

Great Snap in Men's Suits

TODAY WE WILL SELL
Men's Fancy Tweed Suits
for \$4.50

ONLY ONE SUIT TO A CUSTOMER

NOTE—These Suits sell regularly for \$10 and \$12. Every
Suit guaranteed perfect and worth the regular price.

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX. CORBET, Manager.

The Captain
of the Kansas

By LOUIS TRACY.

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

(Continued.)

Suarez, somewhat weak from his knock on the head, over night, was not equal to the strain of continued exertion, so Elsie and Gray took two cars each, and allowed the surrounding hills, they were half way across the inlet, Gray stooped low in the boat, struck a match, and looked at his watch. It was half after one o'clock. There could be no doubt whatever that the dawn would find them far from the ship, no matter how fortunate they might be in their further adventures.

It was well for Elsie that she had learnt how to scull when in her teens, and that her muscles were in fair condition owing to the sustained stress of that pull across the bay. The heavy boat, intended to be rowed by six men, had the added burthen of four canoes. It was back-breaking work, but she neither faltered nor sighed until Suarez said:

"Let me take your place now, senorita. In ten minutes we shall be at the mouth of the creek, though heaven only knows how we shall find it."

He did not exaggerate in thus expressing his fear. Time and again they neared the shore, only to hear the tidal swell breaking heavily on the rocks. The lights of the Kansas, fully three miles away, could only tell them that they were in the neighborhood of the place where Courtney had last been seen in this identical boat.

The least divergence from the line given by the position of the ship meant a difference of hundreds of yards at such a distance, and there was an ominous lightning of the gloom, accompanied by a dimming of the powerful current had probably carried them a good deal southward of the point they were aiming at. He suggested that they should boldly pull a quarter of a mile or so against the tide, and then try their luck. Their progress, of course, became slower than ever, and Elsie began to despair that they should ever find the mouth of the stream which ran through the cleft in the hill, when she suddenly saw the luminous crescents which heralded the sunrise over the inner mountain range. A light that could not be visible unless there was a break in the cliffs in that locality.

"Pull in now," she whispered tensely, and, with a little further effort, they found that the boat was travelling not against but with the tide, which was flooding a small offshoot of the main estuary.

Precaution became not only useless but impossible. They were all worn out. Nothing but the most inflexible determination on the part of Elsie and Gray, aided out by a certain depending fear of both of them felt by Suarez, had sustained them thus far. They went on, and on; they swept rapidly into the jaws of a precipitous defile, the lofty crests on either hand coming momentarily nearer against the brightening sky. It did not seem credible that this sheer cliff through the heart of a gigantic hill could continue for more than a few yards, nor that anything save a bird could find foothold on its steep sides. Yet the current flowed smoothly onwards, through a wealth of vegetation which clung precariously to every ledge and natural outcrop.

Joey, embarrassed by his gag, nevertheless managed to emit a warning growl. Then the boat crashed into a canoe, and a hoarse yell of alarm came from beneath the lowestmost trees, whose dense foliage flung a pall over the water. Gray was seized with an inspiration. He grasped the canoe as it bumped along the gunwale, and held it down on one side until it filled and sank. He sent another, and yet a third, guzzling to the bottom before the outburst of raucous cries from both banks showed there were Indians here in some force.

Stones, too, began to hum around them; some struck the boat, but the greater majority whizzed unpleasantly close to the heads of the two men and the girl, proving conclusively that they were visible to the unseen enemy. Gray whipped forth the revolver and fired twice. The second time a shriek of pain told that he had hit one of their assailants. The two reports made a deafening din. In that place of echoes. They appeared to stir the Indians into a perfect frenzy, and it was evident by the sounds, that the islanders had not much liberty of movement on the narrow strips of land they occupied on both sides of the gorge.

Elsie caught some significant splashing behind her.

"They are swimming towards the canoes," she screamed.

Telling Suarez to pull for all he was worth, Gray, clambered to the stern of the boat, and emptied the revolver at what he took to be the black heads of the swimmers.

"Quick! Load it again," he said, and Elsie obeyed with a nimbleness and certainty that were amazing.

The American fired three more shots before he was satisfied that the canoes were unattended and not cut adrift. They were now within the pandemonium he, him, and Elsie, beholding herself of the dog, freed him from that most objectionable muzzle. Joey forthwith awoke the welkin with his uproar, but, although the girl strained her ears for some answering bark, she could detect nothing beyond the howling of Indians at each other across the narrow creek, and the repeated echoes of the dog's barking.

About this time Gray began to suspect that the tide was bearing them onward at a remarkable rate. In the sombre depths of the cleft or canon it was difficult to discern stationary objects clearly enough to obtain a means of estimating the down of the stream. But the rapid dy- azze gave him cause to think. He asked Suarez to cease pulling. The canoes behind came crowding in on the more solid boat, and an ear held out until it encountered some invisible branch was rudely impelled towards an unknown destination with the silence and gathering speed of a mill-race.

An expert engineer, though his work may have little to do with sea or river, cannot fail to accumulate a store of their respective knowledge as to the properties and limitations of water in motion. Gray knew that the quickened impulse of the stream arose from the tidal force exerted in a channel which gradually widened in its width. The boat was traveling at sea level. Therefore, there could be neither rapid nor retardation in front; but the steady rush of current, now plainly audible, could not be accounted for simply by the effort of the tide to gain a passage through a mere by-way, as the boat was now nearly half a mile from the estuary, and the velocity of the current was increasing each moment.

"We must endeavor to reach the bank and hold on to the branches of a tree," he shouted in Spanish. "Down with your heads until the boat strikes, and then try to lay hold of something."

There was no time for explanation. He seized an oar; a powerful stroke swung the boat's nose round. By chance, he used the starboard oar. All unknowing he spun a coil for life or death, and life won. They crashed through some drooping foliage and ran into a crumbling bank. Gray unslipped the oar and jammed it straight down. It stuck between stones at a depth of three feet, and the life-boat was held fast for the time. The canoes hurtled against each other, but were swept aside instantly. When the noise ceased, they plainly heard the swirl of the water. In their new environment, it had the uncanny and sinister hiss of some monstrous snake.

"Everybody happy?" Gray demanded coolly.

"I am clinging to a tree trunk," answered Elsie.

"Bully for you. Make fast with a piece of rope. But be careful to provide a slip-knot, in case we have to sheer off in a hurry. Can you manage that?"

"Quite well."

Elsie was fully aware that the leadership of the expedition had gone from her. She was not sorry; it was in strong hands. Suarez, too, secured a stout branch, and passed a rope around it.

"Now, silence! and listen!" said Gray. They soon detected a curiously subdued clamor from the inner recesses of the cleft. At first almost indistinguishable, it gradually assumed the peculiar attribute of immense volumes of distant sound, and filled

Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



THE VOGUE OF OSTRICH.

It is the fad this winter to trim those large sailor and chopping bowl shapes with a single ostrich plume so large in size and rich in quality as to form the only trimming on the hat, with the exception of a ribbon or velvet rosette basing the quill of the plume. Usually this is posed a little to the right of the center front, like that in the picture, spreads luxuriantly over the front and left side of the crown and droops its long willowed end off the left brim well toward the back. The price of these plumes is so prohibitive as to keep them within the lines of exclusive millinery fashions. The pictured hat is a black satin with chambray color underbrim facing and black ostrich and ribbon trimmings.

Wonderful Cold Cure

Relieves at Once --- Prevents
and Cures Quickly.

You have a cold—in the head—something you can't escape. But there is a cure—a delightful method of prevention—so simple even a child will use it—"Catarrhazone."

Quick as lightning on nose colds—stops them, cures them, prevents them. Just inhale Catarrhazone—breathe in its healing balsams and out goes the cold, away go the sniffles—catarrh vanishes like the wind.

To the sore membranes Catarrhazone sends the healing of the pine woods; to the irritated surfaces it supplies pure balsamic extracts that loosen the phlegm, clear all obstructions, destroy disease germs.

For the nose, throat, lungs, and bronchial tubes, Catarrhazone is unrivaled. Try it yourself—both pleasant and safe.

Two months' treatment guaranteed, price \$1.00; small (trial) size 25c., at all dealers, or N. C. Polson and Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

the ear to the exclusion of all else. It was life nothing any of them had heard before; now it recalled the roar of a mighty waterfall, and again its strange melody brought memories of a river in flood. But the dominant note was the grinding noise of innumerable mill-stones. It cowed them all. Even the dog was afraid.

"Guess we tied up just in time," exclaimed Gray, feeling the need of speech. A little ebb answered him. Elsie was beginning to admit the sheer hopelessness of her undertaking.

"Now cheer up, Miss Maxwell," said he. "All the water that is going in must come out by the same road. At the worst, we can skate back the way we came and take our chance. But it will soon be broad daylight, and I'll answer for it that if Captain Courtney is yet alive, he is not between us and the mouth of the inlet, or he would have contrived some sort of racket to let us know his whereabouts. Now, I propose that our friend in the bows be asked to shin up the cliff and prospect a bit. He ought to know how to crawl through this grinding noise. Fifty feet higher he will be able to see some distance."

Elsie agreed miserably. She was crushed by the immensity of the difficulties confronting them. Expedients which looked simple beforehand were found lamentably deficient to cope with wild nature on the tremendous scale of this gloomy land. Suarez, too, was very reluctant to leave the boat, but the American adopted a short cut in the argument, offering him the alternative of climbing ashore or of being thrown overboard.

So the Argentine adopted the less hazardous method, and climbed to the bank. A splash, and a scramble, and a slight exclamation from Elsie told that the dog had followed. Soon the swish of leaves and the crackling of rotten wood ceased. Suarez might be out of earshot or merely hiding for a time, intending to return with news of an impassable precipice. There

was a good attendance at St. Luke's church school room last evening when Rev. H. E. Trumppour, of Rothesay, gave an illustrated lecture on the cathedral towns of England, under the auspices of the Young People's Association. Rev. Mr. Trumppour took his hearers on an imaginary journey through England, beginning at the north with Newcastle and Carlisle and visiting Chester, Canterbury and other towns, also showing illustrated slides. The lecture was much appreciated and a vote of thanks to the Y. P. A. and to Mr. Trumppour was passed.

Two new locomotives on the I. C. R. from the shops at Moncton are now in commission. They are said to be equal to any imported from abroad or upper Canada.

Every Weak Woman

Should Read This

It is hard to conceive of a sadder outlook than that of the pale, sickly woman. She is fired with ambition for work and pleasure, but through the depressing influence of some secret illness she is prevented from taking her proper place in the ordinary affairs of life.

But the downcast woman need suffer no longer. There is a remedy—one that lifts the awful burden of suffering days and sleepless nights. This remedy is Ferrozone, which feeds the blood with the elements it has lost through insufficient nutrition. Ferrozone stimulates the nerves, and whether impoverished by over-use, disease or mental strain, the nervous system is quickly nourished back to a state of vigorous health. Ferrozone is, therefore, the ideal remedy for all kinds of female weakness and permanently cures those ill peculiar to womanhood.

The quickening, uplifting influence of Ferrozone is unsurpassed. Mrs. Mary E. Cowan, the wife of a noted citizen of Hillsboro, says:

"If half the ailing women in the world would only use Ferrozone regularly they would be saved a great deal of sickness. Before using Ferrozone I was fatigued and tired out with the least exertion. I spent half my time in bed and was forever bothered with some trouble or another. After using a few boxes of Ferrozone I became more robust, also showing illustrated slides. The lecture was much appreciated and a vote of thanks to the Y. P. A. and to Mr. Trumppour was passed.

You really ought to use Ferrozone—it will do you so much good. Don't listen to the druggist who urges something just as good. No substitutes compare with Ferrozone, which does all that is claimed for it. Price 50c. per box, or six for \$2.50, at all dealers in medicine, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.

THE MARKET FOR DAIRY PRODUCE

Sale of New Zealand Butter in
England for Canadian Ac-
count May Raise Values.

(Montreal Witness.)

Some more of that New Zealand butter that was purchased for the account of Canadian dealers, has been sold in England. There is a good profit on the turnover, for the Canadian dealer, and by disposing of his holdings on the other side a large proportion of the risk of handling the stock is eliminated; but the influences which have been held over the market here for some time, are being, in this way, entirely reversed.

When the proposal to import colonial butter was first advanced, it was aimed at the engagement of any quantity of this produce would have a weakening effect on the Canadian market. The engagements were made in due time without any very noticeable decline in values taking place, and now that the tendency of the owners of the butter seems to be to free a market in England, the strength of the situation here should be materially increased. This may come when the stocks in store have been reduced to a low level, but so far values have fluctuated within very narrow limits, the disposal on outside markets of the supplies which were destined to meet the local deficiency, apparently having very little effect on prices.

In the local jobbing trade the price that buyers will pay has advanced about 1-2c. since last week, and choice full creamery is selling at 28 1/2c. to 29c. The offerings of fresh made butter, both creamery and dairy, are light, and quotations range from 26 1/2c. to 27c. per pound for the former, and 23 1/2c. to 25c. for the latter. Cheese values are steady at 13 1/2c. for finest September Westerns, white, and 13 1/2c. for the same make of colored.

The inquiry from the English market is light, but the holdings here are not heavy enough to cause any uneasiness on that score.

MODERN MEDICINES

No sane mother would wish herself treated under the conditions of medicine or surgery of half a century ago. Why then should she give her little one the old-fashioned medicines of half a century ago, which more likely than not contain poisonous opiates that cannot cure the child, but merely drugs it into temporary insensibility. Baby's Own Tablets is a modern medicine, prepared with all the care and skill of modern medical science. And the mother who gives this medicine to her child has the guarantee of a government analyst that it does not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. This medicine cures all the minor ailments of little ones, and makes baby healthy, laughing, happy child. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

It is said that Dr. J. V. Anglin is mentioned as the possible successor of Dr. Thomas Walker as medical officer of the 62nd Fusiliers. Major Fred Hart, the senior major, has resigned. Major Magee as next in promotion will be promoted. Capt. Perley, of D. Co., may be appointed junior major, and in the event of a new captain being appointed it is said Lieut. Fred G. Sancton would probably be the choice. Colonel M. B. Edwards is said to be considering his resignation this year, and in that event Capt. McAvity may be appointed to the command.

One of the stewards of the C. P. R. steamer Montezuma fell twenty feet in the hold of the steamer yesterday morning, breaking his right arm. While walking along the deck with some dishes he slipped and landed on some freight in the hold. He was brought out by some of the sailors who carried him to the surgeon's room, where the ship's doctor attended him.

"Do you hear?" she whispered, and her hand clutched Gray's shoulder with an energy which set his heart beating high. He did not answer. He had heard no unusual sound, but he was not without faith in her.

"There!" she panted again. "Some one is hallooing. Some one cried 'Elsie,' I am sure of it."

"Guess you'd better foot 'Arthur' on the off chance," said Gray.

Almost the last thing she remembered was the sound of her own wild scream. The came back to her a stronger shout, and the bark of a dog. She had a blurred, consciousness of a whole troupe of men scrambling down the choked ravine, of glad questions and joyous answers, of a delicious dog leaping on board and yelping staccato assurances of their escape. Then she found herself in Courtney's arms, and heard him say in a rapture of delight:

"I owe my life to you, dear heart. That is the wonder of it. No need to tell me you ran away from the ship. I know. One kiss, Elsie, then full speed ahead for the Kansas. By the Lord, to think of it! You here! at the very gate of the Inferno! Well, one more kiss! Yes, it is I, none other, and fit as a fiddle. Never got a scratch. There, now; I really must see to the crew. We must be ready for the turn of the tide."

(To be Continued.)

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\$500.00 In Cash
Prizes

to the 128 persons composing the best
last lines for the

St. George's
Baking Powder
Limerick

\$200.00 will be given to the person sending in the best line.
80.00 to the person sending in the 2nd. best.
25.00 " " " 3rd.
5.00 each to the next twenty-five best.
1.00 " " " one hundred best.

One year ago, St. George's Baking Powder was introduced to the Canadian people.

Now, thousands of housewives use it for Cakes, Pies, Rolls and Biscuits. But there are still many more who do not; we want them to try just one can of St. George's—because we know that one can will make them firm friends of this absolutely pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powder.

That is why we are taking this means of getting YOU to see how good it is—by giving you a chance to share in the \$500.00 prizes.

Everyone may compete—those who are now friends of St. George's as well as those who have never used it.

Conditions:

- 1st. Your line with your name and address must be plainly written on the coupon below.
- 2nd. Carefully remove the trade mark from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder by wetting the label with a cloth dampened in hot water (make sure you do not get the powder in the tin damp). Paste or pin the trade mark to the corner of the coupon in the space provided.
- 3rd. Competitors may send in as many lines as they like providing each is accompanied by a trade mark cut from a tin of St. George's Baking Powder.
- 4th. The Editor of the Montreal Star has kindly consented to act as judge and all answers must be addressed to the Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal.
- 5th. All answers must be posted not later than Feb. 28th 1926. The names of the prize winners will be published in this paper as soon after that date as possible.

No trademark cut from our sample package will be accepted.

Limerick

For Cakes, just as light as a feather—
And Biscuits and Pies, the best ever—
You can easily bake them
St. George's will make them

Paste or pin the trade
mark from the label of a
tin of St. George's Baking
Powder here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor of Montreal Star as final, and enter the competition with that understanding

Signature

Address

Address this coupon with our trade mark attached, and your line and signature plainly written, to
The Editor, St. George's Baking Powder Limerick, Star Office, Montreal, Que.

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