

# In the Realm of Women—Some Interesting Features

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After a lingering illness borne with Christian fortitude the death occurred on Sunday, at Brockville, of Mrs. James S. Dunham, a well-known and highly respected resident.

A quiet but impressive ceremony was performed in Bridge street Methodist church, Belleville, on Oct. 2nd, by the Rev. Dr. Cleaver, when Miss Anna M. Gawley, Belleville, became the bride of W. Fred Hornsby, Hartford, Conn.

## THE COURAGE OF MARGE O'DOONE

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

"We are only five miles from the Nest, Sakewawin, but they will not hunt for us here. They will think we have gone farther—or over the mountains!"

She was putting cold water to his face, and now that there was no longer the rolling motion under him he was not quite so dizzy. She had unrolled the bundle and had spread out a blanket, and when he stretched himself out on this a sense of vast relief came over him. In his confused consciousness two or three things stood out with rather odd clearness before he closed his eyes, and the last was a vision of the Girl's face bending over him, and of her starry eyes looking down at him, and of her voice urging him gently:

"Try to sleep, Sakewawin—try to sleep."

It was many hours later when he awoke. Hands seemed to be dragging him forcibly out of a place in which he was very comfortable, and which he did not want to leave, and a voice was accompanying the hands with an annoying insistency—a voice which

was growing more and more familiar to him as his sleeping senses were roused. He opened his eyes. It was day, and Marge was on her knees at his side, tugging at his breast with her hands and staring wildly into his face.

"Wake, Sakewawin—wake, wake!" he heard her crying. "Oh, my God, you must wake! Sakewawin—Sakewawin—they have found our trail—and I can see them coming up the valley!"

### Chapter XXVI

Scarcely had David sensed the Girl's words of warning than he was on his feet. And now, when he saw her, he thanked God that his head was clear, and that he could fight. Even yesterday, when she had stood before the fighting bears, and he had fought Brokaw, she had not been whiter than she was now. Her face told him of their danger before he had seen it with his own eyes. It told him that their peril was appallingly near and there was no chance of escaping it. He saw for the first time that his bed on the ground had been close to the wall of an old cabin which was in a little dip in the sloping face of the mountain. Before he could take in more, or discover a visible sign of their enemies, Marge had caught his hand and was drawing him to the end of the shack. She did not speak as she pointed downward. In the edge of the valley, just beginning the ascent, were eight or ten men. He could not determine their exact number for as he looked they were already disappearing under the face of the lower dip in the mountain. They were not more than four or five hundred yards away. It would take them a matter of twenty minutes to make the ascent to the cabin.

He looked at Marge. Despairingly she pointed to the mountain behind them. For a quarter of a mile it was a sheer wall of red sandstone. Their one way of flight lay downward, practically into the faces of their enemies.

"I was going to rouse you before it was light, Sakewawin," she explained in a voice that was dead with hopelessness. "I kept awake for hours, and then I fell asleep. Baree awakened me, and now—it is too late."

"Yes, too late to run!" said David. A flash of fire leaped into her eyes.

"You mean . . ."

"We can fight!" he cried. "Good God, Marge—if only I had my own rifle now! He thrust a hand into his pocket and drew forth the cartridges she had given him. "Thirty-two! And only eleven of them! It's got to be a short range for us. We can't put up a running fight for they'd keep out of range of this little pea-shooter and fill me as full of holes as a sieve!"

She was tugging at his arm.

"The cabin, Sakewawin!" she exclaimed with sudden inspiration. "It has a strong bar at the door, and the clay has fallen in places from between the logs leaving openings through which you can shoot!"

He was examining Nisikook's rifle.

"At 150 yards it should be good for a man," he said. "You get Tara and

the pack inside, Marge. I'm going to try to get two or three of our friends and they must up over the knoll down there. They must be looking for bullets this early in the game and I'll have them at a disadvantage. If I'm lucky enough to get Hauck and Brokaw . . ."

His eyes had selected a big rock twenty yards from the cabin from which he could overlook the slope to the first dip below them, and as Marge darted from him to get Tara into the cabin he crouched behind the boulder and waited. He figured that it was not more than 150 yards to the point where their pursuers would first appear, and he was sure that if he would wait until they were nearer than that before he opened fire. Not one of those eleven precious cartridges must be wasted, for he could count on Hauck's revolver only at close quarters. It was no longer a time for doubt or indecision. Brokaw and Hauck were deliberately pushing the fight to a finish, and not to beat their meat death for himself and a fate for the Girl which made him grip his rifle more tightly as he waited. He looked behind him and saw Marge leading Tara by the hand. Baree had crept up beside him and lay flat on the ground close to the rock. A moment or two later the Girl reappeared and ran across the narrow open space to David, and crouched down close to him.

Marge crept into the cabin.

"Marge," he remonstrated. "They will probably begin shooting . . ."

"I'm going to stay with you, Sakewawin."

Her face was no longer white. A flush had risen into her cheeks, her eyes shone as she looked at him—and she smiled. A child! His heart rose chokingly in his throat. Her face was close to his, and she whispered, "Last night I kissed you, Sakewawin. I thought you were dying. Before you, I have kissed Nisikook. Never any one else."

He said that, with that wonderful glow in her eyes? Couldn't be that she saw death climbing up the mountain? Was it because she wanted him to know—before that? A child!

She whispered again:

"I have never kissed me, Sakewawin. Why?"

Slowly he drew her to him, until her head lay against his breast, her shining eyes and parted lips turned up to him, and he kissed her on the mouth. A wild flood of colour rushed into her face and her arms crept about his shoulders. The glory of her radiant hair covered his breast. He buried his face in it, and for a moment crushed her so close that she did not breathe. And then again he kissed her mouth, not once, but a number of times, and then he held her back from him and looked into her face that was no longer the face of a child, but of a woman.

"Because . . ." he began, and stopped.

Baree was growling. David peered down the slope.

"They are coming!" he said.

"Marge, you must creep back to the cabin!"

"I am going to stay with you, Sakewawin. See, I will flatten myself out like this—"

She snuggled herself down against the rock and again David peered from his ambush. Their pursuers were well over the crest of the dip, and he counted nine. They were advancing in a group and he saw that both Hauck and Brokaw were in the rear and that they were using staffs in their tool upward, and did not carry rifles. The remaining seven were armed, and were headed by Langdon, who was fifteen or twenty yards in advance of his companions. David made up his mind quickly to take Langdon first, and to follow up with others who carried rifles. Hauck and Brokaw, unarmed with guns, were least dangerous just at present. He would get Brokaw with his fifth shot—the sixth if he made a miss with the fifth.

A thin strip of shale marked his 100-yard dead-line, and the instant Langdon set his foot on this David fired. He was scarcely conscious of the yell of defiance that rang from his lips as Langdon whirled in his tracks and pitched down among the men behind him. He rose up boldly from behind the rock and fired again. In that sudden and astonished man he could not miss. A shriek came up to him. He fired a third time, and he heard a joyous cry of triumph beside him as their enemies rushed for safety toward the dip from which they had just climbed. A fourth shot, and he picked out Brokaw. Twice he missed. His gun was empty when Brokaw lunged out of view. Langdon remained an inanimate blotch on the strip of shale. A few steps below him was a second body. A third man was dragging himself on hands and knees over the crest of the coulee. Three—with six shots! And he had missed Brokaw! Inwardly David groaned as he caught the Girl by the arm and hurried with her into the cabin, followed by Baree.

They were not a moment too soon. From over the edge of the coulee came a fusillade of shots from the heavy-calibre weapons of the mountain men that sent out sparks of fire from the rock.

As he thrust the remaining five cartridges into the chamber of Nisikook's rifle, David looked about the cabin. In one of the farther corners the huge grizzly sat on his quarters as motionless as if stuffed. In the centre of the single room was an old box stove partly fallen to pieces. That was all. Marge had dropped the sapling bar across the door, and stood with her back against it. There was no window, and the closing of the door had shut out most of the light. He could see that she was breathing quickly, and the wonderful light that had come into her eyes behind the rock was still glowing, at him in the half gloom. It gave him fresh confidence to see her standing like that, looking at him in that way, telling him without words that a thing had come into her life which had lifted her above fear. He went to her and took her in his arms again, and again he kissed her sweet mouth, and felt her heart beating against him, and the warm thrill of her arms clinging to him.

(To Be Continued.)

## Told in Twilight

(Continued From Page 3.)

Mrs. D. A. Cays, Barrie street, is entertaining the Women's Association of Sydenham Street Methodist church at tea this afternoon. There will also be a shower of pretty and useful articles to be disposed of at a sale later in the season.

Misses Crisp, Pembroke street, are entertaining at tea this afternoon, when their guests will have the pleasure of a chat with the Rev. J. O. and Mrs. Crisp, who are leaving shortly for Halifax en route for England.

Mrs. Robert Farries, Ottawa, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. ton-Smythe wedding to-day.

Mrs. A. H. Fair and Miss Lillian Fair, who have been in England for several months, will return to Canada shortly.

Mrs. C. C. Abbott, Peterboro, will come down to Kingston on Friday to join Mr. Abbott at "Glen Lawrence."

Miss Mildred Horsey has gone on to Ottawa and Mr. Horsey, who motored up to Cressy, will go down later.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold J. Clark are now at 133 King street.

Miss Helen Shearer has come up from Delta and is with Miss Emma Pense, West street.

Harry Tandy, Toronto, is in town for the Dalton-Smythe wedding.

Miss Elsie McLaren and Miss Althea Haen, St. John's, N.B., are the guests of Col. and Mrs. G. Hunter Ogilvie, Earl street.

Roger Bidwell, R.N., who came out from England last week to spend his leave at Bishop's Court with his parents, the Bishop of Ontario and Mrs. E. J. Bidwell, is being warmly welcomed by his young friends who were much disappointed when this smart young sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy, was kept in England so much longer than he had expected.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Webster, Kingston, are spending a few days in Trenton with friends.

Mrs. W. H. Graham, Johnson street, has returned after four months' absence in Peterboro and Winnipeg.

Mrs. J. E. Hopkirk, Frontenac street, is returning to-morrow after a visit to relatives in Ottawa.

Mrs. Frank Phillips, Johnson street, has gone to Toronto to visit Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Kirby.

Miss Marjorie Hopkirk, Frontenac street, has gone to Montreal on a month's visit.

Major and Mrs. Philip Earnshaw, Kingston, are spending a few weeks in Ottawa.

Mrs. George Cody and daughter, Margaret, Cape Vincent, N.Y., are visiting relatives in Kingston.

Miss Mollie Cartwright is in town this week at 37 Union street.

Dr. and Mrs. E. S. Bissell, Mallorytown, spent a few days last week with Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Cook, Albert street.

Mr. and Mrs. Philip B. Toller, Ot-

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Salada, who are in town for the Dalton-Smythe wedding, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Craig, Gore street.

Prof. Roy, who is one of the professors in English literature, is the guest of Principal and Mrs. Bruce Taylor, Queen's University.

Miss Macauley, King street, will leave on Friday for Winnipeg to be present at the Annual Meeting of the Dominion Board of the Woman's Auxiliary, Miss Havelock Price, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. C. H. Boyd, in Saskatoon, will also represent Kingston at the meeting.

Col. and Mrs. G. Hunter Ogilvie and Miss Marion Ogilvie, Earl street, have returned from their summer home at Collins' Bay.

Arthur Stratford, Toronto, was a visitor in town for the week-end.

Major and Mrs. Lafferty and the party who have been at Petawawa



Kill them all, and the germs too. 10c a packet at Druggists, Grocers and General Stores.

for a few days shooting, have returned to town.



### Lantic Sugar

Of course mother smiles confidently.

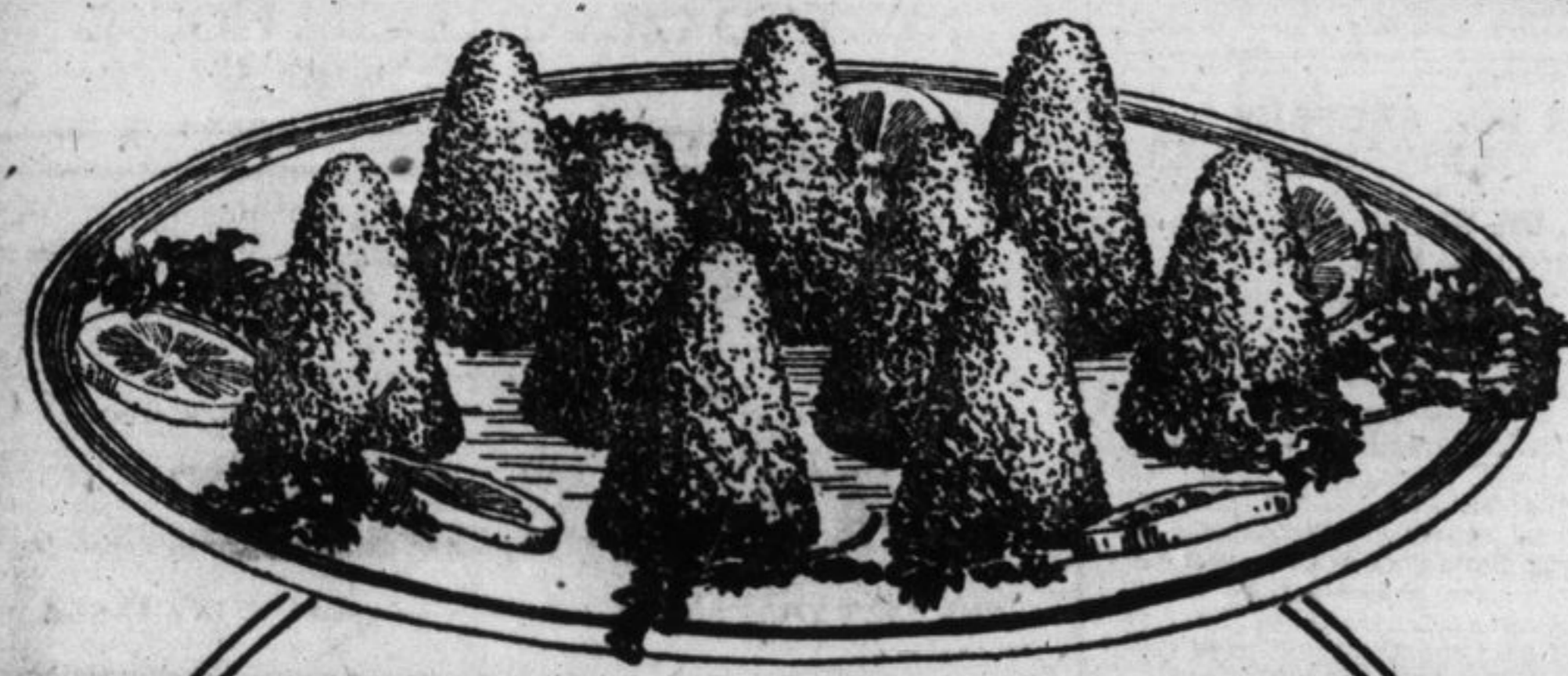
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- 2 cups mashed potatoes
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- 1/2 teaspoon pepper
- Salt to taste
- 1 tablespoon chopped parsley

Shred the codfish, add potatoes, pepper and parsley, then add the cream sauce. Shape, roll in crumbs and egg, then again in crumbs, and fry in a deep kettle of EASIFIRST.

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