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THE BRIGHTEST STARS.

Henry Norris Russell in the April Yale Review.

From the earliest times, it has been recognized that "one star differs from another star in glory," but it is only since we have learned to measure their distances and so determine their true brightness, that we have realized how great those differences in glory are. Sirius, the brightest of all stars to our eyes, sends us four or five hundred times as much light as a star which can barely be seen with the naked eye on a clear dark night; but the known range in real brightness among the stars exceeds a hundred million fold. The nearest known star (a faint and

distant companion to the familiar Alpha Centauri) must have its light increased a hundred times by optical aid before the eye can detect it. Yet, should one of the greatest stars—such as Rigel in Orion—be brought from the depths of space and set beside the other, it would light up our whole sky, like the moon in her first quarter.

Died in Carleton Place.

Mrs. James L. MacArthur of Carleton Place, passed away at her home there, on Wednesday after an illness of some months. Mrs. MacArthur was a sister of Dr. McEwen and Mr. John McEwen, Smith's Falls. They attended the funeral held on Friday to Crom's cemetery.

DAREE, SON OF KAZAN
James Oliver Curwood
A LOVE EPIC OF THE FAR NORTH

SYNOPSIS.

Baree, wandering in the woods, came upon Wakayoo, the black bear, and, fascinated, watched him knock fish out of the pool. He learned where Wakayoo cached his provisions, a discovery that solved the food problem for the young wolf-dog. One day he suddenly found himself face to face with Pierrot, the trapper, and his daughter, Nepeese, the Willow, who a few days before had shot and slightly wounded Baree, thinking him a wolf. Nepeese now pursued Baree, who concealed himself beneath a great boulder.

CHAPTER VII—Continued.

From where he lay Baree could see what happened. Scarcely had he crawled under the rock when Nepeese and Pierrot appeared through the break in the dip, and stopped. The fact that they stopped thrilled Baree. They were afraid of Wakayoo! The big bear was two thirds of the way across the meadow. The sun fell on him, so that his coat shone like black satin. Pierrot stared at him for a moment. Pierrot did not kill for the love of killing. Necessity made him a conservationist. But he saw that in spite of the lateness of the season, Wakayoo's coat was splendid—and he raised his rifle.

Baree saw this action. He saw, a moment later, something spit from the end of the gun, and then he heard that deafening crash that had come with his own hurt, when the Willow's bullet had burned through his flesh. He turned his eyes swiftly to Wakayoo. The big bear had stumbled; he was on his knees; and then he struggled up and lumbered on.



"She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine."

The roar of the rifle came again, and a second time Wakayoo went down. Pierrot could not miss at that distance. Wakayoo made a splendid mark. It was slaughter; yet for Pierrot and Nepeese it was business—the business of life.

Baree was shivering. It was more from excitement than fear, for he had lost his own fear in the tragedy of these moments. A low whine rose in his throat as he looked at Wakayoo, who had risen again and faced his enemies—his jaws gaping, his head swinging slowly, his legs weakening under him as the blood poured through his torn lungs. Baree whined—because Wakayoo had fished for him, because he had come to look on him as a friend, and because he knew it was death that Wakayoo was facing now. There was a third shot—the last. Wakayoo sank down in his tracks. His big head dropped between his forepaws. A racking cough or two came to Baree. And then there was silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Nepeese gazed about the rock-walled end of the canyon, the prison into which they had driven Wakayoo and Baree, Pierrot looked up again from his skinning of the big black bear, and he muttered something that no one but himself could hear. "No, it is not possible," he had said a moment before; but to Nepeese it was possible—the thought that was in her mind. It was a wonderful thought. It thrilled her to the depth of her wild, beautiful soul. It sent a glow into her eyes and a deeper flush of excitement into her cheeks and lips.

As she questioned the ragged edges of the little meadow for signs of the dog-pup, her thoughts flashed back swiftly. Two years ago they had buried her princess mother under the tall spruce near their cabin. That day Pierrot's sun had set for all time, and her own life was filled with a vast loneliness. There had been three at the graveside that afternoon, as the sun went down—Pierrot, herself, and a dog, a great, powerful husky with a white star on his breast and a white-tipped ear. He had been her dead mother's pet from puppy-hood—her body-guard, with her always, even with his head resting on the side of her bed as she died. And that night, the night of the day they buried her, the dog had disappeared. He had gone as quietly and as completely as her spirit. No one ever saw him after that. It was strange, and to Pierrot it was a miracle. Deep in his heart he was filled with the wonderful conviction that the dog had gone with his beloved Wroia into heaven.

But Nepeese had spent three winters at the Mission's school at Nelson House. She had learned a great deal about white people and the real God, and she knew that Pierrot's thought was impossible. She believed that her mother's husky was either dead or had joined the wolves. Probably he had gone to the wolves. So was it not possible that this youngster she and her father had pursued was of flesh and blood of her mother's pet? It was more than possible.

Baree had not moved an inch from under his rock. He lay like a thing stunned, his eyes fixed steadily on the scene of the tragedy out in the meadow. Baree wanted to approach. It was

like an invisible string tugging at his very heart. It was Kazan, and not Gray Wolf, calling to him back thru' the centuries, a "call" that was as old as the Egyptian pyramids and perhaps ten thousand years older. But against that desire Gray Wolf was pulling from out the black ages of the forests. The wolf held him quiet and motionless. Nepeese was looking about her. She was smiling. For a moment her face was turned toward him, and he saw the white shine of her teeth, and her beautiful eyes seemed glowing straight at him.

And then, suddenly she dropped on her knees and peered under the rock. Their eyes met. For at least half a minute there was not a sound. Nepeese did not move, and her breath came so softly that Baree could not hear it.

Then she said, almost in a whisper: "Baree! Baree! Upi Baree!" It was the first time Baree had heard his name, and there was something so soft and assuring in the sound of it that in spite of himself the dog in him responded to it in a whimper that just reached the Willow's ears. Slowly she stretched in an arm. It was bare and round and soft. He might have darted forward the length of his body and buried his fangs in it easily. But something held him back. He knew that it was not an enemy; he knew that the dark eyes shining at him so wonderfully were not filled with the desire to harm—and the voice that came to him softly was like a strange and thrilling music.

"Baree! Baree! Upi Baree!" Over and over again the Willow called to him like that, while on her face she tried to draw herself a few inches farther under the rock. She could not reach him. There was still a foot between her hand and Baree, and she could not wedge herself in an inch more. And then she saw where on the other side of the rock there was a hollow, shut in by a stone. If she had removed the stone, and come in that way.

She drew herself out and stood once more in the sunshine. Her heart thrilled. Pierrot was busy over his bear—and she would not call him. She made an effort to move the stone which closed in the hollow under the big boulder, but it was wedged in tightly. Then she began digging with a stick.

Five minutes—and Nepeese could move the stone. She tugged at it. Inch by inch she dragged it out until at last it lay at her feet and the opening was ready for her body. She looked again toward Pierrot. He was still busy, and she laughed softly as she untied a big red-and-white Bay handkerchief from about her shoulders. With this she would secure Baree. She dropped on her hands and knees and then lowered herself flat on the ground and began crawling into the hollow under the boulder.

Baree had moved. With the back of his head flattened against the rock he heard something which Nepeese had not heard; he had felt a slow and growing pressure, and from this pressure he had dragged himself slowly—and the pressure still followed. The mass of rock was settling. Nepeese did not see or hear or understand. She was calling to him more and more pleadingly.

"Baree—Baree—Baree—" Her head and shoulders and both arms were under the rock now. The glow of her eyes was very close to Baree. He whined. The thrill of a great and impending danger stirred in his blood. And then—

(To be continued)

Canadian Pacific.

City ticket office, 180 Wellington street, report the following arrivals of their steamships:

Empress of Scotland, from Halifax, arrived Alexandria, March 18th.

Montreal, from St. Pierre, arrived San Juan, March 18th.

Montcalm, from Liverpool and Belfast, due St. John, March 21st.

Montclair, from St. John, due Liverpool, March 20th.

Metagama, from Glasgow and Belfast, arrived St. John, March 18th.

Marloch, from St. John, arrived Glasgow, March 18th.

Empress of Asia, from Hong Kong and Yokohama, due Vancouver, March 23rd.

Empress of Russia, from Vancouver, due Yokohama, March 18th and due Hong Kong, March 25th.

A KING FOR A NIGHT



That's what Edward T. Stotesbury, seventy-six-year-old millionaire, was the night of the Burlington Club ball at Palm Beach, Fla., when he won the first prize for the men's most beautiful costume.

Are Fortunes Being Earned in Selected German Bonds?

Less than Fifteen Months Ago we recommended and sold to investors in Canada, Newfoundland and the United States the following selected Foreign Government and Municipal Bonds at the following prices, and which now possess the actual cash values indicated in the last column:

BOND	Price Sold 18 months ago	Present Value
German Govt. 8 1/2%	80	125
Berlin 4 1/2%	20	40
Dresden 4 1/2%	20	40
Frankfurt 4 1/2%	20	40
Leipzig 4 1/2%	20	40
Munich 4 1/2%	20	40
Stuttgart 4 1/2%	20	40
Polish 5 1/2%	30	70

Should you not hold amongst your investments a selection of such foreign government and municipal bonds as we recommend?

Don't you owe it to yourself to acquire as much money as you can through investment in selected securities which, as the world rapidly settles down to some degree again, are bound to appreciate in value?

REMEMBER! That at the back of every German Government Bond there are 70,000,000 capable, industrious people. Before the war Germany was one of the three most powerful nations in the world, and today she is rapidly regaining her former position. She controlled the world's largest mercantile marine. German shipping in gross tonnage is rapidly approaching that of pre-war days. Her exports of manufactured products were the second largest in the world. To-day you find German goods scattered throughout every corner of the world. Her industrial and inventive skill of her people were unsurpassed. To-day it is hard to compete with her. She was almost preeminent in iron manufacture; minerals in large quantities were found throughout her territory. Germany is rapidly approaching her pre-war status. Information obtained on the fields of battle by practically the whole civilized world, she came out of the conflict with her hands a conqueror. Her territory attacked. To-day her potential wealth is even greater than ever.

Reports which composed the Dawes Reparation Scheme and which were especially appointed to examine Germany's resources, believe that she is to-day far more wealthy than in 1914.

It has been a long time that the name CORDASCO has been identified with foreign securities. The industry of bonds which have risen in value and returned fortunes to investors are now identified as "CORDASCO" Bonds. It is important for investors to know whether they should buy and from whom they should purchase their securities. It has been our experience that every time we have brought out before the public selected securities there has followed in our wake a wave of effort on the part of others whom it seems simply lives on what we create.

The most important thing, however, that our clients obtain from the efficient and unequalled service we render to them, is that we not only advise them what to buy, but when to buy and what to sell. That means dollars and dollars to the client. We only earn if you earn. If we sold a bond that had no opportunity of rising in value and did not rise, and yet did not earn you money, would you come back to us again? Certainly not!

To-day we enjoy the confidence of the majority of investors who have found the field of foreign securities fertile because we have acted with them honorably, equitably and satisfactorily.

When a man buys a German Bond from us he gets absolutely the genuine German Bond that he purchased. He does not get a cheap or a fake or anything else as a substitute. He gets what he ordered. That is why we have attained a reputation that is unshakable.

We have received special citations from German and other foreign government and municipal selected securities which we believe at the present time offer the greatest opportunity for lucrative returns.

THE LAST OPPORTUNITY TO EARN EXTRAORDINARY SUMS OF MONEY THROUGH DEPRECIATED GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL BONDS DURING THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR IN 1870.

At that time France Government Bonds declined to 75% of their gold value. Two years later—after France had paid off the reparations imposed upon her—the bonds rose to 97% of their gold value, returning fortunes in profits to those foresighted investors who had the wit and courage to buy those bonds when 99 other men and women out of every hundred considered the pessimistic outlook to buy them.

THEN CAME THE GREAT WORLD WAR OF 1914

It was the greatest war in the history of the world. Naturally the aftermath of such a man-made war was bound to be disastrous and cause a greater lapse of time for the nations involved to readjust themselves once more to normal conditions.

English, French, Belgian, Italian, German, Polish, Austrian, and other bonds depreciated in value. Some more than others. German securities, for instance, dropped in value from \$100.00 to \$41.

DID EVERY MAN AND WOMAN BUY those German Bonds when they were buying for practically nothing?

ONLY THE SAME PROPORTION OF INVESTORS PURCHASED ONE IN EVERY HUNDRED!

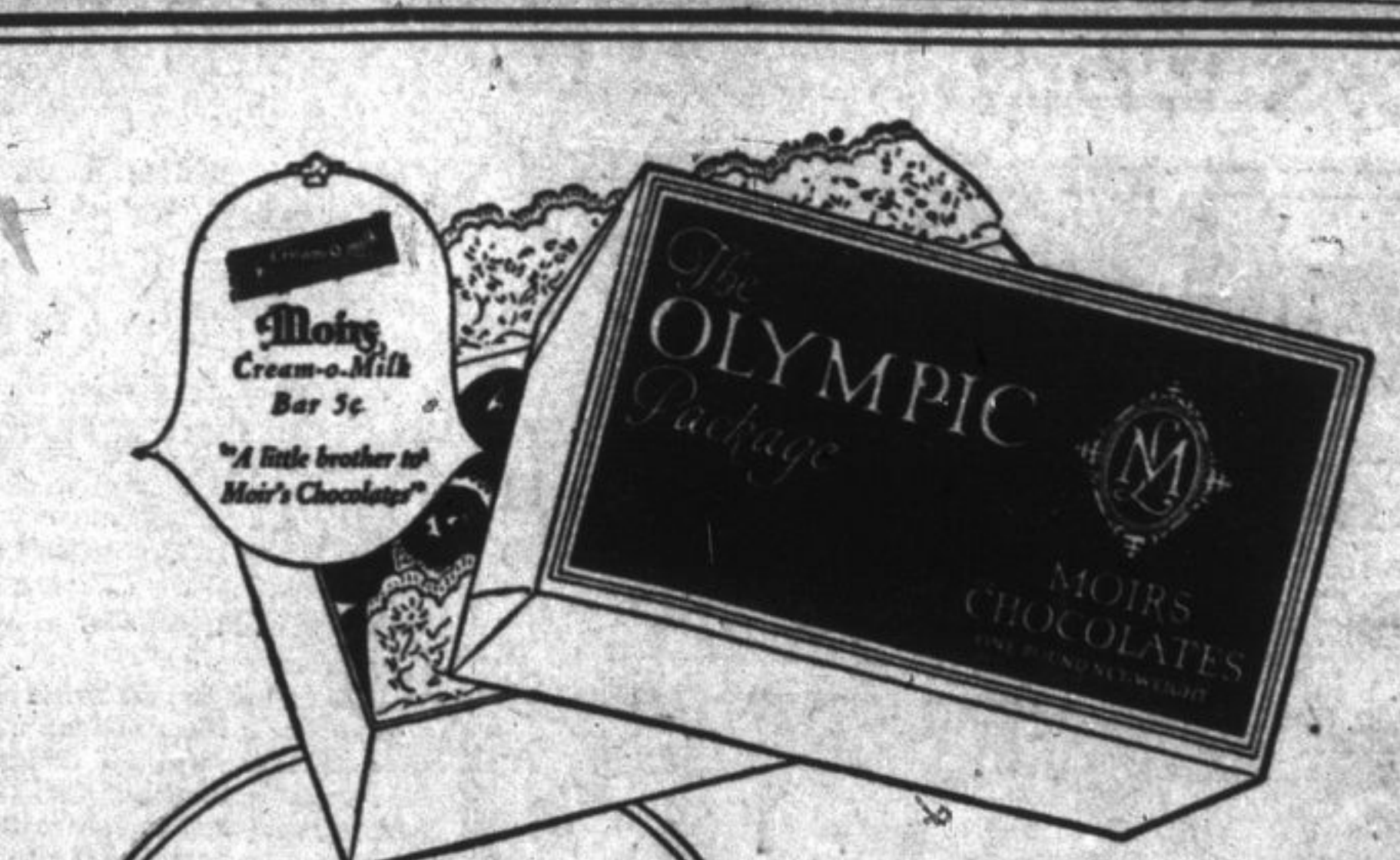
That is why, it is generally conceded, there is only one wealthy man or woman in every hundred.

That one man or woman in every hundred buys when the other 99 out of every hundred do not buy.

CAN YOU AFFORD TO IGNORE, when history has continually repeated itself, the opportunities which exist to-day to earn exceptional profits through the purchase of selected German and other foreign government and municipal bonds which are available and within the means of practically every man and woman at this present, extremely low price?

There are certain selected German Bonds to-day which can be purchased for such small sums of money but which have possibilities of rising up to \$225,000. Such opportunities do not occur every day—once in a lifetime—if even that.

THE INVESTMENT HOUSE OF C.M. CORDASCO & COMPANY
Specialists dealing exclusively in German Government Bonds
MARCH TERRY BUILDING - 205 ST. JAMES STREET
KINGSTON, ONTARIO, CANADA



Food for the gods— unquestionably the best value in candy ever sold in Canada. You will find nothing to surpass the quality of the candies in this popular box of

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by **Moirs**
They please the palate

For your protection the name Moirs is stamped on the bottom of every chocolate.

Mothers— Give Your Children Every Chance!



THAT tea and coffee are one hundred times more harmful to children than to grown-ups, is the message continually pounded home by medical science, with all the force and authority at its command.

Giving a child hot water with a little tea or coffee in it is dangerous because these are powerful stimulants—not food.

Tannin and caffeine in tea and coffee are harmful. These agents may work fast or slow. Yet sooner or later their poisonous effects are certain, sure!

Give the whole family Instant Postum every meal. Children like this full-flavored hot drink so beneficial not only before they start for school, but at every meal. For Mother and Dad, too. Instantly made in the cup with boiling water at a cost of about half-a-cent. Then there is Postum Cereal, made by boiling twenty minutes. Your grocer has Postum. Ask for it wherever you go.

Accept the free offer made by Carrie Blanchard, famous food demonstrator and diet expert. Mail the coupon today.

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want you to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your best by giving you your first week's supply."

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families."

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd. 108 45 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, the first week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM Cereal which POSTUM CEREAL Give prefer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

Instant Postum
"There's a Reason"

You know how many children do not like the taste of milk. You know how they like to have the same drink as the "grown-ups". You know, too, how good it is for them to have a hot drink! Make Instant Postum for them—using hot milk instead of boiling water! They'll like the taste immediately! And they will get the food elements of the wheat, plus the enrichment of milk, in a hot drink that is economical and so easy to make!