JACK LONDON. certainly exceeding himself in his consummate fun-making. Steam thawing—when even wood burning was an untried experiment, a dream in the air! "Laugh, dang you, laugh! Why, your eyes air't open yet. You-all are a bunch of little mewing kit-tens. I tell you-all if that strike comes on Klondike Harper and Ladue will be millionnaires. And if it comes on Stewart you-all watch the Blam Harnish town site boom. In them days, when you all some town site boom. In them days, when you-all come around makin' poor mouths'—he heaved a sigh of resignation—"Well, I suppose I'll have to give you-all a grub stake, or soup, or something or other."

Daylight had vision. His scope had been rigidly Feeding the Dogs. SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. URNING DAYLIGHT"-Elam Harnish-is introduced to the reader as he enters a Circle City duced to the reader as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of making a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to stir up the life of the gambling house. The men and women all admire him, for he is of the type that dominates.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. But he is atraid to be even civil to a woman, because he dreads the idea of being mastered by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered.

Drink leads to boarting, and in the turnoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amasing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the giants that come before him.

Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in

other, they had travelled one year through a region teeming with game, where a year or two or three years later no game at all would be found.

Gold they found on the bars, but not in paying quantities. Blijah while on a hunt for moose fifty miles away had panned the surface gravel of a large greek and found greed solves.

miles away had panned the surface gravel of a large creek and found good colors. They harnessed their dogs and with light outsits sledded to the place. Merc, and possibly for the first time in the history of the Yukon, wood burning in sinking a shaft was tried. It was Daylight's initiative. After clearing away the moss and grass a fire of dry spruce was built. Six hours of burning thawed eight inches of muck. Their nicks draws full danth into it and other than had shovelled out another fire was started. They worked early and late, excited over the success of the experi-ment. Six feet of frozen muck brought them to gravel, ment. Six feet of frozen muck brought them to grave, likewise frozen. Here progress was slower. But they likewise frozen. Here progress was slower. But they learned to handle their fires better and were soon able learned to handle their fires better and were soon able to thaw five and six inches at a burning. Flour gold was in this gravel and after two feet it gave away again to muck. At seventeen feet they struck a thin streak of gravel and in it coarse gold, test pans running as high as six and eight dollars. Unfortunately this streak of gravel was not more than an inch thick. Beneath it was more muck, tangled with the trunks of ancient trees and containing fossil benes of forgotten monsters. But gold they had found—coarse gold: and what more likely than that the big deposit would be found on bedrock? Down to bedrock they would go, if it were forty feet away. They divided into two shifts, working day and night, on two shafts, and the smoke of their burning rose continually.

It was at this time that to by ran short of beans and that Elijah was despatched to the main camp to bring up more grub. Elijah was one of the hard bitten old time travellers himself. The round trip was a hundred miles, but he promised to be back on the third day—one day going light, two da,'s returning heavy.
Instead he arrived on the night of the second day.
They had just gone to bed when they heard him com-

ing.
"What in hell's the matter now?" Henry Finn demanded, as the empty sled came into the circle of firelight and as he noted that Elijah's long serious

face was longer and even more serious.

Joe Hines threw wood on the fire, and the three men, wrapped in their robes, huddled up close to the warmth. Elijah's whiskered .ace was matted with

big task, for they found stray beans fully a nundred yards from the cache. One more day all the men toiled. The result was pitiful and the four showed their enilbre in the division of the few pounds of food that had been recovered.

Little as it was, the lion's share was left with Daylight and Elijah. The men who pulled on with the dogs, one up the Stewart and one down, would come more quickly to grub. The two who remained would have to last out till the others returned. Furthermore, while the dogs, on several ounces each of beans a day, would travel slowly, nevertheless the men who travelled with them, on a pinch, would have the dogs themselves to eat. But the men who remained, when the pinch came, would have no dogs. It was for this reason that Daylight and Elijah took the more desperate chance. They could not do less, nor did they care to do less. The days passed and the winter began merging imperceptibly into the northland spring that comes like a thunderbolt of suddenness. It was the spring of 1896 that was preparing. Each day the sun rose further east of south, remained longer in the sky and set farther to the west. March ended and April began, and Daylight and Elijah, lean and hungry, wondered what had become of their two comrades. Granting every delay, and throwing in generous margins for good measure, the time was long since past when they should have returned. Without doubt they had met with disaster. The party had considered the possibility of disaster for one man and that had been the principal reason for despatching the two in different directions. But that disaster should have come to both of them was the final

In the meantime, hoping against hope, Daylight and Elijah aked out a meagre existence. The thaw had not yet begun, so they were able to gather the snow about the ruined cache and melt it in pots and pails and goldpans. Allowed to stand for a while, when poured off a thin deposit of slime was found on the bottoms of the vessels. This was the flour, the infinitesimal trace of it scattered through thousands of cubic yards of snow. Also, in this slime occurred at intervals a watersoaked tea leaf or coffee ground; and there were in it fragments of earth and litter. But the further they worked away from the site of the cache the thinner became the trace of flour, the smaller the deposit of silme.

Elijah was the older man and he weakened first, so that he came to lie up most of the time in his furs. An occasional tree squirrel kept him silve. This hunting fell upon Daylight, and it was hard work. With but thirty rounds of ammunition he dared not risk a miss, and since his rifle was a .45-90 he was compelled to shoot the small creatures through the head. There were very few of them and days went by without his seeing one. When he did he took infinite precautions. He would stalk it for hours. A score of times, with arms that shook from weakness he would draw a sight on the animal and refrain from pulling the trigger. His inhibition was a thing of iron. He the master. Not till absolute certitude was his he shoot. No matter how sharp the pangs of hunger and desire for that palpitating morsel of chattering life, he refused to take the slightest risk of a miss He, born gambles that he was, was gambling in the bigger way. His life was the stake, his cards cartridges and he played as only a big gambler could play—with infinite care, with infinite precaution, with infinite consideration. As a result he never missed. Each shot meant a squirrel, and though day elapsed between shots it never changed his method of

Of the squirrels nothing was lost. Even the skins were boiled to make broth, the bones pounded into fragments that could be chewed and swallowed. Daylight prospected through the snow and found occasional patches of mossberries. At the best mossberries were composed practically of seeds and water, with a tough rind of skin about them; but the berries he found were of the preceding year, dry and shrivelled, and the nourishment they contained verged on the minus quantity Scarcely better was the bark of young saplings, stewed for an hour and swallowed after prodigious chewing.

April drew toward its close, and spring smote the The days stretched out their length. Under the heat of the sun the snow began to melt, while from down under the snow arose the trickling of tiny streams. For twenty-four hours the chinook blew, and in that twenty-four hours the was diminished fully a foot in depth. In the late afternoons the melting snow froze again, so that its surface became ice capable of supporting a man's Tiny white snow birds appeared from the South, lingered a day, and resumed their journey into the North. Once, high in the air, looking for open water and ahead of the season, a wedged squad-ron of wild geese honked northward. And down by the river bank a clump of dwarf willows burst into bud. These young buds, stewed, seemed to possess an encouraging nutrition. Elijah took heart of hope, though he was cast down again when Daylight failed to find another clump of willows.

The sap was rising in the trees and daily the trickle of unseen streamlets became louder as the frozen land came back to life. But the river held in its bonds of frost. Winter had been long months in riveting them, and not in a day were they to be broken, not even by the thunderbolt of spring. May came and stray last year's mosquitoes, full grown but harmless, crawled out of rock crevices and rotten logs. Crickets began to chirp and more geese and ducks flew overhead. And still the river held. By May 10 the ice of the Stewart, with a great rending and snapping, fore loose from the banks and rose three feet. But it did not go down stream. The lower Yukon, up to which the Stewart flowed into it, must first break and move on. Until then the ice of the Stewart could only rise higher and higher or the increasing flood beneath. When the Yukon would break was problematical. Two thousand miles away it flowed into Behring Sea, and it was the ice conditions of Behring Sea that would determine when the Yukon could rid itself of the millions of tons of ice that cluttered its breast.

On the twelfth of May, carrying their sleeping robes, a pail, an axe and the precious rifle, the two men started down the river on the ice. Their plan was to gain to the cached poling boat they had seen, so that at the first open water they could launch it and drift with the stream to Sixty Mile. In their weak condition, without food, the going was slow and difficult. Elijah developed a habit of falling down and being unable to rise. Daylight gave of his own strength to lift him to his feet, whereupon the older man would stagger automatically on until he stumbled and fell again.

On the day they should have reached the boat Elijah collapsed utterly. When Daylight raised him he fell again. Daylight essayed to walk with him, supporting him, but such was Daylight's own weakness that they fell together. Dragging Elijah to the bank a rude camp was made and Daylight started out in search of squirrels. It was at this time that he likewise developed the falling habit. In the even-ing he found his first squirrel, but darkness came on without his getting a certain shot. With primitive patience he waited till next day, and then, within the hour, the squirrel was his.

The major portion he fed to Elijah, reserving for himself the tomber parts and the bones. But such is the chemistry of life that this small creature, this trifle of ment that moved, by being eaten, transmuted to the meat of the men the same power to move. No branch to branch or cling chattering to perches. Instead, the same energy that had done

these things, flowed into the wasted muscles and reeling wills of the men, making them move only moving them—till they tottered the several intervening miles to the cached boat, underneath which vening miles to the cached boat, underneam where fell together and lay motionless a long time. Light as the task would have been for a strong reto lower the small boat to the ground, it took Daylhours. And many hours more, day by day, he drug himself around it, lying on his side to caulk the gasems with moss. Yet when this was done the same with moss. Yet when this was done the

nameer around it, lying on his side to easile the gap seems with moss. Yet when this was done the ri-still held. Its ice had risen many feet, but would start down stream. And one more task waited— launching of the boat when the river ran water to ceive it. Yainly Daylight staggered and stumbled fell and crept through the snow that was wet a thaw, or across it when the plants frost still are thaw, or across it when the night's frost still cruste it beyond the weight of a man, searching for one more squirrel, striving to achieve one more transmitted of furry leap and scolding chatter into the lifts at tugs of a man's body that would hoist the boat on the lift of the strong that man's body that would hoist the boat on the strong that the strong the strong that the strong the strong that the strong the st the rim of shore ice and slide it down into the street. Not till the twentieth of May did the river h down stream movement began at five ing and already were the days so long that I sat up and watched the ice run. Elijah was gone to be interested in the spectacle. Though conscious, he lay without movement while the rooting trees and gouging out earth by hit tons. All about them the land shook and r

the shock of these tremendous collisions. At of an hour the run stopped. Somewhere be blocked by a jam. Then the river began lifting the ice on its breast till it was higher bank. From behind ever more water bore detailed the ever more millions of tons of ice added their congestion. The pressures and stresses Huge cakes of ice were squeezed out t popped into the air like melon seeds squeezed out if between the thumb and forefinger of a child, whalong the banks a wall of ice was forced up. the jam broke the noise of grinding and smashing re doubled. For another hour the run continued. The river fell rapidly. But the wall of ice on top of the bank and extending down into the falling water re-

The tail of the ice run passed, and for the first time in six months Daylight saw open water, knew that the ice had not yet passed out from upper reaches of the Stewart, that it lay in packs and jams in those upper reaches, and that it might loose and come down in a second run any tim the need was too desperate for him to linger. was so far gone that he might pass at any As for himself, he was not sure that enough stren remained in his wasted muscles to launch was all a gamble. If he waited for the sec run Elijah would surely die, and most probab self. If he succeeded in launching the boat kept shead of the second ice run, if he did caught by some of the runs from the upper caught by some of the runs from the upper links favored in all these essential particulars, as as in a score of minor ones, they would reach have and be saved, if—and again the lf—he have at Siyty Mile strength enough to land the boat at Sixty Mile and

not go by.

He set to work. The wall of ice was five feet above He set to work. The wall of ice was five feet above the ground on which the boat rested. First prospecting for the best launching place, he found where a huge cake of ice shelved upward from the river that ran fifteen feet below to the top of the wall. This was a score of feet away, and at the end of an hour he had some of the boat that far. He was sick with managed to get the boat that far. He was sick wit nausea from his exertions and at times it seemed that blindness smote him, for he could not see, his eyes vexed with spots and points of light that were as cruciating as diamond dust; his heart pounding up in his throat and suffocating him. Elijah berrayed no interest, did not move nor open his eyes, a fought out his battle alone. At last, falling knees from the shock of the exertion, he got the poised on a secure balance on top of the wall ing on hands and knees, he placed in the boat his rab bit skin robe, the rifle and the pail. He did not bot with the axe. It meant an additional crawl of twenty feet and back, and if the need for it should arise he well knew he would be past all need.

Elljah proved a bigger task than he had anticipated. A few inches at a time, resting in between, he dragged him over the ground and up a broken rubble of ice to the side of the boat. But into the boat he could not get him. Elljah's limp body was far more difficult to lift and handle than an weight of like dimensions but rigid. Daylight to hoist him, for the body collapsed at the middle like : part-empty sack of cora. Getting into the boat Da light tried vainly to drag his comrade in after The best he could do was to get Elijah's head and shoulders on top the gunwale. his hold to heave from further down the body Elijah promptly gave at the middle and came down on the

In despair Daylight changed his tactics. He struck the other in the face. "God Almighty, ain't you-all a man?" he cried.
"There, damn you-all! There!"

At each curse he struck him on the cheeks, the nose the mouth, striving by the shock of the burn back the sinking soul and far-wandering will of the an. The eyes fluttered open.
"Now listen!" he shouted, hoarsely. "When I get

your head to the gunwale, hang on! Hear me? Hang on! Bite into it with your teeth, but hang on!"

The eyes fluttered down, but Daylight knew the message had been received. Again he got the helpless man's head and shoulders on the gunwale.

"Hang on, damn you! Bite in!" he shouted, as he shifted his grip lower down.

One weak hand slipped off the gunwale, the fingers of the other hand relaxed, but Elijah obeyed and h teeth held on. When the lift came his face gr forward and the splintery wood tore and crushed skin from nose, lips and chin, and, face down he slipped on and down to the bot m of and boa his limp middle collapsed across the gunwale and legs hung down outside. But they were only his and Daylight shoved them in after him. Breatheavily he turned Elijah over on his back and cover

him with his robes.

The final task remained—the launching of the bo This, of necessity, was the severest of all, for been compelled to load his comrade in aft balance. it meant a supre fort at lifting light steeled himself and began. Something have snapped, for, though he was unaware of next he knew e was lying doubled on his across the sharp stern of the boat. Evidentle for the first time in his life—he had fainted thermore, it seemed to him that he was finish he had not one more movement left in him, and strangest of all, he did not care. Visions and him, clear cut and real, and concepts sharp a cutting edges. He who all his days had loo naked life had never seen so much of "fe's nal before. For the first time he experienced a d his own glorious personality. For the momental trade of the second secon faltered and forgot to lie. After .ll, he was earth maggot, just like all the other earth milke the squirrels he had eaten, like the other had seen fall and die; like Joe Hines and Henr who had already failed and were sure! des Elijah lying there uncaring with his skinne in the bottom of the boat. Daylight's positi such that from where he lay he could look in to the bend, around which, sooner or later, the run would come. And as he looked he see see back through the past to a time when white man nor Indian was in the land, and saw the same Stewart River, winter upon breasted with ice, and spring upon spring that ice asunder and pring free. And he en the last ge into an illimitable future. of men were gone from off the face of Alaska he, too, would be gone, and he saw, ever ron

"The best he could do was to get Elijah's head and shoulders on top of the gunwale."

HIS time the trail was easier. It was better packed and they were not carrying mail this time. The day's run was shorter and likewise the hours on trail. On his mail run Daylight had played out three Indians, but his present partners knew that they must not be played out when they arrived at the Stewart bars, so they set the slower pace. And under this milder toll where his companions nevertheless grew weary, Day light recuperated and rested up. At Forty Mile they ledd over two days for the sake of the dogs, and at Sixty Mile Daylight's team was left with the trader.
Unlike Daylight, after the terrible run from Selkirk to Circle City, they had been unable to recuperate on the back trail. So the four men pulled on from Sixty Mile with a fresh team of dogs on Day-

before him.

Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him at the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than

brok?

Then the indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an impossible task—to run the mail to Dyea and back with a dog team and an Indian.

And so Burning Daylight goes forth, over the frozen, trackless weates, while behind him bets are made and taken on the chances of his returning inside of sixty days. For they all know he will return. He is Burning Daylight, the man who never turns back.

As the indomitable man goes on his way the difficulties that come to him seem too vast to be overcome, and his hardy Indian companion and his dogs are remorselessiy prodded on by this man rfom the southland, who, by all the books, should be the softer and should succumb first. At last the Indian breaks. He is lashed to the sled. and, thus

books, should be the softer and should succumb first. At last the Indian breaks. He is lashed to the sled. and, thus handicapped, Daylight gets into Dyea.

For the return the indomitable man gets a fresh Indian and new dogs, and the teriffic journey is repeated. At Fifty Mile all the dogs but one are lost, when an ice bridge breaks, and Daylight harnesses the Indian and himself to the sled. Grub is thrown away to lighten the load, and for two hundred miles the men plod on to Sel-kirk, Daylight driving the Indian the last few miles.

At Selkirk Daylight is two days late, but he gets a new dog team and the rest is easy. He reaches Circle City and plunges into the Tivoli, winning his victory and the acclaim of the crowd that had seen him depart on his heartbreaking journey.

hearthreaking journey.

Then, without rest, this amazing man makes a wild night of it. He outdances men, and women, too; wins at roulette, and then, still scorning slumber or any recuperation, starts at daybreak, with three partners and a dog team, for the newest gold strike in the upper country

CHAPTER VII.

following night they camped in the cluster o islands at the mouth of the Stewart. Daylight talked town sites, and, though the others laughed at him, he staked the whole maze of high, wooded islands "Just supposing the big strike does come on the Stewart," he argued. "Mebbe you-all'll be in on it,

and then again mebbe you-all won't. But I sure will You-all'd better reconsider and go in with me on it." But they were stubborn.

"You're as bad as Harper and Joe Ladue," said Joe "They're always at that game. that big flat just below the Klondike and under Moose-hide Mountain? Well, the Recorder at Forty Mile was tellin' me they staked that not a month ago-the Harper & Ladue Townsite. Ha! Ha! Ha! Elijah and Finn joined him in his laughter, but Day-

light was gravely in earnest.
"There she is!" he cried. "The hunch is working! It's in the air, I tell you-all! What'd they-all stake the big flat for if they-all didn't get the hunch? Wish I'd

The regret in his voice was provocative of a second

burst of laughter. "Laugh, you-all! Laugh! That's what's the trouble with you all. You all think gold hunting is the only way to make a stake. But let me tell you all that when the big strike sure does come you-all'll do a little surface scratchin' and muck ruckin', but danged little you-all'll have to show for it. You-all laugh at quicksilver in the riffles and think flour gold was manufac-tured by God Almighty for the express purpose of fooling suckers and chechaquos. Nothing but coarse gold for you-all, that's your way, not getting half of it out of the ground and losing into the tailings half of what

"But the men that land big will be them that stake and they the town sites, organize the tradin' companies, start the banks"-

Here the explosion of mirth drowned him out Banks in Alaska! The idea of it was exeruciating. "Yep, and start the stock exchanges" Again they were convulsed. Joe Hines rolled over

on his sleeping robe holding his sides.
"And after them will come the big mining sharks that buy whole creeks where you-all have been scratching like a lot of pleayine hens and they-all will go to hydraulicking in summer and steam thawing in

Steam thawing! That was the limit! Daylight was

limited, yet whatever he saw he saw big. His mind ice, as were his eyebrows, so that, what of his fut was orderly, his imagination practical, and he never dreamed idly. When he superimposed a feverish Father Christmas. metropolis on a waste of timbered, snow-covered flat, he predicated first the gold strike that made the city possible, and next he had an eye for steamboat landings, sawmill and warehouse locations, and all the needs of a far northern mining city. But this, in turn, was the mere setting for something bigger, namely, the play of temperament. Opportunities swarmed in the streets and buildings and human and economic relations of the city of his dream. It was a larger table for gambling. The limit was the sky, with the southland on one side and the aurora borealis on the other. The play would be big, bligger than any Yukoner had ever imagined, and he, Burning Daylight, would see that he got in on that play.

In the meantime there was naught to show for it but the hunch. But it was coming. As he would stake his last ounce on a good poker hand, so he staked his life and effort on the hunch that the future held in store a big strike on the upper river. So he and his three companions, with dogs and sleds and snowshoes, toiled up the frozen breast of the Stewart, toiled on and on through the white wilderness where the unending stillness was never broken by the voices of men, the stroke of an ax, or the distant crack of a rifle. They alone moved through the vast and frozen quiet, little mites of earth-men, crawling their scores of miles a day, melting the ice that they might have water to drink, camping in the snow at night their wolfdogs curled in frost rimmed, hairy bunches. their eight snowshoes stuck on end in the snow be side the sleds.

No signs of other men did they see, though they passed a rude poling boat, cached on a platform by the river bank. Whoever had cached it had never come back for it, and they wondered and mushed on. Another time they chanced upon the site of an Indian village, but the Indians had disappeared. Undoubtedly they were on the higher reaches of the Stewart in pursuit of moose herds. Two hundred miles up for m the Yukon they came upon what Elijah decided were the bars mentioned by Al Mayo. A permanent camp was made, their outilt of food cached on a high platform to keep it from the dogs, and they started work on the bars, cutting their way down to gravel through the rim of ice.

It was a hard and simple life. Breakfast was over and they were at work by the first gray light, and when night descended they did their cooking and camp chores, smoked and yarned for a while, then rolled up in their sleeping robes and slept while the aurora borealis flamed overhead and the stars leaped and danced in the great cold. Their fare was monotonous—sour dough bread, bacon, beans and an occasional dish of rice cooked along with a handful of prunes. Fresh meat they failed to obtain. There was an unwonted absence of animal life. At rare intervals they chanced upon the trail of a snowshoe rabbit or an ermine, but in the main it seemed that all life had fied the land. It was a condition not unknown to them, for in all their experience, at one time or an-

ner of the cache next to the river?" Elijah began. The disaster was quickly told. The big tree, with all the seeming of hardihood, promising to stand for centuries to come, had suffered from a hidden decay. In some way its rooted grip on the earth had weak-ened. The added burden of the cache and the winter snow had been too much for it; the balance it had so

long maintained with the forces of its environment had been overthrown; it had toppled and crashed to the ground, wrecking the cache and, in turn, over throwing the balance with environment that the four men and eleven dogs had been maintaining. Their supply of grub was gone. The wolverines had got into the wrecked cache and what they had not eaten they had destroyed. They plum e't all the bacon and prunes and sugar.

and dog food," Elijah reported, "and gosh darn my buttons if they didn't gnaw open the sacks and scat-ter the flour and beans and rice from Dan to Beer-sheba. I found empty sacks where they'd dragged

them a quarter of a mile away."

Nobody spoke for a long minute. It was nothing less than a catastrophe, in the dead of an Arctic winter and in a game-abandoned land, to lose their grub. They were not panic-stricken, but they were considering. Joe Hines was the first to speak. "We can pan the snow for the beans and rice though there wa'n't more'n eight or ten pounds of rice

"And somebody will have to take a team and pull for Sixty Mile." Daylight said next. "I'll go," said Finn. They considered a while longer

But how are we going to feed the other team and three men till he gets back?" Hines demanded.
"Only one thing to it," was Elijah's contribution.
"You'll have to take the other team, Joe, and pull up the Stewart till you find them Indians. Then you come back with a load of meat. You'll get here long before Henry can make it from Sixty Mile, and while you're gone there'll only be Daylight and me to feed, and we'll feed good and small."

"And in the morning we-all'il pull for the cache and pan snow to find what grub we've got." Daylight lay back as he spoke and rolled in his robe to sleep, then added:—"Better turn in for an early start. Two of you can take the dogs down. Elijah and me'll skin out on both sider. on both sides and see if we-all can scare up a moose

CHAPTER VIII.

O time was lost. Hines and Finn, with the dogs, already on short rations, were two days in pulling down. At noon of the third day Elijah arrived, reporting no moose sign. That night Daylight came in with a similar report.
As fast as they arrived, the men had started careful panning of the snow all around the cache. It was a

(To Be Continued.)

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