Bibby's Garage FOR SALE

1 Ford 1 Studebaker

1 McLaughlin

Good condition. Phones: Garage 201; Res., 917

If You Are Thinking of Building this year it will pay you to get our prices for cement, blocks, bricks, etc., as you will save \$250.00 between solid brick and cement blocks. We also have all sizes in

sills, lintels, pier blocks, caps and vases at reasonable prices. Kingston Cement Products Factory Jactory Cor. of Patrick and

Charles Sts.

Office: 177 Wellington 84.

BUILDERS

Have You Tried

GYPSUM WALL PLASTER?

It Saves Time. P. WALSH

52-57 Barrack Street

Canadian National Horse Show TORONTO

April 28th to May 2nd, 1914. Fare \$7,03, including admission

Horse Show. Tickets good going April 28th only Good returning day, May 4th, 1914

HOMESEEKERS' CURSIONS. 1914-Round trip tickets to Wes-

tern Canada, via Chicago and North Pay or Toronto on sale April 11, and every other Tuesday thereafter until October 27th, at very low fares. Tickets good for two months. We can make all arrangements to bring your family and friends from the "Old Country."

For full particulars apply \$6 J. P. HANLEY. Railroad and Steamship Agent Cor Johnson and Ontario Sts.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

The "Logical Route" to WESTERN CANADA For Winnipeg and Van-

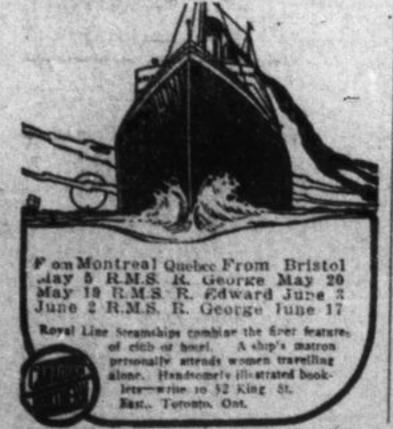
couver Leave Toronto 10.20 p.m. Daily, Compartment Library Observation Car, Standard Sleeping Cars, Tour-ist Sleeping Cars, Dining Car, First Class Coaches and Colonist Cars,

Every Tuesday until Oct. 27th. Tickets good for 60 days Particulars regarding rail or ocean lickets from F. Conway, C.P.A., cor. Princess and Wellington Sts. Phone

OCEAN STEAMSHIP AGENCY C. S. MIRKPATRICK 43 Clarence St. Phone 560



CANADIAN SERVICE. From Southampton From Portland, M. Steamers calt Plymouth eastbound. Rates-Cabin (11) \$46.25. 3rd-class, British eastbound, \$30.25 up. West-THE ROBERT REPORD CO., Limited. General Agent, 50 King St. F., Toronto





Dr. Andrew Wilson, Dr. Gordon Stables and Dr. Lascelles Scott, the famous English analyst, have all personally tried Zam-Buk and expressed themselves convinced of its great healing value.

Mrs. St. Denis, of Thompson St., Weston, Winnipeg, suffered long with eczema; and finally her doctor said only Zam-Buk could cure her-another fine tribute of a scientific man to this great herbal healer.

Mrs. St. Donis says: "The eczema broke out on my nose and one side of my face. I could get no sleep because of the irritation and pain, and my face was in such a shocking condition that for two months I did not go out of the house. I applied remedies and my doctor treated me, but without effect, until one day he said that the only thing which would be likely-to cure me was Zam-Bük. procured a supply and to cut a long story short, in a few weeks Zam-Buk cured me completely, leaving no

Zam-Ruk is a sure cure for cuts, scalds urns, eczema, scalp sores, ulceration, inflammation, piles, etc.; also as an embrocation for theumatism, sprains and sciatica. All drug-Zam-Buk Co., Toronto, for price, Refuse

Why Pay High Prices?

Will Give xon FIRST CLASS GOODS The Style and Fitting will be Faultless The Finsh and Workmanship will be perfect. The price will be from \$2.00 \$7.00 LOWER than you have been paying

620 Princess Street Opposite St. Andrew's Church

May Find Help in This Letter.

Swan Creek, Mich. - "I cannot speak too highly of your medicine. When through neglect or

overwork I get run down and my appetite is poor and I have that weak, languid, always tired tle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it builds me up, gives me strength, and re-

health again. It is truly a great blessing to women, and I cannot speak too | selves of it. highly of it. I take pleasure in recommending it to others."-Mrs. ANNIE CAMERON, R.F.D., No. 1, Swan Creek,

Another Sufferer Relieved.

Hebron, Me. - "Before taking your remedies I was all run down, discouraged and had female weakness. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and find today that I am an entirely new woman, ready and willing to do my housework now, where before taking your medicine it was a dread. I try to impress upon the minds of all ailing women I meet the benefits they can derive from your medicines." - Mrs. CHARLES ROWE, R. F. D., No. 1, Hebron, Maine.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter wil be opened. read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.



CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY (AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colenial Press Service,

CHAPTER XV.

"Well, I'm blanked! Protheroe! You infernal drunken fool, come back Come back, I say, You'll drown, sur. But Protheroe took no jotice of lin's frantic cry. In that war of waters which was already about his waist, and seemed to be climbing to his ears, he could hear nothing from the shore which he had left, and if no had done so, he had sense enough ta know that it would have been mot 3 dangerous to try to turn back than to

- Jim saw that himself, as the words left his lips, but it is the fashion of human beings in dire straits to cry for the impossible. And Jim was in a worse strain than the doctor. In the swirl at his feet there were two small objects, somewhat darker than the heaving darkness around them. They might well have been pieces of drift wood, being hustled down stream, but to Jim they would be in that dreary future in front of him, the horse stole and the man he murdered. And the unsteady lights of the Sods

Creek lanterns were dancing along the river's course coming down stream wards him, nearer and nearer, until he could hear the voices of those carried them in spite of the noise of With a curse he swung himself into

the saddle, and wrenching the road's head round viciously, he galloped up stream for fifty yards, over a chaos of slippery boulders. Then he turned his horse's head to

wards the river, and drove his spars home, but though the colt's spirit was broken by bitter hard work, his in stinct recoiled from this new peril, and he rose fighting and pawing the air n the very edge of the flood. It was in vain. The man's blood was

up and the ice-coated boulders gave the beast no footing. With a crash the wo went into the river, the horse on its side, whilst the man, thrown clear of his mount, disappeared some feet down stream of him. Twice the beast was turned over in the flood, and for a few moments th

water swept over the man, but before serve of strength left in his companion either had been drifted to the level and calling upon that "last ounce. of Protheroe, Jim had regained his Jim blundered down the bank and into horse's head, and twisting the fingers | the water, falling against a great toot) of one hand in the beast's long mane, of rock, which broke the force of the swam steadily on the down stream river at the bend.

horse were level with Protheroe, and could do no more. making some sort of a breakwater for

spite of his efforts Combe could not back. make his voice heard in that swirl of ! mid-stream each voice became distinct, it to his own place of safety.

of them daunted him.

horse; his only hope of saving Protheroe seemed to be to let go, and if

now crowding with men, gesticulating boulders of the dry land. and apparently shouting to the two in the water, and some of the more sober among the lantern bearers having got the ferry out towards mid-stream, were endeavoring to let a rope down towards the doctor.

around them, they battled with the Fraser, whilst though the farther bank seemed to come no nearer, the red lights of Soda Creek grew more dim and distant, and the figures on the ferry more indistinct.

even less ice in the river than there It had made up its mind to die. had been in the morning when Combe crossed it. The frost had not held in the upper country through which flow the tributaries that supply the Fraser with its first run of ice, but there was enough of it to add to their difficulties. the top of the cilifs, upon which he relief to her thoughts was the neces-

went out altogether, and the dancing lanterns on the ferry disappeared, and at the same time a new sound struck upon their ears, a dull, grinding noise, which grew louder and more distinct with every second that passed They had drifted past a bend

river, and at the next, to which they were being hurried, the ice was packing. If they got into that pack before reaching the further shore, it would be the end of them. The horses, spent already, must go under in the churning and grinding ice.

Straining his eyes to the utmost, Combe thought that he could just distinguish the line of the farther bank. It was nearer than the ice pack which he could hear in the dark below him, but was it near enough? They were sing carried down stream many yards for every foot which they made in the direction of the shore. It was just one of those positions in which death is made doubly hard by the temptation; to struggle against it. Death itself is probably not so very dreadful. Nature is full of bogies to coerce her wilful children, and the last bogie of all, used mainly to make us play out our innings to the end, is possibly the most gentle rand amongst them, but that struggle

in the dark against the irresistible wa ters, with life and safety so near at hand, was bitter to bear, and at the very climax of it Jim's horse gave in and turned its head down stream. In a moment they were racing to-

wards their death, After all that long stubborn fight against the stream, with the shore almost within reach the fallure of the roan's courage had ruined them. If he had been alone it is possible that Combe would have

the other man still struggling, and ob perhaps. If I believed that last, Jim. viously spent, roused him to one more by heaven, I would not forgive you for It was useless to shout to the horse, but with his free hand he managed to

strike it in the face, and drag its head almost under with the other, until in lany rate." despair the heast turned up stream . "It can't be helped. I suppose that again. But it was too late. Jim knew we can get some feed for the horses it, for he could hear the ice teeth at Braithwaite's." gnashing almost at his heels, and he "Yes, if we start now we should be only struck out still from a stubborn there by sun up," and lighting their determination to fight to the last inch. pipes, the two led their horses away His reward exceeded his hopes, lowards the west. Since he plunged into the Fraser it

had seemed to Combe that he and his horse by immense efforts had just | for the first time the long lean head noisy cowbow chaff about the barns. which had borrd down upon him, push The one thing necessary was that ing him always nearer and nearer to Frank Anstruther should be kept quiet. eternity, began to forge ahead. There Any movement caused him excruciat-

the shore; the big boulders loomed up. body was swathed, and though he took grew clearer, and the roan struck bot his punishment with set lips, never

At the first touch Combe's kne s seemed to give under him. All his excitable to the last degree. strength had gone, and having gone through the depths he seemed like enough to drown in the shallows. was only by an immense effort of will that he braced himself sufficiently stagger out of the eddy. He have fallen where he landed, but a cry from the doctor found one last resry of strigth lit in his companionur

By what seemed a miracle, the pinto Once he had his head above water, had just made good its footing on the the colt swam superbly, driving very last point between it and the against the current with all the energy swirl which led to the ice jamb, but of young life battling against death, the doctor was too spent to profit by so that before they had half cross d his horse's good luck, and though Jim from shore to shore, Combe and his grabbed him as he was swept by, he

For what seemed to him five of But it was not enough. The doc or the water crushed him against that was still in the saddle, and Combe rock tooth, whilst his arm was recked could see the pinto's head sinking with the pain of keeping his fingers lower and lower. If the doctor stay d crooked in that bundle of wet clothing where he was, the horse embarrass d which swayed with the current, but by his weight, must drown, and in which he had "not strength to drag her very thoughts.

He could hold on to it, he would go waters. On the bank, the noise was as with it rather than let go, but he could the indistinct roar of a mob, but in not find the strength needed to draw I don't think Jim has his equal as a

Jim felt his body slipping away from . "That is what they say about here, He heard the waves roaring at him, the rock which sheltered him. Gently, but I don't suppose that he would be he could feel the undercurrents pulling insistently, like an angler who puts all any good in your country." separately at him, he knew what they the strain he dare upon a lightly-hook- "Why my country and not yours?" ed fish, the waters drew him from his and then with a generous impulse, hold, and then there came one of those "Jim would be good anywhere. The His only chance was to cling to his, strange chuckling sounds which water better the class the more he would makes amongst the boulders.

In his light-headed condition it was hard as sitting a buck jumper. Seempossible, drag the doctor out of his to Combe the laugh of a devil who ing is not worth anything compared to wins, and it touched some spring in | doing," and he pushed irritably at the But at the last moment Protheroe his nature, of which for the moment he bedclothes which encompassed him. seemed to realize what was required had lost control, the strength came "Suffering is harder than either," of him, and slid out of the saddle, hold- back to his muscles, and with a last said a quiet voice at his elbow. "Kitty, ing on to his horse's mane, and swim- desperate effort he drew Protheroe to make Mr. Anstruther take this, and him; dragged him somehow to the don't let him worry about Jim. Jim is By this time both horses had drifted river's brim, and dropped him there, quite able to take care of himself." below the level of the ferry, which was where the waters lapped over the first

but for the rayings of the river, with the woman he loved; just the baulked of its prey, and the little wind, helplessness and dependence of Anwhich wined like a woil amongst the struther which appealed to Kitty.

But it was hopeless fishing. The where they had fallen, as did the pinto, log walls, and pervaded not only the line was not long enough, and the cast- Only the roan stood upright, and even whole ranch, but nature itself. Even stores me to perfect | ing of it inaccurate. Neither Jim nor his strong knees were bent, like head the storm had quieted down after that hung, and his whole body was shaken one wild night. with shivering fits. Side by side, stunned by the noise Combs was the first to recover.

over to the doctor's herse.

beast lay with head stretched along foothills. Luckily for the swimmers there was the ground and took no notice of him.

Suddenly the light of Soda Creek built a roaring fire, not only for survived the river crossing.

"And now, Doc, I guess you might as get along towards the ferry, There'll maybe be someone there still, unless they've all given us up for dead. You will have had about enough for the Chinaman gave a sympathetic one while, I expect."



"What! Give up the run when I've jumped the big brook? Not much. "Then you mean coming on?"

"I started to get there, and I'm going to get there with both feet, my son, as you would say in your picturesque fashion."

Jim pulled at his pipe in silence for some time, then in a shamefaced way. he said:

"I owe you an apology, Doctor." "For abduction? Yes, I believe that there is some trivial penalty attached to that form of amusement." "No; not a blanked bit for that.

You'd have done the same only I didn't know it. It's just for not knowing you; I'm sorry. I ought to have known you were a man."

"I was drunk. Anything is good nough for a drunk." "There ain't another man in Caribou would have risked his life as you did, drunk or sober." The doctor laughed.

"You did for one, and that is life anyway. Do you think that the loss of it would be such a terrible calamity Think of it! No more whiskey-bad given in then and drifted down quietly badinage with the coy Kate Canyon; to his death, rather than fight longer no more delicate jests with that fatagainst the inevitable, but the sight of headed bar keeper; no more memory pulling me out. But let's stop talking and get a move on, or those fools will be over to look for us.'

"We shall have to walk, at first at

CHAPTER XVI.

After Jim Combe's departure managed to remain stationary upon a strange quiet fell upon the life of the plane of sliding water which carried ranch. There were no galloping them towards the ice pack, but now horses about the corral; there was no ing pain, and was likely to disarrange They had reached the eddy under the imperfect bandages in which his complaining of the pain, he was a bad patient, restless under restraint, and

It was only as long as Kitty was in the room that they could keep him still. As Tong as she was in his sight he would lie hour after hour without stirring, only the eyes in his white face alive, and those so followed every turn of the girl's pretty head, that they frightened her.

She began to feel that those burning eyes could see through her into her heart, and for that she was by no means ready yet.

There was a picture in it upon which she was trying to pass judgment, a picture of a furious storm in which trees were crashing and roofs lifting and solid substances were being whirled about by some invisible agency, and in the middle of it all a great red roan reared and raged.

"Them's baby tricks," she quoted under her breath, and a proud smile spread over bor face as she thought of the man who drove the great red devil "I wish that I could have seen Jim

The voice came from the bed, and Kitty flushed guiltily as she turned towards the speaker. He did then read

"Why do you say that?" "It must have been such a grand horseman."

Jim's best friend was his worst advocate. It was just that ability to take. For a long pause there was silence, care of himself which told against him It almost seemed as if the quiet of Utterly spent, the two men lay the sick room had leaked through the

As the house lay somewhat lower than the surrounding country, it was Bragging himself to his feet, he went wrapped in a veil of mist, through and above which the rising fells "You've got to get up, old fellow," he showed, patched with thin snow, said, "or you'll die on our hands, and which emphasized the great distances, we can't spare you yet." but the poor and the beggarliness of the November

It was the time of the year in which, to a girl like Kitty, the contrast be-"Can you help, Doc?" Jim asked, but tween the sheltered life of the Old the doctor shook his head, and lay Country and the homelessness of the still, nor was it until nearly an hour new would be most apparent, and as later that Comba contrived to get his she dwelt upon this, looking hour after to hour into the gloom outside, the only sity for waiting upon the man who had become to her typical of England. To whom it might concern that they had her, in the midst of her reverie, came Phon, the Chinese cook. "Missy Rolt here?"

"No; isn't she with the Boss?" "No can find her. Ole Mary come, want some clothes. Heap cold,' and shiver. "You go find Missy Rolt; me plenty busy cook him grub.' Kitty looked at Austruther. Appar-

ently he was asleep, so humoring the cook, she went down to the library, where Rolt and his wife were sitting. "Poor old soul; what a day for her to come," was Mary Rolt's greeting of "Just the sort of day to make one want more clothes, dear. Have you

anything to give her?" asked Rolt. "I can find something, I expect, I am rather glad that she has come. aren't you. Dick? It looks as if the trouble with her people is blowing over." "Perhaps: but the fact that an In-

dian begs of you means nothing. You know what cultus potlatch means." "A free gift, that is a fool's bargain. I know, but I think poor old Mary is erataful and really likes me." (To be continued)



POWDER CONTAIN ALUM WHICH IS AN INJURIOUS ACID. THE IN-GREDIENTS OF ALUM BAKING POWDER ARE SELDOM PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IF THEY ARE, THE ALUM IS USUALLY REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER CONTAINS NO ALUM

THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM. AND WHICH HAS ALL ITS INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Buy this oven-tested flour

Your oven will certainly produce more bread and better bread as a result of our oven test.

From each shipment of wheat delivered at our mills we take a ten-pound sample. It is ground into flour. We bake bread from PURITY this flour. If this bread is high in quality and large in quantity we use the shipment of wheat from which it came. Otherwise, we sell

The baking quality of flour sold under this name is therefore and exact certainty. Buy and "More Bread and Better, Bread" and

"Better Pastry Too"

This Store Recommends because it gives household that no mere nish can give, JAP-A-LACthe Furniture-Saver THEN you start on your campaign of V home-beautifying this Spring, don't just ask for "varnish" - ask for JAP-A-LAC; and don't be content with anything but JAP-A-LAC. Always put up in Green Tins, bearing the name "GLID-DEN." Made in 21 beautiful colors, providing for every possible requirement of the housewife, JAP-A-LAC is indeed a wonder-working aid in keeping furniture, floors and woodwork "spic and span. No matter how badly scratched or marred a piece of furniture may be, a coat of JAP-A-LAC will make it look like new. It covers up the scratches and produces a beau-tiful, brilliant, durable finish. Quickly and easily applied. No experience required. Ask your local hardware store for the JAP-A-LAC color card and book entitled "A Thousand and One Uses of JAP-A-LAC." IN KINGSTON Jap-a-lac is sold by H. W. Marshall and Simmons Bros.

