NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed tenders addressed to the undersigned, marked on the envelope "Tender for Construction," will be received at the office of the Commissioners of the Transcontinental Railway, at Ottawa, until 12 o'clock noon of Tuesday, the 10th day of March, 1908, for the work required for the construction, in accordance with the plans, profiles and specifications of the Commissioners, of the following sections of the Transcontinental Railway, viz.:

(1) District "A"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, about the 58th mile west of Moncton, to the crossing of the Intercolonial Railway at or about mile 97.7, a distance of about 39.7 miles.

(2) District "A"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, at or about the crossing of the Intercolonial Railway by the Transcontinental Railway at mile 97.7 west of Moncton to the Tobique River, at or about mile 165.7 less one mile, a distance of about 67 miles.

(3) District "A"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, at or near the Tobique River to a point shown on the said plans about 2½ miles west of the Town of Grand Falls, in the Province of New Brunswick, a distance of about 31.5 miles.

(4) District "B"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, at or near the boundary line between the Provinces of Quebec and New Brunswick, westerly a distance of about 52.4 miles.

(5) District "D"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, about eight miles west of the Abitibi River crossing, in the Province of Ontario, westerly for a distance of about 100 miles.

(6) District "E"—From a point designated on the plans of the Commissioners, about 19½ miles west of the crossing of Mud River, near Lake Nepigon, in the Province of Ontario, easterly for a distance of about 75 miles.

Plans, profiles and specifications may be seen in the office of the chief engineer of the Commissioners at Ottawa; also in the offices of the district engineers concerned, viz: Guy C. Dunn, St. John, N.B.; A. E. Doucet, Quebec, P.Q.; John Aylen, acting district engineer, North Bay, Ont.; and T. S. Armstrong, Nepigon, Ont.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made in duplicate, and on the printed forms supplied by the Commissioners.

A separate tender must be submitted for each section.

Tenderers shall not be in any way entitled to rely upon the classification, or any other information given by any person on behalf of the Commissioners; and before submitting any tender, bidders should make a careful examination of the plans, profiles, drawings and specifications, and read the forms to be executed, and fully inform themselves as to the quantity and quality of materials, and character of workmanship required; and are understood to accept, and agree to be bound by the terms and conditions in the form of contract, specifications, etc., annexed to the form of tender.

Each tender must be signed and sealed by all the parties to the tender, and witnessed, and be accompanied by an accepted check on a chartered bank of the Dominion of Canada, payable to the order of the Commissioners of the Transcontinental Railway, as follows:

For Section No. 1, District "A".....$ 75,000
For Section No. 2, District "A"..... 100,000
For Section No. 3, District "A"..... 75,000
For Section No. 4, District "B"..... 100,000
For Section No. 5, District "D"..... 150,000
For Section No. 6, District "E"..... 100,000

Any person whose tender is accepted shall within ten days after the acceptance thereof furnish such additional approved security as may be required by the Commissioners, sign the contract, specifications and other documents required to be signed by the said Commissioners, and in any case of refusal or failure on the part of the party whose tender is accepted to complete and execute a contract with the said Commissioners, and to furnish the additional approved security within ten days after the acceptance of the tender, the said check shall be forfeited to the Commissioners as liquidated damages for such refusal or failure and all contract rights acquired by the acceptance of the tender shall be forfeited. The checks deposited by parties whose tenders are accepted will be deposited to the credit of the Receiver-General of Canada as part of the security for the due and faithful performance of the contract according to its terms. Checks deposited by parties whose tenders are rejected will be returned within ten days after the signing of the contract.

Attention is called to the following clauses in the form of contract:

"All mechanics, laborers or other persons who perform labor for the purposes of the construction of the works hereby contracted for, shall be paid such wages as are generally accepted as current for competent workmen in the district in which the work is being performed, and if there is no current rate in such district, then a fair and reasonable rate; and, in the event of a dispute arising as to what is the current or a fair and reasonable rate, it shall be determined by the Commissioners, whose decision shall be final."

"This agreement is subject to the regulations now in force, or which may at any time hereafter be in force during the construction of the works hereby contracted for, made under the authority of the Department of Labor, and which are, or shall be, applicable to such works." (The schedule of minimum wages determined upon by such department will form part of the contract.)

"The contractor shall in connection with the whole of the said work, as far as practicable, use only material, machinery, plant, supplies and rolling stock manufactured or produced in Canada, provided the same can be obtained as cheaply, and upon as good terms, in Canada as elsewhere, having regard to quality and price."

The contractor shall conform to the fire regulations adopted by the Commissioners, and also the laws and regulations respecting fires in the different provinces wherein the work is being performed.

The right is reserved to reject any or all tenders. By order.

P. E. RYAN, Secretary.
The Commissioners of the Transcontinental Railway,
Ottawa, 1st February, 1908.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Commissioners will not be paid for it. 73n-ywt

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
has been used for over THIRTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for diarrhea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

Paris possesses the largest public garden and the largest hospital.

Prince Umberto, of Piedmont, the heir to the Italian throne, is a strong, sturdy boy, brought up by English methods, going barefooted when at the seaside and wearing sandals in Rome.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

The German Crown Prince is a subscriber for all clippings concerning himself, the Crown Princess, their young son and his mother-in-law, the Grand Duchess Anastasia of Mecklenburg.

Clark's Corned Beef.
Prepared so as to be appetizing, good and economical. Put up in germ-proof tins. Purity and quality guaranteed by Wm. Clark.

THE HEIRESS OF DENSLEY WOLD

BY FLORENCE WARDEN

CHAPTER XXIV.

He led the trembling girl out of the cottage, made Saunders hide among the bushes, with orders to prevent any attempt at escape on the part of either of the men if he could, but in any case to be sure to note the companion of Monsieur Leblanc so as to be able to identify him later.

Then he and the unhappy little "heiress" started for the nearest gap in the ruinous wall.

"I've been here before, you know," she whispered, "and they told me all this place was mine. I'm glad it isn't, though. It's gloomy, dreadful."

She talked intermittently, her voice getting more tremulous every moment, until they draw near the great, gaunt deserted mansion.

Then they stopped and looked at it looked at the broken windows gleaming in the faint moonlight, at the struggling bushes, the ragged bushes against the stained masonry.

And then James Ince suddenly raised the primitive lantern which he had borrowed from Miss Grey.

And as they stood, and he flashed the light of the lantern to and fro, they heard a faint moan from inside the building.

"Massey!" shrieked the girl, as she made a dash for the nearest of the broken windows, and climbing to the sill forced her way in, smashing the glass away with her gloved hands until she had made a passage through for her slim figure.

James Ince followed more cautiously, and together they hunted, calling as they went, their voices echoing strangely in the empty rooms, until they came to the great dining room, where St. Quintin lay, in a pool of blood, in the middle of the floor.

The girl did not scream. She uttered a long moan as she rushed forward and raised the poor, bruised body in her arms.

"Thank God, he's alive, he's alive!" she whispered, as she pressed her lips upon his forehead, which was disfigured with horrible stains.

But St. Quintin, if he heard her, did not understand. He had been lying limp and motionless when they came in. But the sound of their voices raised him, and he opened dull eyes to say in a hoarse whisper:

"The pond, the pond! Search the pond! You are murderers, both of you! I'll have the pond dragged tomorrow!"

The girl burst into tears.

"He doesn't know us!" she said. "They've driven him mad, mad! Oh, Massey, Massey, my darling don't you know me? Don't you remember me? You must, you must!"

James Ince had to gulp down his own tearsF as he looked at the piteous sight and knew what his friend had indeed lost his senses.

Kneeling on the floor he examined St. Quintin's body, and ascertained that beyond a frightful injury to the head, which had bled profusely, he appeared to have sustained little bodily injury.

"Have you got the pluck," he asked the girl, "to stay with him, all by yourself, while I bring a doctor? I want you not to be alarmed. This may pass off. I say it may. Let him keep quiet. Don't try to rouse him. I'll make him as comfortable as I can with my coat. Keep his head low; and just wait and watch patiently till I come back."

She was tender, submissive, wise enough to restrain her misery and to do as she was told. Ince undid his friend's collar, placed him on his back on the outspread overcoat, and left him with his sad little nurse.

He had another and more arduous task before him. Returning to the cottage at a rapid pace he found, as he had expected, that Monsieur Leblanc's fly had arrived and that the two men had already entered the little house. He heard the front door shut as he came up. Saunders sprang up from the bushes as he went quickly up into the little garden.

"Mr. Ince, sir, I can't do it. I can't do it. You musn't look for me to help you!" cried he, as the barrister ran up the bath.

"Why not?"

"Because I've never rounded on a pal and I can't begin now."

"A pal, eh? Who's the pal?"

The man was silent.

James Ince looked round and then beckoned to the driver of the fly. The man was a sturdy young Yorkshireman, thick-set and muscular. He climbed down off his box and came up to the garden gate.

"Do you want to earn a ten-pound note?" asked Ince quietly.

The man grinned.

"Go and fetch help—a couple of men—as many as you can get from the inn or anywhere. And tell the man who would be of the least use to run and bring a doctor straight up to the big house in the park. There's a man lying wounded there, half-murdered by the two scoundrels you drove here from Doncaster."

"Right, sir," said the man.

And he was away before Saunders could do more than make a faint attempt to enter the cottage.

"Stand back," said James Ince, sternly.

He himself was standing by the little porch, waiting. He guessed that the rascals inside would by this time have got wind of the fact that they were besieged.

There was no retreat by the back way, Miss Grey having bolted her kitchen door and so cut off the staircase. There was nothing for the besieged to do, therefore, but to get out by the window of the room in which they were now locked, or burst their way through the locked door into the passage and thence out by the front door or through the window of the second little front room.

He was not long in suspense as to the way they would choose.

There was a rattle and a crash, and Monsieur Leblanc, slim and small, had flung open the window and jumped out. Saunders was standing back with folded arms.

"Seize him!" cried Ince.

And Saunders was about to obey when a tall and burly figure leaped out through the open window after his companion.

It was Mr. Williams, without his overcoat, and considerably lighter and slimmer in consequence.

James Ince started forward. The other man kept his face turned away, and Saunders at once dropped Monsieur Leblanc at a sign from him, and the Frenchman and his fellow prisoner sprung down the bank together.

Just as Mr. Williams had reached the fly and was climbing on to the box to take the reins in his hands, the young barrister caught a glimpse of his face in the moonlight, and cried aloud:

"By jove, it's Gurney, the forger!"

CHAPTER XXV.

The words were scarcely out of James Ince's mouth when the fly started off at a rapid pace, not in the direction of Doncaster, but away across the moor.

Mr. Williams proved an expert whip, and was getting every ounce out of his old horse, while Monsieur Leblanc, cowering down, inside the vehicle, trusted himself to Providence and the driving of his colleague on the box.

Ince did not waste any time in trying to overtake the rascal, but at once turning to Saunders, who was standing sheepish and guilty, but with a stubborn look on his face, not many yards away from him, he said:

"So you're in with these rogues after all?"

Saunders shook his head and replied sullenly:

"No, I'm not. I hadn't a notion as Mr. Williams, whom I heard tell of when I was at Briar Lodge, was Bob Gurney. Bob should have told me, and then I'd have cut my tongue out sooner than have set you on the track of him."

James Ince smiled grimly.

"In the interests of justice it was just as well he didn't," he said. "You've done me a good turn by putting me on the track of the scoundrels, and you may make your mind easy, for they would have been caught before long as the rascals have gone a step too far this time, and if they haven't committed murder already have shown the will to do it."

"Murder!" echoed Saunders, hoarsely.

"Yes. Mr. St. Quintin is lying more dead than alive in the big house over there, and I'm going to see whether the doctor's arrived yet. But I've got something else to see to first. In the meantime you may as well go to the house, too. You've got a strapping pair of arms, and you may be of use in carrying the poor fellow."

Saunders turned rather reluctantly in the direction pointed out, and James Ince went quickly along the road to the spot where he had left the fly which brought him from Doncaster. Giving the driver a note which he hurriedly penciled on a leaf from his pocketbook, he directed him to take it as quickly as he could to Doncaster police station, and waiting to see the fly start at a good pace, he then returned to the deserted mansion, where he had left his wounded friend.

The doctor had by this time arrived and done his best for St. Quintin, who had now sunk into a state of stupor. With the help of the stalwart Saunders, the wounded man was carried from the house, across the park and to the Red Lion, where a room had been prepared for him.

"He will want the most careful nursing," said the doctor.

And a soft voice at his elbow answered him:

"I'll do just whatever you tell me, and I shall never leave him for a moment."

"And what she can't do I will," chimed in Ince. "If this young lady and I can't save him together, doctor, nobody could. We'd both give our lives for him; wouldn't we?"

The girl bowed her head in silence, her lip quivering and her eyes looking very large and dark.

"Well," said the doctor, gently, "there will be three of us then, for I'll stay here till the morning, and by that time we shall probably know how the case is likely to go on."

The doubt suggested was a terrible shock to the girl, who bore it bravely, however, and did not give way to sobs or even tears.

The night was an anxious one, but toward morning there was a slight change in the condition of the patient, and as the doctor and Dorcas were still watching, James Ince, on the advice of the former, to whom he had confided he had a heavy day's work before him, retired for a short rest.

As he expected, a police inspector from Doncaster called to see him at a very early hour, and to him James Ince narrated, as far as he could, the facts of the previous day's crimes committed by Leblanc and his accomplice, but of their personal appearance, "Mr. Williams," under his real name of "Robert Gurney," was already well-known to the agents of the law, having served more than one term of imprisonment for forgery and embezzlement. James Ince was able to state in which direction they had started, but the police officer was able to carry this information still further. Already his subordinates had been on the track of the two rogues, but, though they had found the fly—some miles away from Densley and not far from a railway station, the horse tired out and showing signs of excessive punishment, and the vehicle covered with dirt and dust—the criminals themselves had disappeared. No doubt was entertained of their having taken the train that had stopped at the station that morning, though inquiries had not yet succeeded in tracking them.

In the meantime, however, James Ince had more work for the police. He related the circumstances of their finding his friend in the empty mansion, and the words he had uttered about the pond.

The inspector agreed with him in thinking they might form a valuable clue to some of the doings of the rascals who had assaulted him, and it was decided to drage the pond that very morning.

(To be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

679—A PRACTICAL WORK APRON.

The busy housewife or the woman who has little duties to perform about the house, well knows the advantage of a protective apron such as the one here pictured. The making is a very simple matter, as will be seen at a glance, and can be easily and quickly accomplished. Generous pockets are attached to the skirt and the full-length sleeves are wide enough to accommodate the dress sleeves worn underneath. Linen, gingham, Holland and percale are all appropriate for the reproduction. The medium size will require 4½ yards of 36-inch material.

Ladies' Apron, No. 679, Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents, in silver or stamps.

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Measurement: Bust ..... Waist .....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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Your Liver
Will be roused to its natural duties and your biliousness, headache and constipation be cured if you take
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Sold by all druggists. 25 cents.

A WORD OR TWO ABOUT BOOKS

The public library book committee recently purchased a number of new books and among those placed in circulation recently the reading public will be delighted to find "Ancestors," by Gertrude Atherton.

One may always count on a certain feeling of satisfaction in reading Mrs. Atherton; her characters have ideas they express with wit and distinction and interplay with one another in a human way. Her work is finished, and if one is conscious of being preached at sometimes, no interest is lost in the story.

In this her latest book we have as hero an American in whose veins runs some of the best blood, and who is living in England, and as heroine a California girl. Gwynne is a force in the politics of England, the coming man of the Liberal party, whose secret ambition it is to overthrow the monarchy. But crowding events alter matters to such an extent that he becomes a peer of the realm with a seat in the Lords as his inglorious soporific end. Thereupon spurred by his ambition and the American cousin, he determines to cross the Atlantic and become president of the United States. He goes to San Francisco and studies law and plays politics.

Isabel Otis, the somewhat distant cousin, is a girl with beauty, a mind and a collection of disillusions which have, or so she thinks, resulted in endowing her with perfect freedom. By freedom she means the power to live entirely within herself, of evolving her own happiness without that dangerous dependence on another person's whims and character which love of another at times demands. At 25, after what seems to herself a vast knowledge of men, she has seen a friend go to an unhappy grave and has herself experienced an affair with a fascinating, but worthless, gentleman. She finally determines to become a leader of women.

Gwynne and Isabel, as well as most of the other characters, have one phase in common. They are self-conscious and analytical, they see themselves as it were in a mirror, and it is with their eyes fixed on the reflection that they move. Mrs. Atherton gives us pictures of London and San Francisco that are vivid and descriptive.

The minor characters of the book are delightfully drawn. Stone, the human incarnation of the playful, fascinating, dissipated city that has evolved him, is a striking contrast to his pretty wife Paula.

The book is generally conceded to be one of the best of the season's fiction.

Another delightful work also in circulation today is "Carette of Sark," by John Oxenham. The book is one of action and deals with single combats, melees, pursuits, captures, caves, prisons, privateers and smugglers in a most vigorous style. Mr. Oxenham, however, has sufficient vitality to carry through all his hero's adventures, and a carefully-tempered style, exactly suited to the simple, open-air character of his subject. In choosing one of the small Channel Islands for the center of his story he at once stimulates the imagination and sympathy. The very names are decorative, the mere sound of "The Plinlimmon Castle" suggests Charles Lever. Throughout, the author shows great skill in using the picturesque nomenclature of the region and in touching upon the romantic traditions and customs of the islands.

For the more serious reader and student of history, who desires something of the very best quality, the two handsomely-illustrated volumes of the Duke of Argyll's "Passages From the Past" will prove most entertaining.

The recollections appeal, perhaps, more particularly to Canadians, owing to the fact that the duke was at one time governor-general of Canada, and many of the anecdotes and reminiscences described occurred in this country.

The duke is a litterateur of considerable attainments, and has traveled considerably. He has lived all his life in the best and most distinguished social world, and was a great deal on the continent and in the United States in the stirring years between 1860 and 1870. He writes most entertainingly of the politics and letters of the time. In his memoirs, he shows himself a shrewd but charitable critic of men and affairs, and in all his reminiscences there is a certain gusto of enjoyment that makes particularly attractive reading.

The literary recollections are interesting and include a splendid picture of Tennyson, and a very pleasant account of a visit to Longfellow. The duke is perhaps at his best when quoting some delightful letters from Lord Dufferin, Dean Stanley and others on his marriage and his account of his vice-royalty in Canada.

This week's selection also includes some splendid juvenile fiction, chief among which are "The Black Adventure Book," "The Brown Adventure Book" and "The Grey Adventure Book" by A. T. Quiller-Couch.

Alexander—Winning Hazard.
Allen—Miss Cayley's Adventure.
Atherton—Ancestors.
Benson—Sheaves.
Bindloss—Winston of the Prairie.
Carey-Hopson—At Home in the Transvaal.
De Crespigny—The Spanish Prisoner.
Hope—Simon Dale.
Lever—Knight of Gwynne. Two volumes.
Lever—The O'Donough.
Lever—Sir Brook Fosserbrooke.
Marryatt—Valerie.
Oxenham—Carette of Sark.
Tracy—Minkie.
Tracy—Wings of the Morning.
Bullen—The Call of the Deep.
Collingwood—Log of a Privateersman.
MacDonald—The Pearl Seekers.
Munroe—Midshipman Stuart.
Munroe—With Crockett and Bowie.
Reid—Boy Tar.
Reid—Giraffe Hunters.
Silberrad—Good Comrade.
Tracy—Final War.
The World Almanac, 1908.
Watson—God's Message to the Human Soul.
J. Young—The Christ of History.
Judd—Classic Myths.
Mabie—Norse Stories.
Menefee—Child Stories from the Masters.
S. Lagerlof—The Wonderful Adventures of Nils.
Woodward—The Peter Pan Picture Book.
Ball—In the High Heavens.
Hobbs—Earthquakes.
Mitchell—The Past in the Present.
Daulton—Autobiography of a Butterfly, and Other Stories.
Houston—The Boy Electrician.
Pemberton—The Amateur Motorist.
Staley—Fra Angelica.
Frantz—Delacroix.
Phythian—The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.
Sladen—Japan in Picture.
Bayes—The Spanish, French and German Schools.
Holroyd—The Central Italian Schools.
Sandys—History of the Violin.
Wiggin—Pinafore Palace.
Hall—Four Old Greeks.
Gale—Achilles and Hector.
Quiller-Couch—The Black Adventure Book.
Quiller-Couch—The Blue Adventure Book.
Quiller-Couch—The Brown Adventure Book.
Quiller-Couch—The Gray Adventure Book.
Quiller-Couch—The Green Adventure Book.
Quiller-Couch—The Red Adventure Book.
Smyth—Masts and Sails in Europe and Asia.
Hyrst—Adventures in the Great Forests.
Ransome—Bohemia in London.
Browning—A Girl's Wanderings in Hungary.
Oswald—By Fell and Fjord.
Bamford—Turbans and Tails.
Rittner—Impressions of Japan.
Taylor—Vacation Days: Hawaii and Japan.
Watson—Three Rolling Stones in Japan.
Reynolds—At Home in India.
Jefferson—Roughing it in Siberia.
McDonald—Soldiering and Surveying in East Africa.
Schweinfurth—The Heart of Africa. Two volumes.
McNab—A Ride in Morocco.
Maud—Five Years in Madagascar.
Jay—Glimpse of the Tropics.
Nixon-Roulet — Our Little Brazilian Cousin.
Kloss—The Andamans and Nicobars.
Trevelyan—Britain's Greatness Foretold.
Beavan—Imperial London.
Edwards—Paris, Old and New. Two volumes.
Thomas—Denmark.
Stead—Great Japan.
Lugard—The Rise of Our East African Empire.
Wylde—Modern Abyssinia.
Peters—New Light on Dark Africa.
Mahan—The Story of the War in South Africa.
Clarke—Sixty Years in Upper Canada.
Bellot—The Inner and Middle Temple.
The Duke of Argyll—Passages From the Past. Two volumes.
Allen—The Life and Letters of Phillips Brooks.
Some Recollections of Jean Ingelow.
Murray—Memories of a Great Detective.
Parkin—Sir John Macdonald.

The Turks are manifesting great delight in automobiles, but their poor roads make it difficult to use them.

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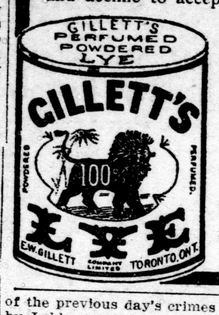

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