thurston opened it with trembling fingers, and they peered at it together. It ran thus:—

"My dear Children,—Your letter from Amsterdam has made me a proud woman. I am amazed and gratified at what you have done. You are not such fools as you look. The man who gives you this is waiting with an automobile to bring you home. I began to miss you as soon as you went, and am free to say I want to see you back again. Your Uncle Joshua would be proud of you, and I want you to understand that from this day I look upon you as a son and daughter. — Your affectionate aunt, Sophia Jenks."

The two voyagers stared at each other blankly.

"What in the world does she mean?" gasped Mrs. Thurston.

"You can search me," said the scheepskapitein. A slow grin began to dawn over his worn features. "But I told you, Genevieve," he added, "the right was bound to triumph! Come on to the automobile!"

any interest. If it is done thoroughly, as no doubt it will be, there will be within a few miles of London an object lesson

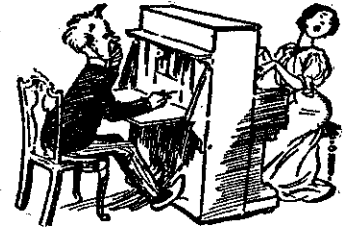
of surpassing educational and anti-quarian value as to how the Romans lived in Britain two thousand years ago.



The motor breakfast-room—a boon to city men who sit up late



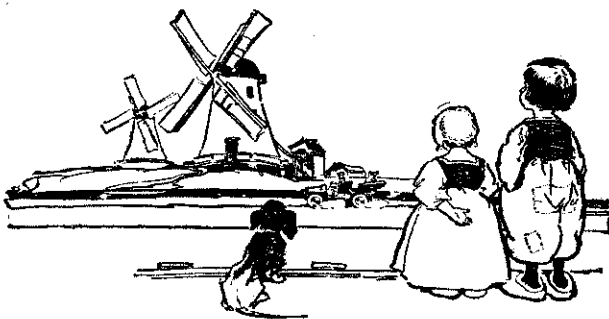
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A Buried British City.

The Earl of Verulam, who owns the land upon which was built the ancient Roman city of Verulamium, has given permission to the Society of Antiquaries to undertake excavations, which will shortly be commenced. The site of Verulamium lies a mile or so from the centre of St. Albans.

Verulamium was one of the most important cities in England at the time of the Roman occupation. With Eboracum (York) it enjoyed the dignity of being a municipium, which meant that all who were born within its walls could claim Roman citizenship. It was situated in Watling-street, and the British insurrection under Boadicea culminated here in the massacre of 70,000 Romans.

In 303, or perhaps earlier, St. Alban, the first English martyr, was beheaded on the site of the present St. Albans Abbey. Not long after the ancient town was forsaken, and the new one—St. Albans—grew up on the hill which had shadowed it.

In the centre of the site of the old city

is the Church of St. Michael, the vicarage of which stands in the middle of what was the forum. A few old walls and other fragments are to be seen here and there, but the Roman city lies for the most part buried under a considerable depth of soil.

In the course of centuries earth has been washed down from the hillside, and earth worms have been busy, and where once lay the proud and splendid city is now the quiet, flower-filled garden of the vicarage, the fields of the glebe, and other pastures and plough lands.

The stones and Roman blocks of Verulamium were, of course, much used for later buildings elsewhere. St. Albans Abbey is very largely built from them. But a great deal still remains under the soil. About 60 years ago, and again in 1809, the theatre was partly and temporarily uncovered, and some fine frescoes, pavements, and marbles were found. It is the only Roman theatre in Britain, and its dimensions are almost exactly the same as those of the theatre at Pompeii.

In fact, the whole town of Verulamium singularly resembles Pompeii as regards shape—an irregular oval—dimensions and arrangements and positions of streets and buildings. It is slightly larger, its walls inclosing an area of 190 acres. Its excavation ought to provide extraordi-

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