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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 1st APRIL, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, as required, between Dundas and Street Letter Boxes, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Dundas.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 16th February, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Brougham and Markham from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Brougham, Markham and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Male Service Branch
Ottawa, 24th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between North Keppel and Owen Sound from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of North Keppel, Owen Sound and Route Offices and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa 23rd February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY the 8th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 24 and 48 times per week each way, between Port Colborne and Street Letter-Box and Port Colborne and Grand Trunk Ry. Station from the 1st JULY next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Port Colborne and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch,
Ottawa, 24th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on FRIDAY the 15th APRIL 1910 for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Bowmanville and Tyrone from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Bowmanville and Tyrone and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Service Branch
Ottawa, 28th February 1910
G. C. Anderson
Superintendent.

Spotted Dog Mine

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 20.

But the dog was in a hurry to deliver the goods. He too was showing speed. The fuse was a handicap on the canine—which was providential. Once it swirled round his legs like a whiplash and the sputtering end singed him in the belly. He rolled himself out of the entanglement, and the men gained twenty yards. They had just breasted a little hill which lay as quiet and peaceful in the afternoon sun as though no travelling volcano was on the move. Now Red and Fonsby were on the level, racing for the shack, while Spot, good Spot, was down in the little hollow gathering up the stick of dynamite that had been switched from his jaws by a catch of the trailing fuse in the splintered end of a log he had short-cut rather sharply.

In all the history of explosives probably no giant of expansion had ever been so tolerant of misuse as the cartridge Spot handled so cavalierly. It is one of the eccentricities of dynamite that it erupts when it gets good and ready—patient at times under maltreatment, and again hasty as a red headed vixen.

And now, as Spot swung free the fuse, the brown power lay in his compressed jaws as innocuous as a wedge of cheese. He scurried blithely up the hill, rounding into the home stretch at its crest just as Red panted: "We'll make the shack! Shut the door and take a chance—we got to!"

AS they journeyed the sprinters saw, with astonishment, men in the shack. In fact, Pilkins stood in the door. Evidently Pilkins had announced the vehement coming of Meekins & Co.; for other faces thrust themselves into the opening, grinning faces that contemplated the joyous spectacle of Meekins and the English aristocrat evidently engaged in a foot race.

Cries of "Come on, Red! You win in a walk! Go it, English!" rent the air. "Fifty dollars on Red!" some one yelled.

The bulldog's heavy head showed between the legs of Pilkins, his yellow teeth bared in a snarl; for his little pig eyes had caught sight of his enemy trailing the Marathoners.

Red saw Fonsby cast a glance backward, and panted, "How's Spot makin' it. Is he comin'?"

"Rather!" the Englishman answered laconically, conserving his energy for increased speed.

Meekins rose to the spurt, and they raced neck and neck. Ten yards from the shack, five yards, the gravel path howling with the beat of their heavy boots! Now they had gained the doorway, and a jocular hand fell on Red's shoulder, almost yanking him on his face, as its owner cried exultantly, "You win, Red—by a nose!"

With a hoarse Cry Meekins threw the speaker off and grabbed the door to shut it. It never budged, because Peloo Trout's enormous bulk rested in a chair tilted back against its pine boards.

A SNARLING yelp from Esau caused Red to swing on his heel. Spot had arrived. He stood in the chip yard, the bristles on his back erect in anger, and in his jaws the slim brown stick of dynamite, within a foot of it the sizzling end of the fuse.

With head low hung and legs wide set, Esau stood on the outer step ready for the fighting charge.

Others had seen the terrible picture, and when Red's wild cry of "Run for it, boys!" rang out, followed by a rush through the other door, they complied with alacrity, some of them outpacing Red, for he was considerably blown. Even Pilkins deserted

his dog and cast in his lot with the others.

Fonsby, slim of limb, held his own with the runners and led the retreat down a hill which sloped away from the house they were evacuating to the smiling waters of Egg Lake, which lay, like the Pool of Siloam, the objective point of their hasty pilgrimage.

The demeanor of Esau and Spot during this trying time must pass unrecorded; but at the instant Fonsby reached the lake the ground trembled under their feet, the atmosphere crackled like breaking glass, and they saw the shack shoot upward, its logs twisting and writhing in the air, accompanied by a crashing roar as though seventeen peals of thundred had merged into one.

Pilkins crawled out of the water, wrung out the tail of his coat, and cursed.

"By Jove! that was a close call!" Fonsby declared presently.

"Is there any more to go off?" Peloo asked. "Cause if there is I'm goin' to chase the black bass."

Something of the disaster heated the quick blood of Meekins. He turned savagely on Pilkins. "What was you an' your bandy legged cur doin' in my shack? What was all you fellers doin' there?" With glowering eye he swept the little group.

Peloo uttered mollifying words. "It wasn't Pilkins's fault, Red, not exactly. The fellers kidded him that he dassn't set Esau up ag'in' Spot, an' we jus' come down to talk it over. We was sorter restin' an' waitin' fer you to come home. That's all, Red. You can't blame the fellers. How'd they know that Spot was foting dynamite round fer you?"

"By Jove!" Fonsby broke in with. "I think it would be a jolly good idea to go up and see what condition things really are in."

QUIESCENTLY they all followed Red. Where the shack had stood there was a scooped out hollow as though a steam shovel had been busy for a week. A red flannel shirt flagged the breeze from a solitary poplar twenty yards away. Occasional pieces of hardware suggested that at some time men had eaten in those parts. Where the shack had leaned its log shoulder against the cliff a jagged cut showed.

Red had gone forward to this narrow slice in the rocky wall and was examining it closely. "Here, Fonsby!" he cried in a voice of excitement.

The Englishman answered the call, followed by the others, Pilkins alone hanging back.

"I guess that's the vein we've been lookin' fer," Meekins said in a voice that trembled with excitement, as he put his palm on a glinting blue-gray vein of metal six inches wide, which stood clearly defined in the compress of the duller toned rock.

"That's silver—smaltine, right enough!" Peloo declared, as he picked with his pocket-knife at the vein.

"That's why you built the shack ag'in the bank—to hide the vein!" Red snarled, turning to Pilkins, who stood in sullen anger, realising that accident had disclosed the silver vein he thought safe hidden until the log walls of the shack would have rotted.

"Yes, boys, I guess that lead'll run into about all I ever want," Red continued in a hesitating voice; "but I don't know as I feel jus' like whoopin' her up. I guess there ain't no chance that Spot hung together when the shot ripped a hole in the ground like that." Red turned away and took a circle of the yawning pit, casually picking up bits of wreckage, and when he came back his voice was steadier. "I guess I'll put a kind of little mark of silver somewhere about here, with Spot's name on it. Guess it wouldn't seem too foolish, 'cause I got awful fond of that dog."

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