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"CANADIAN" RUBBERS

THE MARK OF QUALITY.

District Doings

KENT BRIDGE.

Mr. W. H. G. Colles, I. P. S., visited our school Wednesday morning and delighted the scholars by giving them a half holiday.

Mrs. Strath-Millar, of Chicago, is spending a few weeks at her father's, Mr. Arthur Bobier.

A hockey match was played on the ice here on Saturday, Thamesville Juniors vs. Kent Bridge. Score 3-2 in favor of the former.

The sympathy of the entire community is with Mr. Moorehouse and family in their recent sad bereavement. The remains of the late Mrs. Moorehouse were brought from London on Wednesday and after the funeral service, conducted by Rev. Mr. McKelvie in the Methodist church here, were interred in the Shaw cemetery.

We regret to note the death of Mr. Wm. Shaw, one of the oldest

settlers in these parts. The funeral took place on Thursday, conducted by Rev. Mr. Hare at the old home-stead.

Miss Eva M. Shaw has returned from the Chatham General Hospital. Miss Lila Gregory was a Chatham visitor on Saturday.

Mr. Ed. Worth, Jr., of Toronto, made a flying visit home on Sunday.

A meeting was held in the hall here on Saturday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the Polemical Society. About a dozen members were present and elected the following officers: President, Mr. Clifford Langford; vice-president, Dr. A. W. Seighon; treasurer, Mr. Sherman Langford; secretary, Mr. F. L. Arnold. A list of subjects suitable for debate will be drawn up and submitted to the society at the next meeting on Friday evening.

Mr. Bridgewater, of Dresden, is assisting Mr. John French in the harness shop.

The duties we owe ourselves are generally performed first.

A FRIEND'S ADVICE

SAVED SUFFERING AND BROUGHT BACK HEALTH—DR. AGNEW'S GREAT HEART CURE AND CATARRHAL POWDER DEFY DISEASE AND NEVER FAIL IN THEIR MISSION OF HEALING

"I feel so thankful at the restored health of my daughter that if any use can be made of this I shall be pleased." This is what Mr. George Weels, of Elora, Ont., says in giving his testimony to the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Mr. Weels' daughter was a great sufferer from heart disease and nervousness. She was unable to lie on her left side. She ran down in health and her recovery was a source of anxiety. Induced by friends, who had proved its worth, she obtained Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart and before one bottle had been taken, an absolute cure was pronounced. Yes, this great remedy is a cure for all ailments of the heart, stomach and nerves, and the instantaneous relief given by it has snatched thousands from death's grasp. Don't trifle a minute if you have the slightest evidence of heart disorders, such as palpitation, fainting or uneasiness. This remedy will relieve such troubles immediately and will cure the stomach and nerves.

"When I know a thing is worthy of a recommendation I consider it my duty to tell of it." The Rev. James Murdock, of Harrisburg, Pa., says this after having been cured of a very malignant form of catarrh by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powders. What he can say of its healing powers thousands of others have said and can say of it. Don't neglect "only a little cold" in the head. It may lead to chronic catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder relieves in 10 minutes and is easily applied. Keep it near you if you are a "cold" in the head" subject.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT cures all skin troubles. DR. AGNEW'S PILLS—40 doses 10 cents. SOLD BY W. W. TURNER AND C. H. GUNN AND CO.

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You get style and quality thrown in at the lowest possible price . . .

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Gives the finest quality to be desired in a

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The LUST of HATE

BY GUY BOOTHBY

Author of "A Beautiful White Devil", "A Bid For Fortune", "The Marriage of Esther," "Dr. Nikola," Etc

Continued from Yesterday.

As soon as we had pushed off from the shore I turned the boat's head, and taking up the oars, set to work to pull out to sea. It was not altogether an easy task, for the boat was a heavy one and the morning was strangely warm. The sky overhead was innocent of cloud, but away to the west it presented a hazy appearance; the look of which I did not altogether like. However, I stuck to my work, all the time keeping my eyes fixed on the rapidly advancing ship. She presented a fine appearance, and it was evident she was a vessel of about three thousand tons. I hoped she would turn out to belong to our own nationality, though under the circumstances any other would prove equally acceptable. At present she was distant from us about six miles, and as she was still heading directly for the island I began to feel certain she had observed our signal. For this reason I pointed my boat's head straight for her and continued to pull with all the strength I possessed. Suddenly Miss Maybourne uttered a little cry, and seeing her staring in a new direction I turned in my seat to discover what had occasioned it.

"She is leaving us," cried my companion, in agonized tones, pointing to the vessel we had been attempting to intercept. "Look, look, Mr. Wrexford, she is leaving us!" There was no need for her to bid me look, I was watching the ship with all my eyes. Heaven alone knows how supreme was the agony of that moment. She had gone about, and for this reason it was plain that those on board had not seen our signal. Now unless I could manage to attract her attention, it would be most unlikely that she would see us. In that case we might die upon the island without a chance of escape. At any cost we must intercept her. I accordingly resumed my seat again and began to pull with all my strength. Fortunately the breeze was light and the sea smooth, otherwise I should have made no headway at all. But when all was said and done, with both wind and tide in my favor it was but little that I could accomplish. The boat, as I have already said, was a large and heavy one, and my strength was perhaps a little undermined by I had gone through in the last two or three days. But, knowing what depended on it, I tolled at the oars like a galley slave, while Miss Maybourne kept her eyes fixed upon the retreating ship. At the end of an hour I gave up the idea of giving the chase as hopeless. My strength was quite exhausted, and our hoped-for saviour was just showing hull down upon the horizon. Realizing this I dropped my head on to my hands like the coward I was and resigned myself to my despair. For the moment I think I must have forgotten that I was a man. I remembered only the fact that a chance had been given us of escaping from our prison, and that just as we were about to grasp it, it was snatched away from us. For some moments we had made our terrible discovery, neither of us spoke. Then our glances met and we read our terror in each other's eyes.

"What are we to do? What can we do?" cried Miss Maybourne, running her eyes round the horizon and then meeting my gaze again. I shook my head and tried to think before I answered her. "For the moment I am as powerless as yourself to say," I replied. "Even if we could fix the direction, goodness only knows how far we are from the island. We may be only distant ten miles or so, or we may be twenty. It must be nearly four o'clock by this time, and in another four hours at most darkness will be falling. The cover of the night we may miss it again. On the other hand we cannot exist here without food or water. Oh, Miss Maybourne, to what straits have I brought you through my stupidity. If we had stayed on the island instead of putting off on this fool's chase you would be safe now."

"You must not blame yourself, Mr. Wrexford," she answered. "Indeed you must not! It is not just for I was quite as anxious as yourself to try and intercept the vessel. That we did not succeed is not our fault, and in any case I will not let you reproach yourself." "Alas! I cannot help it," I replied. "And your generosity only makes me do so the more." "In that case I shall cease to be generous," she said. We will see how that plan works. Come, come, my friend, let us look our situation in the face and see what is best to be done. Believe me, I have no fear. God will protect us in the future as He has done in the past."

To Be Continued.

A Film-Flam Game.

Toronto, Jan. 23.—In the P. L. C. Court yesterday the preliminary investigation of the loan agents for conspiracy to defraud came to a sudden stop. Magistrate Davidson thought the evidence showed that S. A. Anderson, Loan Co. practically flim-flamed their accusers out of their money, and he will send them for trial.

Captain Accused of Incompetence.

Victoria, B. C., Jan. 23.—Serious charges of incompetency and intoxication have been preferred by the crew against Capt. Davidson of the lost ship King David, and in connection with her loss they direct attention to the necessity for machinery for investigation at first hand of responsibility for such a mishap.

The less some people have to say the more talking they do.

of the oars. There was something indescribably awful about the utter absence of noise. It was like the peace which precedes some great calamity. It stretched the nerves to breaking point. Indeed, once when I allowed myself to think what our fate would be if by any chance we should miss the island, I had such a shock as almost deprived me of my power of thinking for some minutes.

For at least an hour and a half I pulled on, keeping her head nearly as possible in the same direction, and expecting every moment to hear the roar of the breakers ahead. The fog still remained as thick as ever, and each time I paused in my work to listen the same dead silence greeted me as before. Once more I turned to my work, and pulled on without stopping for another quarter of an hour. Still no sound of the kind we hoped to hear came to us. The island seemed as difficult to find in that fog as the proverbial needle in the bundle of hay.

The agony of mind I suffered was enough to turn a man's hair. If only the fog would lift and let us have a glimpse of where we were, it would have been a different matter, but no such luck. It continued as thick as ever, wreathing and circling about us like the smoke from the infernal regions. At last I drew in my oars and arranged them by my side. Under the circumstances it was no use wasting what remained of my strength by useless exertion.

From that time forward—that is to say for at least six hours—we drifted on and on, the fog remaining as dense as when we had first encountered it. Throughout that time we kept our ears continually strained for a sound that might guide us, but always without success. By this time it must have been considerably past three in the afternoon, and for all we knew to the contrary we might still be miles and miles out of our reckoning. All through this agonizing period, however, Miss Maybourne did not once complain, but bore herself with a quiet bravery that would have shamed the veriest coward into at least an affection of courage. How bitterly I now reproached myself for having left the island to pursue that vessel I must leave you to imagine. But for that suicidal act of folly we might now be on dry land, if not perhaps as luxuriously housed as we should have liked, at least safer than we were now. The responsibility for that act of madness rested entirely upon my shoulders, and the burden of that knowledge was my continual punishment.

At last I was roused from my bitter thoughts by my companion exclaiming that she thought the fog was lifting a little in one particular quarter. I looked in the direction indicated and had to admit that the atmosphere certainly seemed to be clearer there than elsewhere. Still, however, there was no noise of breakers to be heard.

The light in the quarter pointed out by my companion was destined to be the signal for the fog's departure, and in less than a quarter of an hour, starting from the time of our first observing it, the whole expanse of sea, from horizon to horizon, stood revealed to us. We sprang to our feet almost simultaneously, and searched the ocean for the island. But to our horror it was not to be seen. We were alone on the open sea without either water or food, any real knowledge of where we were, or without being able to tell from which quarter we might expect assistance to come. A more dreadful situation could scarcely be imagined, and when, I considered the sex and weakness of my companion, and reflected what such a fate would mean for her, I could have cursed myself for the stupidity which had brought it all about.

For some moments after we had made our terrible discovery, neither of us spoke. Then our glances met and we read our terror in each other's eyes.

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Yesterday's Record.
No games were played in the O. H. A. yesterday, but the following belated returns of Saturday games were received:

Federal League.
Ottawa Vics. . . 9 Montagnards . . . 2
Exhibition.
Toronto Univ. . . 6 Carnegie Tech. . . 1
Brackville . . . 13 Morrisburg . . . 6
Professional League.
Houghton . . . 6 Canadian Soo . . . 4

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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Kidney disease comes on quietly, it may have been in the system for a long time before you suspected the real cause of your trouble. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as, brick dust deposit in urine, highly colored, scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent urination, stings in bladder, etc.

Perhaps you did not know that these were symptoms of kidney disease, so the trouble kept growing worse, until Neuralgia, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Diabetes, Dropsy, and worst of all, Bright's Disease have taken hold of your system.

Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken at the first sign of anything wrong. There is no other safe way, (plasters and liniments are useless), as the trouble must be eradicated from the system.

Doan's Kidney Pills go to the seat of the trouble, strengthen the kidneys, and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble. Mr. Thomas Mayhew, Smith's Falls, Ont., writes: "For over four months I was troubled with my kidneys, and my back got so lame I felt miserable all over. After taking five boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills I was as well as ever." Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25, all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

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