DAILY PAGE FOR ADVERTISER WOMAN READERS

Some Gems From the World's Best Literature

"METAPHYSICS."

[From "Traits of American Humor," Thomas C. Haliburton.]

Old Dr. Sobersides, the minister of Pumpkinville, where I lived in my youth, was one of the metaphysical divines of the old school, and could cavil upon the ninth part of a hair about entities and quiddities, nominalism and realism, free-will and necessity, with which sort of learning he used to stuff his sermons, and astound his learned hearers, the bumpkins. They never doubted that it was all true, but were apt to say with the old woman in Molière, "He speaks so well that I don't understand him a bit."

I remember a conversation that happened at my grandparents' in which the doctor had some difficulty in making his metaphysics all "as clear as preaching." There was my grandfather; Uncle Tim was the greatest hand at raising onions in our part of the country, but "not knowing metaphysics, had no notion of the true reason of his not being sad"; my Aunt Judy Keturah Titterwell, who could knit stockings "like all possess," but could not syllogize; Malachi Muggs, our hired man, that drove the oxen; and Isaac Thrasher, the district schoolmaster, who had dropped in to warm his fingers and get a drink of cider. Something was under discussion, and my grandfather could make nothing of it; but the doctor said it was "metaphysically true."

"Pray, doctor," said Uncle Tim, "tell me something about metaphysics; I have often heard of that science, but never for my life could I find out what it was."

"Metaphysics," said the doctor, "is the science of abstraction."

"I'm no wiser for that application," said Uncle Tim.

"It treats," said the doctor, "of matters most profound and sublime, a little difficult perhaps for a common intellect, or an unschooled capacity to fathom, but not the less important on that account to all living beings."

"What does it teach?" asked the schoolmaster.

"It is not applied so much to the operation of teaching," answered the doctor, "as to that of inquiring; and the chief inquiry is whether things are, or whether they are not."

"I don't understand the question," said Uncle Tim, taking the pipe out of his mouth.

"For example, whether this earth on which we tread," said the doctor, giving a heavy stamp on the floor and setting his foot on the cat's tail, "whether this earth does really exist, or whether it does not exist."

"That is a point of considerable consequence to settle," said my grandfather.

"Especially," added the schoolmaster, "to the holders of real estate."

"Now, the earth," continued the doctor, "may exist——"

"Why, whoever doubted that?" asked Uncle Tim.

"A great many men," said the doctor, "and some very learned ones."

Uncle Tim stared a moment, and then began to fill his pipe, whistling the tune of "Heigh! Betty Martin," while the doctor went on:

"The earth, I say, may exist, although Bishop Berkeley has proved beyond all possible gainsaying or denial, that it does not exist. The case is clear; the only difficulty is to know whether we shall believe it or not."

"And how," asked Uncle Tim, "is all this to be found out?"

"By digging down to the first principles," answered the doctor.

"Ay," interupted Malachi, "there is nothing equal to the spade and pickaxe."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

CYNTHIA GREY'S MAIL-BOX

[Correspondents are requested to make their inquiries as brief as possible, and to write on one side of the paper only. It is impossible to give replies within a stated time, as all letters have to be answered in turn. No letters can be answered privately]

Freedom Of The Farm.

Dear Miss Grey,—This is the first time I have come to you for help and hope my letter will not find its way to the W. P. B. I am an interested reader of The Advertiser, and also of your page. I enjoy the letters from farmers' wives, as I, also, am a farmer's wife, and think the farm is all right.

I have five children and am not 30 years of age yet; there is always plenty of work to do, and yet I think one has more freedom on the farm than elsewhere. I also have a good husband, who helps me milk nearly all the year round; I also help him when he is needing help; that is, things I can help with; he does not expect me to help him in the harvest field or anything like that, and I go away when I wish and come home when I wish, so I can't complain. Now for a question, can you or any of your readers tell me what will clean a blue felt hat, which has become slightly faded? The hat is as good as ever, only for that. I am sending a recipe for ginger snaps, which I like better than any kind I have ever tried: Two eggs, one cup sugar, one cup black strap, one teaspoon soda, one of ginger, one of cream of tartar; let raise two hours, then mix in as little flour as you can manage to roll out.

I am sending the song entitled the "Constant Farmer's Son." Well I guess I must ring off as I fear my letter is too lengthy already. Hoping to see this in print soon, and thanking you in advance, I remain another

FARMER'S WIFE.

Ans.—I am afraid nothing would help the hat unless it would dye successfully. Have any readers had experience in dyeing felt? Would they tell us how it stands the process. I think you would probably get best satisfaction to have a professional do the job for you.

Just a Kid.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am only a kid myself, but I would like to give a little advice to those girls who ask you questions that only a mother should answer. For goodness' sake, girls, appreciate your mother while you have her. One of these days you may lose her, then you will have difficulties that even Miss Grey can't help you with, and then, oh how you will wish that you had made more of a companion of your mother. I lost mine when I was very small, and I fairly envy a girl with a mother.

Could you please tell me if Nellie McClung ever wrote a book to follow "The Second Chance"?

If my letter is too long, kindly publish an answer to my question, and I'll know it is meant for me. Thanking you, I am

SILLYBILLY.

Ans.—Your letter is not at all too long, my dear, and it is so neat and well-written, let me compliment you. I am sure all our girls with mothers will feel a sincere throb of sympathy for you.

Mrs. McClung's book, "Black Creek Stopping Place," is later than "The Second Chance," and still continues, I believe, the story of Pearl Watson, and, of course, the doctor.

Mrs. Newlywed Comes Again.

Dear Miss Grey,—I received some very choice receipts from you some time ago and thank you very much. Would it be too much trouble to give me a receipt for puff paste, also macaroons, or any kind of fancy small cakes, as I am poor at all kinds of pastry?

Thanking you in advance,

MRS. NEWLYWED.

Ans.—Columns could be written on the art of making puff paste, and as I can devote but a small space to the subject, I would suggest your seeking a good cook book at the library or elsewhere and studying the subject at length. However, these hints may help some. Butter is considered the proper shortening for puff paste, but many prefer half lard and half butter. Allow 1 cup of butter to 3 cups flour, and a level teaspoon salt. Mix a quarter of the butter into the flour, chopping together finely with a knife; add enough ice water to make a stiff paste; dust bake-board with flour and turn out dough; with a well-floured pin roll the dough into a sheet about a quarter inch thick; then take the remainder of the butter and spread over the paste; fold paste over, so as to keep the butter in the inside; roll out into a sheet again, double up as before, and repeat process several times. The more layers there are, the more "flaky" the crust should be. For ordinary pie crust, a smaller proportion of shortening may be used. All ingredients in puff paste should be kept quite cool. Nothing but experience will teach you how to acquire perfection.

Almond Macaroons.—One-half pound almonds, blanch and pound to a paste with a little rose water or lemon juice; add ½ lb. white sugar, the well-beaten whites of 2 eggs, a teaspoonful of cornstarch; mix well, bake in small cakes on buttered tins, in a slow oven.

Almond Pretzels.—One cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups flour, 2 yolks and 2 whole eggs, ½ pound almonds, unblanched and ground. Cream butter and sugar, add eggs and the rest of the ingredients. Mix and knead into one big roll. Let stand in ice-box to harden. Cut into pieces the size of a walnut. Roll each piece width of your little finer and form into hearts, rings and pretzels.

Heligoland.

Dear Editor,—As a constant reader of your valuable paper, and deeply concerned in the conduct of our great war, and being a little misty in regard to the history of how and when the Germans acquired the Island of Heligoland, will you through the columns of your valuable paper kindly throw a little light on the above question, and greatly oblige a constant reader?

B. McEVOY.

Oil Springs, Ont.

Ans.— Heligoland was ceded to Germany by Great Britain in 1890 in exchange for Germany dropping all claims to the control of the islands of Zanzibar, off the east coast of Africa.

Most Popular Song.

Dear Miss Grey,—Could you please answer me this question? What was the most popular song during the Boer war? Would you please publish it?

JOHNNY.

Ans.—Opinion might be divided as to the most popular song. I think probably "Soldiers of the Queen" had the lead, although "Break the News to Mother", "Handful of Maple Leaves" and "Good Bye Dolly Grey" were also widely sung and whistled. I have mislaid my copy of "Soldiers of the Queen"; could any one supply it?

Old Songs.

Will "Ferguson's Crossing," who asked for song "Hello Central, Give Me Heaven," send address and a stamp for same? Copies have been received from "Parkhill Reader," "Woodslee Reader" and "Catherine."

Another song that has been received, but which does not come under the heading of "Old Songs" is "In the Valley Where the Bluebirds Sing," sent by "P.A.P." and "M.R." Will reader asking for this send her address?

Also we are informed that the song "Tying the Leaves So They Won't Come Down," is comparatively new, too. "Norma," "But-in-ski," "Tipperary" and "R.R." have sent this. Will person requesting song, send address? "On the Banks of the Wabash," is another one too recent to print, sent by "C.P.D." and "B.B." A great many other songs and requests for songs have been received. These will be published as soon as space permits.

Sends a Song.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am sending you the song asked for by "E. S.": "The Sinner and the Song."

What day did May 2, 1900, fall on, also March 12, 1898, and oblige,

BROWN EYES.

Ans.—Will "E. S." please send her address and a stamp, so that the song may be mailed to her? Many thanks "Brown Eyes."

2. Wednesday, Saturday.

"Dear Old Column."

Dear Miss Grey,—This is the first time I have bothered you, but I have received help through your dear old columns. Please could you print the old song entitled "There's a Dear Spot in Ireland?" Thanking you in advance, I remain,

W. O.

Ans.—This song has already been published. If any reader who is saving the songs will send a copy, I shall let you know."

Never Too Busy.

Dear Miss Grey,—Now the holidays are over, I hope you are not so busy, so will you please tell me what day December 9 fell on in 1903? Hoping you will oblige,

MRS. J. W. H.

P. S.—I won't ask you the old question, because I know it is real bad, but may I come again?

Ans.—Wednesday.

You may, indeed.

Found Cake Recipe Good.

Dear Miss Grey,—I read your page in The Advertiser, and enjoy it. Would like to tell "Crippled" if she used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for soft corns it will cure them by applying every night for a time. Would also like to ask for the recipe for eggless, milkless and butterless cake. I tried it once, and found it good. I laid the paper away, as I thought, but cannot find it now. Would you mind printing it again, also the hair recipe, as they were both in the one paper, or if you have one of the number left mail me one. I think it was the 23rd. And oblige, a reader.

MRS. NEIL.

Ans.—I am reprinting the cake recipe, and also the formula for curing dry scalp and dandruff, which, I think, is the one you wish.

Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake—Put into saucepan the following: One cup brown sugar, 1 cup of water, 2 cups seeded raisins, 1-3 cup lard, 1 tablespoon molasses (if desired), 1-4 teaspoon grated nutmeg, 1-2 teaspoon ground cloves, 1 teaspoon cinnamon (ground); boil the above three minutes, and let cool, add 1 teaspoon soda dissolved in hot water, 2 teacups of flour in which 1-2 teaspoon of baking powder has been sifted; bake one hour in moderate oven. For drop cakes, bake 15 minutes in gem tins.

Apply tonic three nights a week for a while, then gradually lessen the treatments to once a fortnight: One part glycerine, one part alcohol or bay rum, one-quarter part castor oil, one-twentieth part tincture of cantharides. Rub into the scalp with the fingers. While using this, you may need to wash the hair every two weeks.

Mysterious Letters.

Dear Miss Grey,—I see someone is asking for "Far Away." I am sending it from memory. I do not know if you will be able to understand it or not. I am also sending "The Banquet in Misery Hall," but I will send you the words and you can return it to me. Has anyone got the songs called "Daddy," "Ora Pro Nobis" and "Peek-a-Boo"? Have you by any chance got "The Chant of Hate?" That I have mislaid. If you are busy I can wait, if I am not asking too much of you. I am inclosing a stamped envelope. Trusting you all spent a Merry Christmas and Happy and Prosperous New Year.

STRANGER FROM OVER THE SEAS.

P. S.—Can you tell me the meaning of the letters "S. A. E.," at the end of a letter?

Ans.—1. I will try and send you a copy of "The Chant of Hate," also the others you request. "The Charge of the Light Brigade" and the Curfew poem have not been published.

2. No, I do not know what the letters could mean.

A Question Game.

Dear Miss Grey,—After receiving such help from your column, I am sure I would be very selfish not to tell you how to play a game.

Cross-Questions and Crooked Answers.—All the boys sit in one row and the girl facing them, or they may be all girls. Two of the wittiest persons present give questions and answers; one gives all questions and the other all answers. Then the first person in the row asks the question that has been given of the person opposite him, and he answers with the answer given him.

As a rule, they do not make any sense, and other times they come out funny. At an entertainment our high school professor asked a girl: "Do you copy in examination?" and she answered: "Everybody's doin' it." Another one was: "What are you going to take to Europe with you?" and the answer was, "A Billy Ford" (Ford automobile). Is this clear?

Now for one question: What are some good subjects to debate upon for a girl 15 years old?

I. H. S.

Ans.—Thank you for the description of the game. No doubt our young readers will be trying it. Would it not also do to have the questions and answers written on slips of paper and distributed among the players?

My mind is almost barren of debating subjects, but here are one or two: "Resolved, that high school girls should all dress alike." "Resolved, that social service work is the best kind of missionary endeavor." "That one-story schools are more sanitary and safer." "That art has done more to elevate than literature."

A Constant Reader.

Dear Miss Grey,—As I am a constant reader of The Advertiser, and very much interested in the Mail-Box, will send two songs: one, "The Gipsy's Warning," which I believe was asked for some time ago, and as I have never seen it published, will send it in. The other one is "Save My Father's Picture From the Sale," which was asked for last week by "A Young Bride." I used the word "mother" in the song, as that is the way I learned it. But one can use either "father or mother." Miss Grey, would you kindly answer two questions for me?

1. What day did July 29, 1897, and August 23, 1899, come on?

Thanking you in advance, I am,

MRS. B.

Ans.—1. Thursday; Wednesday.

Thank you for the songs, Mrs. B.

Enjoys the Page.

Dear Miss Grey,—Have taken The Advertiser for a year, and enjoy the women's page, also "Mutt and Jeff." As I had an old song asked for by "Cora," I thought I would copy it and send it to you, as I have had it about fourteen or afteen years. "The Jealous Lover." I enjoy reading letters from farmers' wives, as I am one myself, and I think it a pleasure to work. I also have two small children, the eldest being 3 years and the youngest 1 year this month, so I am busy. Hope this is the song wanted.

RIDGETOWN READER.

Ans.—So pleased that you enjoy the woman's page. Thanks for copying the song.

Spanish Bun Recipe.

Dear Miss Grey,—I am coming for help, as so many others have done. Do you think you could get this song for my brother; he forgets the name of it, but it runs like this;

"I hear the drums a beating, my love,
I must away,
I hear the trumpet sounding, no longer
I can stay.
We're ordered out from Portsmouth,
for many a thousand mile,
For to fight the Turks and heathens on
the banks of the Nile"?

Here is a good recipe for Spanish buns: Two eggs, 2 cups of brown sugar, ½ cup of butter, 2½ cups of flour, 1 teaspoon soda, ½ cup of sour milk, 2 teaspoons of mixed spice; bake in a shallow pan.

Miss Grey, may I call again some time soon? Wishing you a happy new year. From

MOLLY.

Ans.—Your brother's song request is referred. The bun recipe sounds exceedingly good. Yes, indeed, call again, Molly.

Mail-Carrier's Protest.

Dear Miss Grey,—I noticed in Saturday's paper that someone was extending sympathies to the poor mail-carriers and the treatment the farmers were giving them on Christmas Day. Well, here am I, a representative of that large family (which the Government has sent out for the special benefit of giving people a daily mail), taking the opportunity of publicly thanking the patrons of my route, who so kindly remembered me with useful and expensive gifts this Christmas Day. I did not want all The Advertiser readers to think that we Canadians are heartless, as such is not the case, as I have some very kind friends on my route. Hoping I have not taken up too much of your valuable space and time, I am, yours sincerely,

A. K.

Ans.—I am glad that at least one rural mail-carrier was kindly treated on Christmas; probably others were, too, and may not have had as bad a time as "Sympathizer" seemed to think. You are more than welcome to the space, I assure you.

The State Minimum Wage Commission of Washington has established $10 as the weekly minimum wage for women and girls employed in clerical work.

Eight dollars is established as a minimum for office boys and girls between 16 and 18, and $6 for both sexes under 16 years of age. Women have voted in Washington since 1910.

In home dressmaking a very important point to remember, especially in making coats and skirts, is the frequent use of the iron. Unless the seams are carefully pressed with a hot iron over a damp cloth the garment, however well cut, will have an amateur look.

Every sheer dress material should be pressed on a soft surface and without dampening.

When Is Your Birthday?

A Fortune Rhyme For Each Month.

Copies of the birthday rhymes, seem to abound among Advertiser readers, as they have been received from "Golden Locks," "Happy Though Married," "Mount Elgin," "Singer," "Billie" and "Kentucky Nell":

January:

By her whom in this month is born
No gem save garnet should be worn;
It will insure her constancy,
True friendship and fidelity.

February:

The February born will find
Sincerity and peace of mind,
Freedom from passion and from care
If they the amethyst will wear.

March:

Who on this world of ours, their eyes
In March first open, will be wise;
In days of peril, firm and brave,
And wear a bloodstone to their grave.

April:

She who from April dates her years
Diamonds shall wear, lest bitter tears
For vain repentance flow; this stone
Emblem of innocence is known.

May:

Who first beholds the light of day
In Spring's sweet flow'ry month of May
And wears an emerald all her life
Shall be a lov'd and happy wife.

June:

Who comes with summer to the earth,
And owes to June her day of birth,
With ring of agate on her hand
Can health, wealth and long life command.

July:

The glowing ruby should adorn
Those who in warm July are born;
Then they will be exempt and free
From love doubts and anxiety.

August:

Wear a sardonyx, or for thee
No conjugal felicity;
The August born without this stone
'Tis said must live unloved and lone.

September:

A maiden born when Autumn leaves
Are rustling in September's breeze,
A sapphire on her brow should bind;
'Twill cure diseases of the mind.

October:

October's child is born for wee
And life's vicissitudes must know;
But lay an opal on her breast,
And hope will lull those woes to rest.

November:

Who first comes to this world below
With drear November's fog and snow,
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue,
Emblems of friends and lovers true.

December:

If cold December gave you birth—
The month of snow and ice and mirth—
Place on your hand a turquoise blue;
Success will bless whate'er you do.

Advertiser Patterns

No. 1110—A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl.

Girls' Overblouse Dress, With Guimpe (sleeve in either of two lengths).—Plaid woolen in soft, brown tones, combined with tan cashmere, is here portrayed. The design would develop well in other combinations. Blue serge, with white ratine or linene for the guimpe, or velvet, silk, cloth, galatea, gingham or percale. All these make serviceable and neat dresses. The pattern is cut in four sizes, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material, with 1⅞ yards for the guimpe, for an 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of ten cents in silver or stamps.

ADVERTISER PATTERN DEPT.

Please send above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name .....

Town .....

Province .....

Age (if child's or misses' patterns).....

Measurement—Bust..... Waist.....

CAUTION—Be careful to inclose the 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 date of publication.

Saturday To Be a Clearing Day for Ladies' Suits

Serge Dresses $4.25 each

We have just received another shipment of those Long Tunic Serge Dresses. These come in a good range of sizes in black, navy, brown and copen. These will be cleared out by Saturday. Special price,

$4.25 each

Stock-Taking Completed.

Remnant Sale

Ends of Flannelettes, Canton Flannels, Shirtings, Wrapperettes, Kimono Cloths, Prints, Ginghams, Eiderdowns, White and Grey Cottons, Pillow Cottons and Sheetings. On sale Friday and Saturday at One-Third to One-Half off regular prices.

We have decided to clear out every Ladies' or Misses' Suit in stock at once, regardless of price. We are therefore placing all lines on sale Saturday at **much less than the original cost prices.**

9 Suits—Regular $25.00 lines, black and a few navy only. The newest styles, tunic skirts. Special price Saturday morning, each **$10.00**

2 only, Ladies' Black Oversize Suits.—Regular $20.00. Saturday for, each **$8.50**

12 only, Ladies' and Misses' Suits—Black and navy only. Regular $15.00 lines. All the very newest styles. Saturday, special price, each **$6.50**

6 only, Ladies' Suits. To clear at, each **$3.00**

5 only, Ladies' Suits. To clear at, each **$1.50**

All Coats at Clearing Prices

All Ladies', Misses' and Children's Coats are now marked at ridiculously low prices to clear them all out at once.

Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money

GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES.

150 DUNDAS STREET. Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Garments and Millinery.

140 DUNDAS STREET, All Other Departments.

GRAY'S LIMITED. TWO STORES.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

By RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Keith of the Border", "My Lady of Doubt", "My Lady of the South", etc. etc.

Illustrations by V. L. Barnes

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"That's the one, and he is a bad actor; saw him once over at Fort Kearney two years ago. Had a council there. Say!" in surprise, "ain't that an Ogalla Sioux war bonnet bobbin' there to the right, Sergeant?"

Hamlin studied the distant feathered head-dress indicated, shading his eyes with one hand.

"I reckon maybe it is, Moylan," he acknowledged at last gravely. "Those fellows have evidently got together; we're going to have the biggest scrap this summer the old army has had yet. Looks as though it was going to begin right here—and now. See there! The dance is on, boys; there they come; they will try it on foot this time."

He tested his rifle, resting one knee on the seat; Moylan pushed the barrel of his Winchester out through the ragged hole in the back of the coach, and the little Mexican lay flat, his eyes on a level with the window-casing. The girl alone remained motionless, crouched on the floor, her white face uplifted.

The entire field stretching to the river was clear to the view, the short, dry buffalo grass offering no concealment. To the right of the coach, some fifty feet away, was the only depression, a shallow gully leading down from the bluff, but this slight advantage was unavailable. The sun had already dropped from view, and the gathering twilight distorted the figures, making them almost grotesque in their savagery. Yet they could be clearly distinguished, stealing silently forward, guns in hand, spreading out in a wide half-circle, obedient to the gestures of Roman Nose, who, still mounted upon his pony, was traversing the river bank, his every motion outlined against the dull gleam of water behind him. From the black depths of the coach the three men watched in almost breathless silence, gripping their weapons, fascinated, determined not to waste a shot. Gonzales, under the strain, uttered a fierce Spanish curse, but Hamlin crushed his arm between iron fingers.

"Keep still, you fool!" he muttered, never glancing around. "Let your gun talk!"

The assailants came creeping on, snakes rather than men, appearing less and less human in the increasing shadows. Twice the Sergeant lifted his Henry, sighting along the heavy barrel, lowering the weapon again in doubt of the distance. He was conscious of exultation, of a swifter pulse of the heart, yet his nerves were like steel, his grip steady. Only a dim fleeting memory of the girl, half hidden in the darkness behind, gave him uneasiness—he could not turn and look into her eyes. Roman Nose was advancing now at the centre of that creeping half-circle, a hulking figure perched on his pony's back, yet well out of rifle range. He spread his hands apart, clasping a blanket, looking like a great bird flapping its wings, and the ground in front flamed, the red flare splitting the grey gloom. The speeding bullets crashed through the leather of the coach, splintering the wood; the Mexican rolled to the floor, uttering one inhuman cry, and lay motionless; a great volume of black smoke wavered in the still air.

"Wait! Wait until they get to their feet!" Hamlin cried eagerly. "Ah! there they come—now unlimber!"

He saw only those black, indistinct figures, leaping out of the smoke, converging on the coach, their naked arms uplifted, their voices mingling in savage yells. Like lightning he worked his rifle, heart throbbing to the excitement, oblivious to all else; almost without realization he heard the deeper bellow of Moylan's Winchester, the sharp bark of a revolver at his very ear. Gonzales was all right, then! Good! He never thought of the girl, never saw her grip the pistol from the Mexican's dead hand and crawl white-faced over his body to that front seat. All he really knew was that those devils were coming, leaping, crowding through the smoke wreaths; he saw them stumble and rise again; he saw one leap into the air, and then crash face downward; he saw them break, circling to right and left, crouching as they ran. Two reached the stage—only one! One pitched forward, a revolver bullet between his eyes, his head wedged in the spokes of the wheel; the other Hamlin struck with emptied rifle barrel as his red hand gripped the door, sending him sprawling back into the dirt. It was all the work of a minute, an awful minute, intense, breathless—then silence, the smoke drifting away, the dark night hiding the skulking runners.

CHAPTER VI.

The Condition in the Coach.

Mechanically, scarcely conscious of the action, the Sergeant slipped fresh cartridges into the hot rifle chamber, swept the tumbled hair out of his eyes with his shirt sleeve, and stared into the night. He could hardly comprehend yet that the affair was ended, the second attack repulsed. It was like a delirium of fever; he almost expected to see those motionless bodies outstretched on the grass spring up, yelling defiance. Then he gripped himself firmly, realizing the truth—it was over with for the present; away off there in the haze obscuring the river bank those indistinct black smudges were fleeing savages, their voices wailing through the night. Just in front, formless, huddled where they had fallen, were the bodies of dead and dying, smitten ponies and half-naked men. He drew a deep breath through clinched teeth, endeavoring to distinguish his comrades.

The interior of the coach was black and soundless, except for someone's swift, excited breathing. As he extended his cramped legs to the floor, he touched a motionless body. Not until then had he realized the possibility of death also within. He felt downward with one hand, his nerves suddenly throbbing, and his finger touched a cold face—the Mexican. It must have been that last volley, for he could distinctly recall the sharp bark of Gonzales' revolver between his own shots.

"The little devil," he muttered soberly. "It was a squarer death than he deserved. He was a game little cock."

Then he thought of Moylan, wondering why the man did not move or speak. That was not like Moylan. He bent forward, half afraid in the stillness, endeavoring to discover space on the floor for both his feet. He could perceive now a distant star showing clear through the ragged opening jabbed in the back of the coach, but no outline of the sutler's burley shoulders.

"Moylan!" he called, hardly above a whisper. "What is the trouble? Have you been hit, man?"

There was no answer, no responding sound, and he stood up, reaching kindly over across the seat. Then he knew, and felt a shudder run through him from head to foot. Bent double over the iron back of the middle seat, with hands still gripping his hot rifle, the man hung, limp and lifeless. Almost without realizing the act, Hamlin lifted the heavy body, laid it down upon the cushion, and unclasped the dead fingers grasping the Winchester stock.

"Every shot gone!" he whispered to himself dazedly. "Every shot gone! Ain't that hell?"

(To Be Continued.)

VEGETABLES

TO CONSUMERS DIRECT.

SPECIAL:

Tomatoes, ex. fcy., hothouse, lb.	30c
Spinach, choice handpicked, pk.	30c
Cucumbers, extra fancy, each	25c
Rhubarb, fine, bunch 15c, 2 for	25c
Whitloaf, or Imperial Chicory, good in salads, bunch 15c, 2 for	25c
Brussels Sprouts, select, 15c, 2 for	25c
Lettuce, head, fine	20c
Lettuce, Paris "Cos"	20c
Radishes, fine, bunch	5c
Horseradish, lb.	15c
Lettuce, leaf	5c
Celery, extra large	10c
Celery, fine	8c
Celery Hearts, six in bunch	10c
Salsify, bunch	5c
Sage, Savory, Thyme, bunch	5c
Parsley, Watercress, Gr. Onions	5c
Hubbard Squash	10c, 15c
Cabbage, white, red, lge 7c, med	5c
Savoy Cabbage	8c
Parsnips, peck	20c
Potatoes, Beets, Carrots, Turnips	15c
Onions, peck	30c

Main & Collyer

Orders received 7 a.m. to noon delivered same afternoon. Noon to 6 p.m., following morning. Minimum, 25 cents.

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CLARK'S SOUPS

Eighty concentrated; one tin suffices a small family. Purest and best ingredients. Order today.

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263, 265 DUNDAS STREET

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In black, white and tan; soft pliable skins; two dome fasteners. A regular $1.00 line, selling now at 77c pair.

ARTHURS

London East Phone 3213.

Old Songs and Poems

"E. O. H." sends the last verse of "Jack and Joe," from which some lines were missing in Monday's issue:

They chanced to meet upon the street,
Said Jack: "You cruel elf,
The next girl that I learn to love
I kiss her for myself.
But all is fair in love, they say;
So since you've gone and wed,
I'll not be angry with you lad,"
So once again he said:

FAR AWAY.

Where is now the merry party
I remember long ago,
Laughing 'round the Christmas fire,
Brightened by its ruddy glow.

Or in summer's balmy evenings,
In the field among the hay,
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away.
They have all dispersed and wandered
Far away, far away.

Some are gone to lands far distant,
And with strangers made their home,
Some upon this world of waters,
All their lives are forced to roam.
Some are gone from us forever,
Longer here they could not stay;
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away.
They have reached a fairer region,
Far away, far away.

There are still some few remaining,
Who remind us of the past,
But they change as all things change
here;
Nothing in this world can last.
Years roll on and pass forever,
What is coming, who can say?
Ere this closes, many may be
Far away, far away.
Ere this closes, many may be
Far away, far away.

"Here's Something That's Selling Fine—"

"Oh, that's KRUMBLES. I've heard of it. Let me have a package.

Just because KRUMBLES is good is not the only reason for buying it. KRUMBLES offers you whole wheat nourishment, ready to serve, crisp and with a flavor that creates appetite.

KRUMBLES saves you money and feeds you better. It requires no time to cook and no trouble to serve.

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Best family physic. Do not gripe or cause pain. Purely vegetable, easy to take. 25c.