

returning, in twos and threes, to finish off the wounded.

Grand, inspiring, memorable as it all was, Joe's and my positions were by no means enviable. We were running between walls of fire. Now we were compelled to drive slowly, as in places the permanent way was smouldering, and superheated currents of air kept sweeping in upon us, forcing us to shield our faces with our jackets, or sending us grovelling down upon the floor plates. The very air was quivering with that sickly illuiveness one sometimes sees in a nightmare, and the choking fumes were almost intolerable.

Suddenly Joe gripped my arm and pointed ahead. I could see a clearing not far away, and knew that there was a bridge there. "Shall we rush it?" queried Joe hoarsely, between swollen and blackened lips.

I nodded. We could do nothing else unless we turned back, and next minute we were safely over the rickety structure, and once more in comparatively cool and comfortable forest. The bridge was untouched by the fire, thanks to the lakes which lay on our left, and which had saved this part of the country from the flames.

I cannot describe in detail every scene of that journey. Now and then, we found ourselves in unburnt forest, then again we would dash into the smoke and heat of the forest fire. Once, I remember, we skirted a lakeside, and on the opposite bank, many miles away, was a sweeping upland—a vast panorama of country glowing like a gigantic furnace and dyeing the sky above it a lurid crimson. Then the view changed. No fire to be seen, but there before us the peaceful lake under a pall of smoke, while the tree tops of its countless islands, their trunks hidden from view, rose like wonderful fairy castles from above the drifting clouds. It was like some wonderful moving picture show, ever changing, every presenting the unexpected.

But though I recall all these things vividly enough now, at the time I was scarcely aware of them, for the work on hand required a good deal of my attention and most of my thought. We had passed over five bridges safely; one or two of them were smouldering, but it seemed good luck had prepared the way for us.

Now we had only five miles to go; we were nearly there!

Nearly there! I had forgotten Lonely Bridge. The one real peril of the journey still lay before us—could not, indeed, be more than a mile ahead.

DOCTOR TALKS ON FOOD

Pres. of Board of Health

"What shall I eat?" is the daily inquiry the physician is met with. I do not hesitate to say that in my judgment a large percentage of disease is caused by poorly selected and improperly prepared food. My personal experience with the fully cooked food, known as Grape-Nuts, enables me to speak freely of its merits.

"From overwork, I suffered several years with malnutrition, palpitation of the heart, and loss of sleep. Last summer I was led to experiment personally with the new food, which I used in conjunction with good rich cow's milk. In a short time after I commenced its use, the disagreeable symptoms disappeared, my heart's action became steady and normal, the functions of the stomach were properly carried out and I again slept as soundly and as well as in my youth.

"I look upon Grape-Nuts as a perfect food, and no one can gainsay but that it has a most prominent place in a rational, scientific system of feeding. Any one who uses this food will soon be convinced of the soundness of the principle upon which it is manufactured and may thereby know the facts as to its true worth." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

The thought evidently occurred to us both at the same time, for Joe suddenly stepped aside and peered ahead along the line. I followed his example. For the moment we were in unburnt country, but we could see that not far away, fires were raging. And there, across the lake, running parallel with us, stood Lonely Bridge!

Through the dusk we could see it distinctly—a black and charred structure bordering the water's edge, and standing out like some great centipede above the blackness of the forest. Not so very far from it, we knew, stood the site of Pibald Gulch, but the settlement itself was hidden from view. Already they would be able to hear us coming, those poor fire sufferers! Already they knew that relief was on the way, that only the Lonely Bridge stood between us and them.

On we went. We had turned the corner, and could now see the bridge ahead of us, a charred and smouldering structure spanning the roaring creek fifty feet below.

I gripped Joe's arm. "Joe," I said, quickly, "we're done. The bridge is burnt. Wonder is it hasn't fallen already. You'll have to shut her down, and run for safe standing."

Joe looked at me and grinned. Yes, he grinned, and in the grin was all the dare-devil fearlessness that I afterwards found to be part of his nature. He reached out his hand towards the throttle, and jerked it open!

It was a moment or so before I could realize the truth, then I was at his side like a flash. "You're mad!" I cried. "Shut her down! Shut her down! The bridge is burnt, I tell you."

Again Joe laughed, and he might have been on the cricket field or at the theatre, save a certain wild gleam in his eyes. He gripped my hand and shook it cordially, keeping me at arm's length with the other. "If the bridge is gone," he said, "we shall go too. It's only three lives against a possible twenty."

I think it was my turn to go mad now. I don't think I'm a coward, but I'm only human, and life is very dear to me.

I struggled like a madman to reach the throttle, but Joe stood between me and it, laughing into my eyes all the time with that wild gleam of his own.

"Think of it," he said, "three lives against a possible twenty, and one of the three isn't worth much. Besides, you might stop struggling now, as I can't shut her off in time."

I went back to my place at the window and peered ahead. We were travelling hard, for the old engine had picked up in that marvellous manner that only American engines are capable of. Seeing that it was too late now to stop I managed to resign myself, and turned with what composure I could summon to shake hands with Joe.

"You're a brave chap," I told him, "and this is your day, anyway."

Next moment we were upon the bridge. I felt the flimsy structure rattle and swing, and for one dreadful moment looked down at the dark waters, through the rolling clouds of smoke that rose from the lower structure.

Then I felt something give under my feet. There was a sickening swinging motion, a mighty crash, and I waited, with closed eyes, to feel myself fall.

When I opened my eyes again I saw a sight I shall never forget. The bridge behind us was literally crumbling to pieces, collapsing into ruins. The mighty timbers, that a moment ago had sustained for a second the racing engine had now yielded to the strain and were falling apart—but not before the engine itself had passed over.

We were racing on, on over the doomed structure. Behind us we could hear it splitting and crashing, and more than once it began to give way while the weight of the engine was still upon it, for we felt that sickening, grinding, swinging motion.

It seemed like an eternity. Joe and I were staring at one another, and clinging with numbed fingers to the guard rails. Each moment we expected to go through, and with what relief we felt, or rather heard, that we were again on solid ground, words cannot describe.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream



A Perfect Tonic for the Skin and Complexion.

In patent collapsible tubes with winding key. Seems to vanish on the skin, so completely is this new delicate Royal Vinolia luxury absorbed by the pores. It is especially welcome to those who dislike the feeling of any-

PRICE 25c.

thing heavy or oily. It is absolutely non-greasy, and will not cause growth of hair. Contains nothing deleterious. Soothes and refreshes the most delicate skin, and always makes the skin more elastic.

Used by gentlemen after shaving, it instantly removes any irritation resulting from the use of the razor.

One advantage of the special new patent tube is that you cannot lose the cap. The special winding key always keeps the tube neat and presentable.

Royal Vinolia Vanishing Cream can also be had in glass jars with white metal screw tops, price 25c.

Sold by all good druggists and stores

VINOLIA COMPANY, LIMITED

By Appointment to His Majesty the King

London Paris Toronto

117 Canadian Depot: Eastern Avenue, Toronto

"STOP! HERES A DYER FENCE!"

Do you want a strong fence?—DYER has it. 17c per rod up, freight paid. Lawn Fence 7 1/2c per ft. Cut this ad. out and mail to me. The Fence Man, P.O. Box 418C, Winnipeg. "Please send me your May special fence and gate offer. I want to save dollars and I want the best, but this does not obligate me to buy." Name & Address: _____ DYER Says: "A one cent post. to me NOW may mean many a \$1 saving to you."

Dye Those Summer Things



Scores of Summer things, such as fancy parasols, bathing suits, colored stockings, ribbons, feathers and artificial flowers, hammocks and cushion covers, get faded and dingy long before they are worn out. But with

MAYPOLE SOAP

THE CLEAN, EASY, HOME DYE

you can give them a new lease of life, usefulness and beauty, and save many a dollar. No stained hands and kettles, no muss, no work to speak of.

24 Colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c—black 15c—at your dealer's or postpaid with booklet, "How to Dye," from

Frank L. Benedict & Co., Montreal

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.