

WOODED UNDER FIRE

It is no longer a question of delay—the time has come when they must act. As it has already been arranged that Sam is to take the initiative, he gives his friend a tap with his foot that means business, and Dudley McLeane is quick to respond.

Two human figures suddenly sit upright, and flash revolvers in the faces of the dark-featured men that would leap upon them.

Such an unexpected apparition naturally arouses something like consternation in the breasts of the Italians—they start back with various exclamations indicative of surprise. At the same time, they are not the kind that give up an object that is almost in hand, because some obstacle bars the way.

The exclamations give place to louder cries that indicate rage, and a voice from some unseen person in the dark recesses of the hall, shouts:

"Death to the Americans! The knife! the knife!"

McLeane is proud to be classed with Sam Buxton as an inferior on the latter would never be ashamed to be taken for a Canadian, since those cousins across the border have a reputation for bravery excelled by none.

This loud-voiced man to arouse the Italian bandits to action. They rush forward and seek to close with those they have been ordered to destroy. It is one thing to plan such action and another to carry it out, for the parties most interested have to be consulted.

Since there can no longer be any doubt about the intention of the fellows, Baron Sam does not hesitate to open fire. He aims to wound rather than to kill, not because he believes such rascals do not merit death, but simply on account of certain scruples of his own. Besides, it is sometimes better to wound than to slay—dead men cannot shriek and get in the way of the living—they cannot do augur to demoralize an attack.

Nor is McLeane at all backward about following the well set example of his comrade. He has picked out his men, and begins to blaze away at them as soon as possible.

During a brief lull in the firing our friends hear that which startles them—they catch sounds beyond the door—the shriek of a terrified woman, followed by a sharp report, as of a small pistol.

Sam Buxton has no difficulty in guessing what all this means—he remembers that Aileen confessed she was armed, and would not hesitate to use her little revolver in case of necessity. That time seems to have arrived—unmolested while the attack was being made upon our friends in the great hall of the castle, others of the bandits, perhaps under the lead of the man Sam had vanquished in the duel under the walls of the Hospice St. Bernard, had crept around and managed to gain the interior of the sleeping chamber by means of a window or some other entrance.

This is an emergency that calls for immediate action, and fortunate indeed does it happen that these comrades true are built upon a model that is not disparaged by anything.

Sam chances to be farther away from the door than his companion. He turns

like a flash, intending to hurl his whole weight against the door, which, it strong, may nevertheless give way before such an earnest attack.

He finds himself forestalled, because it happens that Dudley has ideas of his own in this direction.

When Sam Buxton turns he sees a towering Canadian catapult rushing at the barrier—a mighty power under motion, which must crush whatever stands in the way—a trained athlete, who knows how to utilize every ounce of strength in that magnificent frame of his, and means to beat that door to splinters if he cannot otherwise force a passage through—this is the picture the American sees as he turns and leaps in the same quarter, and filled with intense enthusiasm, he shouts, even as he springs forward a pace:

"Canada to the fore! Strike it hard! Now!"

CHAPTER IX.

As Baron Sam utters the last word, the Canadian athlete reaches the door. With his whole strength he has raised his body in mid-air and made a last tremendous leap, clearing a couple of yards, and landing against the barrier with both feet, a trick learned in the Montreal gymnasium, with no idea probably that it would be used under such peculiar circumstances as these.

A man thus trained can exert tremendous force, as he succeeds in utilizing the immense power that lies in the hips and thighs, and Sam Buxton, who has seen his athletic comrade do many wonderful things in the past, has perfect confidence in his ability to destroy the barrier that confronts him.

Nor is this feeling misplaced, for when Dudley alights upon the door it is with a tremendous crash, the structure giving way before him.

Door and athlete go down in a mass of dust and broken boards, but the Canadian athlete does not appear to have received serious injury. He is on his feet almost immediately, and evidently ready to follow up his first attack, and carry the war into Africa.

Sam is at his side—these comrades true have on more than one occasion stood back to back and fought a bitter foe. They rushed into the room together, eager to discover the cause of Miss Dorothy's scream and the sudden pistol shot.

No light illumines the apartment, and unable to see where he is going, Sam stumbles over the body of a man lying on the floor—stumbles, and falls headlong.

There is such a thing as providential interposition. Even as Sam Buxton rolls over the sharp report of a fire-arm is heard, and a little spiteful chunk of lead cuts the space so recently occupied by his figure; had he remained erect he must certainly have received the benefit of it.

Dudley chances to be staring in the direction whence this shot comes at the very moment it is fired, and he sees something that amazes him. There stands the trig figure of the California heiress, holding out her arm—it is from the weapon she grasps the discharge has come. Back of her comes another figure, that of Miss Dorothy.

Fortunately the Canadian instantly grasps the situation, and calls out in time to prevent the independent young woman from firing another shot, that might effectually dispose of a certain individual of the McLeane family.

"Are you hurt, Sam?" he demands, groping about for his prostrate comrade.

"Before he can receive a reply, the Italians are at the door, swarming to get in, and Dudley knows he must pay attention to this quarter, or they will be speedily overwhelmed. He whirls around and rushes at them with something of the same force that characterized his assault at the door. They do not realize his intention until he is upon them. Then such a screaming and scuffling ensues, during which the silent Canadian gets in his work. He smashes a cudgel from the hand of the first man through the doorway, and immediately tests the virtue of the weapon on the fellow's cranium with such telling effect that the number of their assaults is immediately diminished by one.

"This is only a beginning, for the Canadian starts in to beat a lively tattoo upon the hazzard, who endeavor to force a passage through the door. He has them at his mercy, for they are overcome by sheer force of numbers, being so crowded in the doorway that hardly an arm can be raised to make a vicious thrust with a stiletto in the direction of the men coming into the chamber from what appeared to be a narrow passage.

In a moment Sam is in that corner, busily engaged in searching. He has high hopes of success, for, considering the haste with which Count Tivoli made his departure, it is hardly probable that he took time to close the secret door after him.

Baron Sam's idea is a true one, as he soon discovers, to his gratification. His hand comes in contact with an object that moves, and with an exclamation of delight, he realizes his good luck.

"This is the secret door—what has he done is of course problematical, but it has already been desirable to move alone, rather than wait where they are until daylight.

Sam gives the signal that brings the others to his side, and they condescend to move forward. A light would be a blessing, but, unfortunately, they have no lantern. As an old traveller, Sam generally carries some pieces of candle in his satchel; if he can only get hold of this.

He remembers where he placed it in the other room, together with the small luggage belonging to all, which was carried up from the train. An idea flashes into his brain—Sam is afflicted that way, and is always having sudden inspirations.

"Wait for me here a few minutes," he says, and although the others do not wholly understand the object of the delay, they guess that it has something to do with their comfort, so they stand at the entrance of the passage and wait.

The American moves across the apartment—he heads toward the broken door, with the hall beyond. Does he mean to rush out and secure the personal baggage which is valuable to them? Such a proceeding may cost what is worth much more to the little party of tourists—even Sam's life.

The lamp which served them so well before now gives its favors to the left side. If Sam ventures into the hall its

HAIR AND SKIN BEAUTY



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Assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 32-page Skin Book, sent post-free by The Cuticura Drug & Chem. Co., Dept. 2K, Boston, U. S. A.

light will reveal his presence to the Italians—they are here, there and everywhere, some nursing their wounds, other in groups, talking and eagerly gestulating, as though figuring on the best possible way in which they can be rid of the men who have already done such serious work among them.

To rush among them, with that light betraying his identity, is to invite death, since these fellows are not in a mood to be trifled with. Sam is well aware of this fact, and although under certain circumstances he would not hesitate to do this same thing, he sees no necessity for it now.

In his hand he holds something—it is a revolver, and two shots remain out of the six that originally filled the chamber.

What does he intend doing with this? It is the lamp that is his worst enemy at present, and surely Sam cannot engage in a duel with an inanimate object like that?

Nevertheless it is toward the lamp that he now bends his attention. He raises his arm and aims his weapon directly at the source of the illumination, just as though he intended to vent his spite upon it.

Sam Buxton is a wonderful shot, and it is no extraordinary feat for him to snuff out a candle at twenty paces. He must have darkness in order to carry out his little plans, hence his attention in respect to the lamp.

A steady hand elevates the revolver to the proper line, and then comes the report. Darkness instantly falls upon the scene, and with it comes a series of shots from the alarmed bandits. They no doubt have conceived a discreet respect for the rapid firing weapons of the foreign comrades, and when darkness comes with the shot, imagine they are about to be assaulted in turn.

Sam does not want to explain matters, or even give them a chance to comprehend. He has made a good beginning, and expects to follow up the advantage thus gained.

Passing into the great hall, he darts toward the spot where the little pile of luggage lies.

On his way he runs across some one, probably an Italian endeavoring to get out of the place. The fellow is an ecstasy of fear, seeks to elude his unseen foe, perhaps hoping to get off with less punishment if it is taken at short range, much as the weaker cock in a fight will try to duck its head under its opponent's body.

Sam, however, strikes a lucky blow with the revolver he holds in his hand, and reaching the fellow's cranium, lays him out superbly.

Nothing now remains to lock his passage—he hides the revolver in his pocket, bends over the luggage, picks it up with both hands, throwing a rug or so over his shoulder, and then turns to once more seek the smaller chamber and his friends.

There a new difficulty arises—he has been able to reach the spot where the luggage lay, because he took pains to mark it before extinguishing the light in such a summary manner, but as he turns to retrace his steps, he is not so certain with regard to the line he should pursue.

His hesitation is not Sam's faulting, however, and he moves forward, turning a course as nearly right as he can judge in the darkness. So laden is he with the numerous traps he has seized upon that more than once only his agility saves him from a serious fall. Then he comes in contact with the wall—the opening is only conspicuous by its absence, and he moves along to the right, hoping to discover what he seeks close by.

When it fails to appear, he changes his tactics, and turns the other way. The shouts of the Italian bandits have materialized into something more positive by this time, and a light appears on the scene in the rear of the hall, where a loud voice calls upon the men to organize.

Sam gets some benefit from this illumination. Although it may be a disadvantage, the opening he seeks close by, and instantly darts through it. Presently he is with his friends at the mouth of the secret passage, and a match being struck, the luggage is divided, each assuming a share, as the small traveling-bags have straps attached for hand-service.

Some opens his bag and triumphantly holds aloft almost a third of a wax taper, which he has carried to avoid the miserable tax put upon travelers for light at many European hotels. Americans detest this, because they are not accustomed to such a thing, and feel that they are being swindled. At any rate, your wise traveler is always found prepared with soap, a candle, and plenty of matches, then he laughs at contented bandits.

The same match that has already given such relief to all, is utilized by Sam—he holds it to the blessed candle, and lo! a clear white flame is the result.

They no longer have to grope in the dark, since their way is made bright by this illumination.

"The next thing to be done," remarks Sam after the Canadian has, at motion from him, closed the door leading into the apartment previously occupied by the ladies, "is to once more get into condition for business."

With that he draws out a handful of cartridges, passes some to his comrade, and extracting the five empty shells, with a single movement, from his revolver, together with the one that has not been discharged, he fills all the chamber with fresh material.

McLeane has followed his example, and when this job has been accomplished, they feel as though placed upon a war footing. The bandits of Fra Diavolo may once more get the benefit of their claws, should they come in contact again.

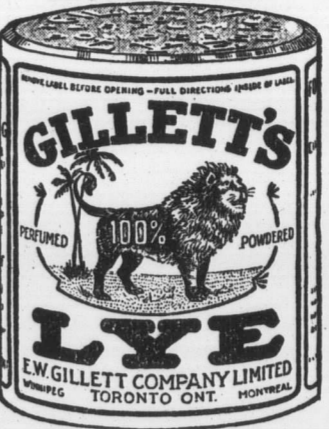
CHAPTER X.

All is ready now for an advance into the unknown regions whether the passage-way may lead them. As if by mutual consent, all of them look to Baron Sam as a leader. He is quiet and unassuming, but knows what he is about—possesses just the material to make a good general.

The passage is dusty and full of cobwebs—they can feel the latter even where they are not to be seen; and as Miss Dorothy threatens to go into hysterics—after brushing quite a number away from her face, Dudley takes it upon him to walk directly in front of her, and receive the ill benefit of such an advanced position.

It is a strange procession; first the American, with a revolver in one hand and the satchel in the other, leads

GILLETTT'S LYE EATS DIRT



above his head with the other; next the brave maid of the Sierras, boldly following his lead; then Dudley McLeane, his ample form protecting the shivering form of the spinster, who tremblingly brings up the rear, clutching McLeane's coat for fear of being left behind in the exodus.

(To be Continued.)

Bobbie Had an Effective Remedy



Little Bobbie had acquired the habit—a habit shared among the majority of small boys—of continually stuffing between meals, and neither punishment, it seemed, nor remonstrance could cure him of it.

"What can I do?" his mother asked the family doctor. "To make him give up the habit of eating between meals?"

The man of medicine glanced at the little chap contemptively, but before he could answer the lad himself prescribed a simple remedy.

"Have the meals thicker together," he said.

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HOW TO TREAT ALL SKIN TROUBLE

Greasy Ointments No Use—Must Be Cured Through the Blood.

It is not a good thing for people with a tendency to have pimples and a blotchy complexion to smear themselves with greasy ointments. In fact they couldn't do anything worse, because the grease clogs the pores of the skin, making the disease worse. When there is an irritating rash a soothing boracic wash may help allay the pain or itching, but of course it doesn't cure the trouble. Skin complaints arise from an impure condition of the blood and will persist until the blood is purified.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured many cases of eczema and skin diseases because they make new blood that drives out the impurities, clears the skin and imparts a glow of health. The following proof is offered.

Mrs. Fred Tremble, Gutter, Ont., says: "For more than a year I have been steadily afflicted with salt rheum or eczema. My hands were so sore that I could not put them in water without the skin cracking open. I tried all sorts of ointments recommended for the trouble, but they did not do me a particle of good. I was told Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would cure the trouble and began taking them. I took the Pills steadily for six or eight weeks and they immediately cured the trouble. This was several years ago and I have never been bothered with it since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Nationality of Inventors.

What nation has created most of the marvels of modern science? A French architect, M. Hannin, replies to this question in the following manner, says the Sun.

The first practical automobiles were built by Serpollet and Levassier, about 1880, both Frenchmen.

The first dirigible balloon able to resist the wind was built by Giffard, in 1855. In 1933 the brothers Tissandier and in 1884 Renard and Krebs built balloons which could be steered perfectly. All five were Frenchmen.

Another Frenchman, Ader, constructed in 1887 the Avion, the first heavier-than-air machine to leave the ground. This was built on the same principles as the aeroplane, which was later transformed completely and made practical by Wright brothers, Americans, in 1904.

A Frenchman, Ader, built the first practical submarine in 1807.

The telephone was invented by an American, Alexander Bell, in 1876, and the phonograph by an American, Edison, in 1877.

The elements of the cinematograph were discovered by a Belgian, Plateau, about 1835. A Frenchman, Marey, photographed the movements of living creatures about 1887, and an American, Ed-

Do Your Looks Quite Satisfy You

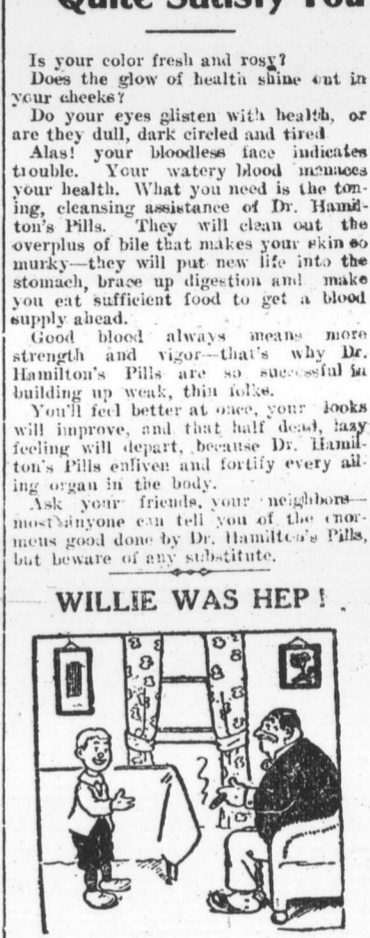
Is your color fresh and rosy? Does the glow of health shine out in your cheeks? Do your eyes glisten with health, or are they dull, dark circled and tired? Alas! your bloodless face indicates trouble. Your watery blood accuses your health. What you need is the tonic, cleansing assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will clear out the overplus of bile that makes your skin so murky—they will put new life into the stomach, brace up digestion and make you eat sufficient food to get a blood supply ahead.

Good blood always means more strength and vigor—that's why Dr. Hamilton's Pills are so successful in building up weak, thin folks.

You'll feel better at once, your looks will improve, and that half dead, lazy feeling will depart, because Dr. Hamilton's Pills enrich and fortify every living organ in the body.

Ask your friends, your neighbors—most anyone can tell you of the enormous good done by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, but beware of any substitute.

WILLIE WAS HEP!



Dad (meaningly)—Who's the laziest boy in your class, Willie?

Willie—I don't know.

Dad—I should think you would know. Who is it sits idly in his seat and watches the rest instead of working himself?

Willie—The teacher.

AN AWFUL RECORD.

(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)

The murder bug habit in the United States seems to be which attention does not call for, but we do not improve. There were 6,200 homicides in the United States in 1912. In 1913 there were more than 5,000—according to carefully collected figures on the subject. It is not a record to be proud of, and it almost seems in seeming it as if murder and violence really were popular here instead of reprobated.

SANDY'S ADVANTAGE.

(Ottawa Evening Journal)

The Montreal Killies won the forecast march around Montreal, mounted in an unfair test. The other fellows had trousers on and didn't have to hurry to keep warm.

OUR MOTHERS' INFLUENCE.

(Rochester Herald)

Most of us when we feel our strongest reverence for women, are, consciously or unconsciously, recalling the virtues of our own mothers, and if the day dawned when different types of women came to the front, types of women whose characters are diametrically opposed to the characters of our mothers, how many a reverence for womanhood would be a thing of the past.

Fine Home Treatment For Croupy Children

"Bringing up young children has its responsibilities under the best of circumstances," writes Mrs. E. C. Fagan, of Holms-Corner, "but croupy colds add considerably to the worry. My little family of four all went through the croupy era, but I always had Nerviline on hand and never felt nervous. I just followed the directions, and I can tell you that nothing I know of is surer to cure croupy colds than Nerviline."

"In our home we use Nerviline frequently. For cold in the chest, pleurisy, whooping-cough, it is simply wonderful. My husband uses it for neuralgia and sick headache. Nerviline has so many uses that no mother can afford to be without it."

The large family size bottle, which sells at 50c, is the most economical; trial size, 25c. Your druggist or general distributor sells Nerviline, which is prepared by The Catarothone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

"Actions speak louder than words," is the favorite motto of the deaf mutes.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN

Dear Mr. Editor:—

Thanks for your kindness in allowing me the privilege of appealing at this Christmas time on behalf of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto.

It would take more space than you can spare to tell of the good work done for the sick and deformed children of this Province. Let me, however, in a few words, tell you of the progress of the work of the Hospital.

One nurse, six little white beds, a few dollars, a few friends—this was the beginning. The beds have grown to 250, the dollars to thousands, the friends to hundreds. 1875, the first year, 44 in-patients, 67 out-patients; 1913, last year, 1,648 in-patients, 25,507 out-patients; 1875, 1 nurse; 1913, 70 nurses.

Since 1875, thirty-eight years ago, the Hospital has admitted within its walls 21,018 children as in-patients, and 159,231 as out-patients, a total of 180,249, or an average of 4,743 per year. Of the 21,018 in-patients, 15,200 were from Toronto, and 5,818 from other parts of the Province; 10,150 of the total in-patients were cured, and 6,357 were improved.

In the Orthopedic Department last year, of the 1,648 in-patients, 278 were treated for deformities, 25 hip disease, 37 Pott's disease, 2 knock-knees, 19 bow-legs, 82 club feet, 8 lateral curvature of the spine, 4 infantile paralysis, 6 wry neck, and 75 tubercular disease of knee, hip and ankle. In 1913, the Surgical Apparatus Shop manufactured 427 appliances for in-patients and out-patients, including ankle braces, spinal braces, hip splints, bowleg splints, club-foot splints, plaster jackets, etc.

In this Department in 33 years nearly 800 boys and girls have been treated for Club Feet and 650 corrected. Half of these came from places outside of Toronto. Surely we have a fair claim for help from the people of this Province.

Will you, the reader of this letter, help to give crippled children a fair start in life?

Busy dollars are better than idle tears, but the sympathy that helps is good, but the Hospital has to have the sympathy that works.

While Christmas Bells are ringing to the glory of Him "Who made the lame to walk and the blind to see," give, give, give, and help the Hospital to help God's little ones, upon whom the heavy hand of affliction has been laid.

Will you please send a dollar, or more, if you can spare it, to Douglas Davidson, the Secretary-Treasurer of the Hospital, or

J. ROSS ROBERTSON,
Chairman of the Trustees, Toronto.