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you cannot take chances on Soap. Four generations of Canadians have enjoyed the creamy, fragrant skin healing lather of Baby's Own Soap—the Standard in Canada for nursery use, on account of its known purity.

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PARLOR, CHINA AND MUSIC CABINETS

Music Cabinets, \$6.50 to \$25.00

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Beautiful Bust and Shoulders
are possible if you wear a scientifically constructed **Bien Jolie Brassiere**.
The dragging weight of an unconfined bust so stretches the supporting muscles that the contour of the figure is spoiled, put the bust back where it belongs, prevent the full bust from having the appearance of sagging, eliminate the danger of dragging muscles and confine the flesh of the shoulder giving a graceful line to the entire upper body.
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It is important that you buy none but **EDDY'S**

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The matches with "no after glow."

EDDY'S is the only Canadian maker of these matches, every stick of which has been dipped in a chemical solution which positively ensures the match becoming dead wood once it has been lighted and blown out.
Look for the words "Chemically Self-Extinguishing" on the box.

Sad Feet or Glad Feet—Which are yours?

Seams are not merely unsightly. They irritate the feet.

Until you've worn a pair of **Mercury Seamed Full Fashioned Hose**, you cannot realize how glad your feet can feel.

They are knitted on new machines, too—the only machines that fashion the hose at the sides, giving the neat, sightly ankle. They fit without a wrinkle.

Made in black cashmere, black lisle and white lisle—from the finest, highly finished and durable materials.

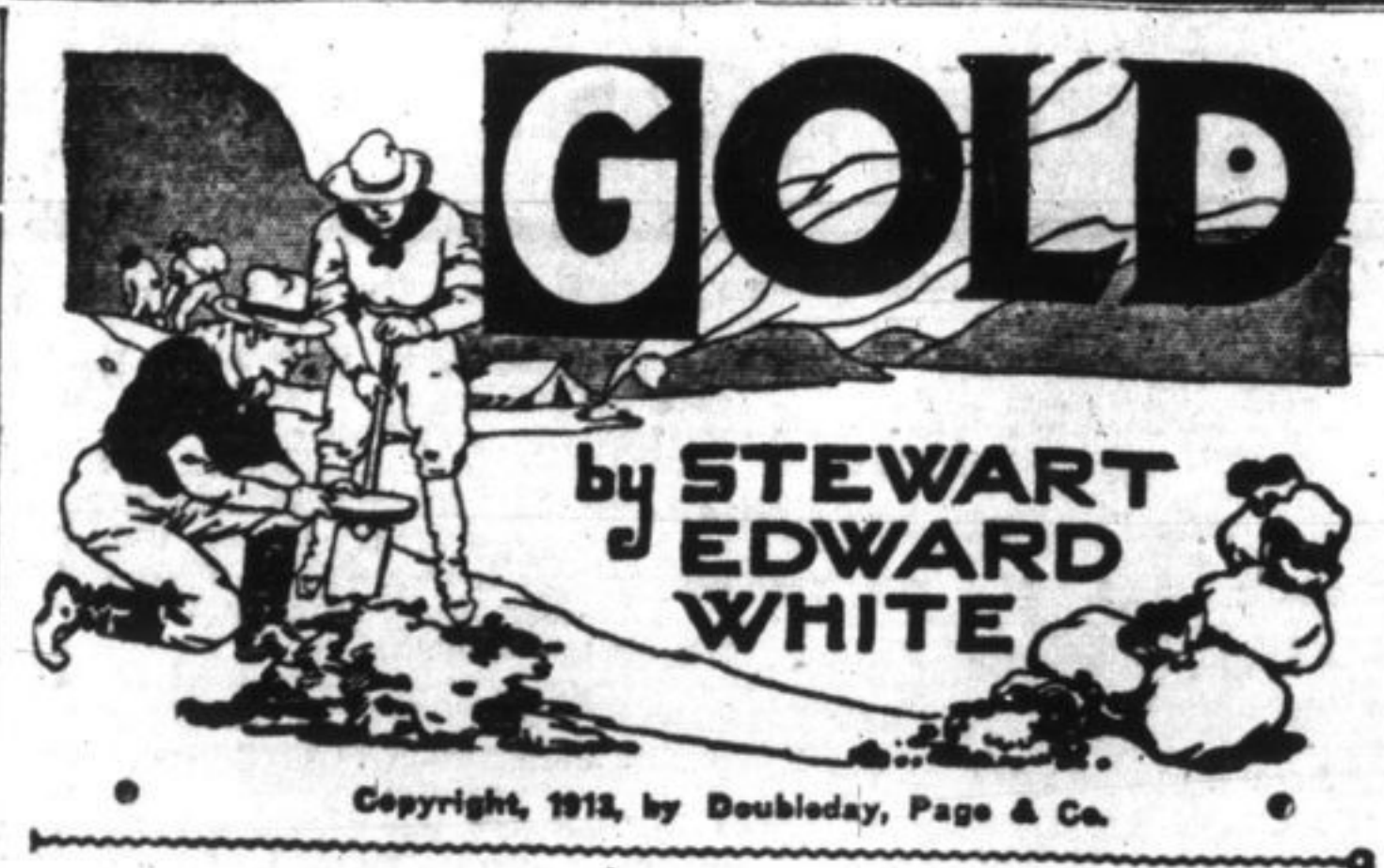
There's class in every pair, ladies!

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MAKERS OF

Mercury Hosiery

For men and women, and underwear for men, women and children.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON, Kingston,
Carry "MERCURY" Hosiery.



I reasoned with them for a long time, bringing to bear all the arguments I had heard advanced at various times during our discussions in Danny Randall's back room. At last, seeing I could in no manner shake their resolution, I gave in. After all, I could not blame them. The case was to them only one of cattle stealing. They had no chance to realize that it was anything more. Without solicitation on my part they agreed to keep secret my opposition to the verdict of acquittal.

Our decision was greeted by wild yells and the discharge of pistols on the part of the rough element. The meeting broke up informally and in confusion. It would have been useless for the presiding officer to have attempted to dismiss court. The mob broke through en masse to congratulate the prisoners. Immediately the barkeepers were overwhelmed with work. Here and there I could see a small group of the honest men talking low voiced, with many shakes of the head. Johnny, Old and Cal, who had attended with his arm slung up, had their heads together in a corner. Danny Randall, who, it will be remembered, had not appeared publicly in any way, stood at his customary corner of the bar watching all that was going on. His gambler's eyes were after conferring together a moment the three express messengers made

The camp soon had a concrete illustration of the opinion the roughs held of themselves. It was reported quietly among a few of us that several of our number had been "marked" by the desperado. Two of these were Joe Thompson, who had acted as counsel for the prosecution in the late trial, and Tom Cleveland, who had presided, and presided well, over the court. Thompson kept one of the stores, while Cleveland was proprietor of the butcher shop. No overt threats were made, but we understood that somehow these men were to be put out of the way. Of course they were at once warned.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Rule of the Lawless.
AMONG the occasional visitors to camp was a man who called himself Harry Crawford. He was a man of perhaps twenty-five years, tall, rather slender, with a clear face and laughing blue eyes. Nothing in his appearance indicated the desperado, and yet we had long known him as one of the Morton gang. This man now took up his residence in camp, and we soon discovered that he was evidently the killer. The first afternoon he picked some sort of a petty quarrel with Thompson over a purchase, but cooled down instantly when unexpectedly confronted by a half dozen miners who came in at the opportune moment. A few days after in the slack time of the afternoon Thompson, while drinking at the bar of the Empire and conversing with a friend, was approached by a well known sordid hanger-on of the saloons.

"What are you fellows talking about?" demanded this man impudently.

"None of your business," replied Thompson impatiently, for the man was a public nuisance and besides was deep in Thompson's debt.

"I'll dare you to fight!" he cried in a furious passion.

Facing about, Thompson saw Crawford standing attentively among the listeners and instantly comprehended the situation.

"You have the odds of me with a pistol," said Thompson, who notoriously had no skill with that weapon.

"Why should I fight you?"

"Well, then," cried the man, "put up your fists! That'll show who is the best man!"

He snatched off his belt and laid it on the bar. Thompson did the same.

"Come on!" cried the challenger, backing away.

Thompson, thoroughly angry, reached over and slapped his antagonist. The latter promptly drew another revolver from beneath his coat, but before he could aim it Thompson jumped at his throat and disarmed him. At this moment Crawford interfered, apparently as peacemaker. Thompson was later told secretly by the barkeeper that the scheme was to lure him into a pistol fight in the street, when Crawford would be ready to shoot him as soon as the first shot was fired.

On the strength of this interference Crawford next pretended to friendship and spent much of his time at Thompson's store. Thompson was in no way deceived. This state of affairs continued for two days. It terminated in the following manner: Crawford, sitting half on the counter and talking with all the great charm of which he was master, led the subject to weapons.

"This revolver of mine," said he, at the same time drawing the weapon from its holster, "is one of the old navy model. You don't often see them nowadays. It has a double lock." He cocked it as though to illustrate his point, and the muzzle, as though by accident, swept toward the other man.

Looking up from his affected close examination to find that Thompson had also drawn his weapon and that the barrel was pointing uncompromisingly in his direction.

For a moment the two stared each other in the eye. Then Crawford sheathed his pistol with an oath.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"I mean," said Thompson firmly, "that I do not intend you shall get the advantage of me. You know my opinion of you and your gang. I shall not be shot by any of you if I can help it."

Crawford withdrew quietly, but later in the day approached a big group of us, one of which was Thompson.

"There's a matter between you and me has got to be settled!" he cried.

"Well, I can't imagine what it is," replied Thompson. "I'm not aware that I've said or done anything to you that needs settlement."

"You needn't laugh," replied Crawford, with a string of insulting oaths. "You're a coward, and if you're anything of a man you will step out of doors and have this out."

"I am, as you say, a coward," replied Thompson quietly, "and I see no reason for going out of doors to fight you or anybody else."

After blustering and swearing for a few moments Crawford withdrew. He made no attempt to fight, nor do I believe his outburst had any other purpose than to establish the purely personal character of the quarrel between Thompson and himself. At any rate,

they way slowly across the room to the bar. I could not see exactly what happened, but heard the sudden reverberations of several pistol shots. The lamps and glasses rattled with the concussion, the white smoke of the discharges eddied and rose. An immediate dead silence fell, except for the sounds made by the movements of those seeking safe places. Johnny and his two friends, slobbering to shoulder, backed slowly away toward the door. Johnny and Old presented each two pistols at the group around the bar, while Cal, a revolver in his well hand, swept the muzzle slowly from side to side. Nobody near the bar stirred. The express messengers backed to the door.

"Keeps your heads inside," warned Johnny clearly. On the words they vanished.

Immediately pandemonium broke loose. The men along the bar immediately became very warlike, but none of those who brandished pistols tried to leave the building. From the swing and sway of the crowd and the babel of yells, oaths, threats and explanations I could make nothing. Danny Randall alone of all those in the room held his position unmoved. At last a clear way offered, so I went over to him.

"What's happened?" I shouted at him through the din.

Danny shrugged his shoulders.

"They killed Carhart and Malone," Danny replied curtly.

Although for the moment held in check by the resolute front presented by these three boys, the rough element showed that it considered it had won a great victory and was now entitled to run the town. Members of the gang selected what goods they needed at any of the stores, making no pretense of payment. They swaggered boldly about the streets at all times, infested the better places, such as the Bella Union, elbowed aside insolently any inoffensive citizen who might be in their way and generally conducted themselves as though they owned the place. Robberies grew more frequent. The freighters were held up in broad daylight; rumors of returning miners being relieved of their dust drifted up from the lower country; mysterious disappearances increased in number. Hardly an attempt was made to conceal the fact that the organized gang that conducted these operations had its headquarters at Italian Bar. Strange men rode up in broad daylight, covered with red dust, to confer with Morton or one of the other resident blackguards. Mysteriously every desperado in the place began to lay fifty dollar octagonal signs on the gaming tables, product of some lower court atrocity.

Thompson was next morning found murdered in his bunk, while Crawford had disappeared. I do not know whether Crawford had killed him or not. I think not.

About this time formal printed notices of some sort of election were posted on the bulletin board at Morton's place. At least they were said to have been posted and were pointed out to all corners the day after election. Perhaps they were there all the time, as claimed, but nobody paid much attention to them. At any rate, we one day awoke to the fact that we were a full fledged community, with regularly constituted court officers, duly qualified officials, and a sheriff.



"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

The sheriff was Morton, and the most worthy judges were other members of his gang.

This move tickled Danny Randall's sense of humor immensely.

"That's good headwork," he said approvingly. "I didn't think Morton had it in him."

"It's time something was done to run that gang out of town," fumed Dr. Rankin.

"No; it is not time," denied Danny, "any more than it was time when you and Johnny and the rest of you had your celebrated jury trial."

"I'd like to know what you are driving at," fretted the worthy doctor.

Danny Randall laughed in his gentle little fashion. I will confess that just at that time I was very decidedly wondering what Danny Randall was at. In fact, at moments I was strongly inclined to doubt his affiliations. He seemed to stand in an absolutely neutral position, inclining to neither side.

Tom Cleveland was killed in the open street by one of the Empire hangers-on. The man was promptly arrested by Morton in his capacity of sheriff and confined in chains. Morton as sheriff selected those who were to serve on the jury. I had the curiosity to attend the trial, expecting to assist at an uproarious farce. All the proceedings, on the contrary, were conducted with the greatest decorum and with minute attention to legal formalities. The assassin, however, was acquitted.

From that time the outrages increased in number and in boldness. No man known to be possessed of any quantity of gold was safe. It was dangerous to walk alone after dark, to hunt alone in the mountains, to live alone. Every man carried his treasure about with him everywhere he went. No man dared raise his voice in criticism of the ruling powers, for it was pretty generally understood that such criticism meant death.

This is a chapter I hate to write, and therefore I shall get it over with as soon as possible.

One Sunday in the middle of October two men trudged into town leading each a pack horse.

I was at the time talking to Barnes at his hotel and saw them from a distance hitching their animals outside Morton's. They stayed there for some time, then came out, unhitched their horses, led them as far as the Empire, hesitated, finally again tied the beasts and disappeared. In this manner they gradually worked along to the Bella Union, where at last I recognized them as McNally and Buck Barry, our comrades of the Porcupine. Of course I at once rushed over to see them.

I found them surrounded by a crowd to whom they were offering drinks free handed. Both were already pretty drunk, but they knew me as soon as I entered the door and surged toward me hands out.

(Continued next Saturday.)

A pretty house wedding was celebrated Thursday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. McPhail, Carleton Place, when their daughter Nellie, was united in the golden bonds to George C. Crampton, Oshawa.

On Thursday the death occurred in Smith's Falls of Joseph R. Ed- wards, Jasper, after an illness of some weeks from pleurisy and rheumatism. The deceased was forty-six years of age.

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Hotel Randolph, Wed., Oct. 10th

With ladies' and gents' hair goods such as hair switches, braids, transformations, self-dressers, water waves, pompadours, curly fringes, plu curls, etc. Also gentlemen's hair toupees and wigs, the most natural and lasting, for which the name of Dorenwend stands world renowned. These hair goods styles should be seen by all afflicted with loss of hair; they impart a younger and refined expression to the face, and are a protection to health. Thousands wear his styles; why not you? Private demonstration free in showroom.

Will be at following places:

KINGSTON, HOTEL RANDOLPH, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10TH.

PICTON, ROYAL HOTEL, THURSDAY, OCT. 11TH.

BELLEVILLE, HOTEL QUINTE, FRIDAY, OCT. 12TH.

PETERBORO, EMPRESS HOTEL, SATURDAY, OCT. 13TH.

The flavor of Krumbles is the key-note of its success.

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All Wheat Ready to Eat
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Children like Krumbles and it builds them up.

Get Rid of the Blues!

A great many people are only half alive. Are you one of them? Exchange that down-and-out, what's-the-use feeling for the strength of better health, abundant nerve force, and keen relish for your meals.

One of Canada's most eminent physicians has expressed the opinion that the systematic keeping clear of the intestinal tract would save hundreds of thousands from that semi-insane state, melancholia. For this purpose nothing can quite equal Chamberlain's Tablets. They also possess tonic properties which aid in establishing a natural and healthy action of the bowels.

25 cents at all dealers, or from
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CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS

In Regina on Sept. 11th, the marriage was solemnized of Clarence Wilber, James and Esther Mildred Brown. The bride is a daughter of S. M. Brown, Addison, and the groom a son of S. H. James, Merrickville.

Redpath SUGAR

Besides maintaining a quality which for 60 years has been admittedly the highest, Redpath was the first in Canada to introduce a modern and convenient series of packages—Cartons and Bags—from 2 to 100 pounds.

"Let Redpath Sweeten it."

Made in one grade only—the highest!

2 and 5 lb. Cartons—10, 20, 50 and 100 lb. Bags.