

## IF CATARRH SPOILED YOUR HEARING GET CURED TODAY--BY "CATARRHOZONE"

Don't Stay Deaf Any Longer--Follow  
the Procession--Use "Catarrho  
zone."

Nine cases in ten of hard hearing  
are curable.

By curable we don't mean relievable  
--we mean that the sense of hearing  
can be permanently brought back.

Catarrh usually causes the deafness.  
Cure the catarrhal condition and  
you remove the cause of your poor  
hearing.

If you were sure you had catarrh-  
al deafness you would use a real  
cure at once--of course you would.  
There is a cure for you--one that

is inexpensive--pleasant to use--and  
sure to do its work thoroughly.

Catarrhozone is no experiment for  
deafness.

Thousands before you have cleared  
Catarrh out of their heads by the  
aid of Catarrhozone and have there-  
by been cured of deafness.

No batteries or miniature tele-  
phones to bother you--no internal  
medicine to take--you have simply  
to follow special directions for the  
Catarrhozone inhaler. Do this and  
you'll find a wonderful improvement  
in short order.

Any druggist can supply you Cat-  
arrhozone or you can for \$1 secure  
it post paid under plain wrapper  
from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston  
Canada.

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**Dr. GERRARD**  
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**W. J. IRVINE**  
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Opp. Soldiers' Barracks  
and next door to Bank of N. B.  
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Office Hours--10 a. m. to 1 p.  
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### Wanted

An industrious man who can earn \$100  
per month and expenses selling prod-  
ucts to farmers. Must have some  
means for starting? expenses and fur-  
nish bond signed by two responsible  
men. Address, W. T. Raleigh Co., Tor-  
onto, Ont., giving age, occupation and  
reference.

## PERSISTENCY IN ADVERTISING

One stroke of a bell in a thick fog does not give a lasting  
impression of its location, but when followed by repeated strokes  
at regular intervals the densest fog, the darkest  
night can not long conceal its whereabouts. Likewise a single  
insertion of an advertisement--as compared with regular and  
systematic ADVERTISING--is in its effect not unlike a sound  
which, heard but faintly once is lost in space and soon forgot---  
Printing Art.

### TRY AN ADVERTISEMENT IN THE DAILY MAIL

If your Stock of Stationery is getting low Telephone  
**THE MAIL PRINTERY**

## A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

— BY —  
**CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY**  
(AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colonial Press Service,  
Limited.

THE moment Rolt's handsome face  
clouded. He was himself a hot-tem-  
pered man, but he had learned since  
his marriage to hold himself in check,  
beside which the antagonism between  
the two men, whilst it annoyed him,  
was intelligible enough.

"Very well, Anstruther. I'll con-  
sider what you say. We shall not be  
sending anyone for an hour or two.  
Let Mr. Anstruther's horse be brought  
in instead of mine, Jim," and with  
that he turned his back on the pair  
of them and went upstairs to the  
ladies.

What transpired there is not re-  
corded, but whilst Anstruther was  
making his preparations, the fog be-  
gan to close in around the ranch.  
Ruddy-gore was led into the disman-  
ted dining-room, and two figures,  
those of old Tom and the elder Fair-  
clough, rode quietly away, the one to-  
wards Soda Creek, and the other to-  
wards the Franklin Ranch, to bring  
help, if possible.

"We are in a serious position, and  
they were the best men to send," was  
the explanation which Rolt vouch-  
safed, and thereafter, for twenty-four  
hours, Anstruther barely opened his  
mouth to anyone.

### CHAPTER XXIV.

A sullen gloom settled upon the  
house and on the prairie outside the  
house. Jim and Anstruther barely  
spoke to one another, and both of  
them did their best to avoid Kitty,  
whilst the pines in the brute stool  
waist deep in the fog and long col-  
umns of mist rose from amongst the  
trees like vapors from a witch's cauld-  
ron.

But for two whole days no Indians  
appeared, and Rolt was beginning to  
hope that, when the help sent for ar-  
rived, there would be no work for the  
helpers to do.

Mrs. Rolt was the life of the party,  
but though she rallied the men on  
their silence and insisted upon songs  
in the drawing-room at night, and  
though Dr. Protheroe and her husband  
did all that they could to aid and abet  
her, her attempts were not crowned  
with success.

Every night, at least three differ-  
ent inmates of the ranch stole out to  
go over the defences. There was al-  
ways some one missing from the  
group around the piano, trying the  
doors and re-arranging the barricades  
whilst no one was looking.

The blow fell in the third night.  
The whole prairie land had been  
swallowed up in gloom in which no  
star showed, no wind moved, when  
Mrs. Rolt woke her husband with a  
gentle pressure of his arm.

"Don't make a noise, dear," she  
whispered, "but listen. I suppose it  
is only a rat."

"Not even that, Polly. It must have  
been your fancy. Go to sleep, little  
woman, and don't worry."

But at that moment a low knock  
spurred on the bed-room door. In-  
stantly Rolt rose and opened it. Jim  
Combe was there with his rifle in his  
hand.

"Bring your gun along, Rolt. They  
are trying to fire the house."

In silence the two crept down the  
stairs, at the foot of which stood An-  
struther, Old Al and Jack Fairclough,  
with their Winchester in their hands.

The doctor was not there, but Jim  
led the way into a small room which  
jutted out from the face of the house,  
a room which they had laughingly  
christened the excrecence. Rolt had  
built it on as a conservatory for his  
wife, to connect with his own study.

Both sides of it, as well as the top,  
being of glass, it was the weakest  
point in their defences, and in it,  
therefore, had been piled more than  
its share of furniture barricades. It  
formed the foot of a letter L, of which  
the main front of the house was the  
stem.

This room was in absolute darkness  
when the men entered it, but it seem-  
ed to Rolt that something stirred  
feebly in the corner of it.

Presently a voice, barely audible  
even to their straining ears, whis-  
pered:

"Are you there, Jim?"

Combe moved silently across to-  
wards the voice.

"Put that in your pocket for me, will  
you, old chap, until we've played this  
hand? Are you ready, now? Has  
each man picked his panel? Never  
mind the glass. Ready!"

There followed a faint scratching,  
and then a feeble blue flame appear-  
ed for a second, after which a great  
and lurid red light lit the whole con-  
servatory, and flooded the front of the  
house, showing up with the utmost  
distinctness the piled furniture, the  
crowded and broken limbs of Mrs.  
Rolt's favorites, and the figure of the  
doctor behind a soup plate filled with  
some stuff to which he had set fire.

But the five men had no eyes for  
these things. In front of them, all  
along the face of the ranch house, they  
saw bundles of faggots piled, and  
amongst them a score of figures  
momentarily arrested in their work  
by the sudden illumination.

The Chilcotens had seen this Chi-  
nese fire the Christmas before, but it  
had been lighted then to amuse them;  
now it clung to their crouching fig-  
ures, bathing them in its hideous glow,  
and betraying them to the rifles,  
which suddenly opened fire upon  
them.

When the roar of the Winchesters  
and the crashing of the glass had sub-  
sided, and the Chinese fire had died  
down to a dull red glow, which hung  
for a time on the face of the fog,  
there were a dozen of the Chilcotens  
who could not have crawled away to  
save themselves from the conflagra-  
tion which they had come to kindle.

"Now get back, and don't pull up  
the barricade till I come."

As the others obeyed Jim went on  
his knees and laid a fire with more  
rapidity than he had ever laid one in  
his life.

Another man might have struck  
match after match and trusted to  
chance, but even then Jim was meth-  
odical, breaking the little twigs and  
laying them in closed packed bundles,  
so that when the small star of light  
appeared it grew steadily, and still  
the watchers could see Jim feeding  
his fire and making sure that the  
flames had made good their hold.

Then a shot was fired from the fog,  
the faggots rattled and flew in all  
directions, and Combe came running,  
almost on his hands and knees, to the  
barricade. But the fire had caught  
hold, and as soon as the men in the  
excrecence replaced the furniture  
and made good the gaps, great  
tongues of flame roared as they climb-  
ed upwards.

"We can't help that. They can see  
to shoot now as well as we can, but  
they won't come close whilst we have  
that light. Tell the women to keep  
away from the windows, and let each  
man watch from behind something  
solid. Don't spare the cartridge."

"I'm here."

"Get round to the back and wait  
out there. I guess you can see in  
the dark better than most. Where's  
the doctor?"

No one answered.

"Doc! Ho! Doc!" Jim cried, but  
there was no reply.

"Did any of you see him outsid-  
e? We haven't left him out, have we?"

"He wasn't outside. Perhaps he  
knew enough to keep in out of the  
rain," sneered Fairclough, who detest-  
ed the doctor, whose butt he had al-  
ways been.

"He knows a good deal now, amongst  
other things, what a blanked fool you  
are! Poor old chap!"

There was a curious choking sound  
in Jim's savage voice, as he graped  
about in the dark and turned some-  
thing over on the floor.

"Thank you, Anstruther. Will you  
take his feet? Here, Rolt, strike a  
light. We've got to chance their  
shooting."

Rolt struck one, and in the short  
gleam of it the others saw Jim and  
Anstruther lift the body from the  
floor and put it upon the table where  
the red fire had been.

"That's the first to go," muttered  
Jim. "Always wanted the lead and  
would have it. Shot through the head  
from behind. Some of the devils must  
have been behind when he lit his  
fire."

"I heard no shot."

"Not likely to with the noise we  
were making. What's wrong with  
your neck, Anstruther? Cut it?"

"Just touched, I fancy. I got it  
when they hit him. Shall we take him  
into the house?"

"Better not, and better say nothing  
about it to them upstairs. We can't  
do any more for him now, Boss," and  
Jim drew a large worked fable over  
the dead man's face and turned to  
see that the barricades were as  
strong as they could be made.

When he was at his post again he  
drew from his pocket that which the  
doctor had given him. It was a com-  
mon playing-card and on it was writ-  
ten in pencil a London address. Be-  
neath this the doctor had written in  
big letters which wandered uncer-  
tainly over the blank space: "So long,  
Jim. See you again some day."

"So he knew it was coming, d'd he?"  
mused Jim, "and he took it all back at  
the last, all his talk about science  
and annihilation of matter. Well, I  
guess the Handicapper knew the Doc's  
handicap, and will be the best judge  
of his running."

And then, as he looked out in the  
reddened gloom, whilst his eyes tried  
to pierce through the fog, his mind  
tried to peer into that Next Room  
where the doctor now was, and if he  
failed to place the doctor, he at least  
managed to place himself. He saw  
the triviality of the things which had  
so embittered him for the last few  
days, and even confessed to himself  
that when it came to fighting, his rival  
was not much of a maff after all. It  
that which had made the scratch on  
Anstruther's neck had been an inch  
or two to the left Jim Combe felt that  
his memory of the last few days  
would have been a lead for him to  
carry all the rest of his life. But the  
first-gre light of the morning brought  
Jim back from the Unknown to the  
present with a shock. As the mists  
rolled away the temporary absence  
of the Indians was explained. They  
had withdrawn to gather force for  
their real attack. Whatever answer  
to the fiery cross amongst the men  
had been flying around the coun-  
try in the last two days, and Jim  
Combe had never known until that  
moment how many Indians there were,  
scattered through the timber of Brit-  
ish Columbia.

The hog's back was dotted with  
their camp fires and tents; a line of  
them stretched across the big moun-  
tain; another body of them held the  
road to Soda Creek. The ranch was  
as regularly invested as if its foes had  
been European troops instead of mer-  
redskins. With infinitely more dan-  
ger than even Combe had given  
them credit for, the Chilcotens had  
allowed the white men to return un-  
molested to their lair, only to find  
themselves in a trap from which there  
appeared to be no escape unless Tom  
or Fairclough had won through and  
could bring help.

(To Be Continued.)

## A Most Remarkable Price Reduction Sale of Ladies' Skirts, Underskirts, Coats and Waists.

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Tweeds, a nice range of colors and all sizes. The regular price was \$4.00  
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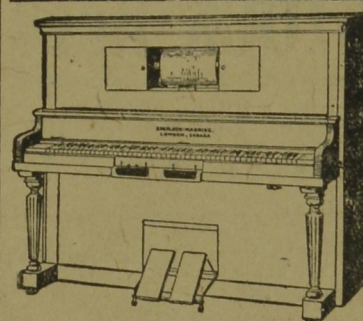
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