

Card to the Public

THOMAS MARSHALL, lately cutter with E. L. Fisher, wishes to call the attention of the public to the fact that he has purchased the business interests of J. A. Cameron and is occupying the stand of the late I. M. Otterson. Best goods on the market, your own selection supplied from samples. Prompt and satisfactory workmanship guaranteed. A trial order solicited.

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REMEMBER

OUR

Mammoth January

SALE

20 p. c. to 30 p. c. off for next twenty days.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO SEE EVERYBODY

It will pay you to come miles to secure the bargains offered in **MEN'S and BOYS' OVERCOATS, REEFERS, SUITS, UNDERWEAR, CAPS, SHIRTS, Etc., Etc.**

J. Harry Hicks

Big Cash Clearance Sale of Good Shoes

Before stock taking, to clear out odd lines of Men Women and Childrens' Shoes, at a price that's a sacrifice.

This Sale includes many lines not mentioned below

Regular Price	Sale Price	Regular Price	Sale Price
\$5.00 Mens Water-proof Shoes	\$3.98	\$3.75 Ladies' Don-gola Shoes	\$2.98
4.75 Mens' Patent Colt Shoes	3.50	3.50 Ladies' Don-gola Button Shoes	1.98
4.75 Mens' Vici Kid Shoes	3.30	3.25 Ladies' Box Calf Shoes	2.98
2.75 Mens' Box Calf Shoes	1.98	2.00 Ladies Slippers	1.59
2.75 Mens' Don-gola Shoes	1.98	All Felt Slippers at cost	

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PRIME ROAST BEEF

We are taking special pains to supply our customers with the best quality obtainable in Beef and other reasonable meats, at lowest market prices.

ALWAYS IN STOCK

Beef, Pork, Home-made Sausage and Pressed Meats, Fish and Poultry in season.

MOSES & YOUNG PHONE 57

DISCOUNT SALE

Twenty to Thirty Per Cent Cash Discount on **BOOTS and SHOES**

On all kinds of RUBBER GOODS, Ten Per Cent off for 15 DAYS ONLY

E. S. PIGGOTT GRANVILLE ST.

Through the Culvert

"Father, I—I—Alice you tell him!"

"No, sir!" said Alice, emphatically. "I'm ashamed it wasn't I, and—"

"Did you, Frank?" asked Mr. Ogden, eagerly.

The boy turned red, grinning. "I did once, not so far or deep, but I did earn it."

Mr. Ogden turned to his daughter. "Did you see him?"

"Yes father—he dived off the lower board. I know he was scared stiff, but he really did it."

"And you, Alice?"

Alice hung her head. "Father, I—couldn't. I will some day, but I just—couldn't!"

Mr. Ogden put his arm around fifteen-year-old Alice.

"Never mind, it'll come. Here," turning to Frank, "here's your dollar. I'll make it five when you swim under water a hundred feet, but don't start from the lower board. I'm afraid you will get past the deadline and be swept into the culvert, this high water."

The Ogden twins had feared the water with a terrible fear since they were six, when a capsized boat had brought both so near to drowning that four doctors and over an hour's work on each of them had been necessary to revive them. Mr. Ogden, at one time a champion swimmer, had always a water-lover, had labored through their childhood to rid them of this fear, and for three years both girl and boy swam with pleasure at Alton farm, where Rock Creek offered a pleasant sheet of water for their practice. But neither would put a head under water so great was the impress left by their childhood terror. Ever since they had learned to swim, there had been a standing offer of a dollar for a dive off the bank or spring-board.

And now Frank had earned his dollar. His prompt offer to share it with Alice—she promptly refused—could not comfort her for being beaten.

"Never mind, Al," he had said. "Girls aren't expected to have courage like boys. You'll do it some day maybe."

But Alice felt the guilt.

The next day she put on her bathing suit with grim determination. No matter what it felt like she would stand on that board and go off, head-first. She walked slowly down to the bathing place with Frank, and climbed the high bank along which ran the new state road recently thrown across the little valley.

The road was sixty feet above the stream, on top of a raw earth-bank pierced in its centre with a huge brick culvert, through which the stream ran. When the creek was in flood, as it was for weeks in the spring, the culvert entrance was covered, the brick tube being not quite big enough to carry off the water as fast as it came down, so that the road-bank then acted as a dam.

The water was thus usually deeper on the up-stream than the down-stream side of the road, and so all the boys and girls spending the summer at Alton climbed the bank and crossed the road, sliding down the other side with shrieks of laughter, to walk a hundred yards up to the bathing pool and the two spring boards. The 'dead-line' beyond which parental injunctions prevented swimmers from venturing was marked by a huge willow, and the bathers willingly enough stayed above it, although

it was a common boast among the boys that they would like to swim through the culvert in flood if their parents would let them. The length of the culvert was a hundred and fifty feet.

Alice was not thinking of culverts today or of sliding down the banks. It was of the dark green under-water, and the head-first plunge.

When all the rest were splashing and laughing in the water, and after Frank had taken a very gentle and shallow dive off the low spring-board to the water, now close to it because the stream was so high, Alice walked cautiously out and stood on the end of it. Below her the placid water waved and sparkled with the splashing going on around her. Heads bobbed everywhere, but she did not see them. Calls and laughter fell on deaf ears. Thrice she gathered herself to dive and thrice she lacked the courage. Frank watched her curiously from the water. Then she sighed, turned, and walked off the board, and down the path beside the stream.

Few noticed her, but Frank saw, and understanding, swam after her. Without thinking, he passed the dead-line, and swam on striving to catch sight, through the trees, of the red trimmed black bathing skirt and red-and-white kerchief Alice wore over her head.

Once or twice he caught sight of it: "Alice!" he called. "O—Al—Alice!" But Alice did not hear. Frank, with that orange affinity twins often save for each other, felt Alice's distress almost as much as if it were his own. Forgotten the dead-line, forgotten the culvert and the swimmer current running under it, forgotten all thought of parental objections until the shadow of the bank lay across his face. Then as he sighted Alice sitting miserably alone at the foot of the steep bank, and called to her, he saw the nearness of the bank and felt a movement in the water.

"Here," he said to himself, "this won't do!" and started swimming for the shore.

But even he tried the current ran stronger, and strive as he might, he was pulled toward the embankment, and dangerously close to the little swirl in the surface which he knew showed the whereabouts of the covered culvert.

"Alice—Alice!" he called but this time it was a cry of terror. "Alice—Alice!"

Alice heard. She looked up in time to see her brother's white and despairing face, and the struggle he was making—looked up in time to see his head go under, end a bubble or two come to the surface, and to know that he was in the culvert.

For an instant Alice was frozen with horror. During that instant her mind was blank. Frank was exhausted. It took more than a minute and a half for anything to go through the culvert. Frank had neither breath nor strength—he would be unconscious in a few seconds. Her first impulse was to climb the steep bank and run down the other side to rescue him as he came through. But many a race to see who would first reach the top had taught her how long a scramble it usually was, with loose dirt slipping under every foot-step, and she knew—who better, who had careful lessons given her in resuscitating the drowned, and had herself been through it—how short a time it takes to drown, and how every minute in the water means a decreased chance. Besides, Frank's suit might catch on something on the culvert—maybe he would not come through?

It was this which decided her. It had taken but a second for these thoughts and reasonings to flash through her mind; it took less for her to throw herself bodily into the water and swim for the entrance.

"It's my head against his life, she said to herself. Keep cool. Mustn't swim hard—current will do it—take a big breath before I go on—"

With the thought the current took her. Down she went head first into blackness. Rough bricks scraped her head and she swam away from it. She opened her eyes as she heard her father say under-water swimmers did but could see nothing.

"No light," she thought.

There was a suffocating feeling at her heart.

"That's because I'm frightened," was her next idea.

She bumped violently into the bricks again, and found she could do less swimming than she expected. But she knew that if she could move through the water at all, the current and her own efforts would bring her to the end in time for breath. Deep breathing and holding her breath had been part of her father's special training.

But the end did not come. Alice had her eyes closed again. She had forgotten everything save Frank.

"I'll get through—I'll get through—" rang through her mind, even as her head-down breast-stroke became feebler and feebler. There was a roaring in her ears and a sudden return of a terror which had waked her through her childhood—the terror of that experience of her early days.

"Frank, Frank! No, I must help—Frank!"

It was her last conscious thought. From then until the current carried her forth, she had only a confused im-

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pression of the great weight on her breast, a tearing at her throat, and a noise like that of a thousand hammers at her ears. Then a blinding burst of light, a gulping, choking gasp of air and water, a terrible coughing spell, a wild grasp at some sun-bleached hair bobbing in the water beside her, and she pulled herself feebly to the shelving bank, in her grasp a well-loved, tousled head.

How she managed to drag the limp wet form on the bank, how she turned it over, and with both arms about its waist, held it drooping for the water to run out of the filled lungs; whence came the endurance to kneel across it and work slowly and steadily; first, hard pressure on the chest, then, wide flung arms above the head, she never knew.

She only knew that she must count slowly, four seconds to the breath, that she must press, and press hard on the chest, contracted, and fling the arms wide and stretch them well to inflate it; she knew only the hard pounding of her heart the one, two, three, four, of her count, and the blinding pains in her own head, until the flaccid body between her knees gave a convulsive twitch, gagged and coughed.

Then Alice came to herself again and uttered a glad cry.

"Frank—Frank, breathe, boy—breathe!"

She took up the steady work again. Finally a weak voice said:

"Get! Oh, I'm so sick!"

And then Alice broke down and cried, and never quite understood how a sudden crowd of pallid bathers gathered, nor why she was being petted so by the clammy-skirted girls and banged upon the back by equally clammy and greatly excited boys.

But Mr. Ogden knew the whole story before night. And grateful as were his quiet words of praise to his 'girl-fish' for her courage, it was Frank's words that she cherished most.

"Girls may not be supposed to have as much courage as boys, Alice," he said, "but my sister has more than any boy I know."

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WORLD'S SKATING RECORD.

Christiania, Feb. 4—At the international skating races here today, the Russian, Stunniok, won the 5,000 metre, (about 3.10 miles), in eight minutes, 37.15 seconds. This is a new world's record for the distance, the previous record of eight minutes 37.35 seconds having been made by J.J. Eden at Hamar, Norway, in 1909.

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