

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY THE ONE POUND TINS.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WOODED UNDER FIRE

"My time hadn't come, old fellow. See here, Dud, I'm going to ask a favor of you," and the American traveller seems a trifle uneasy.

"Granted before you ask it."

"Let me have a cigar, please."

"Confusion! Is that the favor, you wretch?" handing out his pocket-case, while Sam surveys him reproachfully selects a weed and applies a match.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. What I am going to ask of you may seem a little odd, but I have my reasons for it, and at some future time will explain all to you."

"Bosh!" ejaculates Dud, with a laugh; "speak out like a man."

"For the present I would keep my last name a secret from Aileen Winchester," says Sam.

"How pat he has the name," thinks the Canadian, and then adds, aloud: "O course, it shall be as you say, although I hardly know how it can be done when introducing you—she will be sure to ask after her preserver."

"Preserver! Fiddlesticks! Conrad had as much to do with it as myself, in a way. But I can give you a hint. Conrad—yes, even the beautiful Beatrice Paoli, calls me Baron Sam. Strange as it may appear, introduce me under that name. You know my mother married a second time, and my step-father's name was Fletcher. In some way I shall cause her to believe I am a Fletcher, but for the present introduce me as Baron Sam."

McLane looks at his companion queerly—it is so unusual for Sam to stoop to any deception that he cannot understand it.

"I suppose it's all right, old boy—yes, I know it is, coming from you. I'll follow out your plan, only there may come a break at any time—a fellow is apt to make a slip of the tongue, you know."

"A thousand thanks, old chap—will explain later. You know me, Dud, and can rest assured that my motives are strictly honorable," with which they drop the subject and speak of other things.

Night has come, the storm hastening the close of day, and the good monks proceed to make their guests as comfortable as the circumstances will allow. They form a cheery party in all, and having so fortunately escaped the rigor of the storm, they are disposed to be merry over it.

The ladies appear, looking none the worse for their adventure. Aileen comes straight up to where Sam chances to be standing, and holds out her hand. He is charmed with her impulsive ways—this daughter of the Sierras has a fine scorn for much of the false etiquette society favors—she acts from her heart, and not through the studied ways.

"To you I am indebted for my life. I thank you from my heart, sir," she says, in low tones.

For the second time Sam takes her hand, not as he did before, to rub warmth into the benumbed digits, but nevertheless he squeezed it while keeping his eyes fastened on hers.

"I beg that you will not mention it, Miss Winchester. It is a man's business to lend a helping hand to any fellow creature in distress. In turn I am under obligation to these holy men for shelter, so you see the debt is in a measure cancelled."

It is neatly put, but she smiles in reply.

"They can be repaid. The box at the door yonder is open to voluntary contributions, while I may never hope to rescue you from peril."

"Who knows? Strange things happen sometimes in this world of ours, Miss Winchester. Think of two friends, one supposed to be in Egypt, and the other in Canada, meeting in a fierce snow squall on the side of Mount Blanc—that seems improbable, and yet it is what has occurred between Dudley McLane and myself this day."

"You know Mr. McLane, then?" with surprise.

Sam opened his mouth to exclaim that they had been boon companions on many a jaunt, sleeping under the same blanket, and bled for each other, but he suddenly remembers something, and quietly remarks that they have met.

She branches out into describing her Aunt Dorothy's great regard for Mr. McLane, and, of course, Sam is ready to agree with all that is said of his friend, and even go several points better.

All the while he is conscious of the fact that a pair of burning eyes are gazed upon him, and that Count Tivoli watches his tete-a-tete with Aileen in a state of sullen anger, as though the jealous Italian had already recognized a possible dangerous rival in the American.

Presently McLane comes up with Dorothy Green, and the New England spinster squeezes Sam's hand warmly, calling him the savior of her wayward darling, and various like terms, until the other blushes beneath his tan, and turns the conversation.

McLane has introduced him simply as "My old friend, Baron Sam," and the ladies are not rude enough to question further, though they must think this a strange title.

The supper spread by the monks

is bountiful, even if the variety of viands is limited, and as hunger has come upon them with the rush of cold weather, all do justice to the repast. When this company depart from the monastery, the free will box on the wall must be heavier for their coming, if they have any gratitude in their souls.

For the night they are given such accommodations as the monastery will admit. The storm must be short-lived, as winter can hardly have set in, and with the coming of day they may find an opportunity to descend to the base of the mountain, where their means of transportation await them.

McLane has studied for the surgical profession, and has been called upon by one of the monks to perform a difficult operation for one of the order, so that it is late when he makes his way toward the cell which he and Sam share in common.

CHAPTER III.

As the young Canadian opens the door of the cell he is surprised at the picture he sees. The place is limited in size, with a couch in one corner capable of holding two tired wayfarers. Besides it, there is a small table, a couple of rough chairs, a small table, a pitcher and a tin basin constituting the amount total.

Upon this table is set a lamp. Sam Buxton is close by, busily engaged in cleaning something that has a glitter when the light falls upon it—the glint of polished steel.

"Glad to hear you say so, Dud. I'm particularly anxious that it shall work well to-night."

"To-night—my dear boy, you forget you are under the roof of a monastery. There is no fear of bandits here. For me, my sword is as good as a sword, but tonight—"

"My life depends upon the faithful execution of this little weapon," says Sam, smiling grimly.

"Dude take it, old man, what mystery are you hinting at? Surely the innocent grape-juice of these good monks hasn't mounted to your brain?"

At this Sam laughs aloud, as though tickled at the allusion, which he can afford to treat lightly.

"A serious business, I assure you, Dud. Since last I saw your cheery countenance I have passed through an experience."

"Ah!"

"I've had a visitor, my dear boy."

"Good heavens! not Aileen? No, I'm silly to think of it. Has Miss Dorothy been calling to discover who your antecedents were?"

"No, she is a great stickler for pedigree, especially when the person involved may turn out a possible suitor for the hand of her wealthy ward."

Sam cannot refrain from a roar at this.

"You'll discover the fact for yourself, so it's as well to be prepared. That's why she has favored the count, you know."

"Ah, yes, the count," mutters Sam, fiercely scowling.

"He has a pedigree that dates back to the time of Columbus—think of it. The old spinster went into ecstasies over it; but, sad to say, her opinions have no weight whatever with the independent Aileen."

"That is fortunate for the rest of us, else we should be cultivating the goodwill of the spinster instead of Miss Aileen, and Heaven preserve me from that," with a look of mock tragedy.

"But your visitor—you haven't told me who he was," persists McLane, who, like most of his countrymen, having Scotch blood in his veins, is very determined, and when once a notion strikes him he is apt to carry it out to the end.

"True, you see, I was sitting here, looking over my notebook, when there came a tap at my door. I called out, 'Enter!' and two men pushed in."

"Monks?"

"Not at all—Count Tivoli and a friend, also an Italian, a Colonel Somebody."

"I know—Colonel Marchesi—a man who has been a mystery to me. I have imagined all sorts of things in connection with him, even believing, at one time, he was the infamous brigand, Fra Diavolo, whose name is so greatly feared in Northern Italy."

"What made you think that, Dud?"

"The face bears a resemblance to a

picture I have seen of that man—that's all I had to found my suspicions upon, but forget it, Sam. What did they want?"

"Can you give a guess?"

"Jove! the Italian is thin-skinned—he may have taken offence at the cavalier way you treated him when you handed Aileen over to me."

"Centre shot first fire."

"Struck it, did it? Let me see, he must have come to ask an apology."

"Rather to demand one."

"A poor business when the person concerned is my old friend Sam."

"You forget—Baron Sam, for the present."

"Well, how did it come about? I am eager to hear, for I have little love concerning that man."

"He was impertinent. A gentleman, feeling aggrieved by some unintentional rudeness at my hands, can always receive immediate satisfaction. I aim to hurt nobody's feelings, but when a fellow of his calibre hustles into my room at ten o'clock at night, and impudently demands that I publicly take back an insult he fancies I put upon him, well, he simply mistakes his man, that's all."

Sam Buxton puffs away at his cigar nonchalantly, as though talking of some trifling matter, but when a fellow of his calibre hustles into my room at ten o'clock at night, and impudently demands that I publicly take back an insult he fancies I put upon him, well, he simply mistakes his man, that's all."

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ECZEMA ON FACE, SCALP AND HANDS

Came Off in Scales. Itched Badly. Had to Tie Hands. Little Watery Pimples. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

1307 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.—"My eczema first started when I was a baby, on my face and scalp. It seemed dry and when I scratched it, it came off in scales. It itched very badly and I was obliged to have my hands tied up so as to prevent scratching my face. Little watery pimples came on my hands and face and I had to stay home from school for nearly two weeks. It caused my face and hands to look badly. The eczema took a very bad form, appearing on my face in little watery ulcers so bad that I could hardly bear to be touched. My hair being naturally very thick I found to be getting thinner and wondered what could cause it to fall out."

"My mother tried many remedies, and spent no end of money trying to get me better, but it did no good. At last a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my mother used them. We applied the Cuticura Ointment to my face, head and hands and washed with the Cuticura Soap and the eczema began to disappear. Before six months had passed I was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Constance Jane, May 26, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalp, dandruff, dry, thin and falling hair, chapped hands and chapped nails, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single set is often sufficient. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

fallen—the moon is only a little past the full, and shines as clear as a bell. There, at fifteen paces, as I said before, we will settle this little business between man and man. I cannot sleep until I have gotten this off my mind."

"Jerusalem! a duel by moonlight, and just outside the walls of the holy monastery—that beats everything I've ever read. It is a whole romance crowded into a day and night. Sam; but bless my soul, it's just like you every time. Well, what did the macaroni-eaters have to say about it?"

"They exchanged a few sentences in low tones. I thought the count looked a little reluctant, but when the colonel spoke up he settled the matter, saying that although not wholly satisfied with the arrangement, there was nothing for his principal to do but accept, and I could depend upon their being on hand when the time came."

The sturdy Canadian athlete takes out his watch.

"By St. Andrew, it lacks only a quarter of that hour at this present moment," he remarks.

Sam Buxton rises from his chair, and begins to deliberately button his coat about him.

"Then perhaps we had better prepare to be at the rendezvous. I have already made friends with the good father who serves as doorman, and he will allow us to go without questioning. You will stand by me?—there is no need of my asking such a question."

"You may depend on a McLane to the utmost. They never desert a friend in time of need. I am ready, my dear boy, and if you fall in this affair, perhaps I may have something to settle with Count Tivoli."

"Thank heaven for such a friend, but I sincerely hope you will not take up any quarrel of mine. Should the Italian come out a master, allow him to depart in peace. It is only just. Make your mind easy, to begin with, that Sam Buxton doesn't intend to let the count do all the shouting. I mean to have a hand in that myself, if he is the uncle of the lovely Beatrice."

They leave the cell, the great monastery is as silent as the grave, save when along one of the passages leading to the chapel comes a line of cowed monks, bearing torches, on the way to a midnight service, accompanying their march with a low, lugubrious chant that sounds like a dirge.

Once at the door, the keeper allows them to pass outside. Here the air is frosty, the sky clear, and the moonlight shines brightly upon the snow, making a dazzling picture; but these two men are not in a mood to appreciate such things—the moon is welcome only because by its light the duellists may see to fire with some chance of success.

Figures are seen near the wall—the bell of the monastery clangs out the midnight hour.

Per Barco! where is our man, this American hero of the snow mountain? The count is heard to say, sneeringly:

"He is here!" comes the quiet response, and Baron Sam faces his enemy, the Italian duelist.

CHAPTER IV.

The count surveys his enemy with anything but love upon his dark face. Has he counted upon Baron Sam failing to keep his appointment? If so, it simply shows that he does not know Sam Buxton, who, if he had agreed to meet Satan himself at a certain rendezvous, would surely be on hand, if it were within his power. That frame of ice, if below the medium in size, carries, at forty pounds of nerve to the cubic inch.

(To be Continued.)

HOW TO CONQUER RHEUMATISM AT YOUR OWN HOME

If you or any of your friends suffer from rheumatism, kidney disorders or colic, a lot have blackened the faces of humanity's history at times, it will be a grave matter for those readers of thought who assume responsibility by praising the continuing assaults upon the body and mind. Can they be sure that the end of the course is good?

Coal Used 3,000 Years Ago.

Great writers 300 years before the Christian era mention coal in their works, and it was no uncommon thing in Egypt 500 years before that.

A long gap apparently comes after that, and coal is not heard of again until in England, somewhere about the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Records are found granting the privilege of mining for it to the people.

It was not until well along in the sixteenth century that coal was used to any extent in Germany, and even later.

MAJORITY JURIES.

Minnesota is Trying Out a New Scheme.

In Minnesota a new law provides that in civil cases ten men in a jury of twelve may bring in a verdict which will stand. The purpose of the law is to prevent jury "fixing," which under the unanimous jury system, is comparatively easy, as only one dissatisfied voice is needed to "hang" a jury and necessitate a new trial.

In all fairness, it may be said that what is termed "jury fixing" is often the presence of one dissenter on a jury in cases where a hostile jury is inclined to pay more attention to the letter of the law than to its spirit. While our jury system is conceded to be the best in the world, it must be admitted that there are occasions within the knowledge of every frequenter of the courts when juries do injustice to a defendant, though technically justifiable. The disposition to comply with the letter of the law on the part of eleven men often moves the twelfth to interpose his objection, and the result is another trial of the cause, and the end frequently is that a jury of greater intelligence, or of more experience in business affairs, will sense the injustice of the demand and return a verdict for the defendant.

This need not be cited as proof that our jury system is a figure because it is of such frequent occurrence. It is simply proof of the fact that many men are not fitted by temperament to act as jurors. They are narrow-minded, and on certain questions are bigoted, and incapable of rendering a verdict upon the law and the evidence in the case, as they take an oath to do. Men have been heard to declare that they would find men charged with certain offenses guilty, no matter what plea might be offered in extenuation. Such men are unfit to judge their fellow men.

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Minnesota is to try the new plan, and its operation will be observed with interest. It is new to this country, though it is, we believe, practiced in continental Europe. But Minnesota will require a jury to deliberate at least twelve hours before the verdict of ten men becomes valid. Men who approve of this new plan base their view upon the fact that in our highest courts unanimity of opinion is not necessary. An opinion by our Court of Appeals and by the Federal Supreme Court is frequently obtained by a bare majority. But we notice that such opinions are not always considered final, and frequently they are not final. However, if they were