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GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM
LOCAL BRANCH TIME TABLE
 IN EFFECT MARCH 31ST.

Trains will leave and arrive at City Station, Foot of Johnson Street.

Going West		Lvs. City Arr. City	
No. 13 Express	12:20 a.m.	12:37 a.m.	
No. 27 Local	1:10 a.m.	1:17 a.m.	
No. 1 Interl. Lda.	1:30 p.m.	1:50 p.m.	
No. 7 Mail	2:30 p.m.	2:40 p.m.	
Going East		Lvs. City Arr. City	
No. 13 Mail	1:40 a.m.	2:17 a.m.	
No. 18 Express	3:10 a.m.	3:52 a.m.	
No. 6 Mail	12:20 p.m.	12:52 p.m.	
No. 14 Interl. Lda.	1:30 p.m.	2:20 p.m.	
No. 28 Local	4:45 p.m.	5:27 p.m.	

No. 1, 17, 14, 18, 19, 18 run daily.
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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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"Mighty glad to meet you, Mr. McNamara," said Struve. "Your name is a household word in my part of the country. My people were mixed up in Dakota politics somewhat, so I've always had a great admiration for you, and I'm glad you've come to Alaska. This is a big country, and we need big men."

"Did you have any trouble?" Dunham inquired when the three had adjourned to a private room.
 "Trouble," said Struve ruefully. "Well, I wonder if I did. Miss Chester brought me your instructions O. K. and I got busy right off. But tell me this—how did you get the girl to act as messenger?"

"There was no one else to send," answered McNamara. "Dunham intended sailing on the first boat, but he was detained in Washington with me, and the judge had to wait for us at Seattle. We were afraid to trust a stranger for fear he might get curious and examine the papers. That would have meant—" He moved his hand eloquently.

Struve nodded. "I see. Does she know what was in the documents?"
 "Decidedly not. Women and business don't mix. I hope you didn't tell her anything."

"No. I haven't had a chance. She seems to take a dislike to me for some reason. I haven't seen her since the day after she got here."

"The judge told her it had something to do with preparing the way for his court," said Dunham, "and that if the papers were not delivered before he arrived it might cause a lot of trouble—litigation, riots, bloodshed and all that. He filled her up on generalities till the girl was frightened to death and thought the safety of her uncle and the whole country depended on her."

"Well," continued Struve, "it's dead easy to hire men to jump claims, and it's dead easy to buy their rights afterward, particularly when they know they haven't got any. But what course do you follow when owners go gnawing for you?"

McNamara laughed.

"Who did that?"
 "A benevolent silver-haired old Texan private by the name of Dextery. He's one-half owner in the Midas and the other half mountain lion, as peaceable, you'd imagine, as a benediction, but with the temperament of a Geronimo. I sent Galloway out to relocate the claim, and he got his nooses up in the night when they were asleep, but at 6 a. m. he came flying back to my room and nearly hammered the door down. I've seen fight in varied forms and phases, but he had them all, with some added starters."

"What's up?" asked Struve.

"I've stirred up a breakfast of grizzly bear, snakepoison and sudden death, and it don't set well on my stomach. Let me in."

"I had to keep him hidden three days, for this gentle-mannered old cannibal romped the streets with a cannon in his hand, breathing fire and pestilence."

"Anybody else set up?" queried Dunham.

"No; all the rest are Swedes, and they haven't got the nerve to fight. They couldn't lick a spoon if they tried. These other men are different, though. There are two of them—the old one and a young fellow. I'm a little afraid to mix it up with them, and if their claim wasn't the best in the district I'd say let it alone."

"I'll attend to that," said McNamara. Struve resumed:

"Yes, gentlemen, I've been working pretty hard and also pretty much in the dark so far. I'm groping for light. When Miss Chester brought in the papers I got busy instantly. I clonked the title to the richest placers in the region, but I'm blamed if I quite see the use of it. We'd be thrown out of any court in the land if we took them to law. What's the game—blackmail?"

"Humph," ejaculated McNamara. "What do you take me for?"

"Well, it does seem small for Alec McNamara, but I can't see what else you're up to."

"Within a week I'll be running every good mine in the Nome district."

McNamara's voice was calm, but decisive, his glance keen and alert, while about him shone such a breath of power and confidence that it compelled belief even in the face of this astounding speech.

In spite of himself Wilton Struve, in eyes, rake and gentlemanly adventures, felt his own position in the matter being uttered, and yet, looking into the man's purposeful eyes, he believed.

"That's his—what's his name?—the younger man mentioned?" Wilton said. "It means you'll handle \$25,000 a day?"

Dunham shifted his feet in the presence and licked his dry lips.
 "Of course it's his, but it's McNamara's—the biggest mine that ever came to Alaska," he said.

"And I've got the biggest mine that ever came north, tucked in the biggest mine in Washington. So almost the politician. Look here!" He displayed a typewritten sheet bearing parallel lists of names and figures. Struve gazed incredulously.

"Those are my stockholders, and that is their share in the venture. Oh, yes, we're incorporated under the laws of Arizona; secret, of course. It would never do for the names to get out. I'm showing you this only because I want you to be satisfied who's behind me."

laughing nervously. "Dunham was with you when you figured the scheme out, and he met some of your friends in Washington and New York. If he says it's all right, that settles it. But, say, suppose anything went wrong with the company and it leaked out who those stockholders are?"

"There's no danger. I have the books where they will be burned at the first sign. We'd have had our own land laws passed but for Sturtevant of Nevada, curse him. He blocked us in the senate. However, my plan is this." He rapidly outlined his proposition to the listeners, while a light of admiration grew and shone in the reckless face of Struve.

"By heavens, you're a wonder!" he cried at the close. "And I'm with you body and soul. It's dangerous—that's why I like it."
 "Dangerous?" McNamara shrugged his shoulders. "Bah! Where is the danger? We've got the law, or, rather, we are the law. Now, let's get to work."

It seemed that the boss of North Dakota was no staggard. He discarded coat and waistcoat and tackled the documents which Struve laid before him, going through them like a whirlwind. Gradually he infected the others with his energy, and soon behind the locked doors of Dunham & Struve there were only haste and fever and plot and intrigue.

As Helen Chester led the judge toward the flamboyant, three storied hotel she prattled to him light heartedly. The fascination of a new land already held her fast, and now she felt, in addition, security and relief. Glenster saw them from a distance and strode forward to greet them.

He beheld a man of perhaps three-score years, benign of aspect save for the eyes, which were neither clear nor steady, but had the trick of looking past one. Glenster thought the mouth, too, rather weak and vacillating, but the clean shaven face was dignified by learning and common sense and was wrinkled in pleasant fashion.

"My niece has just told me of your service to her," the old gentleman began. "I am happy to know you, sir."
 "Besides being a brave knight and assisting ladies in distress, Mr. Glenster is a very great and wonderful man," Helen explained lightly. "He owns the Midas."

"Indeed!" said the old man, his shifting eyes now resting full on the other with a flash of unmistakable interest. "I hear that is a wonderful mine. Have you begun work yet?"
 "No. We'll commence staking day after tomorrow. It has been a late spring. The snow in the gulch was deep and the ground thawed slowly. We've been building houses and doing dead work, but we've got our men on the ground waiting."

"I am greatly interested. Won't you walk with us to the hotel? I want to hear more about these wonderful placers."

"Well, they are great placers," said the miner as the three walked on together. "Nobody knows how great because we've only scratched at them yet. In the first place, the ground is so shallow and the gold is so easy to get that if nature didn't safeguard us in the winter we'd never dare leave our claims for fear of 'snipers.' They'd run in and rob us."

"How much will the Anvil creek mines produce this summer?" asked the judge.
 "It's hard to tell, sir, but we expect to average \$5,000 a day from the Midas alone, and there are other claims just as good."

"Your title is all clear, I dare say, eh?"

"Absolutely except for one jumper, and we don't take him seriously. A fellow named Galloway relocated as one night last month, but he didn't allege any grounds for doing so, and we could never find trace of him. If we had, our title would be as clean as snow again." He said the last with a peculiar inflection.

"You wouldn't use violence, I trust?"
 "Sure! Why not? It has worked all right heretofore."

"But, my dear sir, those days are gone. The law is here, and it is the duty of every one to abide by it."

"Well, perhaps it is, but in this country we consider a man's mine as sacred as his family. We didn't know what a lock and key were in the early times, and we didn't have any troubles except famine and hardship. It's different now, though. Why, there have been more claims jumped around here this spring than in the whole length and history of the Yukon."

They had reached the hotel, and Glenster paused, turning to the girl as the judge entered. When she started to follow, he detained her.
 "I came down from the hills on purpose to see you. It has been a long week!"

"Don't talk that way," she interrupted coldly. "I don't care to hear it."

"See here, what makes you shut me out and wrap yourself up in your haughtiness? I'm sorry for what I did that night. I've told you so repeatedly. I've wrung my soul for that act till there's nothing left but repentance."

"It is not that," she said slowly. "I have been thinking it over during the past month, and now that I have gained an insight into this life I see that it wasn't an unnatural thing for you to do. It's terrible to think of, but it's true. I don't mean that it was pardonable," she continued quickly, "for it

wasn't, and I hate you when I think about it, but I suppose I put myself into a position to invite such actions. No; I'm sufficiently broadminded not to blame you unreasonably, and I think I could like you in spite of it, just for what you have done for me. But that isn't all. There is something deeper. You saved my life, and I'm grateful, but you frighten me always. It is the cruelty in your strength. It is something away back in you—lustful and ferocious and wild and crouching." He smiled wryly.

"It is my local color maybe, absorbed from this country. I'll try to change, though, if you want me to. I'll let them rope and throw and brand me. I'll take on the graces of civilization and put away revenge and ambition and all the rest of it if it will make you like me any better. Why, I'll even promise not to violate the person of our chin jumper if I catch him, and heaven knows that means that Samson has parted with his locks."

"I think I could like you if you did," she said, "but you can't do it. You are a savage."
 "There are no clubs nor marts where men foregather for business in the north—nothing but the saloon, and this is all and more than a club. Here men congregate to drink, to gamble and to traffic."

It was late in the evening when Glenster entered the Northern and passed idly down the row of games, pausing at the crap table, where he rolled the dice when his turn came. Moving to the roulette wheel, he lost a stack of whites, but at the faro "lay-out" his luck was better, and he won a solid coin on the high card, whereupon he promptly ordered about him, a familiarity always precedent to overtures of general friendship.

As he paused, glass in hand, his eyes were drawn to a man who stood close by, talking earnestly. The aspect of the stranger challenged notice, for he stood high above his companions, with a peculiar grace of attitude in place of the awkwardness common in men of great stature. Among those who were listening intently to the man's carefully modulated tones Glenster recognized Mexico Mullins, the ex-gambler who had given Dextery the warning at Unalaska. As he further studied the listening group a drunken man staggered uncertainly through the wide doors of the saloon and, gaining sight of the tall stranger, blinked, then approached him, speaking with a loud voice:

"Well, if 'tain't ole Alec McNamara! How do, ye ole pirate?"
 McNamara nodded and turned his back coolly upon the newcomer.
 "Don't turn your dorsal fin to me. I wan' to talk to ye."

McNamara continued his calm discourse till he received a vicious whack on the shoulder. Then he turned for a moment to interrupt his assailant's garrulous profanity.
 "Don't bother me, I am engaged."

"Ye won't talk to me, ah? Well, I'm goin' to talk to you, see? I guess you'd listen if I told these people all I know about you. Turn around here."

His voice was menacing and attracted general notice. Observing this, McNamara addressed him, his words dropping clear, concise and cold:
 "Don't talk to me. You are a drunk on nuisance. Go away before something happens to you."

Again he turned away, but the drunken man seized and whirled him about, repeating his abuse, encouraged by this apparent patience.

"Your pardon for an instant, gentlemen," McNamara hid a large white and manured hand upon the flannel sleeve of the miner and gently escorted him through the entrance to the sidewalk, while the crowd smiled.

As they cleared the threshold, however, he clinched his fist without a word and, raising it, struck the set fully and cruelly upon the jaw. His victim fell silently, the back of his head striking the boards with a hollow thump; then, without even observing how he lay, McNamara re-entered the saloon and took up his conversation where he had been interrupted. His voice was as evenly regulated as his movements, betraying not a sign of anger, excitement or bravado. He lit a cigarette, extracted a notebook and jotted down certain memoranda supplied him by Mexico Mullins.

All this time the body lay across the threshold without a sign of life. The buzz of the roulette wheel was resumed, and the crap dealer began his monotonous routine. Every eye was fixed on the nonchalant man at the bar, but the unconscious creature outside the threshold lay unheeded, for in these men's code it behooves the most humane to practice a certain aloofness in the matter of private braves.

Having completed his notes, McNamara shook hands gravely with his companions and strode out through the door, past the bulk that sprawled across his path and without pause or glance disappeared.

A dozen willing, though unsympathetic, hands laid the drunkard on the roulette table, where the bartender poured pitcher upon pitcher of water over him.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

The Practise of Healing.
 Toronto, June 29.—At a special session of the Ontario Medical Council dealing with the report of the Royal Commission on the practise of healing by certain cults, the following resolutions were passed:

"This council approves of the recommendations of the commission with regard to the establishment of an institute of physical therapy in Toronto, London and Kingston, but does not agree with the proposal that these institutions be placed under the care of the department of physics of any university, but of the department of therapeutics."

Many marriages are due to the fact that the contracting parties fail to understand each other.

Many a man who would steer clear of a graveyard after dark is not afraid of a park full of spirits.

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IT WILL BE—

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