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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

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

LONDON IS A MELTING POT FOR MANY EUROPEAN NATIONALITIES

(Continued from Page Seventeen)

all are the needs of the adult evident. There are less than a dozen Chinese children in London, and some of these are Eurasians, children of Chinese fathers and Caucasian mothers. In the public schools they are remarkably proficient. Several of them are regarded by their teachers as youthful prodigies. Adult education is what the local Chinese need most, and desire most, and to a large extent they are receiving it. Large Chinese classes in the Sunday schools of St. Andrew's Church, Dundas Centre Methodist Church, and the First Congregational Church are steadily growing. All the Chinese are ready to study English under Christian influences, and the majority of them are ready to embrace Christianity. No other non-Teutonic or



are the Russians and Poles. There are 200 or more Russians and a much larger number of Poles. They make very good citizens, however; they are, in many instances, well educated in their own languages, and with fair opportunities of learning English become assimilated into the English community. The Russian Church has undertaken the instruction of the local Russian colony in English. It is concentrated about the vicinity of Philip, Nelson and Mainland streets. Russian classes have at different times been established by the Y. M. C. A. and have always been fully appreciated.

Night School for Foreigners.

The Y. M. C. A. in 1910 established the first night school in London for foreigners. There was an enrolment of 22. In 1911, there were 52 enrolled in classes held at the McClary factory. The Y. M. C. A. first brought the attention of the board of education to the need of such classes under the direction of the city. The Association offered to co-operate by teaching citizenship and associated subjects if the board of education would supply teachers for the English and academic subjects. In 1912, the Y. M. C. A. established a class for Danes. This highly enterprising and sturdy, vigorous nationality has quite a number of representatives in London, and the Y. M. C. A. class was well patronized. This year the Y. M. C. A. is only teaching a few individual pupils in all nationalities. The Poles are undoubtedly a nationality that has been greatly neglected so far. Their needs are imminent, moreover, because of their characteristics of overcrowding in their homes. On different occasions half a hundred have been found occupying one small boarding or rooming house. Too much cannot be said in praise of what the organized labor movement is doing towards the assimilation of the foreigner. No matter what country he comes from, any part of Europe, or the West Indies, and no matter how few the English words that he can understand, as soon as possible after getting work, the foreigner takes out his union card, and he meets fellow-workmen, some of whom are English-speaking, others of whom are not. But along with this, he soon learns to take part in the meetings of his union. Visit a trade and labor council meeting and you will be struck by the cosmopolitan character of its membership—Spaniards, Jews, Cubans, French, Germans, English, Irish, Scotch, Canadians, Americans, and others.

A WOMAN'S MESSAGE TO WOMEN

If you are troubled with weak, tired feelings, headache, backache, bearing down sensations, bladder weakness, constipation, catarrhal conditions, pain in the sides regularly or irregularly, bloating or unnatural enlargements, sense of falling or misplacement of internal organs, nervousness, desire to cry, palpitation, hot flashes, dark rings under the eyes, or a loss of interest in life, I invite you to write and ask for my simple method of home treatment, with ten days' trial, entirely free and postpaid, also references to Canadian ladies who gladly tell how they have regained health, strength, and happiness by this method. Write to-day. Address: Mrs. M. Summers, Box 13, Windsor, Ont.

Annoying Dandruff

Will Make Canada a Bald-Headed Nation If Not Checked.

M. Pasteur, the great French physician of Paris, once said: "I believe we shall some day rid the world of all diseases caused by germs."

Dandruff is caused by germs, a fact accepted by all physicians.

Dandruff is the root of all hair evils. If it were not for the little destructive germs working with a persistence worthy of a better cause, there would be no baldness.

Parisian Sage will kill the dandruff germs and remove dandruff in two weeks or money back.

It will stop itching scalp, falling hair and make the hair grow thick and abundant.

It puts life and lustre into the hair and prevents it from turning gray. It is the hair dressing par excellence, daintily perfumed and free from grease and stickiness. It is the favorite with women of taste and culture who know the social value of fascinating hair.

Comes in large 50-cent bottle at W. T. Strong & Co.'s, and leading druggists and toilet goods counters everywhere. "The Girl with the Auburn Hair" is on every package.

Made in Canada by the R. T. Booth Co., Limited, Port Erie, Ontario.



Before getting married, a loving couple near St. Thomas recently swore an affidavit that they had never loved anyone else.

THRILLING STORY OF GREAT WAKES STORM RELATED BY A REPORTER

Continued From Page Seventeen.

Signs of Storm.

The sky was black and ominous, and from the flagpole of the United States weather bureau office there hung two flags, a red and white. They presaged an approaching storm from the north-east, and there was something sinister in the unfurled warning they fluttered to the marlinette work on splices which stirred the shore.

The captain sat in his room. He was plunged in a brown study, for as he gazed at the barometer, he noted the glass was even falling, and he knew well that the sensitive mercury was a mentor he could ill ignore. At last he emerged from his cabin and paced the forecastle deck. He glanced at the sky, and explored it from the mainland to the horizon. He observed its blackness. He saw the two flags, and he noticed that the gulls flew low, and for the most part perched themselves on splices which stirred the shore.

The first mate, who was playing cribbage with my partner, heard the echo of his steps on the deck above, and in a moment he joined the skipper. "Are you going out?" I heard him ask. "I don't know," came the uncertain reply of the captain. "I don't like the look of things and the glass is going down rapidly." "No, it don't look good. Because the forecasters predict snow, and that would be bad," reasoned the mate.

No Havens on Superior.

The captain returned to his room and the mate came below. We asked him what the "game" was going to be, and he said he didn't know, but he appended his remark with the utterance, that if he were sailing the boat he would never venture "while a red and white flag was flying from the mainmast of the weather bureau." "Why?" someone asked him, and a look of disgust crept over his face at such a "vulgar" crack over his head. "Because he realized," "Because there ain't no havens on Superior that a feller can hike for when the snow flies, and a nor'easter in November generally means snow."

The captain came out from his room again and summoned the deckwatch to take a telegram to the dock office and have it dispatched with all possible haste. On the way with the deck watch, he read the contents, and when he returned he apprised all of us what they were.

"The old man has asked the owners in Cleveland and told them about the ship. He said he was asking them whether he should go out or wait until the blow dies down," he said.

Ordered to Chanco It.

As I have stated, we were loaded so there was nothing to be done but wait. The owners, who no doubt were then warmly ensconced at their favorite clubs.

Towards 5 o'clock in the afternoon a telegram messenger came aboard with the reply to the captain's wire.

He was directed to his room, and presently the mate was called up. When he came down a minute or two later his face was pale and he looked nervous. "The old man's got orders to go and take a chance," he said. "So bear an eye and all of you get your oilskins on, 'cause we're going to pull out now."

It was my trick at the wheel, and when I reached the pilot house the captain pulled the Chaburn and instructed the engineers to "stand by." The whistle was tooted one short blast. The engines were started slowly, and with her rudder amidships the "S" backed very hard.

With little difficulty we turned about and headed for the canal, and as we passed the aerial bridge a wealth of beaten old bridges and a host of breakers the water and shook his head, as though he knew too well it was a hazard not fit to run.

Captain Was Married.

We soon passed through the piers and were out on the open lake. A puff and breeze played fitfully across the surface of Superior, and it came from the northwest. The captain appeared to be in a bad way, in all likelihood come from the north-east, and in that event it would be imperative to follow the south shore of the American side of the lake.

Should the wind come from the northwest it would be equally necessary to follow the north shore in order to secure the lee of the land.

At 8 p.m. my partner relieved me, and as I went below I looked over our stern and saw the lights of another vessel which was following in our wake. She was ahead of us, and we were slowly gaining upon us.

I went to bed, and at midnight was awakened. As I walked aft to the galley I noticed that the vessel was close to the shore, and that the boat was hugging the Canadian shore.

Saw the Waldo.

The vessel I had sighted, astern of us at 8 o'clock, was then abreast of us. It was a large, two-masted schooner, and from the cut of her forward cabin and pilot-house the first mate made her out as the Waldo. This was the vessel that went on the rocks near Marquette Island, and which now lies an irreparable loss, with her keel broken in two and her stern end submerged.

It was soon lost from stem to stern, and the life-savers could venture near enough to take them off; then, when they gained the mainland they were forced to trudge half-frozen a distance of several miles through a wild country to get to the nearest village. Happily all but two of them suffered no ill effects of their terrible exposure. A deckhand and a fireman were badly frostbitten and one had to have his left foot amputated at the ankle, while the other lost four fingers on one hand.

The Great Gale Breaks.

It was at 4 o'clock Saturday morning that the gale struck us with all its fury. Our skipper ran as close to the shore as he dared, but even then the wind was violent and the seas grew mightier all the time. They thundered against the vessel's side, and rumbled across her decks five feet high. The ship was soon jostled from stem to stern, while to venture on deck was to risk one's life.

All day Saturday and far into the night the "S" wallowed along like a cloyed hog. Her engines worked their hardest, yet her head was barely kept up to the wind. We were headed for the Rock of Ages light on the end of Isle Royale, and the captain was hopeful that should he gain the long strait between there and the mainland, he could take refuge from the blow until it abated. We were not making a good course, and this misfortune was attributed to shore attraction, which played hob with the

compass. The coast line of Superior from the Soo to Duluth is savage and rugged. It is highly impregnated with iron ore, and as iron has magnetic qualities it can readily be understood what it is to do with a compass. For this reason the captain was anxious of his exact position, and hoped that the snow would keep off until Rock of Ages was reached. But the fates had decreed otherwise, and early Sunday morning the snow came. It fell like a veil from the heavens until our own smokestack could not be seen from the wheelhouse, and to add to the terror of it all we lost our log. The line parted beneath the weight of ice that sheathed it, and it broke off near the tabular. We were unable to reckon our distance or what time we were making, and the snow hid the north shore and the lights that beamed their dusky rocks.

Head for Open Water.

All chance of making the Rock of Ages light was despaired of, and our only hope lay in the possibility of heading for open water and scudding along before the wind. As we got further from shore both wind and snow smote us the fiercer, and soon we were in the very maw of the storm, and our vessel became the plaything of the billows.

All Hands Called.

All hands were called. The second mate and a lookout were ordered aft to sprinkle salt on the lines that held the lifeboats, so they would be pliant and fit to handle in case the emergency demanded it. They went down the life-line, which is extended over the side of the ship, and pulled the line down to the mainmast of the weather bureau. It is stretched from the forecastle to the smokestack, and is an endless line. Those desirous of reaching either end pulled myself down the line, and climbed into a boatswain's chair and haul themselves the way they wish to go.

When the second mate came forward again he told us there were three feet of water in the forehold, and that the six "smokers" (firemen) were all at work. I was hungry and had not eaten much since the morning before. As I pulled myself down the line, I must confess I was frozen with fear. Every time a wave would strike the side of the ship it would rumble like the roar of cannon, and often the rapid action of the decks, until I feared they would reach the life-line and carry me overboard. When I reached the after-end of the line, I found the great forehold in the forehold, where stood the six huskies, stripped to the waist, and shovelling coal like madmen. As they stood snarled against the fires they looked like lions, and the muscles of their tawny backs slid and crawled like snakes.

One of them chanted a crazy song, and as its echo came up through the grating its sound was weird and curdling. He sang:

Good weather no fish, had weather lots
Sailors drink and ships sink, and the
devil keeps the log.
Men go down in ships at sea no halt
An icy grave in an icy sea;
And a beery of grog.

At the Top of the Gale.

And so it went. The ship howled across the waters like the wail of a dying monster, and the "S" labored along, with her steel girders creaking and her hull groaning under the storm, vexed, wind-driven craft, and her men were weary and sullen.

The Waldo had disappeared after the snow started, and so far as we knew, she was down the coast. On Tuesday night the gale was at its worst, and the barometer gave no indication of it breaking, and the ice that covered the lake was fast and thick.

As we weighed her down at the head, and when she plunged her nose into a billow, her crew went out of the water, and she fell in the trough of the sea. A star shone down from the sky, and her hatch became loosened, and she began to take water. Her crew was not wet. It became like mud. Part of it shifted to the starboard side and the "S" listed badly.

A Battle for Life.

She began to steady badly, and things looked dismal. The captain knew no one could go down on the ice in an attempt to replace the hatch covers, as the seas were running over us at 50 miles an hour.

He ordered six of us to the forecastle head, where, with axes and crowbars we struggled hard to knock ice from her bows. In a measure we succeeded, and at last we got a hot-water hose and threw it against the plates. The wind blew the steam back upon us, and we froze to our coats in an instant. We got more pressure, and finally succeeded in getting sufficient ice thawed to keep her down at the stern. The men on the deck were not wet, and four of us were sent down with lines about our waists to pull the tarpaulins back on their hatches.

They were badly frozen and as stiff as wire. We could do nothing with them. No seas were breaking over us, as her bow was headed to the wind, and there is no conjecturing what might have been our fate had not the snow stopped.

The wind tore ragged holes in the black sky, and far above could be seen the moon and heaven's rosary strung with beaded stars. In the distance was discerned the black smoke line of a clamb, and further to the northward was Otter Head light.

Our skipper headed for shore, and at 11 o'clock Sunday night we reached the protected waters behind Caribou Island.

To Get Rid of Wrinkles and Bad Complexions

[From Beauty's Mirror.]

It is more important now than during the period of profuse perspiration to keep the face clean. All cosmetics clean the pores. In winter this interferes greatly with elimination of waste material, and to infected pores the cause of skin troubles. Ordinary mercurized wax serves all the purposes of creams, powders and rouges, giving far better results. It actually seals off an offensive pore, at the same time unclogging the pores. Minute particles of dirt are swept away by day, causing not the least pain or discomfort. Gradually the healthy, younger skin beneath peeps out, and in less than a fortnight you have a lovelier complexion than you ever dreamed of acquiring. Mercurized wax, obtainable at any drug store, is washed off nightly like cold cream, and is washed off mornings. Once used usually suffices.

For removing wrinkles, without stopping the pores with sticky stuff, here's a never-fading formula: One ounce powdered salicylic acid dissolved in half pint witch hazel. Bathe the face in this daily for not making a good course, and this misfortune was attributed to shore attraction, which played hob with the

where we remained until Tuesday morning. I saw the Swede then, and he said anyone who would not pour a libation of rum on the altar of friendship after such a battle as that "was not worth savin'."

SEA MYSTERY OF SEVERAL YEARS HAS BEEN SOLVED

Missing London Steamer Found In the Icepack of Arctic Waters.

Crew Took To Their Boats and Probably All Perished of Privation.

The shipping sensation of 1906 was the disappearance of the London steamer Centennial. A few days ago (says the Evening Standard) she was found wedged in the icepack in the wastes of the Okhotsk Sea, to the north of Saghalien. The news of the discovery reached England by the Cunard steamship Caronia. A Russian exploration expedition, when forging its way through the Okhotsk Sea, a dreary polar waste north of the desolate island of Saghalien, came across a battered steamship jammed tightly in the ice. She was the Centennial, which disappeared with all hands, 40 persons in all, while on a voyage from Muroran, Japan, to San Francisco.

Her disappearance created a great sensation at the time, and seafaring men have speculated as to her fate. No trace of her crew or her passengers was ever found. From the moment she left Muroran on Feb. 24, 1906, en route for San Francisco, all signs of her were lost. She was never spoken of, and no wreckage was ever found. She was built at the Thames shipbuilding yard, and was originally named the Delta. At the time of her disappearance she was running under the flag of Charles Nelson & Co., of San Francisco.

Her disappearance was the subject of a command report read by Captain Hieber, who discovered her, to the San Francisco. Naturally the members of the expedition were amazed to sight a steamer in the icepack, away from all shipping routes, and in such an unfrequented position. They set off to investigate. She was found, says the Russian officer, to be firmly wedged in thick ice, but considering the exposure to the weather she had undergone, and the length of time she had been in the ice, she was in good condition. Her side was rusted, but the lettering of her name on the bows and counter was sufficiently clear for the explorers to decipher the name Centennial without any difficulty.

All her lifeboats were missing, and there was no sign of anybody on the wreck or of anyone having lived upon it after the ship was deserted. From these facts it is pretty evident that the Centennial was disabled in some storm, and that all aboard left hurriedly in the boats. Every man must have perished, for 10 survivors would never have picked up, and no lifeboat was found on the Japanese, Siberian, or Alaskan coasts. The abandoned steamer was driven out of her course northward, and caught in the ice, whose Johnnie jump-up see him "plant" a whole load of golden rods!

More than 3,000 cases of typhoid fever were reported in New York city in the month of September. Dr. Lederle, health commissioner, in attributing the disease to infected milk, urged the necessity of pasteurizing all milk as a preventive of disease.

HABITS FORMED EARLY.

"Your society started out to decide a number of questions of great scientific importance." "Yes, we arranged to consider the manifestation of the psychic impulse in protoplasmic life and the molecular energy developed

by the prismatic transmutation of light waves and kindred topics." "And have you done so?" "No, we've only been in session a week. We haven't yet decided the question of who's boss."—Washington Star.

I was cured of terrible lumbago by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
REV. WM. BROWN.

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. KAULBACK.

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
MRS. S. MASTERS.

Mr. Cosmos—What makes you think Mr. Dandelion is a miser?
Sonny Cosmos—Why, didn't me an' Johnnie jump-up see him "plant" a whole load of golden rods!

MR. OR MRS. DYSPEPTIC! GET YOUR STOMACH RIGHT--PAPE'S DIAPEPSIN

In Five Minutes! Time It! No Indigestion, Gas, Sourness, Belching.

"Really does" put bad stomachs in order—"really does" overcome indigestion, dyspepsia, gas, heartburn and sourness in five minutes—that's just that—makes Pape's Diapepsin the largest selling stomach regulator in the world.

"I know it. When I was a baby my mother hired a woman to wash me about, and have been pushed for money ever since."

Direct From Factory to You

Save \$5 to \$40 on any bed you buy

Buying at our factory you cut prices away down, because we save you the profits of wholesaler, jobber and retailer, and sell you at factory figures.

Our system practically brings the factory to your door and gives you a choice of our whole output, at lower prices than you would be buying elsewhere in carload lots.

We give thirty days' trial of any article you buy. If you are not thoroughly satisfied, return the goods at our expense and we return your money.

360 Days for Your Final Approval

\$1,000 Guarantee Bond Protects You in Every Purchase

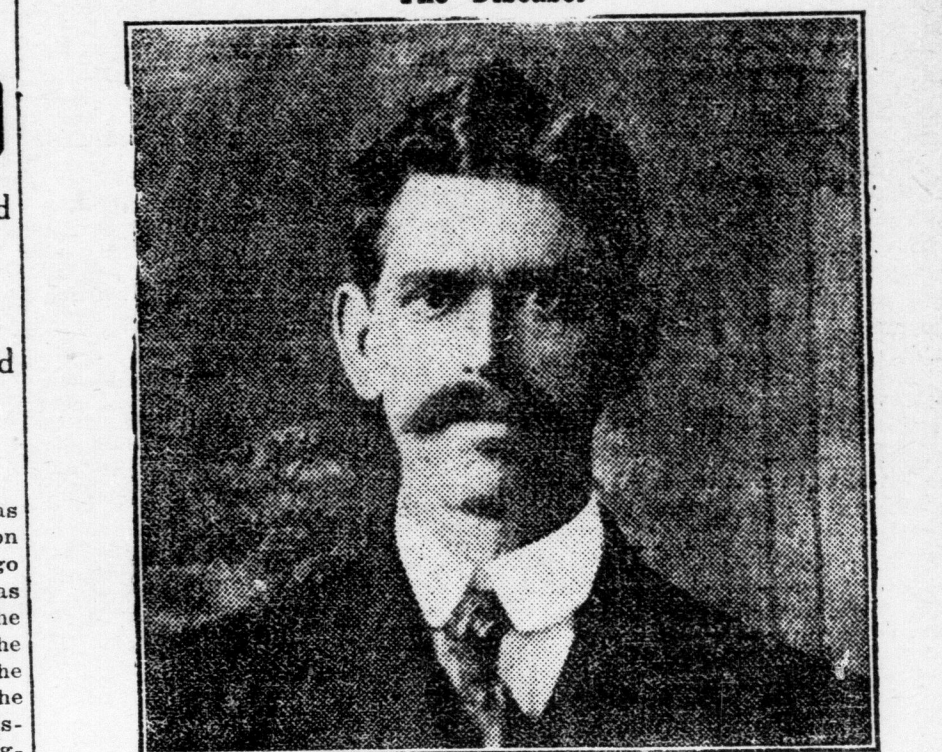
Each sale we make is covered by a guarantee bond of \$1,000 which is your insurance, not only as to workmanship and material, but also that we will fully carry out our agreement. We aim to win your confidence because we want to sell you, not only one article, but several.

Write to-day for our catalogue and send us a trial order at factory price. You'll find it the best buy you ever made.

Quality Beds Limited, MANUFACTURERS Welland, Ontario

Screamed With Pain

Nearly Died With Kidney Trouble Until "Fruit-a-tives" Gave Welcome Relief and Completely Cured The Disease.



CHARLES CALVEART, ESQ.

St. Thomas, Ont., April 1st, 1913.

"In 1911, I was laid up with Kidney Trouble and not able to get out of my chair. The pain was excruciating and my screams could be heard in the street. I tried many different remedies without any results and I was steadily growing weaker. One day, a friend from Ottawa came in to see me and when he found me in such poor health, said he would send me a sample of 'Fruit-a-tives,' which he did and I commenced taking them. They did me good from the start and in a very short time I was up and around. 'Fruit-a-tives' completely cured me and I have enjoyed the best of health ever since.

"I would not have any other remedy for Kidney Trouble and would strongly advise anyone suffering from this trouble to cure themselves with 'Fruit-a-tives.'"

It is simply wonderful, the relief that "Fruit-a-tives" gives in Kidney and Bladder Troubles. In the great majority of cases of "acid urine," pain in the back, "kidney cramps" and Rheumatism, the kidneys are not actually diseased. They are merely overworked. That is, they are doing more than their share of the work of ridding the system of waste matter. In most cases of Kidney and Bladder Trouble, there is also Constipation and faulty Skin Action. "Fruit-a-tives" relieves the Kidney Trouble by correcting the action of the Bowels and Skin. This marvelous fruit medicine acts directly on all three of these great eliminating organs. "Fruit-a-tives" will always cure Kidney Trouble when caused by poor skin action, constipation and acid indigestion. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c., at all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

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360 Days for Your Final Approval

\$1,000 Guarantee Bond Protects You in Every Purchase

Each sale we make is covered by a guarantee bond of \$1,000 which is your insurance, not only as to workmanship and material, but also that we will fully carry out our agreement. We aim to win your confidence because we want to sell you, not only one article, but several.

Write to-day for our catalogue and send us a trial order at factory price. You'll find it the best buy you ever made.

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