

TRAVELLING.

KINGSTON & PEMBROKE RAILWAY

IN CONNECTION WITH
Canadian Pacific Railway

Trains Leave Kingston

12.01 p.m. Express—For Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax, Boston, Toronto, Chicago, Denver, New York, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland and San Francisco.

5.00 p.m.—Local for Sharbot Lake, connecting with C.P.R. East and West.

Monday, Wednesday, Friday

7.45 a.m. Mixed—For Trenton and intermediate points.

Passengers leaving Kingston at 12.01 p.m. arrive in Ottawa at 5 p.m.; Peterboro, 4.38 p.m.; Toronto, 6.55 p.m.; Montreal, 7.05 p.m.; Boston, 7.30 a.m.; St. John, 12.00 noon.

KINGSTON—OTTAWA

Leave Kingston, 12.01 p.m., arrive Ottawa, 5 p.m.

Leave Ottawa 10.45 a.m., arrive Kingston, 5.05 p.m.

Full particulars at K. & P. and C. P. R. Ticket Office, Ontario, 50 Front St. E., GONWAY, Genl. Pass. Agent.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Local Branch Time Table.

Trains will leave and arrive at City Depot, Foot of Johnson Street.

GOING WEST

6 Mail	12.38 a.m.	1.07 a.m.
8 Express	2.35 a.m.	3.17 a.m.
11 Local	5.00 a.m.	5.45 a.m.
1 Inter. Ltd.	12.25 noon	12.56 p.m.
7 Mail	3.19 p.m.	3.51 p.m.
13 Local	7.08 p.m.	7.38 p.m.

GOING EAST

8 Mail	1.43 a.m.	2.17 a.m.
9 Fast Ex.	2.35 a.m.	3.17 a.m.
10 Local	5.00 a.m.	5.45 a.m.
6 Mail	12.25 noon	12.56 p.m.
7 Mail	3.19 p.m.	3.51 p.m.
13 Local	7.08 p.m.	7.38 p.m.

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8 run daily. All other trains daily except Sunday.

Through Pullman Sleeper to and from Ottawa via Brockville daily on trains 2 and 9, leaving Kingston, 2.35 a.m., and Ottawa, 6.45 p.m.

For Pullman Accommodation, tickets and all other information, apply to
J. P. HANLEY, Agent,
Cor. Johnson and Ontario Sts.

Royal Mail Train

via
INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

Maritime Express

Famed for excellence of Sleeping and Dining Car service. Leaves MONTREAL 12 noon daily, except Saturday for Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax.

FRIDAY'S MARITIME EXPRESS

Carries the EUROPEAN MAIL and lands Passengers and Baggage at the side of the Steamship at Halifax the following Saturday.

Intercolonial Railway uses Bonaventure Union Depot, Montreal making direct connection with Grand Trunk trains.

For timetables and other information, apply to Montreal Ticket Office, 130 St. James Street, or

General Passenger Department
MONCTON, N.B.

QUEBEC S. S. COMPANY, BERMUDA

Reached in 45 hours from New York by the 5,530 tons, Twin Screw Steamship "Bermudian." Sailings, 23rd and 30th January, and afterwards every Saturday at 10 a.m.

New York to Bermuda, Nassau, Bahamas and return.

S.S. "Friend" 2nd, 15th February and 6th March.

West India Cruises from New York

New Steamer "Guiana," 3,700 tons, with all up-to-date improvements. S.S. "Parma," 3,000 tons, S.S. "Korona," 3,000 tons, sail from New York every alternate Wednesday.

For beauty of scenery and perfection of climate these trips are unsurpassed. For illustrated pamphlets giving rates of passage and all information, apply to A. E. O'NEILL & CO., Agents, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Montreal, New York, A. H. W. ALLEN, Sec'y, Quebec, Canada, or to Ticket Agents, J. P. HANLEY, and C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Kingston.

ALLAN Royal Mail Line
LIVERPOOL SAILINGS.

Hesperian, sails from St. John, N.B., Halifax, Tuesday, Feb. 23rd.

Tunisian, sails from St. John, N.B., Halifax, Tuesday, Feb. 23rd.

Granipian, sails from St. John, N.B., Halifax, Tuesday, Feb. 23rd.

GLASGOW SAILINGS.

Laurentian, from Boston, Feb. 6th.

Ionian, from Boston, Feb. 13th.

First-Class, \$70.00 upwards, Second-Class, \$40.00 upwards, Third-Class, \$25.00 and \$30.00.

Additional sailings and rates on application to J. P. HANLEY, or C. S. KIRKPATRICK, Local Agents, Kingston.

World's Famous Milk Chocolates. All Prices.

TOBACCO'S, from 5c. to 25c. per pkg.
CANTON'S, from 5c. to 20c. per pkg.
PETER'S, from 5c. to 40c. per pkg.
NESTLE'S, from 5c. to 15c. per pkg.
CLOW'S, from 5c. to 20c. per pkg.
FRY'S, from 5c. to 20c. per pkg.
COWAN'S, from 5c. to 20c. per pkg., bulk, 60c. lb.

T. Peters & Co.,
184 Princess Street.
Phone, 649.

A Rad by any other name would

PHYSICIAN TELLS HOW HE TREATS RHEUMATIC PATIENTS

A Distinguished Specialist Gives Valuable Advice.

In the first place I always impress upon my patients the importance of careful living and regular habits. Moderation in eating, keeping the feet dry, and wearing plenty of warm clothing are some of the precautions. No amount of medicine will cure, or even help, unless attention is paid to these few simple rules.

I have had perfect results where patients followed these instructions, assisted by the following blood tonic and rheumatic specific—

Fluid Extract Cascara..... 1/2 oz.
Carriana Compound..... 1 oz.
Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla 6 oz.

Dose: One teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

It is advisable to drink plenty of water during the treatment.

A prominent local merchant who has tried this treatment states that it relieves backache, bladder trouble, and urinary troubles almost immediately and has a gentle but thorough action on the kidneys.

We advise all our readers to keep this prescription. The instructions are valuable.

CATCH RAFFLES AND \$10 IN GOLD FROM E. P. JENKINS

Great Hat Sale To-Morrow
All Our \$2.50 and 3.00 Hats at \$1.00 Each.

OVERCOATS
\$23, FOR \$15.
15, FOR 10.
12, FOR 8.

January Sale Closes Saturday

E. P. JENKINS,
Princess Street.

GOOD SALARIES
Go Only to the Well Trained

Our High-Grade Courses never fail to bring success to our graduates. Day and Evening Classes, and Moderate Rates.

FRONTENAC BUSINESS COLLEGE
Clergy street, Kingston.
Phone, 680.
T. N. STOCKDALE, Principal.

Now that a supply of Ice is assured, we are prepared to fill all orders for Ice Cream at 60c Per Quart. No change in quality.

Price's, 288 Princess St. Phone 845.

THE FRONTENAC LOAN AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY
ESTABLISHED 1863.
President—Sir Richard Cartwright.
Money issued on City and Farm Properties. Municipal and County Debentures. Mortgages purchased. Deposits received and interest allowed.
S. C. McGill, Managing Director.
Princess Street.

NEW LAID EGGS AT GLOVER'S, Cor. Bagot & Earl Phone 47.

Wm. Murray Auctioneer
27 BROCK ST.
New Carriages, Cutters, Harness etc., for sale.

MEN AND WOMEN.
Use Big 48 for men and women. Discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Pains, and not sensitive to heat or cold.

Wm. Murray Auctioneer
27 BROCK ST.
New Carriages, Cutters, Harness etc., for sale.

DOINGS IN STAGELAND

A. B. IRVINGIN "THE LYONS' MAIL"

The Warmest Play in New York is "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge"—Elsie Janis' Long Run in Chicago.

Jefferson De Angelis made his vaudeville debut at the Colonial Theatre, in New York, this week.

Hertha Golland will open her season next Monday night, at Hartford, Conn., in "The Return of Eve."

Mrs. James Brown Potter joined the vaudeville ranks at the Lincoln Square Theatre, in New York, this week.

Edna Goodrich, Nat Goodwin's fourth and latest wife, is to be a co-star with Nat in "The Master Hand."

Anna Lichter, once prima donna of the San Francisco Tivoli, is suing her husband, William Schuster, for divorce.

Julius Cahn is now looking Bennett's Theatre at Quebec, which will be devoted to combinations instead of vaudeville.

Fannie Ward is credited with a great success in "The New Lady Bancroft," which is now at Power's Theatre in Chicago.

Clyde Fitch has made arrangements for a London production of "The Woman in the Case," under the management of Herbert Sleigh.

Mary Manning is to appear soon in a new play by Langdon Mitchell, entitled "Step by Step." She will have the role of a working girl.

"The Queen of the Moulin Rouge," the warmest show in New York, drew \$11,000 in receipts for one week. That sort of thing seems to prosper somehow.

Louise Beaton will return to the stage the week of February 1st, and will present "Rachel Goldstein" at the Grand Street Theatre, in New York.

Mrs. Leslie Carter is thought to have a success in "Kassa," which is produced at Washington. The production is a massive one from a scenic standpoint.

De Wolf Hopper has denied a report that he is to leave the Shubert management at the end of this season. He expects to remain under the same direction for at least five years.

Elsie Janis is expected to complete her long run at the Studebaker in Chicago about the first of February, and "The Renegade" will follow at that house, with William Farnum in the title role.

Next season John Drew expects to appear in a revival of "Mad. Ad. About Nothing," alternating the Shakespearean comedy with a new play by W. Somerset Maugham.

Fritz Scheff will leave the Knickerbocker Theatre, on February 1st, to begin a tour in "The Prima Donna."

She will play Philadelphia, Boston, Baltimore, Washington and Brooklyn, remaining out until May.

Fannie Ward gave an act from "The Marriage of William Ashe" at the Chicago benefit for the Sicilian sufferers. Alfred Hudson, of Otis Skinner's company, assisted her, along with Charles Dean and Margaret Fuller.

Maudie Adams, in "What Every Woman Knows," is likely to remain for the rest of the season at the Empire Theatre, in New York. Already the engagement has been extended eight weeks, and seats for that period have been placed on sale.

Dustin Farnum's next play, by Edwin Milton Boye, is to be called "The Half-Breed," and is a sequel to "The Squaw Man." Mr. Farnum will play the part of the son of his present character, grown up and come into his English estates.

Eva Tanguay is paying for space in New York papers to scold Mrs. Cora Brown Potter for saying that the American can only understand the humor of the clown, and the slapstick. Eva says Mrs. Brown is sore because she didn't make a hit.

On Thursday afternoon, in New York, 200 deaf, dumb, or blind people were treated to a matinee performance of "The Queen of the Moulin Rouge." It's the hottest thing in New York, and what the blind missed the deaf didn't—and vice versa.

David Warfield is too modest to want to go to London. He fears he won't impress the English, but George Edwardes, who says Warfield is the greatest actor he ever saw, is said to offer him a \$50,000 guarantee for a ten weeks' engagement in London.

William Hammerstein, the opera impresario, says the license tax of \$500 on New York theatres is a slur on the business. "The theatre license is a survival both of puritanism and of the time when the theatres were not conducted on the lines on which they are nowadays."

That H. B. Irving has a notable following in London is proved by the fact that he has passed his one hundredth successive performance at the Shaftesbury Theatre, in "The Lyons Mail," a play which his distinguished father took from the dust heap and transformed into a melodramatic classic.

Mme. Cecile Jardin, one of the best known amateur actresses and concert singers of Lyons, France, has been engaged by J. Weber to play a leading part in "The Climax." Mr. Weber met her while touring Europe this summer. She speaks English without an accent and has a splendid soprano voice.

It may be of interest to old-timers to note that Kathryn Osterman's "The Night of the Play" is simply a modernized version of the late Augustin Daly's "Nancy and Co.," produced in New York in 1877 with a most notable cast, including Ada Rehan, John Drew, May Irwin, Otis Skinner, the late Mrs. Gilbert, James Lewis, Virginia Dreher, George Clarke, and Edith Kingdon, now the wife of George Gould.

In his new play, "The East Way," Eugene Walter, who wrote "Paid in Full," undertakes to deal deliberately and convincingly with that loose and careless side of New York life which is nightly evoked among the habitués of the so-called fashionable restaurants. He seeks to teach a moral without seeming to do so, setting forth with photographic fidelity certain characters, scenes, and social conditions which tell their own story and work out their own inevitable fate.

According to reports received from

When the Auto Charged

High Brascombe looked enviously at Sidney Graves, as the latter's new touring car shot down the village street with Myra Coleman on the seat beside him. Myra's hands tightened on the steering wheel as he glanced at Brascombe's six feet of sturdy manhood. No one ever knew how bitterly Graves regretted his shortness of stature.

Graves was not a weakling. There was bone and muscle in the five feet four inches that constituted his earthy tenement, but his slight build suggested lack of power, and Brascombe had contemptuously referred to him as a doll man.

The nickname stuck, though it was never used by Graves himself. And yet in some manner Graves had become acquainted with his nickname and his sensitive spirit writhed under the slight he could not resent. The nickname had done more than wound his pride; it had in a degree robbed him of confidence in himself, and though Myra seemed to prefer him to Brascombe, he only ascribed this to the fact that he was the possessor of a motor car and was wealthy enough to gratify his love for automobiles by purchasing the finest machines to be had.

He took a mournful satisfaction in delaying the day of Brascombe's victory as long as possible, but as to the ultimate result of the rivalry he never was in doubt. He knew Myra too well to think that his greater possessions could win her consent to marriage. She might be glad to accept his attentions since he never spoke of love, but he felt that some day Brascombe would win her hand and the motor trips would come to an end.

Like himself, Myra was fond of motor cars, and they had planned a run to Falls Village, some twenty miles away. It could be done in an hour on the deserted river road, but to-day the machine was acting badly, missing the spark and finally coming to a stop altogether.

Patently, Sidney climbed down and raised the bonnet. There seemed to be nothing the matter with the motors. The sparking plugs were clean and the flow was regular. It was not until he turned his attention to the battery connections that the cause of the trouble was located. In putting in a new battery, his mechanic had neglected to make a proper connection, and the wire had finally worked loose from the clamp.

"We'll be on our way in a jiffy, now," he promised. "I shall have to blow up John when we get back. He is growing very careless."

"Don't mind me," protested Myra. "I've been having a perfectly lovely time watching you fuss about the machine without even sweating once."

"It isn't that I don't want to," admitted Sidney frankly as he went forward to throw over the motor. "It's no fun to wade around in the mud to correct the mistakes of a man you pay to do things right."

He grasped the crank and gave a heave. At first the motor remained cold, but suddenly there was an explosion and the car shot forward. Myra shrieked in terror and closed her eyes, while she waited for the jolt that would tell her that the wheels had passed over Sidney's body, but no jolt came and she opened her eyes. Graves had leaped to the bonnet when the car started and now he was climbing over the dashboard and had shut off the power. The car, slowed down with a suddenness that threw Myra against the dashboard, then it stopped, and Graves slipped to the road and regarded the car with astonishment.

"I could have sworn that I shut off the clutch before I got out of the car," he said in puzzled tones. "It's one of the first things you learn."

"You mean this lever?" asked Myra. Sidney nodded.

"I am afraid that I might have moved it," he confessed. "You see I don't dare try to handle the car, it's so big and powerful, but while you were working over it I pretended to be running it, and I guess I didn't realize that I left the car all ready to start up when you cranked it."

Graves chuckled at the explanation. "It's all right," he assured, "but I never was so surprised in my life as when the car jumped at me. It was one lively half second I assure you."

"It was a wonderful thing that you jumped on the car instead of aside," she commented.

"I knew that you did not know how to run the car," he said simply as he climbed back to the seat. "I knew that if it would only run straight for a moment I could climb over the bonnet and stop the power."

"And in that moment you thought of me?" asked Myra wonderingly.

"I think I'd have tried to jump aside. I would not have thought of anything else. It was a splendidly brave thing to do."

"Not bad for a doll man," he said a little wistfully.

"You heard that nickname?" she cried. "I think it's a shame. I'd rather be you than the man who gave you that name."

"No one wants to be a little five-foot runt," he said, "nor wants one," he added softly.

"You think that a woman judges a man's worth by his height?" asked Myra, scornfully.

"Do you mean that you might learn to care for me in spite of my size?" he asked, a ray of hope lighting his face.

"Do you suppose I go riding with you just because I like the auto?" demanded Myra, scornfully.

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"I did suppose that your preference was for the auto—but I'm going to find out," he explained as he took her hand in his.

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Beef, Iron and Wine, "our own" make; pint bottles, 50c., at Wad's drug store.

If a bespeckled husband had as much spirit as a mouse perhaps his

The Pale Face.

Blood is the life. Life sets its crimson signal in the face. If you lack the ruddy hue of health you lack life, you are inviting disease. If the face is pale, if the hands and feet are continually cold, or there is any other sign of deficient circulation, use Wad's Iron Tonic Pills (Laxative).

They are a great nerve strengthener and blood maker. In boxes, 25c., at Wad's drug store. Money back if not satisfactory.

Time For Correction.

Montreal Herald, 26th, a telegram purporting to be signed by Mr. Borden, was printed in responsible papers and otherwise circulated all through British Columbia. When the telegram is read in the house on January 22nd, or three months later, all he says is, "I did not send that telegram." Surely he ought to be ready by this time to show where the forgery originated. If he didn't write the words, "absolute exclusion of Asiatics," which won the election for his followers, he ought to find out who wrote them, and tell.

Is Your Skin Scaly?

Anoint with Dr. Hamilton's Ointment—rub it in two or three times daily. No skin food is more perfect, more soothing, more healing. Just the thing for chaps, sunburn and roughness. Every home should have Dr. Hamilton's Ointment. 50c., at all dealers.

A Modern Nero.

The Crown Prince George of Serbia is not exactly one's ideal of a model ruler. This young gentleman, whose hobby is said to be to bury castles in the ground up to their necks and then stamp them to death, is more one's idea of a youthful Nero or Caligula, and heaven help the nation delivered over to his tender mercies.

Bulk tea may leave the dealer a larger profit, but "Salada" Tea (packed in sealed lead packages) leaves a lasting and favorable impression upon the palates of all giving it a trial. Hence its enormous sale.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath," quoted the Wise Guy. "But never a book agent," added the Simple Mug.

When a man nearly breaks his neck getting out of the way of a lightning bug, supposing it to be a locomotive, it's time for him to swear off.

More cases of rick headache, biliousness, constipation, can be cured in less time, with less medicine, and for less money, by using Carter's Little Liver Pills, than by any other means.

Next to being able to deliver, the goods rank in ordinary competitive trade as the ability to keep the other fellow from making delivery.

Worried to Death.

Indigestion. Loss of Appetite. Heart Palpitation.

A Case That Proves Prompt Action is Wise When Health is Poor.

"At night I would wake up with vague feelings of fear and numbness in my hands and other parts of the body," writes Mr. E. X. Smeaton, of St. John, N.B. "I had grown thin and pale, and at night it was very difficult to get enough warmth in my feet to get asleep. My digestion was poor and appetite very uncertain. The form of nervousness that worried me most was starting at every little thing, which resulted in such violent heart action as sometimes frightened me. Finally I had to give up my work, which was inside office work so laudible, nervous and weak had I become. Through the intervention of a friend I was induced to use Ferrero's. My appetite improved at once, circulation also improved and Ferrero's accomplished the renewal of my blood and the natural warmth seemed to come back to my limbs. At the same time Ferrero's built up my constitution. I became quite strong and regained my occupation. In brief, I am well."

Ferrero's is the only remedy of its kind in the world—it makes you feel better at once; when you are tired, dull, dispirited—when you feel there is nothing in life for you, that's the time to take Ferrero's, to use Ferrero's. What a change Ferrero's makes!

Your blood sings through your veins, carrying nourishment to every nook and corner of the body. You feel the exultant thrill of abundant nerve force, you learn the luxury and delight of being at your best—in perfect good health. E. X. Smeaton, of St. John, N.B., writes: "I feel much better you feel; it's the one remedy in all the world that will get you bracing health at once. Sold everywhere, 50c. per box, or six

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"I could have sworn that I shut off the clutch before I got out of the car," he said in puzzled tones. "It's one of the first things you learn."

"You mean this lever?" asked Myra. Sidney nodded.

"I am afraid that I might have moved it," he confessed. "You see I don't dare try to handle the car, it's so big and powerful, but while you were working over it I pretended to be running it, and I guess I didn't realize that I left the car all ready to start up when you cranked it."

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Graves chuckled at the explanation. "It's all right," he assured, "but I never was so surprised in my life as when the car jumped at me. It was one lively half second I assure you."

"It was a wonderful thing that you jumped on the car instead of aside," she commented.

"I knew that you did not know how to run the car," he said simply as he climbed back to the seat. "I knew that if it would only run straight for a moment I could climb over the bonnet and stop the power."

"And in that moment you thought of me?" asked Myra wonderingly.

"I think I'd have tried to jump aside. I would not have thought of anything else. It was a splendidly brave thing to do."

"Not bad for a doll man," he said a little wistfully.

"You heard that nickname?" she cried. "I think it's a shame. I'd rather be you than the man who gave you that name."

"No one wants to be a little five-foot runt," he said, "nor wants one," he added softly.

"You think that a woman judges a man's worth by his height?" asked Myra, scornfully.

"Do you mean that you might learn to care for me in spite of my size?" he asked, a ray of hope lighting his face.

"Do you suppose I go riding with you just because I like the auto?" demanded Myra, scornfully.

Sidney shut off the power and the car stopped. Myra looked at him inquiringly.

"I did suppose that your preference was for the auto—but I'm going to find out," he explained as he took her hand in his.

There isn't no credit for keeping in the right road, when there's a barbed wire fence on both sides.

Beef, Iron and Wine, "our own" make; pint bottles, 50c., at Wad's drug store.

If a bespeckled husband had as much spirit as a mouse perhaps his

When the Auto Charged

High Brascombe looked enviously at Sidney Graves, as the latter's new touring car shot down the village street with Myra Coleman on the seat beside him. Myra's hands tightened on the steering wheel as he glanced at Brascombe's six feet of sturdy manhood. No one ever knew how bitterly Graves regretted his shortness of stature.

Graves was not a weakling. There was bone and muscle in the five feet four inches that constituted his earthy tenement, but his slight build suggested lack of power, and Brascombe had contemptuously referred to him as a doll man.

The nickname stuck, though it was never used by Graves himself. And yet in some manner Graves had become acquainted with his nickname and his sensitive spirit writhed under the slight he could not resent. The nickname had done more than wound his pride; it had in a degree robbed him of confidence in himself, and though Myra seemed to prefer him to Brascombe, he only ascribed this to the fact that he was the possessor of a motor car and was wealthy enough to gratify his love for automobiles by purchasing the finest machines to be had.

He took a mournful satisfaction in delaying the day of Brascombe's victory as long as possible, but as to the ultimate result of the rivalry he never was in doubt. He knew Myra too well to think that his greater possessions could win her consent to marriage. She might be glad to accept his attentions since he never spoke of love, but he felt that some day Brascombe would win her hand and the motor trips would come to an end.

Like himself, Myra was fond of motor cars, and they had planned a run to Falls Village, some twenty miles away. It could be done in an hour on the deserted river road, but to-day the machine was acting badly, missing the spark and finally coming to a stop altogether.

Patently, Sidney climbed down and raised the bonnet. There seemed to be nothing the matter with the motors. The sparking plugs were clean and the flow was regular. It was not until he turned his attention to the battery connections that the cause of the trouble was located. In putting in a new battery, his mechanic had neglected to make a proper connection, and the wire had finally worked loose from the clamp.

"We'll be on our way in a jiffy, now," he promised. "I shall have to blow up John when we get back. He is growing very careless."

"Don't mind me," protested Myra. "I've been having a perfectly lovely time watching you fuss about the machine without even sweating once."

"It isn't that I don't want to," admitted Sidney frankly as he went forward to throw over the motor. "It's no fun to wade around in the mud to correct the mistakes of a man you pay to do things right."

He grasped the crank and gave a heave. At first the motor remained cold, but suddenly there was an explosion and the car shot forward. Myra shrieked in terror and closed her eyes, while she waited for the jolt that would tell her that the wheels had passed over Sidney's body, but no jolt came and she opened her eyes. Graves had leaped to the bonnet when the car started and now he was climbing over the dashboard and had shut off the power. The car, slowed down with a suddenness that threw Myra against the dashboard, then it stopped, and Graves slipped to the road and regarded the car with astonishment.

"I could have sworn that I shut off the clutch before I got out of the car," he said in puzzled tones. "It's one of the first things you learn."

"You mean this lever?" asked Myra. Sidney nodded.

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