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CALIFORNIA, FLORIDA AND THE SUNNY SOUTH. Fast trains leave Kingston daily, making direct connection at Detroit and Buffalo for Florida and southern points and at Chicago for California and western points.

We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the Old Country. Special attention will be given them. For full particulars apply to J. P. MANLEY, Railroad and Steamship Agent, Cor. Johnson and Ontario Sts.

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California and the South RETURN TICKETS AT LOW FARES THE "LOGICAL ROUTE" TO WESTERN CANADA For Winnipeg and Vancouver Leave Toronto 10.20 P.M. Daily

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Drop a card to 13 Pine street when wanting anything done in the carpentry line. Estimates given on all kinds of repairs and new work; also hardwood floors of all kinds. All orders will receive prompt attention. Shop, 60 Queen Street.

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Has cement blocks, sills, bricks and lintels always on hand at reasonable prices. Anything in cement made to order. Corner of Charles and Patrick streets. Phone 1264. Manager - H. F. Norman

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Must be sold by February 1, 1914. Three brick houses in the best of location, near Queen's University; open plumbing and the latest improvements, bringing a rental of \$540.00 per year for \$5,000.00. House on Queen street, near Clerg 7. \$3,950.00.

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ARKISS

From a man who has been smoking a strong pipe of a "Arkiss" cigar, or has "smoker's throat" is not very pleasant. Smokers should remember this, and before kissing wife, or sweetheart, or children, take a "Pepe".

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If Pepe are unknown to you, cut out this article, write upon it name and date of this paper, and mail with 1c stamp for return postage to Pepe Co., Dupont Street, Toronto. We will send you free sample. Your druggist or dealer sells Pepe at 60c. box; 3 for \$1.25. Remember the name "Pepe" and take no substitute.

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The Dye that colors ANY KIND of Cloth Perfectly, with the SAME DYE. No Chance of Mistake. Clean and Simple. See your Druggist or Dealer. Send for Booklet. The Johnson-Richardson Co. Limited, Montreal

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Chichest fruitage... perfectly balanced—ready to use. Saves endless labour. One quality—the best. In glass or cans. H. CLARK, Ltd., Montreal

COMPLETELY CURED OF DYSPESIA

By Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets We are continually hearing from grateful people who have had experience like that of Miss Alice R. Cooper, of Niagara Falls, Ont., who writes: "I wish to express my gratitude to you for the benefit I received from your most wonderful Dyspepsia Tablets. Having taken other medicines without having received the slightest relief, I heard of your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and thought I would give them a trial. I have been completely cured of dyspepsia. I will be only too pleased to advise any one troubled with dyspepsia to give them a fair trial."

The Choice of Courage

Being the Story of Certain Persons Who Drank of it and Conquered A Romance of Colorado By Cyrus Townsend Brady

Author of "The Last of the Mohicans," "The Lone Ranger," "The Fighting Man of the Frontier," "The Fighting Man of the Frontier," "The Fighting Man of the Frontier"

With staring eyes that missed no detail, she saw that the brute had been shot in the head and shoulder three times and that he was apparently dead. The revolver that came over her was bewildering; she swayed again, this time not from the thrust of the water, but with sick faintness. The tension suddenly taken off, unstrung, the loose bow of her spirit quivered helplessly; the arrow of her life almost fell into the stream.

Now all this, although it takes minutes to tell, had happened in but a few seconds. Seconds sometimes include hours, even a life-time, in their brief composition. She thought it would be just as well for her to sink down and die in the water, when a sudden splashing below her caused her to look down the stream.

She was so agitated that she could make out little except that there was a man crossing below her and making directly toward the body of the bear. He was a tall black bearded man, she saw he carried a rifle, he looked neither to the right nor to the left, he did not bestow a glance upon her. She could have cried aloud in thanksgiving for his apparent obliviousness to her as she crouched now neck deep in the bubbling cold. The man stepped on the bank, shook himself like a great dog, might have done and marched over to the bear, turning at the point of a nearby pine, with the ease of a Hercules—and she had time to mark and marvel at it in spite of everything—and then with that as a lever he unconcernedly and easily heaved the body of the monster from off her clothing. She was to learn later what a feat of strength it was to move that inert carcass weighing much more than half a ton.

Thereafter he dropped the pine tree by the side of the dead grizzly and without a backward look tramped swiftly and steadily up the canon through the trees, turning at the point of a nearby pine, with the ease of a Hercules—and she had time to mark and marvel at it in spite of everything—and then with that as a lever he unconcernedly and easily heaved the body of the monster from off her clothing. She was to learn later what a feat of strength it was to move that inert carcass weighing much more than half a ton.

The woman watched him until he disappeared, a few seconds longer, and then she hurried herself through the water and stepped out upon the shore. Her sweater which the bear had dragged forward in its advance, lay on top of the rest of her clothes, covered with blood. She threw it aside and with nervous, frantic energy, wet, cold, though she was, she jerked on in some fashion enough clothes to cover her nakedness and then with more leisurely order and with necessary care she got the rest of her apparel in its accustomed place upon her body, and then when it was all over she sank down prone and prostrate upon the grass by the carcass of the now harmless monster which had so nearly caused her undoing, and shivered, cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

She was chilled to the bone by her motionless sojourn, albeit it had been for scarcely more than a minute in that icy water, and yet the blood rushed to her brow and face, to every hidden part of her in waves as she thought of it. It was a good thing that she cried; she was not a weeping woman, her tears came slowly as a rule and then came hard. She rather prided herself upon her stoicism, but in this instance the great depths of her nature had been undermined and the fountains thereof were fair to break forth.

How long she lay there, warmth coming gradually to her under the direct rays of the sun, she did not know, and it was a strange thing that caused her to arise. It grew suddenly dark over her head. She looked up and a rim of frightful black, dense clouds had suddenly blotched out the sun. The clouds were lined with gold and silver and the long rays shot from behind the amber blind over the yet uncovered portions of the heaven, but the clouds moved with the irresistible swiftness and steadiness of a great deluge. The wall of them lowered above her head while they extended steadily and rapidly across the sky toward the other side of the canon and the mountain wall.

A storm was brewing such as she had never seen, such as she had no experience to enable her to realize its malign possibilities. Nay, it was now at hand. She had no clev, however, of what was toward, how terrible a danger overshadowed her. Frightened

but unconscious of all the menace of the hour, her thoughts flew down the canon to the camp. She must hasten there. She looked for her watch which she had lifted from the grass and which she had not yet put on. The grizzly had stepped upon it, it was irretrievably ruined. She judged from her last glimpse of the sun that it must now be early afternoon. She rose to her feet and staggered with weakness; she had eaten nothing since morning, and the nervous shock and strain through which she had gone had reduced her to a pitiable condition.

Her luncheon had fortunately escaped unharmed. In a big pocket of her short skirt there was a small flask of whiskey, which her Uncle Robert had required her to take with her. She felt sick and faint, but she knew that she must eat if she was to make the journey, difficult as it might prove, back to the camp. She forced herself to take the first mouthful of bread and meat she had brought with her, but when she had tasted she needed no further incentive, she ate to the last crumb; she thought this was the time she needed stimulants, too, and mingling the cold water from the brook with a little of the ardent spirit from the flask, she drank. Some of the chill had worn off, some of the fatigue had gone.

She rose to her feet, and started down the canon; her bloody sweater still lay on the ground with other things of which she was heedless. It had grown colder, but she realized that the climb down the canon would blind her. It must proceed, she thought, from the man. She could not meet that man, although she craved human companionship as never before, she did not want his. She could not bear it. Better the wrath of God, the fury of the tempest.

Headless of the sharp note of warning, of appeal, in the voice of a thunder, she plunged on in the darkness. The canon narrowed here; she made her way down the ledge, leaping recklessly from rock to rock, slipping, falling, grazing now one side, now the other, hurrying herself forward with white face and bruised body and torn hands and throbbing heart that would faint burst its bonds. There was once an ancient legend, a human creature, menaced by all the furies, pitilessly pursued by every malefic spirit of earth and air; like him this sweet young girl, innocent, lovely, erstwhile happy, fled before the storm.

Then the heavens burst and the fountains of the great-deeps were broken open and with absolute literalness the floods descended. The bursting clouds, torn asunder by the wild winds, driven by the pent-up lightning within their black and turgid breasts, disordered themselves. The water came down, as it did of old when God washed the face of the world, in a flood. The narrow of the canon was filled ten, twenty, thirty feet in a moment by the cloud burst, surging like the rapids at Niagara.

The body of the girl, utterly unprepared, was caught up in a moment and flung like a bolt from a catapult down the seething sea filled with the trunks of the trees and the debris of the mountains, tossing about humanly in the wild confusion. She struck out strongly swimming more because of the instinct of life than for any other reason. A helping atom in the boiling flood, growing every minute greater and greater as the angry skies disgorged themselves of their pent-up torrents upon her devoted head.

CHAPTER VI. Death, Life and the Resurrection. The man was coming back from one of his rare visits to the settlements. Ahead of him he drove a train of burros who, well broken to their work, followed with docility the wise old leader in the advance. The burros were laden with his supplies for the approaching winter. The season was late, the mountains would soon be impassable on account of the snows, indeed he chose the late season always for his buying in order that he might not be followed, and it was his habit to buy in different places at different years that his repeated and expected presence at one spot might not arouse suspicion.

(To Be Continued.) Labor-Saving in Varying Occupation With increased scarcity and cost of labor, mechanical devices for aiding the worker in small industries are growing in importance as well as the highly specialized tools for great factories. One simple method of aiding to productivity consists in grouping together the various tools often needed, and arranging them so as to be connected as required to a foot motor or oil gasoline engine. An interesting British example of such a combination was shown at a recent agricultural exhibition. A timber frame, seven by four or six and a half feet in size, was provided for the whole, and on this were conveniently mounted a hack saw, circular saw, lathe, drill, set of emery wheels, corn-grinder, feed-chopper, pump, chaff cutter, harness and leather-ewing attachment, and a horse-clipping and sheep-shearing attachment. Bicycle pedals, with free wheel action and ball-bearings, give easily-worked and effective foot-power.

Nerves Are Sore! and Painful

Neuritis, or inflammation of the nerves, is the most painful of nervous ailments. You may feel the soreness or tenderness throughout the body, or it may be confined to certain nerves. In the head it is called neuralgia; in the hips and legs, sciatica; in the face, tic-doloureux, and in the chest, intercostal neuralgia.

The application of dry heat affords relief from the lance-like pains, but the essential thing to build up the exhausted nervous system by the persistent use of such a restorative as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. You will have other symptoms to warn you of the depleted condition of the nervous system, and this is your opportunity to restore to the body the energy and vigor of health. While this great food cure is instilling new vitality into the starved nerve cells it is also forming new, firm flesh and tissue, and, by noting your increase in weight, you can prove beyond doubt the benefit being obtained by its use. This is nature's way of curing diseases of the nerves, and it is the only way to obtain lasting benefit.

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Use only Couper's Baking Powder The Best that money can buy. D. COUPER 344-3 Princes Street Phone 76 Prompt Delivery COAST SEALED OYSTERS

URIC ACID IN MEAT CLOGS THE KIDNEYS

Take a Glass of Salts if your Back Hurts or Bladder Bothers. If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid, which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood. They become sluggish and weaken, then you suffer with a dull misery in the kidney region, sharp pains in the back, or sick headache, dizziness, your stomach sour, tongue is coated, and when the weather is bad you have rheumatic twinges. The urine gets cloudy, full of sediment, the channels often get sore and irritated, obliging you to seek relief two or three times during the night.

To neutralize those irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush out the body's urinous waste, get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate sluggish kidneys, also to neutralize the acids in urine, so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder weakness.

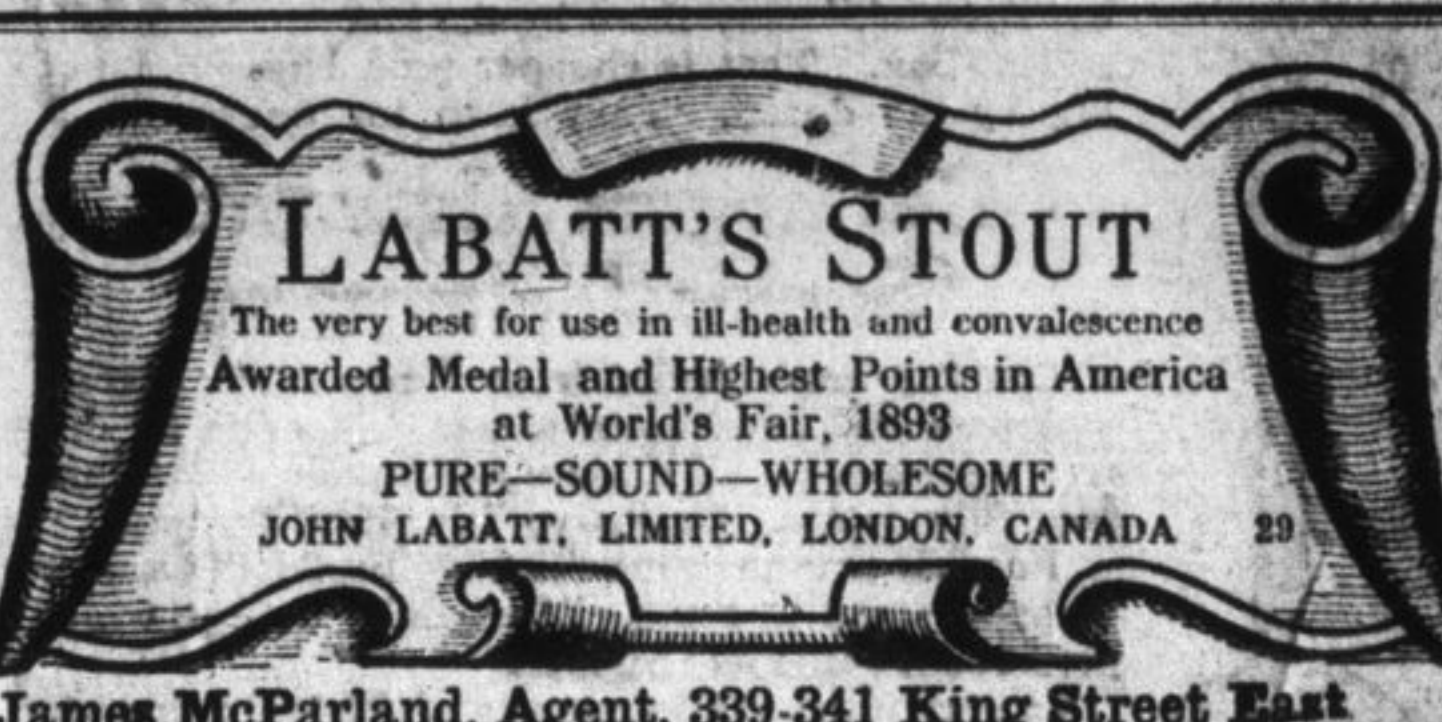
Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, and makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink. Agent, G. W. Maboud.

AFTER SICKNESS OR OPERATION

It is a pathetic mistake to accept drugs or alcoholic mixtures when nature craves nourishment to repair the wasted body and restore the vigor of health. For forty years the best physicians have relied on the wholesome predigested nourishment in SCOTT'S EMULSION which is totally free from alcohol or opiates.

Scott's Emulsion sharpens the appetite—renews blood—nourishes nerves—strengthens bones and restores the courage of health to make life bright.

Scott's Emulsion sets in action the very forces that promote health. Its purity, richness and strength has stood the test of forty years.



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It helps with scores of dishes

Inside a packet of Edwards' Soup cook has the secret of scores of successful dishes. It is Edwards' Soup which imparts that distinctive flavour to her stews, Edwards' Soup that puts such savouriness into her gravies, Edwards' Soup that gives such nourishment, such colour and such substance to her own soups, Edwards' Soup that forms the basis for her hashes, Edwards' Soup that sends down the bills and sends up cook's reputation. Cook always gives Edwards' Soup half-an-hour or more on the stove—she says it's worth the time twice over.

EDWARDS' SOUPS

But you MUST boil them for half-an-hour—worth it. Edwards' Soup is good as a soup by itself, it is good as a strengthening of other soups, good as a thickener of gravies, good for hashes, good for stews—too good to be spoiled by insufficient boiling. Three varieties—Brown, Tomato and White. Of all wholesale and retail Grocers, etc. W. G. PATRICK & CO., LIMITED, TORONTO. Representatives for the Province of Ontario.

WILSON'S INVALIDS' PORT

THE BIG BRACING TONIC What the Doctor ordered

"Of all drink wine is the most profitable, of medicine most pleasant, and of dairy wine's most harmless." PLUTARCH, (A. D. 100)

Good Health To All Such ailments as General Debility, Loss of appetite, Sleeplessness, Extreme Nervousness, Bad Colds, Brain-fag, Anemia, Chlorosis, La Grippe, Dyspepsia, Lassitude, Exhaustion, Etc., can be rapidly dispelled by a few generous glasses of Wilson's Invalids' Port (A la Quina du Perou).

Dr. R. Lawrence, the eminent Physician, says: "I had recent occasion to prescribe Wilson's Invalids' Port to a patient who had been suffering from a severe attack of La Grippe, with great satisfaction to myself, and to the patient who made a rapid recovery."

Every mother thinks she has the dearest baby in the world. So does the father when the bills come in. High-minded people do not have to become ship chaffeurs in order to prove it.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR BIG BOTTLE ALL DRUGGISTS