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Winter Tours

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CANADIAN PACIFIC

IMPORTANT CHANGE IN TRAIN SERVICE

Train No. 7, formerly leaving Toronto 2:30 p.m., arriving Winnipeg 8 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.

Train No. 8, formerly leaving Winnipeg 1:30 p.m., arriving Toronto 2 a.m., has been temporarily withdrawn.

Train No. 27 has been resumed between Toronto and Sudbury, leaving Toronto 8:45 p.m. daily, arriving Sudbury 5:55 a.m.

Train No. 28 has been resumed between Sudbury and Toronto, leaving Sudbury 10:45 p.m. daily, arriving Toronto 8 a.m.

Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Sudbury and Toronto to Sault Ste. Marie are carried on train No. 27, these cars returning on train No. 28.

FOR WINNIPEG AND VANCOUVER
Leave Toronto 10:30 p.m. Daily.
Compartment Library, Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Cars Toronto to Winnipeg and Toronto to Vancouver, Tourist Sleeping Cars, Dining Car, First Class Coaches, Colonist Cars.

Particulars from F. Conway, C. P. A., City Ticket Office, Cor. Princess and Wellington Sts., Phone 1107.

OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY
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CUNARD LINE

CANADIAN SERVICE.
From Southampton From Portland, Me.
Jan. 22 ASCANIA Feb. 7
Feb. 28 ALAUNIA Mar. 14
Mar. 5 ALAUNIA Mar. 21
Steamers will call Plymouth eastbound. Rates—Cabin (1) \$46.25 up. 2nd class British eastbound, \$30.25 up. Westbound \$28 up.

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CRUISES THE TRIP OF THE CANAL
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Sweet Oranges, 15c, 20c and 30c a dozen.
Malaga Grapes, 20c a lb.
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214 Princess St. Phone 1405

Kingston Automobile Co.
Queen and Bagot Streets.
Storage, Repairing, Reconditioning.
We Guarantee Satisfaction.

SCREAMED WITH THE TERRIBLE PAIN
"Fruit-a-Lives" Completely Cured Distressing Kidney Trouble.

ST. THOMAS, ONT., April 1st, 1913.
"In 1911, I was laid up with Kidney Trouble and not able to get out of my chair. Had tried many kidney remedies without satisfactory results. The pain was excruciating and my screams could be heard on the street. One day a friend from Ottawa came to see me, and when he found me in such poor health, said he would send me a sample of "Fruit-a-Lives", which he did and I commenced taking them. The results were so apparent with the first few doses that I continued to take "Fruit-a-Lives" and was completely restored to my normal state of health. I would strongly advise anyone suffering with Kidney Trouble to take "Fruit-a-Lives" and cure themselves." CHARLES CALVEART.
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers. See from Fruit-a-Lives Limited, Ottawa.

GRAND UNION HOTEL
NEW YORK CITY
Rooms \$1.00 up
Dinner 25c
Special 25c for N.Y. City Guide Book and Map

Most people would be benefited by the occasional use of
Na-Dru-Co Laxatives
Gently, thoroughly, and without discomfort, they free the system of the waste which poisons the blood and lowers the vitality. 25c a box, at your Druggist's.
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, 176

FOR SALE
Earl St., near Division, brick veneer \$1,900.00
Earl St., near Division, brick veneer \$2,000.00
Division St., near Earl, brick veneer \$2,000.00
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Dominion vacuum cleaners \$10.50
Tues. Stationary Vacuum cleaners. Estimates cheerfully given.
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ANOKA
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GENUINE REDUCTIONS
20 per cent. off all marked prices. Any pair of shoes in store at reduced price. Must be cleared to make room for spring goods. Call and see. We have all sizes and styles to suit everyone.
Substantial reduction in all rubbers.

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"The Brew that Grew"
Labatt's London Lager
Selling fast because made right
THE TRUE FLAVOR—AND PURE. TRY IT!
LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE XXX STOUT
Made and matured in the old way
THE IDEAL BEVERAGES
JOHN LABATT LIMITED
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JAMES McPARRLAND, Agent.
239-241 King Street East.

THE Pillar of Light
By Louis Tracy
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"Well, on the fourth of July, putting into Hardanger to celebrate the day with some fellow-countrymen, I received a cable which rendered my presence in New York absolutely imperative. There was a big development scheme just being engineered in connection with our property. In fact, the event which had such a tragic sequel practically quadrupled your fortune and mine. At that time, the ladies were so enthusiastic about the sea-going qualities of the yacht that they would have sailed around the world in her, and poor Pyne had no difficulty in persuading them to take the leisurely route home, what I raised off via Newcastle and Liverpool to the other side. I received my last cable from them dated Southampton, July 20th, and they were due in New York somewhere about August 5th or 6th, allowing for ordinary winds and weather. During the night of July 21st, when midway between the Selly Isles and the Fastnet, they ran into dense fog. Within five minutes, without the least warning, the Emerald was struck and disabled by a big Nova Scotian barque. The little vessel, sank almost like a stone. Nevertheless, your father, backed by his skipper and a splendid crew, lowered two boats, and all hands were saved, for the moment. It was Pyne's boast that his boats were always stowed with food and water against any kind of emergency, but, of course, they made every effort to reach the ship which had sunk them, rather than endeavor to get back to their coast. As the Emerald was under way, the two boats, her boilers exploded as she went down, and this undoubtedly caused the second catastrophe. The captain noticed that the strange ship went off close hauled to the wind, which blew steadily from the west, and the leading boat, with your father and mother, you and my wife and child, followed in that direction. He shouted to four men in the second boat to keep close, as the fog was terrific. The barque, the John S., hearing the noise of bursting boilers, promptly swung round, and the two boats were hurled against the second and far more serious catastrophe. The captain's boat encountered her just as the two craft were getting way on them. Someone in the boat shouted, they heard an explosion, and instantly rushed into the barque's bows. The sail became entangled in the marlinade of the bowsprit, the boat was driven under and filled, and the second boat crashed into her. All the occupants of the two boats were thrown into the sea. You were grasped by a negro, a powerful swimmer. He, with yourself and two sailors, were rescued, and that was all. Your father was a strong man and he could swim well, he must have been turned overboard in some way. The two sailors jumped from the second boat and clung to the barque's bobstay. The whole thing was over in a few seconds."

Mr. Traill rose and paced slowly to the window. Pyne started into the fire. There was no need for either of them to conjure up the heart-rending scene as the sharp prow of the sailing-ship cleft through the seas and spurned the despairing hands clutching at her black walls.

"Too often had the elder man pictured that horrific vision, he had dreamed many hours, blurred many a forgetful moment of pleasure with a quick rush of pain.

Even now, as he looked out into the still street, he fancied he could see Enid's mother smiling at him from a luminous mist.

He passed a hand over his eyes and gazed again at the moonlit roadway. From the black shadows opposite a policeman crossed towards the hotel, and he heard a whistle, a rattle of things restored his wandering thoughts. How the discovery of his lost child had brought back a flood of buried memories!

"It is easy to understand that I should be fanciful to-night," he said, returning to the cheer of the fire and the brightness of the room. "The whole story of the disaster centered in the narratives of the sailors and the negro. They all declared that both boats went down. The crew of the barque who ran to starboard as the leading boat was swamped and sank on that side, imagined they heard cries to port. But though they lowered a boat, and cruised about the locality for hours, they found nothing but wreckage. You, Charlie, when I went to St. John's five weeks later, could only tell me that you had felt very cold and wet. That is all I ever knew of the fate of the Emerald until, in God's good time, I met Stanhope on board the Falcon."

"Then the manner of Enid's rescue is conjectural?"

"Absolutely. But Stanhope, who is a sailor, and two men named Spence and Jones, who were Brand's colleagues on the Gulf Rock at that time, have helped me in building up a complete theory. It is quite clear that the second boat did not sink, as was reported by the captain of the John S. She was damaged, and had her mast broken by the collision. In the darkness and confusion she would be readily carried past the barque, which was probably traveling four knots an hour. The two sailors, in springing from her gullwale into the bobstays, would certainly cast her considerably, and at that instant my poor wife either threw her child into the boat with a last frenzied effort, or someone caught the baby from her as she sank. The boat was seen by Brand floating in with the tide on the morning of the 30th of July. She had been five days at sea. Some survivors must have given the little one nourishment in that time, as a twelve-month-old child could not possibly have lived.

In all likelihood, the bank of fog clung to the surface of the sea and followed the tides, as there was little or no wind on the days following the loss of the yacht. Again, there were provisions in the boat, but so water. Why? Either the water-cooks had started their staves when the smash took place, or a careless steward had failed to fill them. The next thing is the identity of the boat. By the stupidity of a sailor, one of the Emerald's life-boats was burnt to the water's edge in Norway. He upset a tin of petroleum whilst he was opening it, and a lighted match did the remainder. Indeed, he had another man at the helm, and the boat was so full of provisions that it floated. As the sail was purchased, but accident or mischance prevented the Emerald's name being painted on it. There was a Norwegian port number on the stern-board, and this was smashed away by the falling mast. As the sail was trailing in the water when the boat was found by Brand, it is assumed that the survivor or survivors, who paid some heed to the child, suffered from injuries which prevented him or them from hanging it up. One man's body was found on board and he had been dead many days. Finally, we have the evidence of the child's clothing."

"The girls told me something of the story of the rocks," said Pyne. "Oo-eh! I little dreamed that Enid, or Edith, I mean, was my first cousin."

"You know that her garments were marked E. T., and that a little shawl was pinned about her with a gold ring or two from her mother's jewelry, a four-leafed shamrock?"

"No, I fancy that they were hindered in their yarn. Believe me, there was always enough to do in that wonderful place. Besides, I knew Enid's mother. Had they mentioned it, I guess the gray matter at the back of my head would have become agitated by thought."

"Yes, of course. I am talking to you as if you were hearing this and history for the first time."

"It is new enough. It has a fresh point of view, which is everything. Now, about that brooch?"

"I bought it in Bergen. I remember your poor father laughing about it. It was odd to find an Irish brooch that had not been seen in that part of the world. It is ludicrous to think that so many coincidences can affect two different children cast adrift about the same time in open boats at the junction of the St. George's Channel and the North Atlantic."

"It's the kind of thing that doesn't occur with monotonous regularity," agreed Pyne. "By the way, I have just made an interesting discovery on my own account."

"What is it?"

"I might really have happened that not Enid—sorry—I mean Edith—but I should have been the youngster cast adrift in that boat."

"Yes, that is so, of course."

"And I would have grown up as Constance. Guess things might have panned out all right as it is."

"It was on the tip of his uncle's tongue to ask for some explanation of the very gratified tone in which Master Charles made this remark, but the head waiter entered, solemnly, with the air of respect and efficiency of a butler or a head waiter can assume without burlesque."

"Beg pardon, gentlemen," he said, "but I thought you would like to know about the lady in No. 11, Mrs. Vanstittart."

"Yes, what of her?" demanded Traill, whilst Pyne found himself imagining that which caused his heart to beat more rapidly than even the fight for life in the saloon of the Chinook.

"She went out, sir about an hour ago, and—"

"Has she not returned?"

"No, sir, a policeman has just called to say that she was taken away, and is now being cared for at Mr. Brand's house."

Uncle and nephew glared at each other as men do when they call the gods to witness that no madder words could be spoken. But they performed restrained themselves.

"But Pyne shouted: "Where is the policeman?"

"He is down below, sir. Shall I lug him up?"

Sergeant Jenkins, however, was too loyal in his friendship to brand to tell them exactly how it came about that Mrs. Vanstittart was sheltered in Laburnum Cottage. He admitted that he directed the lady to the house in the first instance, and that Mr. Brand told him subsequently to convey the stated message to the hotel.

Nevertheless, he was the richer for a sovereign as he went out.

Mr. Traill helped himself to a whiskey and soda.

"Here's to the reconciliation of Brand and his wife," he said, with a lighter tone and more cheerful manner than he would have deemed possible five minutes earlier.

Pyne followed his example.

"Say, uncle," he cried, "here's a queer item. When I first met Co-

stantine I spoke of Mrs. Vanstittart, and I called her my prospective step-mother. "A d—d silly name, too."

"Constance seemed to think that, or its feminine equivalent. She corrected me. You mean your fiancée's aunt," she said.

"Oh, did she?"

"Yes, and here's to her being my fiancée's mother."

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"I must have telephoned my ideas to you mightily quick," was the retort.

"My dear boy, even at this moment we don't know what she intended to do. Why did she go out? What is the nature of her sudden illness? How comes it that she is at Brand's house?"

"I may be mistaken, but I think we will be given answers to all your questions in due time. Nothing really serious can be amiss, or we should have heard of it from Brand himself. Now, will you remain on guard here, whilst I go out with Enid and Mamie? The one thing that matters in their little lives this morning is that I shall hurry up and go doll-hunting with them."

"I will hold the fort until you return. You will not be long."

"Perhaps half an hour. Whilst I am out I will make some inquiries as to the condition of our other friends of the Chinook."

"By the way, many of them must be destitute. It is my desire, Charlie, to pay the expenses of any such to their destination, and equip them properly for the journey."

"You are a first-rate uncle, but I'll make your arm tired if you O.K. the bill all the time. Now here's a fair-weather. Let me go halves."

"Be off, you rascal. You are keeping two lies waiting."

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This was readily agreed to.

"Now this is the deal I will make," he said, when the two were isolated. "I will meet you all here in an hour's time. I will be interviewed, sketched, snap-shotted, give you locks of my hair, my autograph, my views on the Far East, the next Presidential election, and the fiscal question, if you bind yourself to one thing."

"And that is?"

"Among the passengers saved from the Chinook is a Mrs. Vanstittart. She is very ill, and is being cared for by Mr. Brand and his daughters. Make no reference to her in any way whatever, beyond including her name in the published lists. Promise that and I'll talk a page."

"I am sure I can agree without consulting my colleagues," said the surprised reporter.

"Come along, kids," said Pyne, "I am delivered bound to the torture."

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"Now this is the deal I will make," he said, when the two were isolated. "I will meet you all here in an hour's time. I will be interviewed, sketched, snap-shotted, give you locks of my hair, my autograph, my views on the Far East, the next Presidential election, and the fiscal question, if you bind yourself to one thing."

"And that is?"

"Among the passengers saved from the Chinook is a Mrs. Vanstittart. She is very ill, and is being cared for by Mr. Brand and his daughters. Make no reference to her in any way whatever, beyond including her name in the published lists. Promise that and I'll talk a page."

"I am sure I can agree without consulting my colleagues," said the surprised reporter.

"Come along, kids," said Pyne, "I am delivered bound to the torture."

He passed out into the street, when Enid's sharp eyes, searching for a shop, suddenly caught sight of Enid hurrying towards the hotel.

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"Constance seemed to think that, or its feminine equivalent. She corrected me. You mean your fiancée's aunt," she said.

"Oh, did she?"

"Yes, and here's to her being my fiancée's mother."

With the morning came doubt. A maid, who was given charge of the two children, told Pyne that Mrs. Vanstittart had been greatly upset the previous evening. The girl was sure that the lady had passed nearly an hour in tears kneeling by the side of her bed. Then, having regained control of herself to some extent, she rang for the maid and asked at what time the first train left for London next day. She ordered her breakfast at an hour which seemed to indicate her intention to depart by that train, and said that she would leave instructions with Mr. Pyne concerning the children, and gave the maid two letters which she had written. These were to be delivered at nine o'clock. It was now nine o'clock. What was to be done with the letters?

As they were addressed to Pyne and his uncle respectively he soon settled that point.

His letter read:

"Dear Mr. Pyne—I am leaving for London quite early, so I will not see you again in Penzance. I have supplied the little girls with all the garments they will need during the next few days. If, on inquiry, you ascertain that they have no relatives anxious, not merely willing to take charge of them, I shall be pleased to assume that responsibility. In that event, kindly write to me, care of my bankers."

"Yours very sincerely,"
"E. Vanstittart."

The communication to his uncle was equally brief. Mr. Traill read it to him. It ran:

"Dear Mr. Traill—I cannot marry you. Please forgive me. I did not realize, when you honored me with your proposal, that an insuperable obstacle existed. That is all—a lame explanation—but complete so far as it goes. A woman who has wrecked her life finds it hard to choose her words. Your sincere friend,
"E. Vanstittart."

They discussed these curt notes during breakfast.

"I do not like their tone," said Mr. Traill, gravely. "They impress me as the hurried resolutions of a woman driven to extremities. Were it not for her request about the children, I should think what you thought last night, Charlie, when that policeman turned up."

"I must have telephoned my ideas to you mightily quick," was the retort.

"My dear boy, even at this moment we don't know what she intended to do. Why did she go out? What is the nature of her sudden illness? How comes it that she is at Brand's house?"

"I may be mistaken, but I think we will be given answers to all your questions in due time. Nothing really serious can be amiss, or we should have heard of it from Brand himself. Now, will you remain on guard here, whilst I go out with Enid and Mamie? The one thing that matters in their little lives this morning is that I shall hurry up and go doll-hunting with them."

"I will hold the fort until you return. You will not be long."

"Perhaps half an hour. Whilst I am out I will make some inquiries as to the condition of our other friends of the Chinook."

"By the way, many of them must be destitute. It is my desire, Charlie, to pay the expenses of any such to their destination, and equip them properly for the journey."

"You are a first-rate uncle, but I'll make your arm tired if you O.K. the bill all the time. Now here's a fair-weather. Let me go halves."

"Be off, you rascal. You are keeping two lies waiting."

With seeming anxiety to stave off the excesses of the week, the weather that morning justified the claim of Cornwall to be the summer land of England. The sun shone from a blue sky, the air was white clouds. The waters of Mount's Bay sparkled and danced in miniature wavelets. The air was so mild, the temperature so squable, that it was hard to credit sea and wind with the havoc of the preceding days.

The Gulf Rock disaster did not stand alone in the records of the hurricane. Even the day's papers contained belated accounts of casualties on the coasts of Normandy, Holland, and far-off Denmark. But nowhere else had there been such loss of life, whilst renewed interest was evoked by the final relief of all the survivors.

Pyne's appearance outside the sitting-room was hailed with a yell. Notwithstanding her own perplexities, Mrs. Vanstittart had taken good care that the children were well provided for. They were beautifully dressed, and the smiling maid who freed them from control when the door opened said that they might go out without jackets, the day was so fine.

He descended the stairs, with a cigar in his mouth and a delighted youngster clinging to each hand.

In the hall he encountered a dozen journalists waiting to devour him. They had failed to penetrate the strategic screen interposed by the head waiter. Now the enemy was unmasked, and they advanced to the attack. Pyne was ready for them. He had already outlined his defence.

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