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Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years twenty-four times per week each way, between Parry Harbor and James Bay Railway Station from the 1st April 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 Offices of Parry Harbor and Parry Sound, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 18th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years 12-6 times per week each way, between Erindale and C. P. R. Station, Sheridan and Clarkson G. T. R. Station, 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 Erindale, Sheridan, Clarkson, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
G. C. ANDERSON,
Ottawa, 31st January, 1910.
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 25th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Coldwater and Lovering 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 Coldwater, Lovering and route Offices, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 4th February, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.



Mail Contract

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon, on FRIDAY, 11th MARCH, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years six times per week each way, between Barrie and Hillsdale 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 at Dalston, Craighurst, Hillsdale, Barrie and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Toronto.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
MAIL SERVICE BRANCH,
Ottawa, 25th January, 1910.
G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

THIN ICE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.

in places was mottled with frozen snow and strewn with ice chips.

"He's never been here, that's certain," said Clarke, who saw how the strain was telling on Margaret and was anxious to terminate what he thought to be a needless search.

The skaters paused.

"I agree with you," said Klein. "He must have left the ice."

Leversege paused and flashed the light around.

"I guess you're right," he agreed, "but no—say—look here!"

They pressed forward eagerly.

"Someone's been here," said Leversege grimly. The light had fallen upon a snow-strip disclosing unmistakable skate marks.

"If he went up, he must have come back," said Clarke with conviction. "Show the light here, Leversege."

But though they searched the river from side to side no returning marks were found; nothing save that one ominous track leading onward around the bend.

The whole party, silent now, and with dread in their hearts, pressed forward, carefully, but with all the speed they dared. Now and again they glanced with pity at the white face of the girl who kept up so bravely. They knew instinctively that it was not for a "spin" that she had accompanied them.

As for Margaret, she had almost ceased to think, she dared not conjecture. She skated on through an eternity of suspense so terrible that in all her after life she never thought of it without a shudder. The noise made by their skates on the rough ice, an occasional far-off strain of music and now and then a faint creak-cracking of the ice, as the frost laid a firmer grip upon the river, were the only sounds in the winter silence.

They rounded the bend slowly and faced the long stretch of river lengthening away, dark and silent, between its white banks. As if by common impulse the men paused and sent forth a mighty hello! The echoes died away and quiet came again, bringing no answer. Again and again they shouted with no result—unquestionably they were alone upon the ice.

Leversege turned to Margaret trying to speak naturally.

"It is useless to go on," he said. "Rutherford must have turned back. There could have been no sense or purpose in his going further."

Margaret said nothing. Clarke had skated on a little and she would have followed him, but he turned back shouting.

"Keep back, the ice ends here—see!"

He took the light from Leversege's hand and holding it low flashed its clear radiance upon the liquid black of moving water.

In the strained silence the river's voice could be distinctly heard—sucking, sucking under the ice with a savage murmur of protest against entering again its crystal prison.

And then, just as they would have turned back, still unknowing, the tell-tale light picked out in sharp relief the one dark object at the edge of the ice—something wet and sodden, frozen there by the eager frost. It was Rutherford's Mexican hat!

"Turn back," said Clarke. But the eyes of love are sharp and Margaret had already seen. Without a word she sank unconscious upon the ice.

Klein sprang forward to raise her in his arms, but the little clown, by a singularly swift movement, interposed.

"Excuse me," said the clown firmly, and stooping he lifted the prostrate girl. "Gentlemen," he said, "Miss

Manners has fainted. There is a farmhouse across that field. It will be best to carry her there at once. Mr. Clarke—Mr. Leversege—now then."

Not one of them knew the speaker, but the brisk, confident tones worked like magic. They obeyed instantly, without even wondering, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Margaret was gently lifted and borne away.

Nobody seemed to notice that Klein was not included. Furious, dumb-founded, ludicrously out-manoeuvred, he was left alone beside the broken ice!

CHAPTER XIV.

THE RIVER.

The black rage on Klein's face was not pleasant to see. He stood quite still until the retreating figures became indistinct in the darkness, then his convulsed features slowly resumed their ordinary cool repose. He felt vexed and surprised that he had allowed so small a matter to disturb him. Was he losing his nerve? With a philosophic shrug he put the question from him; he would be more careful another time. As for the rest, it was their turn now, but Klein could wait. Glancing downward at the edge of the ice where the water sucked and gurgled, a thoughtful smile appeared for a moment about his lips. Then, the last ember of his sudden passion crushed out, he turned and skated cheerfully back around the bend.

Once within sight of the lights he slackened pace. The good ice was crowded with laughing couples and he had no yearning, just now, for the conversation of his kind. He had other things to think about. A wandering couple skated up and, seeing him, called a greeting. Klein hesitated. He did not want to go nearer. He glanced behind him. He did not want to go back, either. Finally, he skated to the side, and, finding a comfortable tree-trunk by the bank, sat down. Here he was in the shadow and would be undisturbed. The night was cold, but very still and his fur-lined coat kept out the frost.

Save for those steady eyes, alight with fierce and eager fire, he might have been a statue carved in stone. A branch snapped from the tree above him and fell across his knee; he did not even stir. So might some famous general have mused upon the eve of a world battle, planning, with minute detail, the plot and counterplot, the thousand schemes and strategies which on the morrow would send his troops to victory by marching them through blood! Do the men whose names are linked with history's carnage ever look back and shudder at the way they came? Do they sleep well o' nights or do they wake at the touch of clammy fingers to listen, trembling, while the ranks of dead pass by? If not, if such men are, and must be, ruthless, then Klein might have risen high in their great company. He was a ruthless man.

So absorbed was he that he did not see or hear the coming of the clown, whom earlier in the night he had honoured with his anger. He was not in the mood for noticing little things. The stranger, skating slowly, came quite close to him.

"Excuse me," said the stranger, loudly.

Klein, recalling himself with an effort, looked up—into the muzzle of a serviceable revolver. Even little things are of importance, sometimes. Had it not rained upon the day of Waterloo—

"Hands up!"

Klein raised his hands. He knew a determined man when he saw one.

"Excuse me," said the little man politely. "Just hold them together, will you? Thanks."

Something that looked bright and



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