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"Well, how did you-"We took it away from him."

This was a very different statement her original intention, but for moment the girl forgot her part. "Oh," said Thorne, "I think that as a mistake."

"A mistake?" "Yes."

"But why?" "You should have let him deliver but it is too late now. Never mind." He turned toward the door,

Edith caught him by the arm. Was e going out to certain death or what? "What are you going to do?" she isked breathlessly. whom this paper was intended. He is

he man we want." The girl released him, and caught er throat with her hand.

"Captain Thorne," she choked and there was joy and triumph in her face, "they have lied about you." Thorne turned to her quickly.

"Lied about me!" he exclaimed. "What do you mean?" He caught the girl's hands in and bent over her. "Don't be angry," pleaded Edith,

didn't think it would be like this." "Yes, yes, but what do you mean?" Edith sought to draw her hands away from him, but Thorne would not tions would compromise herself for-"I must know," he said.

"Let me go," pleaded the girl, "don't lived, which was unlikely. you understand-"

But what she might have said further was interrupted by the sharp, stern evidence that he loved her. In reality, voice of the corporal outside. He spoke loud and clearly, there was no necessity for precaution now.

Thorne released the hands of the Edith Varney took advantage of suc



a diversion to dart through the upper door, the nearer one, into the hall. said, as she flew away.

Thorne's hand went to his revolver which hung at his belt. He had not time to draw it before the corporal and the two men burst through the outside. Thorne's hand fell away from his revolver, and his position was one of charming nonchalance,

"Out here!" cried the corporal to one of the soldiers, "Look out there!"

Thorne composedly.

The corporal turned and saluted. We've run him down the street, and tion then. he turned in here somewhere. If he comes in that way, would you be good rough to let us know?"

"Go on, corporal," said Thorne cool y. "I'll look out for this window." He stepped down the long room toward the far window, drew the curtains, and with his hand on his re volver, peered out into the trees beyoud the front of the house.

CHAPTER IX.

The Shot That Killed. showed Captain Thorne that the yard beyond, which had been empty all evening, was now full of armed men. The corporal had gone out through the hall door back of the house whence he had the back windows would be equally trembled before the woman in

been at last discovered. Apparently, there would be no

evidently result in failure, as so many previous plans had resulted, because would not be able to send the orders that would weaken the position, The best he could hope for, in all probability, was the short shrift of a spy. He had staked his life on the game and it appeared that he had lost.

Nay, more than life had been wagered, honor. He knew the contempt in which the spy was held; he knew that even the gallantry and intrepidity of Andre and Hale had not saved them from opprobrium and disgrace.

And there was even more than honor apon the board. His love! Not the remotest idea of succumbing to the at tractions of Edith Varney ever entered "Find Jonas, and make him tell for his head when he attempted the des perate, the fatal role. At first he ha regarded the Varney house and herself as a chessboard and a pawn in the game. The strength of character which had enabled him to assume the unenviable part he played, because of his country's need, for his country's good, and which would have carried him through the obloquy and scorr that were sure to be visited upon him -with death at the end-did not stand him in good stead when it came to thoughts of her. Until he yielded to his passion, and broke his self-imposed vow of silence, he had fought good fight. Now he realized that the woman who should accept his affecever in the eyes of everything she theld dear, even if he succeeded and

He had never, so he fancled, in least and remotest way given her any she had read him like an open book, as women always do. He had come there that night to get the message "This way! Look out for that side, from Jonas, and then to bid her good bye forever, without disclosing the e state of his affections. If he succeed ed in manipulating the telegraph an carrying out his end of the project h could see no chance of escape. Il mate detection and execution appeared certain, and any avowal would there fore be useless. But he had counted without her. She had shown her feel ings, and he had fallen. To the tempts tion of her presence and her artle disclosure, he had not been able make adequate resistance.

He was the last man on earth blame her or to reproach her for that but the fierce, impetuous temperame of the man was overwhelming when once broke loose, and he felt that must tell her or die. Because of his iron self-repressio

for so long he was the less able t stand the pressure in the end. H had thrown everything to the winds and had told her how he loved her. Out there in the moonlight in th

rose arbor, the scent of the flower the southern night wind, the proximity of the girl, her eyes shining like stars out of the shadows in which they stood, the pallor of her face, the rise and fall of her bosom, the flutter "Prisoner, Sir, Broke Out of Libby." ing of her hand as unwittingly or wit tingly, who knows, she touched him had intoxicated him, and his love and passion had broken all bounds, and "I don't want to be here now," she he had spoken to her and she had an swered. She loved him. What did that mean to him now?

Sometimes woman's love makes duty easy, sometimes it makes it hard Sometimes it is the crown which vic door. There were evidently others tors wear, and sometimes it is the pall that overshadows defeat,

What Edith Varney knew or suspected concerning him, he could not tell. That she knew something, that she suspected something, had been pointing to the doorway through evident, but whatever her knowledge which the two men instantly disap and suspicion, they were not sufficient ly powerful or telling to prevent her is it, corporal?" asked from returning love for love, kiss for kiss. But did she love him in spite of her knowledge and suspicion? The "Prisoner, sir, broke out of Libby! problem was too great for his sol

These things passed through his mind as he stood there by the window. with his hand on his revolver, waiting. It was all he could do. Some times even to the most fiery and the most alert of soldiers comes the conviction that there is nothing to do bu wait. And if he thinks of it he will sympathize with the women who are left behind in times of war, who have little to do but wait.

The room had suddenly become his world, the walls his horizon, the cell ing his sky. At any exit he would find A glance through the window the way barred. Why had they left him in the room, free, armed, his re-

yolver in his hand? None but the brayest would have entered upon such a career as he had chosen. His nerves were like steel entered. There was no doubt but that In the presence of danger. He had well guarded. The house was sur garden a moment since; the stone rounded, no escape was possible. He | walls of the house were no more rigwas trapped, virtually a prisoner, al- idly composed than he in the drawingdid confront him openly he would and instead of feeling tired in the show them that if he had chosen the morning I am strong and healthy. secret service and the life of a spy he and well fitted for my daily work." rtunity now in which he could carry | could fight and die like a man and a | Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents out his part in the cunningly devised soldier. He held some lives within a box, 6 for \$2.50; all dealers, or Ed-useless to ordinary mortals, but it "Plan 3" would the chamber of his revolver, and they manson, Bates & Co., Limited, Tor- is a source of revenue to the



and tumultuous thoughts which ran through his mind in far, far less time than it has taken to record them, he heard a noise at the window at the Thorne shrank back behind the por tieres of the window he was guarding, not completely concealing himself but sufficiently hid as to be unobserved except by careful scrutiny in the di light. Once more he clutched the butt of his revolver swinging at his waist, He bent his body slightly, and even the thought of Edith Varney passed from his mind. He stood ready, powerful, concentrated, determined, con fronting an almost certain enemy with the fierce heart and envenomed glance of the fighter at bay.

He had scarcely assumed this posttion when the window was opened and a man was thrust violently through into the room. At the first glance Thorne, as yet unseen, recognized the newcomer as his elder broth er, Henry Dumont. Unlike the two famous brothers of the parable, these two loved each other.

that his enemies were not yet in possee them, that every door and window leaped upon him, shouting again: had eyes solely for him and that he was closely watched for some false were to be the culmination.

at least done something to have at Thorne called out again: tracted his attention, but save for that one could by any possibility observe, are you doing?" Thorne stood motionless, silent, waitknown and indifferent to him.

clothes to those of his brother, the ear: blood came to his face, it was like seeing his own flag again. For a fleeting moment he wished that he had on his own rightful uniform himself and that he had never put it off for anything; but duty is not made up of wishes, gratified or ungratified, and the thought passed as he watched "the other man.

Henry Dumont had been thrust vio-

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Mr. Dennis Mackin, Maxton, Sask:, self, he pleaded. writes:- " have just finished using the sixth box of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and I must say that when commenced using it my nerves were so bad that I could scarcely get any sleep. I would lie in bed nearly al though, for the time being, they had room now. It came to him that there has this trouble knows the misery of ginning to tell on Thorne, who was eft him a certain liberty—the liberty was nothing left but one great battle sleepless nights. The Nerve Food not yet in full possession of his phyof that one large room! It was quite in that room unless they shot him helped me from the start, and has sical vitality. His long illness had evident to him that he was the object from behind door or window or por-of their suspicions, and he more than tiere, giving him no chance. If they fully. I now enjoy good, sound sleep (To be con

Indeed, they were already giving outside. He had been captured, as a chance, he thought to himself Arrelsford had said, earlier in the as he waited and listened. He was day; he had allowed himself to be utterly unable to divine why he was taken. He had been thrust into Libby at liberty in the room, and why he prison with dozens of prisoners taken was left alone, or what was toward. in the same sortie. He had not been In the very midst of these crowding searched, but then none of the others had been; had he been selected for that unwonted immunity alone would have awakened his suspicions. but the Confederates had made show of great haste in disposing of their prisoners, and had promised to

search them in the morning. There fore Henry Dumont had retained the paper which later he had given Jonas, when by previous arrangement he made his daily visit to the prison.

He had been greatly surprised, when about a quarter to nine o'clock a squad of soldiers had taken him from the prison, had marched him hurriedly through the streets with which he was entirely unfamiliar, and had taken him to the residence section of the city, and had halted at the back of a big house. He had asked no questions, and no explanations had been vouchsafed to him. He was more surprised than ever when he was taken up to the porch, the window was if not satisfied. opened, and he was thrust violently into a room, so violently that he staggared and had some difficulty in recovering his balance.

He made a quick inspection of the room. Thorne, in the deeper shadows at the farther end of the room was less save for the turning of his head as he looked around him. He few steps toward the end of the hall which was covered with portieres. and went swiftly toward the near door slightly ajar, and as he came within range of the opening he saw in the shadows of the hall, crossed bayonets and men. No escape that way!

He went on past the door toward the large windows at the front of the ouse and in another moment would have been at the front window where Thorne stood. The latter dropped the curtain and stepped out into the

For the thousandth part of a second the two brothers stared at each other, and then, in a flercely intense voice, Thorne, playing his part, desperately

"Halt! You are a prisoner!"

Both brothers were quick witted. both knew that they were under the Thorne's muscles relaxed, his hand closest observation, both realized that still clutched the butt of his revolver, they were expected to betray relationhe was still alert, but here was not ship, which would incriminate both, an enemy. He began at once to fath- and probably result fatally for one and om something at least of the plan and certainly ruin the plan. Thorne's cue the purpose of the people who had was to regard his brother as the pristrapped him. In a flash he perceived oner whom it was important to arrest session of all the facts which would brother as an enemy with whom it warrant them in laying hands upon was his duty to struggle. The minds him. He was suspected, but the final of the two were made up instantly. evidence upon which to turn suspicion With a quick movement Dumont into certainty was evidently lacking. sought to pass his brother, but with He could feel, although he could not a movement equally rapid Thorne

"Halt, I say!" The two men instantly grappled. It move which would betray him. The was no mimic struggle that they enplan for which he had ventured so gaged in, either. They were of about much was still possible; he had not equal height and weight; if anything, yet failed. His heart leaped in his Thorne was the stronger, but this adbreast. The clouds around his hori- vantage was offset by the fact that he zon lifted a little. There was yet a had been recently ill, and the two possibility that he could succeed, that fought therefore on equal terms at he could carry out his part of the cun- first. It was a fierce, desperate grapningly devised and desperate under ple in which they met. As they strugtaking, the series of events of which gled, both by a common impulse, this night and the telegraph office reeled toward that part of the room near the mantel which was farthest A less cautious and a less resource away from doors or windows, and ful man might have evinced some where they would be the least likely emotion, might have gone forward or; to be overheard or to be more closely spoken to the newcomer, would have observed. As they fought together,

"Corporal of the guard, here is your relaxation of the tension, which no man! Corporal of the guard, what

At that instant the two reeling ing; just as he might have stood and bodies struck the wall next to the waited had he been what he seemed mantel with a fearful smash, and a and the newcomer been utterly unchair that stood by was overturned by a quick movement on the part of His brother was dressed in the blue | Henry Dumont, who did not know his uniform of the United States; like the brother had already received the imothers it had seen good service, but portant message. In the confusion of as Thorne glanced from his own the moment, he hissed in Thorne's

"Attack tonight, plan 3, use tele graph! Did you get that?" "Yes," returned Thorne, still keeping up the struggle. "Good," said Dumont. "They are

watching us. Shoot me in the leg." "No, I can't do it," whispered

All the while the two men were reel ing and staggering and struggling against the wall and furniture. The encounter would have deceived the most suspicious.

"Shoot, shoot," said the elder. "I can't shoot my brother." the younger panted out. "It is the only way to throw them

off the scent," persisted Dumont. "I won't do it," answered Thorne, and then he shouted again: "Corporal of the guard, I have your

"Let me go, damn you!" roared Duwill," he added under his breath, "Give "No, no, Harry," was the whispered

Bathing suits for the coming summer the shouted answer. "You'll hurt your are among the most attractive of the new styles. A handsome design is "I don't care," muttered Dumont. shown here, exploiting the Russian blouse effect, modernized by one-piece

"Let me have it." His hands slipped down from Thorne's shoulders and grasped the butt of the revolver. The two grap

(To be continued)

The gangway seems to be the path

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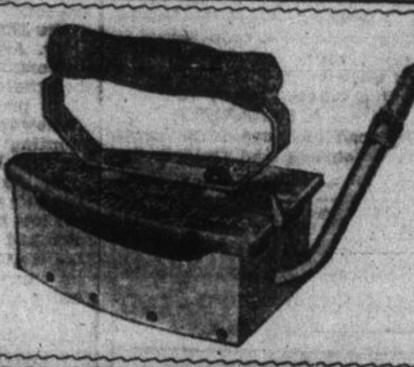
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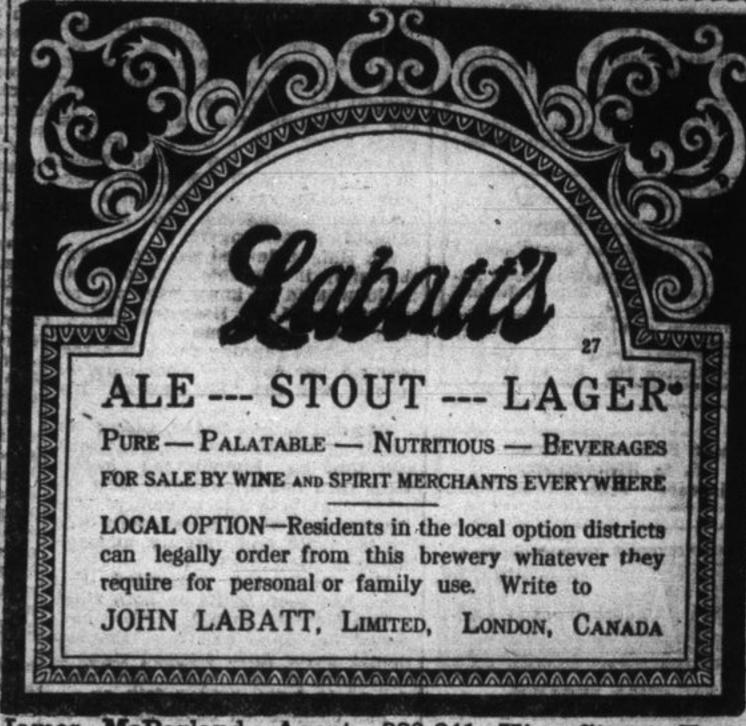
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and Dumont's cue was to regard his James McParland, Agent, 339-341 King Street East

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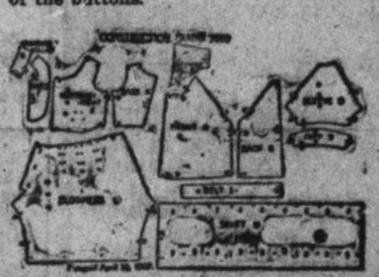
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front, as indicated; then closing the under-arm and shoulder seams. Finish edges with narrow hems. Now, after taking up the darts in the bloomers, turn under extension at right front edge on slot perforations. Close leg and center seams, the latter from upper edge in back to extension in Bring the "T" perforation at upper edge to center-back seam and tack. Hem the lower edge of the bloomers and insert elastic, after which the bloomers are ready to sew to the

Begin the blouse by sewing the sleeve to front and back as notched Close the under-arm seams, hem the right side of the front, creasing on fold; then lap right front on left, centers even. Remember that the large "O" perforations indicate center-front The lower edges are now stitched to gether, after which the cowboy collar is added to the neck, after correspond ing small "o" perforations in collar and back of the waist have been brough together to see that the collar is properly adjusted. Close the cuff seam and add to the sleeve, as indicated. The seam in the back of the skirt i

now closed, the hem is turned under at the bottom, the pleats pressed into place and the skirt sewed to the waist With the adjustment of the belt, the suit is finished, except for the addition



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