The Silent Barrier

(BY LOUIS TRACY.)

Helen, of course, heard all that passed. She had long since abandoned the effort to disentangle the skein of that day's events. Everybody was talking and acting unnaturally. Perhaps the ravel of things would clear itself when they gained the commonplace world of the hotel. In any case, she wished the men would hurry, for it was unutterably cold in the crevasse.

At last, then, there was a movement ahead.

Borth began to mount. Muttering an instruction to Karl that he was to give the girl a friendly pull, he cut smaller steps more widely apart and at a steeper gradient. Soon they were on the floor of ice and hurrying to the next bridge. Not a word was spoken by anyone. The fury of the gale and the ever-gathering snow made it imperative that not a moment should be wasted. The lightning was decreasing perceptibly, while the occasional peals of thunder were scarcely audible above the soughing of the wind. A tremendous crash on the right announced the fall of another avalanche; but it did not affect the next broad crevasse. The bridge they had used a few hours earlier stood firm. Indeed, it was now welded by regelation since the sun's rays had disappeared.

The leader kept a perfect line, never deviating from the right track. Helen, who had completely lost her bearings, thought they had a long way farther to go, when she saw Barth stop and begin to unfasten the rope. Then a thrust with the butt of her pickel told her that she was standing on rocks. When she cleared her eyes of the flying snow, she saw a well-defined curving ribbon amid the white chaos. It was the path, covered six inches deep. The violent exertions of nearly three hours since she left the hut had induced a pleasant sense of languor. Did she dare to suggest it, she would have liked to sit down and rest for a while.

Bower, who had substituted reasoned thought for his madness, addressed Spencer with easy complacence while Barth was unroping them. "Why did you believe that I was doing a risky thing in stopping to assist Stampa?" he asked.

"I guess you know best," was the uncompromising answer.

"Yes, I think I do. Of course, I could not argue the matter then, but I fancy my climbing experience is far greater than yours, Mr. Spencer."

His sheer impudence was admirable. He even smiled in the superior way of an expert lecturing a novice. But Spencer did not smile.

"Do you really want to hear my views on your conduct?" he said.

"No, thanks. The discussion might prove interesting, but we can adjourn it to the coffee and cigar period after dinner."

His eyes fell under Spencer's contemptuous glance. Yet he carried himself bravely. Though the man he meant to kill, and another man who had read his inmost thought in time to prevent a tragedy, were looking at him fixedly, he turned away with a laugh on his lips.

"I am afraid, Miss Wynton, you will regard me in future as a broken reed where Alpine excursions are concerned," he said.

"You were mistaken—that is obvious," said Helen frankly. "But so was Barth. He agreed that the storm would be only a passing affair. Don't you think we are very deeply indebted to Mr. Spencer and Stampa for coming to our assistance?"

"I do, indeed. Stampa one can reward in kind. This sort of thing used to be his business, I hear. As for Mr. Spencer, a smile from you will repay him tenfold."

"Herr Spencer," broke in Stampa, "you go on with the signorina, and see that she does not slip. She is tired. Marcus Bauer and I have matters to discuss."

The old man's unwonted harshness appealed to the girl, as did the host of other queer happenings on that memorable day. Bower moved uneasily. A vindictive gleam shot from his eyes. Helen missed none of this. But she was fatigued, and her feet were cold and wet, while the sleet encountered on the upper glacier had almost soaked her to the skin. Nevertheless, she strove bravely to lighten the cloud that seemed to have settled on the men.

"That means a wordy warfare," she said bravely. "I pity you, Mr. Bower. You cannot wriggle out of your difficulty. The snow will soon be a foot deep in the valley. Goodness only knows what would have become of us up there in the hut!"

He bowed gracefully, with a hint of the foreign air she had noted once before. "I would have brought you safely out of greater perils," he said; "but every dog has his day, and this is Stampa's."

"En route!" cried the guide impatiently. He loathed the sight of Bower standing there, smiling and courteous, in the presence of one whom he regarded as a heaven-sent friend and protectress. Spencer attributed his surliness to its true cause. It supplied another bit of the mosaic he was slowly piecing together. Greatly as he preferred Helen's company, he was willing to sacrifice at least ten minutes of it could he but listen to the "discussion" between Stampa and Bower.

Therein he would have erred greatly. Helen was tired, and she admitted it. She did not decline his aid when the path was steep and slippery. In delightful snatches of talk they managed to say a good deal to each other, and Helen did not fail to make plain the exact circumstances under which she first caught sight of Spencer outside the hut. When they arrived at the carriage road, which begins at Lake Cavloccio, they could walk side by side and chat freely. Here, in the valley, matters were normal. The snow did not place such a veil on all things. The windings of the road often brought them abreast of the four men in the rear. Bower was trudging along alone, holding his head down, and seemingly lost in thought.

Close behind him came Stampa and the Engadiners. Karl, of course, was talking—the other might or might not be lending their ears to his interminable gossip.

"We are outstripping our companions. Don't you think we ought to wait for them?" said Helen once, when Bower chanced to look her way.

"No," said Spencer.

"You are exceedingly positive."

"I tried to be exceedingly negative."

"But why?"

"I rather fancy that they would jar on us."

"But Stampa's promised lecture appears to have ended."

"I think it never began. It is a safe bet that Mr. Bower and he have not exchanged a word since our last halt."

Helen laughed. "A genuine case of Greek meeting Greek," she said. "Stampa is an excellent guide, I am sure; but Mr. Bower does really know these mountains. I suppose anyone is liable to err in forecasting Alpine weather."

"That is nothing. If it were you or I, Stampa would dismiss the point with a grin. You heard how he chaffed Barth, yet trusted him with the lead? No. These two have an old feud to settle. You will hear more of it."

"A feud! Mr. Bower declared to me that Stampa was absolutely unknown to him."

"It isn't necessary to know a man before you hate him. I can give you a heap of historic examples. For instance, who has a good word to say for Ananias?"

The girl understood that he meant to parry her question with a quip. The cross purposes so much in evidence all day were baffling and mysterious to its close.

"My own opinion is that both you and Stampa have taken an unreasonable dislike to Mr. Bower," she said determinedly. The words were out before she quite realized their import. She flushed a little.

Spencer was gazing down into the gorge of the Orlegna. The brawling torrent chimed with his own mood; but his set face gave no token of the storm within. He only said quietly, "How good it must be to have you as a friend!"

"I have no reason to feel other than friendly to Mr. Bower," she protested hotly. "It was the rarest good fortune for me that he came to Maloja. I met him once in London, and a second time, by accident, during my journey to Switzerland. Yet, widely known as he is in society, he was sufficiently large minded to disregard the sneers and innuendoes of some of those horrid women in the hotel. He has gone out of his way to show me every kindness. Why should I not repay it by speaking well of him?"

"I shall lay my head on the nearest tree stump, and you can smite me with your axe, good and hard," said Spencer. She laughed angrily. "I don't know what evil influence is possessing us," she cried. "Everything is awry. Even the sun refuses to shine. Here I am storming at one to whom I owe my life——"

"No," he broke in decisively. "Don't put it that way, because the whole credit of the relief expedition is due to Stampa. Say, Miss Wynton, may I square my small services by asking a favor."

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"Well, then, if it lies in your power, keep Stampa and Bower apart. In any event, don't intervent in their quarrel."

"So you are quite serious in your belief that there is a quarrel?"

To be continued.

LONDON CANADIAN CLUB

Two Luncheons This Week, This Evening and Wednesday.

The Canadian Club are tendering luncheons this evening and Wednesday in honor of Mr. Thomas Martindale, of Philadelphia, and Mr. H. H. Stevens, M. P., of Vancouver. Both luncheons will be held at the Tecumseh House at 6:30 o'clock.

Mr. Martindale, who is being toasted on Monday, will address the club on the subject, "My Experiences in the Yukon." Mr. Stevens will be the guest of honor on Wednesday and will speak on the topic, "Canada, East and West."

WAGON WAS SMASHED

East End Road Was Cause of the Accident.

The wretched condition of the Hamilton road was responsible for the complete destruction of a delivery wagon belonging to Mr. Gordon Drake, an East London grocer.

Joseph Easton, the driver, was proceeding eastward with a full load of vegetables, and when nearing Egerton street the rig went down with a broken axle. Turning over on its side, all the vegetables were tossed out on the road, and the driver was severely injured on the shins by the collapse. Two hours were necessary to clear the wreckage away.

All the drivers of delivery rigs state that careful driving is necessary in this district, owing to the roads being full of pitch-holes. Mr. Drake says his loss will amount to over $50, and intends to investigate, and will start some action to make good his loss.

INCREASE POSTPONED

Cartage Boost May Not Go Into Effect at All.

Word has been received here from Ottawa, stating that the increased cartage charges proposed by the cartage companies would not go into force until Dec. 31, if then.

When the companies proposed the increase, the shippers appealed at once to the Dominion Railway Commission. Some evidence was produced, but the commission could not hear it all, so an adjournment was made to Dec. 17, when additional evidence will be heard. In the meantime, an order was issued, instructing the cartage companies to retain the old rate until the end of the year.

The local board of trade discussed this question some time ago, and a protest was forwarded to Ottawa.

GEO. MIHELL DEAD

Former Resident of London Dies Suddenly at Toronto.

Toronto, Nov. 17. — George A. Mihell, of 204 Ossington avenue, arrived home from Kingston at 4 p.m. Saturday, suffering from pneumonia, and died this morning at 5:30 o'clock.

He was born in London, Ont., came to Toronto fifteen years ago, and had since been employed with the Toronto General Trust Corporation as an inspector. He was 60 years of age and is survived by his wife, three sons and one daughter, who are all in Toronto at present.

His funeral will take place privately on Tuesday at 2:30 p.m. to Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

My Digestion Is Now Good

And I Feel Like a Young Man Since Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Prof. A. T. Smith.

What a horrible condition the digestive system gets into when the liver becomes sluggish and the bowels constipated. The poisonous waste matter is thrown back into the blood stream and finds its way into all parts of the body, causing pains and aches and feelings of fatigue and misery.

It is wonderful how quickly Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills sweep the poisons from the digestive system and enable the organs of digestion to resume their natural functions.

Prof. A. T. Smith, 1 Mt. Charles street, Montreal, and formerly of Boston, Mass., writes:—"I suffered for many years from bad digestion, constipation and horrible backaches. I have been treated by many doctors without any results. One day a friend in Boston advised the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. After using two boxes I noticed great improvement, and after the fourth box I was completely cured. My digestion is good. I never feel any pain in the back. My head is clear and I feel like a young man. I think Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are one of the best medicines on earth."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

MR. R. H. MORRISON WAS RE-ELECTED

Travellers' Mutual Benefit Association Chose Officers Saturday Afternoon.

NEW MEMBERS RECEIVED

118 Were Taken in at the General Meeting—A Large Attendance for the Elections.

At the general meeting of the Ontario Commercial Travellers' Mutual Benefit Association held on Saturday, Mr. R. H. Morrison was re-elected president by acclamation. The other officers were also unopposed. The financial statement was highly satisfactory, showing a good balance on the right side. The sum of $12,325 was paid out during the year in benefits. During 1912, 118 new members had been enrolled.

There was a large attendance of the members, who were enthusiastic over the showing made by the society.

The election of officers resulted as follows:

President, R. H. Morrision; first vice-president, J. G. Wilson; second vice-president, W. J. Craig; treasurer, J. T. Green; directors, P. J. Watt, J. J. Dyer, C. W. McGuire, A. J. Smith, M. S. Cater, W. H. Harding, John Stevely, T. A. Taylor, J. H. Grierson and A. A. Morrison, London; B. F. Honsinger, St. Thomas; John Lennox, Hamilton; T. W. Armitage and F. W. Grew, Toronto; M. Wilber, Brantford; Wm. Story, Sarnia; A. E. Merritt, Chatham; J. E. Cairnes, R. G. Bickerton, F. W. Bean and Alby Robinson, Woodstock; John Forsyth, Berlin; J. E. Ferguson, Ingersoll; Major Robt. Dillon, Oshawa; James F. Smyth, Windsor; J. Ratz, New Hamburg; R. G. B. Moore, Aylmer; F. Lorton Morse, J. R. McCrea and A. Badenoch, Winnipeg; A. Srench and J. H. Glass, Vancouver; T. Harry Slater, Victoria, B. C.; Robert Tait, Ottawa.

The annual meeting will be held on Dec. 21, at 3 o'clock. Among the members present were R. H. Morrison, J. Glen Wilson, M. S. Cater, P. J. Watt, A. A. Morrison, C. H. Firth, W. H. Harding, W. J. Craig, F. E. Harley, W. M. Messer, W. R. Grant, J. M. Ferguson, John Stevely, Alf. Robinson, H. H. Rennie, J. J. Dyer, A. J. Smith, John T. Green, W. J. Taylor, and others.

INGERSOLL YOUTH HAS BEEN LOST EIGHT YEARS

Father of David Lane Asks the Police to Help Locate His Son.

Ingersoll, Nov. 18. — It was with profound regret that citizens received the announcement on Saturday of the death of Mrs. George Sebben. Mrs. Sebben had been in failing health for some time, and during the last two weeks her condition was recognized as critical. She passed away shortly before noon on Saturday. The deceased came to Ingersoll to reside a few years ago and readily made friends, by whom she was held in highest esteem.

Poultry offerings were outstanding features at the market on Saturday. For three weeks in succession there has been a material increase in poultry, and citizens who were desirous of securing something choice in chickens have experienced no difficulty in having their wants satisfied. As to prices, however, there has been very little change. Chickens ranged in price from $1 to $1.40 per pair; ducks, 75 cents each, while there was a scarcity of turkey, none being offered. Butter sold freely at 32 cents per pound, and eggs at 35 cents per dozen.

Lost Eight Years.

The police have not been able to locate David Heber Lane, for whom they have been making inquiries at the request of his father. Lane left his home near Mossley eight years ago and has never returned. He was known to be in North Bay two years ago, but since that time all trace of him has been lost. His father is very desirous of ascertaining his whereabouts.

Deer Hard to Get.

Some of the deer hunters have returned after spending two weeks in the Parry Sound district. They report deer as fairly plentiful, but difficult to bag owing to the water in the swamps. One party of five from here succeeded in bringing down three deer.

ELEVATE STANDARD OF NEW WORLD SURGEONS

Special College To Be Established Modelled On Famous English Institution.

[Canadian Press.]

New York, Nov. 16.—The third annual session of the Clinical Congress of Surgeons ended last night. It has been in many ways the most satisfactory congress held. The registration of 2,600 was three time as large as the attendance at the last year's meeting in Philadelphia. More than 150 clinics have been held daily, and on Wednesday the number reached 220. Nearly 3,000 operations will have been performed this week for the benefit of visitors. Out of all these, the first fatal termination came on the concluding day of the congress, when George Hart died on the operating table of the New York Polyclinic Hospital before a group of distinguished surgeons.

A feature of the concluding business session was a movement to elevate the standard of surgery and of surgeons in the United States and in Canada. It is purposed to establish a special college of surgeons, an institution modelled after the Royal College of Surgeons in England, which shall give a degree supplementary to that of M. D., showing that the bearer is a fellow in the new institution and fully qualified to practice surgery. This, it was explained, would create a "blue book" of surgeons and the public would know that any surgeon whose name was in it was an entirely efficient practitioner.

The plan to establish the new institution is backed by all the leading surgeons at the congress. It was voted that the president appoint a committee to draft the plans for such standardization and for the campaign for the surgical degree. The committee includes W. W. Chipman, of Montreal.

A resolution, that the congress work out a system of standardization of hospital equipment and hospital work, was also adopted, and a committee appointed to prepare plans to this end.

The nominating committee recommended the following officers: President, George Emerson Bremer, of this city; vice-president, W. W. Chipman, Montreal; general secretary, Franklin Martin, Chicago; general treasurer, Allen Kenvel, Chicago.

The committee recommended Chicago as the next meeting place of the congress.

Try Cuticura Soap and Ointment Free

Although Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the care and treatment of skin and hair, will be sent, post-free, on application to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A.

Advertiser Patterns

Beauty Pattern Company.

9354

9354—A Pretty Frock for Mother's Girl—Girl's Dress With Vest, and With Two Styles of Sleeve.

Cream challie, with blue dots, and white messaline embroidered in blue, was used to make this charming model. The design is equally appropriate for wash materials, silk, velvet, satin or cloth. The pattern is cut in four sizes—6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for a 12-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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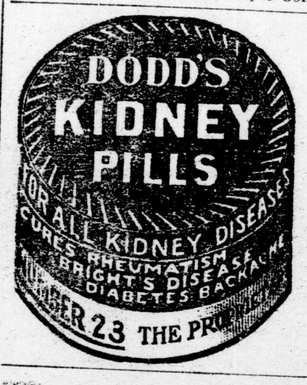
CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration, and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, 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.

HON. J. D. ROLLAND DEAD.

Montreal, Nov. 16.—The death took place suddenly today from heart disease of the Hon. J. D. Rolland, member of the Legislative Council of Quebec.

Deceased was one of the best-known merchants and bankers in Canada. He was president of the Bank of Hochelaga, and the J. D. Rolland Paper Company, and ex-president of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association. He was prominent in all temperance movements in Quebec and was a governor of Laval University.

Hon. J. D. Rolland was born in Montreal in 1841.



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A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair. Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application you will say it was the best investment you ever made. Your hair will immediately take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance; an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.

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TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*3:52 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11:28 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m., 8:48 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., *3:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., *12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 8:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 8:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:39 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:26 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains market * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m., 6:50 p.m., *8:15 p.m., *11:12 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*4:30 a.m., 11:20 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *5:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.

Depart for the East—*4:38 a.m., 7:00 a.m., *12:25 p.m., *5:55 p.m.

Depart for the West—8:00 a.m., *11:50 a.m., 7:00 p.m., *8:23 p.m., *11:20 p.m.

Trains market * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—7:04 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 4:55 p.m., 9:40 p.m.

Depart—7:20 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 10:11 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrive—8:45 a.m., *12:25, 1:50, 4.38, *9:50 p.m.

Depart—5:50, *7:10, 9:45 a.m., 2:30, *4:15, †7:00 p.m.

*To and from Walkerville. All trains to and from Port Stanley, except trains marked with star. †To St. Thomas only. All trains week days only.

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Red Star Line — Every Saturday — DOVER, ANTWERP AND PARIS.

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ARRIVE LONDON: 12:25 p.m., 9:50 p.m. zxv

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