

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

EW. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

WOODED UNDER FIRE

Thus they walk up and down the platform, and watch the several gangs of men at work under the direction of the young wrecking master, who might have cleared the road within twenty-four hours, if good luck had fallen upon him, but who now expects to accomplish a feat that may make him fame and fortune—thanks to Baron Sam.

As yet no prince, no retainers. What can it mean? Have they concluded that enough is as good as a feast, and decided to let the dangerous quarry slip through their fingers? That would just about suit a man of Sam Buxton's size. He does not shrink from meeting danger; but he is not reckless enough to seek it.

Another thought comes to him—perhaps his enemies are planning some other method of revenge. They may be, like the nobility of Russia, who play to blow up the royal train, and who did succeed in murdering the present Czar's father with a dynamite bomb.

Sam shrugs his shoulders and dismisses the thought. Please heaven, they will be safe in Turin within a few hours, and then a choice of routes lies before them, by rail to Rome, by steamer to Leghorn and Naples.

More than once he turns to look into the fair countenance of his companion, as they walk up and down amid the shouting workmen. The bright moon shows him distinctly every denture. Aileen laughs and meets his gaze.

"You are looking for traces of nervousness, but I hardly think you will find them," she says.

"You are a brave woman, Miss Aileen."

"Say it to my education, Mr. Fletcher," she replies from which remark it will be seen that Sam has played his little game, and allowed her to believe his name is Fletcher, because the man he called father chanced to be called so.

While he thus looks into her face, Sam is thinking, and under his breath he says:

"I wonder what she will say when she learns I am Sam Buxton. Will she hate me, believe I have had an object in seeking her? Well, I am enough of a stoic to stand whatever fate sends, I have lived among the Turks and Arabs, and have learned to kiss the rod. Kiss me!"

His reflections prove him to be a philosopher as well as a traveler. The man who can accustom himself to circumstances can move the world.

Just after Baron Sam takes Aileen back to the car, a great shout arises. Miss Dorothy sits up and immediately screams. McLane himself believes the whole force of the bandits has arrived, and is about to institute a savage assault upon those who have aroused their ire.

Sam guesses the truth.

"Huzzah!" he whoops, "the track is clear."

With that he rushes to make sure of the blessed fact, and presently comes in to view again waving his hat like a wild Italian.

"On to Turin!" he shouts.

Then they know it is not a chimera, but a stern fact—a feat has been performed almost unparalleled in the history of Italian railroading. This young Napoleon of railroad engineering will go up the ladder of fame from this hour. He seems to have grown several inches taller as he struts up and down the platform, giving his final orders, and Sam laughs in his sleeve.

"Pride must have a fall, and once he starts going down there's no telling when he will reach bottom. It will be an awful decline!" he chuckles, and the others have no trouble in comprehending his meaning.

"Anyhow, we're off," says Dudley, as the train gives a jerk and begins to move away.

All feel deeply grateful, and yet there is something of suspense hanging over them until several miles have been left behind, and all danger from the banditti has vanished.

Then Miss Dorothy sleeps again. The others converse, and find plenty of subjects to talk about, while progress is made, sometimes slow, and again with a show of speed. Now and then they look out upon the bosom of the river—up the valley they push. Ah! a bridge, and lights beyond. The lines of hills separate, leaving a wide plain, and upon this is spread the city of Turin.

It is about four o'clock in the morning when the train, eight hours late, comes to a stand in the Turin depot, and our friends give utterance to sighs of relief at finding themselves in civilization after their night of strange adventure.

CHAPTER XVII.

It has already been decided where they shall go. Sam knows Turin by heart, and he is well aware that the Hotel Grande Bretagne suits him to a T.

A carriage is soon secured, and the party on the way to the hostelry, driving through the wide clean, and well-kept streets, each side lined with houses that are uniformly neat and attractive.

Turin differs from all other Italian cities—it does not show magnificent palaces and mean hovels in juxtaposition. There are no elegant palaces, nor is there a miserable house in the city. The red-tiled roofs present a singular appearance when viewed from the summits of the hills known as the Collina di Trina, but the city is one of the finest in Italy for a tourist, the hotels well kept, the suburbs very handsome, and everything cleanly, thanks to the plentiful water supply.

Arrived at the Grande Bretagne, nine host receives them with great joy, for guests had not been as plentiful as blackberries in August, and he has bills to pay.

Here, in this haven of rest, they hope to remain until they can shape plans for the future. Sam would like nothing better than a continuance of this pleasant companionship, but he does not know that it would be altogether advisable under certain circumstances.

There are times when something of

PIMPLES NEARLY COVERED FACE

Especially on Forehead and Chin. Ashamed to Go Out. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Month and a Half.

McMillan St., Oil City, Ont.—"My face was nearly covered with pimples, especially on my forehead and chin. The trouble began with pimples and blackheads and there were times I felt ashamed to go out. They were little red bumps, and then festered and I squeezed the matter out.

"I rubbed on different remedies. Salve and Cream but they did no good. Then I saw the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and used them in a week's time I noticed a change. I used the sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and one box of Cuticura Ointment from the drug store with the Cuticura Soap. In a month and a half the pimples and blackheads were gone and I am completely cured." (Signed) Miss Lydia McMillan, May 23, '13.

A generation of mothers has found no soap so well suited for cleansing and purifying the face of their infants and children as Cuticura Soap. Its absolute purity and refreshing fragrance alone are enough to recommend it above ordinary skin soaps, but there are added to these qualities delicate yet effective emollients proper to the skin of Cuticura Ointment, which render it most valuable in overcoming a tendency to distressing eruptions and promoting a normal condition of skin and hair health. A single cake of Cuticura Soap and box of Cuticura Ointment are often sufficient when all else has failed. Sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. skin book. Address post-card Potter Drug & Cham. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

Man's Friend

For years I was thin and delicate. I lost color and was easily tired; a yellow pallor, pimples and blotches on my face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought my skin would never look nice again I grew despondent. Then my appetite failed. I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, tonics and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister put into my hands a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. She placed reliance upon them and now that they have made me a well woman I would not be without them whatever they might cost. I found Dr. Hamilton's Pills by their mild yet searching action very suitable to the delicate character of a woman's nature. They never once gripped me, yet they established regularity. My appetite grew keen—my blood red and pure—heavy rings under my eyes disappeared and to-day my skin is as clear and unwrinkled as when I was a girl. Dr. Hamilton's Pills did it all.

The above straightforward letter from Mrs. J. Y. Todd, wife of a well-known miller in Rogersville, is proof sufficient that Dr. Hamilton's Pills are a wonderful woman's medicine. Use no other pill but Dr. Hamilton's 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarthozous Co., Kingston, Ont.

He no longer sits upon the seat that has been arranged for the outside passenger, but has extended his body flat upon the roof, and is slowly but steadily drawing nearer the driver, much as a cat stealthily steals upon a bird.

The fellow is muttering to himself, and as Sam's head is close by he can catch the words the man keeps repeating, in spite of the clatter of horse-hoofs and the wheels upon the pavement.

"Two hundred lire!" he is saying in Italian; "a princely sum—a royal night's work!"

It tells Sam his suspicions are not without a foundation—that this man has been hired by some one to do what? He remembers that just below him, in the carriage, is Aileen, the girl for whom every throb of his heart beats, and so great is his indignation at the thought of harm befalling her that he feels like pouncing upon this man and shaking him by the throat, just as a terrier might a rat.

The outside passenger wakes up—he has entered the game for keeps.

As the driver bends slightly forward, the better to see where he is heading, something comes flying down beside him, something that is very much alive, that turns upon the astounded Aileen and presses the cold muzzle of a revolver against his temple.

Of course it is Sam Buxton.

He believes the game has gone far enough, and intends to take a hand at this point. It will be something strange if, having reached this conclusion, he does not manipulate matters to suit himself. That is a way he has.

The driver is a man of some penetration; he seems to grasp the situation, for after one exclamation of horror, he does not cry out.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN NEED A SAFE TONIC

And There is Nothing Better Than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Toning Up the Blood.

It is said that woman's work is never done, and it is a fact that whether in society or in the home her life is filled with more cares and more worries than falls to the lot of man. For this reason women are compelled regretfully to watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming of wrinkles and the thinness that becomes a distressing enemy to every-day life. Every woman knows that health and beauty are a fatal enemy to beauty, and that good health gives the plainest face an enduring attractiveness.

What women fail to realize is the fact that if the blood supply is kept rich and pure, the day of the coming of wrinkles, and pallor, dull eyes and sharp headaches is immeasurably postponed. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are literally worth their weight in gold to growing girls and women of mature years. They fill the veins with the rich, red blood that brings brightness to the eye, the glow of health to sallow cheeks, and charms away the headaches and backaches that render the lives of so many women constantly miserable.

Mrs. William Jones, Crow Lake, Ont., writes: "I feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. I was so badly run down that I could hardly drag myself around. I was so bloodless that I was as pale as a sheet, and you could not most see through my hands. In fact, the doctor told me my blood had all turned to water. I was taking medicine constantly but without benefit. My mother had so much faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that she bought me two boxes and urged me to take them. How thankful I am that I followed her advice. Before these were gone I began to feel better, and I continued using the Pills until I had taken five more boxes, when I was again enjoying the blessing of perfect health, with a good color in my face, a good appetite, and I feel sure a new lease of life. I will always, you may be sure, be a warm friend of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

If you are weak or ailing begin to cure yourself to-day with the rich, red blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. If you do not find the Pills at your dealer's send 50 cents for a box or \$2.50 for six boxes to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent you by mail, post paid.

Getting in Bad!

At an evening party a girl said to a young man, "Can you tell me who is that exceedingly plain young man sitting opposite?"

"That is my brother," was the reply.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she said, in great confusion. "I did not notice the resemblance."

At a concert the other evening a lady asked a gentleman how he liked the duet she had just sung. "You sang charmingly," was the reply; "but why did you select such a horrid piece of music?"

"Sir, that was written by my late husband," was the indignant reply.

"Ah, yes, I did not mean—but why did you select such a homely mut to sing with your voice?"

"Oh, you brute!" screamed the lady. "That is my present husband."

Make a Clean Job.

The doctor was worried about the condition of his patient. "I think I shall have to call in some other physician for consultation."

"That's right; go ahead," said the patient, with a cheerfulness that was completely as you can.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

YOU DON'T MIND BUTTING UP MY GOWN DO YOU DEAR?!

As he comes in sight of the building, he finds himself face to face with a man whom he knows—a man he has faced in a strange affair of honor under the walls of the celebrated monastery of St. Bernard—yes, it is no other than the Count Tivoli himself.

Astonishment is written upon the dark face of the Italian. Why should it be when he surely must know the party are in Turin? Yes, there is something else in the look he gives Sam as he hurries by a glance of alarm that means a great deal.

The American notes that this man comes from the direction of the hotel. Can he have sought an interview with the ladies to try and excuse his conduct? It might be just like his assurance, but Sam cannot believe Aileen would be foolish enough to credit his tale, even if her aunt believed it.

At any rate, the presence of the hawk so close to the dove-cote means danger. He fears that some new and terrible plan may be in process of building, which has for its accomplishment the destruction of himself and aunt toward the young California heir.

Feeling this strange fluttering at his heart, which can only come from a premonition of impending evil, Sam realizes that his best move is to advance. The hotel is near at hand, and once there he can make sure that a blow has not been struck in his absence.

Unconsciously his hand creeps in the direction of his pocket—it gives

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

HENRY

Some children

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

SOME CHILDREN