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Zam-Buk can be obtained from all druggists and stores at 50 cents a box or postpaid on receipt of price from Zam-Buk Co., Toronto. 2 boxes for \$1.25.

The Captain of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

(Continued.)

Walker, though an engineer, knew enough of navigation to recognize the apparent impossibility of the captain's being able to steer with any real knowledge of his surroundings. The wheel-twisting, therefore, savored of magic; but his orders were to look ahead, and he obeyed.

Soon he thought he could discern an irregular pink crescent, with the concave side downwards, somewhere in the blackness beyond the bows. He rubbed his eyes, and said nothing, believing that the unaccustomed strain of gazing into the dark had affected his sight. But the pink crescent brightened and deepened, and presently it was joined by two others, equally irregular and somewhat lower. Then he could bear the suspense no longer.

"Captain, d'ye see 'em?" he asked, in a voice tremulous with awe.

"Yes, that is the sun just catching the foretops of snow-topped hills. It not only foretells the dawn, but is a sign of fine weather. There are no clouds over the land, or we should not see the peaks."

Walker began to have a respect for the captain which he had hitherto extended only to the superintending engineer, an eminent personage who never goes to sea, but inspects the ship when in port, and draws a fat salary and various commissions.

For long a silver gray light began to dispel the gloom. The two silent watchers first saw it overhead, and the vast dome of day swiftly widened over the vexed sea. The aftermath of the storm spread a low, dense cloak of vapor all round. The wind had fallen so greatly that they could hear the song of the rigging. Soon they could distinguish the outlines of the heavy rollers near at hand, and Courtenay believed that the ship in her passage, encountered in the water several narrow bands of a bright red color. It was so, he knew that the phenomenon was caused by the green-like crustacea which sailors call "Whale-foam," a sure sign of deep water close to land, and, further, an indication that the current was still flowing strongly, while the force of the sea must have been broken many miles to westward.

Suddenly he turned to Walker.

"Do you think you could shin up to the masthead?" he asked.

"I used to be able to climb a bit, sir."

"Well, try the foremast. Up there I am fairly certain you can see over this bank of mist. Don't get into trouble. Come back when you feel you can't manage it. If you succeed, take the best observations possible and report."

Courtenay was becoming anxious now. If he dared let go the wheel he would have climbed the mast himself. Walker set about his mission in a business-like manner. He threw off his thick coat and boots, and went forward. Half-way up the mast there was a rope ladder for the use of the sailors when adjusting pulleys.

The rest of the journey was not difficult for an athletic man, and Walker was quickly an indistinct figure in the fog. He gained the truck all right, and instantly yelled something. Courtenay fancied he said:

"My God! Weah on the wheel!"

Whatever it was, Walker did not wait, but slid downward with such speed that it was fortunate the rigging barred his progress.

And then, even while Courtenay was shouting for some explanation, a great black mass rose out of the deep on the port bow. It was a pinnacle rock, high as the ship's masts, but only a few feet wide at sea level, and the Kansas sped past this ugly monitor as though it were a buoy in a well-marked channel.

Courtenay heard the sea breaking against it. The ship could not pass more than sixty feet distant, a little more than her own beam, and he fully expected that she would grind against some outlier in the next instant. But the Kansas had

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Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



WELL PROTECTED FROM THE COLD.

The most practicable headwear which a woman can buy for winter motoring is that of fur. Nothing protects the head as well and is more fashionable than a smart jaunty cap or hat fitting snugly to the head and fashioned with hood or curtain pieces, which may be detached when one chooses. This hood, a small cap, with visor, is of black carné with an attached head piece of the same pelt, protecting the back of the head, ears and neck, and fastens warmly under the chin with two tabs which cross like the smaller fur neck pieces women are wearing this year with their tailored suits. The hood portion hooks in place around the back of the cap and may be detached or attached without effort.

in which the taciturn one had just washed his face and hands.

"Have you seen it?" demanded Walker, gleefully, while his practised eyes took in the state of the gauges and he overran a number of oil taps with nimble fingers.

"See what?" asked Tollemache, without removing his pipe.

"The land, my bonnie lad. We-ah wunnin' wight in now."

"We've been doing that for hours."

"Yes, but this is different. The w-ah's a fine wiv-ah ahead. Have ye ev-ah seen the Tyne? Well, just how South Shields an' Tynemouth a few hundred feet high-ah, an' ye've got it. Now, don't t-ah to talk, or ye might ev-ah yo' face."

With this Partisan shaft of humor he vanished towards the fore-castle, whence the ubiquitous donkey-boiler, through one of its long arms, would shoot forth the stockless anchors at the touch of a lever. Tollemache, who had already glimpsed the coast, stropped out on deck and bent well over the side in order to look more directly ahead. He could see one half only of the view, but that sufficed.

"A respite!" he growled to himself. "Penal servitude instead of sudden death."

And, indeed, this was the true aspect of things, as Courtenay discovered when he had successfully brought the ship past three ugly reefs and dropped anchor in the backwater of a small sheltered bay.

He speedily abandoned the half-formed hope that the Kansas might have run into an ocean waterway which communicated with South Channel. The rampart of snow-clad hills had no break, while a hasty scrutiny of the chart showed him that the eastern coast of Hanover Island had been thoroughly surveyed. Yet it was not in human nature that he should not experience a rush of joy at the thought that, by his own efforts, he had saved his ship and some, at least, of the lives entrusted to his care. He was alone when the music of the chains in the hawse-pipes sounded in his ears. The Kansas had plenty of room to swing, but he thought it best to moor her. Believing implicitly now that he would yet bring his vessel into the Thames, he allowed her to be carried round by the fast-flowing tide until her nose pointed seaward, and she lay in the comparatively still water inshore.

Then he dropped the second anchor and stepped forth from the chart-house. His long vigil was ended. Some of the cloud of care lifted from his face, and he called cheerily to Joey.

"Come along, pup," he said. Let us sample Dr. Christofalo's cookery. You have shared my watch; now you shall share my breakfast. We have both earned it."

(To be continued.)

FUNNY PICTURES AT NICKEL TODAY

The bill at the Nickel today and tomorrow will be one purely comic; there are to be no tragedies, no heart-aching scenes, just plain, simple fun of the most laughable kind, and plenty of it. It will be one continuous laugh, a round of merriment that has not yet been equalled. In the first place, The Dream of the Welsh Rare-bit Fiend is an Edison film that has made a fortune for its originators. The actual scenery and photography in it are as bright features as the humor throughout the whole film. Mike as a Model is a clever vaudeville turn that will elicit no end of laughter, while An Exciting Cab Ride presents a new line of fun of Parisian stamp. The last picture is the Escaped Llama, an exciting story in country and city; new songs and new orchestra music.

Mrs. L. J. Tweedie and Miss Tweedie, of Chatham, are at the Royal.

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