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MY BEST FRIEND  
**ROYAL**  
YEAST  
CAKES



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YEAST CAKES  
BE CAREFUL TO  
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**ROYAL**  
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E.W. GILLET CO. LTD.  
TORONTO.  
WINNIPEG. MONTREAL.

## WOODED UNDER FIRE

Instead of this he is unusually vivacious, and makes himself even agreeable. To Sam he is polite, and nothing more. There is a line between them that cannot be passed, and when Dudley McLane chances to catch the glance of the Italian throws Sam, as the latter's back is turned, he cannot but shudder, while he mutters:

"That man is a human rattlesnake. He means mischief, or I'm a fool. I think I can't employ my time better than to keep an eye on Count Tivoli. He got the worst of it in the duel, and that ought to make him morose. He holds. He is full of spirits. I can only account for it in one way—he sees ahead a chance to get even, and rejoices in anticipation of paying back his debt."

They are speeding along through Northern Italy that is, according to the Italian way of looking at things, but to these accustomed to English or American railways the pace is like that of a snail, though at times quite respectable.

"They are due in Turin at about eight, but will be glad to reach the city even an hour later. On these small European railways something is always breaking down and the traveler can never be certain of arriving at his destination with anything like regularity.

The scenery is interesting, though not all that could be desired at this season of the year, or what may be found farther south in the land of sunshine, olives and oranges, where the swartzy, picturesque natives sit under their own fig tree and bask in the summer sun even during the winter solstice.

Those in the carriage are so busily engaged in chatting and laughing, that the afternoon drags away without their paying much attention to the lapse of time.

Even Count Tivoli amuses them with accounts of what singular things he has seen in Africa, where he has been with the Italian forces. Now and then one of the ladies draws attention to some pretty bit of scenery along the way—a glimpse of what may be called a castle, a wind-mill, seldom seen in this region, or the thatched huts clustered together and forming a hamlet; but seen as they flit along, these things have an additional beauty.

It grows on toward dusk.

Once, when the ladies look out to observe some peculiar feature Sam has discovered, the Canadian sees Count Tivoli take out his watch, look at the time, and hears him mutter in Italian: "Half an hour."

He imagines the other must mean they will be in Turin, and wonders what pleasant thing is about to befall the count there, that makes him feel so happy. Then it strikes him that their sister's pace will have to be increased, if they expect to accomplish this thing. Indeed it is utterly out of the question, for no train in Italy can ever be on time, and this would be more than an hour ahead.

Darkness comes, the moon is a late riser on this night, and will not make her appearance until about ten o'clock, when the gloom that has settled over the valley they are traversing may be repaid by the glow of her radiance.

It is just five minutes of seven, when there comes a whistling, followed by a sudden shock that sends them all in a heap in one corner. Fortunately no one is hurt, and they assist one another to rise. Some little excitement, of course, ensues. Miss Dorothy bemoans the fate of her eye-glasses, Aileen searches for her purse as the Canadian, seated by a sudden lurch, he snatches out his watch.

"By St. Andrew, the half-hour is up! What did this man know about the coming accident?" he mutters, eyeing the count suspiciously.

CHAPTER VI.

Outside, voices are heard, some confusion reigns, much more than would have been the case on an American line, for the accident is evidently not a serious one. Some of the Italians can be heard chatting like magpies.

The light luckily has not gone out, so that the inmates of the compartment can see. Dudley springs to the door, but it is locked. He is about to exert his powerful muscular force upon it, and wrench it open, when Sam does the unexpected thing possible, glides the win-

down into the recess provided for it, after which he pokes his head beyond.

Lights and moving figures are seen. The train must have emptied itself quickly to have thrown so many men upon the ground. Perhaps they have clambered out through the windows, for when seized with fear men do not halt to consider which way they shall make progress. Even a boy has been known to drop from the top of a high tree in about the sixteenth part of a second, when the harsh voice of the owner, climbing the fence near by, grates ominously upon his tympanum.

A guard comes along—Sam hails him, asking, in Italian, what the trouble may be. The man raises his hands with an expression of horror.

"A terrible accident, signor! The driver no doubt had been killed at his post and he the father of eleven children. It is a fearful disaster," he replies.

"What caused it?"

"I know not, unless it was a broken rail."

"Are we to be kept here long?"

"All night, I fear, signor."

A groan from the sinister testifies to the fact that she does not appreciate this truth, knowing that they must go without supper and be deprived of all ordinary comforts.

"Open the door, guard!" calls the count, and it is wonderful how servile the railway official becomes when he hears that voice.

"What shall we do?" wails Miss Dorothy.

"I will question the guard—perhaps there may be a house near-by where they will entertain us, in at least a half-comfortable way," declares Sam.

He waits until the door has been wrenched open, a push from McLane aiding the guard, and then puts the question.

"I know of only one place within miles," returns the man, with a side glance at the count, who, Dudley imagines, makes some sort of signal—at any rate, he raises his finger in a cautious way and frowns.

"Where is that?"

"The castle of Prince Rubini stands yonder on the side of the hill—even now I see the lights approaching from that quarter, as though the prince has sent out men to discover the cause of the trouble. They will soon be here, and you can ask for accommodations for yourselves and the ladies."

"Prince Rubini? what manner of man may he be?" pursues Sam, glancing first at the lights and then toward the head of the train, where a chorus of shouts announces that the wounded engineer has been rescued from his painful position.

"I can answer that question. The prince is said to be one of the wealthiest and most generous men in all Italy. His palace is not finely kept, but any one who enters there is a welcome guest."

"What is that?"

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"I am acquainted with him—we have come in contact in court circles—he is a favorite of the king, a quaint old genius, rough, but like a gem unpolished. All Italy knows his worth."

The light descending the mountain draws nearer, and presently men appear bearing torches and lanterns. They are dressed in the usual picturesque rags of Italian peasants. At their head marches a man with a white beard and a military bearing.

It looks like design, but is possibly only accident, that brings the party direct to the spot where those whose fortunes we have followed are grouped.

Count Tivoli steps forward and greets the elderly man, with whom he converses for a few minutes. Then they approach the others, to whom the Italian introduces the nobleman.

To foreigners all Italians speak very much alike, and hence when the prince begs the travellers whom fate has halted upon the road to partake of the hospitality of his house, none seem to dream they have ever heard his voice before.

Miss Dorothy accepts with alacrity. She notes on prince, and here is a genuine live one, close in the counsel of the king, begging them to come and seek shelter under the roof of his ancestral halls—a castle of course that has been in the family for centuries, she

brushes up her Italian, and succeeds in conveying thanks with many a simper and smile, while the courtly old prince bows low—perhaps to conceal a smile—and begs them to believe he will be honored by their presence.

"My dear count, can I rely upon you to show these friends to my lonely castle while I see if there are more ladies on the train who should receive the attention due their sex?"

"With pleasure, prince. You will allow your men to light us along the road, I trust."

It has been settled without either Sam Buxton or his Canadian chum having a word to say. They exchange looks, and Sam is not surprised to see an uneasy expression upon his friend's face, as though Dudley hardly likes the arrangement.

Neither dares to offer any objection, because the programme promises relief to the ladies at a time when they are in some distress for comfort. So the little party leaves the disabled train, and half a dozen Italians, having lights, precede and follow. The count ignores the presence of the others, and addresses bright remarks to the ladies, one of whom hangs upon his left arm—the spinster—while Aileen walks at his right.

Some of the men carry their small personal luggage and rags, Sam having seen to this before they quitted the train.

"What d'ye think of it all?" Dudley fixes a chance to ask his friend aside; whereat Sam shakes his head in a dolorous fashion.

"Wait and see—keep awake—at the worst, we are armed, and equal to a dozen," he replies.

This remark rather startles the other, who has not gone that deeply as yet. The advice is good, and McLane's first notion is to feel for his revolver. Somehow the touch of that faithful friend gives him new assurance in an emergency like this, for it has stood by him in many occasions when death hovered near, and zealous foes sought to down him.

They find the road rather rough, but manage to mount upward. Sam has sprung to Aileen's side when she gives him a glance that is a mute appeal, and begs her to accept his arm, which she does without any hesitation.

As they climb higher, a backward look reveals a strange scene in the valley. Lights flash to and fro, proceeding from the wrecked train, and those who have gathered around it. The hissing of escaping steam is plainly heard from the point where the crushed motor lies on its side. Weird indeed does this spectacle appear, and several times the young Canadian turns to look back at it as they pass up the elevation.

Now the castle looms over them, distinctly outlined against a background of moonlit sky. It is at least a massive building, and might call forth exclamations of delight if seen from the train, perched as it is upon a craggy eminence, and with a full sweep of the valley below.

The count had been entertaining them while en route with stories of his princely great popularity among the people. According to his idea, the other is one of the foremost men in Italy.

"He has levied a duty on hundreds—his rent rolls are enormous and yet he lives in the strangest style imaginable. My opinion is that all this comes of his being a 'bachelor,'" with a laugh, as though the joke is upon himself.

Dudley McLane wonders whether there is anything beneath the words, and he himself a fool for entertaining such an idea. They draw near the entrance of the ancient pile of masonry. Others come into view bearing lights, all of them men. Baron Sam comments on the fact, and the count is quick to take the matter up.

"It is one of the prince's peculiar whims—though so gallant with the fair in general, he will have none but male servants."

"What's this a regular drawbridge, as I live, by Jove! It takes us back to the times of the feudal lords," exclaims the Canadian, whose hobby is antiques, and who is pleased to run across such a thing in the course of his travels.

They pass over a heavy door opens, and beyond is seen a large hall, lighted as if for company, and the walls have a number of things in keeping with the ancient castle, pieces of armor, old weapons, and trophies of the chase, while in a corner stands a mock mailed knight, holding his lance as if ready for a joust.

Miss Dorothy utters little gasps of delight—it warms up her shivered spinster heart to find herself surrounded by such evidences of a bygone people. She had read and dreamed of these things so long that the reality almost overpowers her.

No one pays much heed to her bewildering phrases indicative of such keen enjoyment, for all the rest are busily engaged in looking around.

The count seems to make himself at home, and at once begs the ladies to remove their wraps. Around the walls "Supper is ready to be served; the prince told me not to wait for him. Pray, be seated, I beg," he says.

They do not wait for a second invitation. Here is a grand good luck to have such a feast spread before them, when they have expected to remain in the railway car all night.

Trained servants bring in the food, which is quite palatable—something that cannot be said of all meals served in the Italian style. Perhaps hearty appetites have much to do with the manner in which they dispose of the viands. Still the count is in a happy mood, he laughs and jokes as though something pleases him immensely, and Dudley McLane eyes him from time to time, while endeavoring to read the man.

The meal is finished, and as yet the bachelor prince has failed to show up. It takes him a long time to discover other forlorn travellers—perhaps he is particular as to the quality of the tolls he invites to accept the hospitality of his ancestral home, or it may be he considers it his duty to take charge below. They easily imagine him ordering the guards about, and endeavoring to bring system out of chaos, with his voice ringing out various orders. The ladies are quite interested in him, and keep the count busy, speaking of their distinguished host, while the two gentlemen of course hear what is said, though not taking it in the same way. Perhaps it is because they are more suspicious by nature, or it may be that they can read human nature better than the ladies.

Dudley McLane looks at the retainers

daring man, and I give him credit if this is a specimen of his work. These retainers of the prince are really bandits of the man who has long snapped his fingers at the government forces."

"I can well believe you there, Dud; for a more badly favored crew it has seldom been my bad luck to set eyes on anywhere. Well, if we take it for granted that your suspicions are true, and that our kind host, Prince Rubini, is in reality Fra Diavolo, what shall our plan of action be?"

"We must watch and wait; these men hate you; but that is not the only object that sent them to such extremes. There is another, in whom your eyes would surely have spotted."

"You mean Aileen?" quickly.

(To be Continued.)

Money That Does Talk.

Bank notes that speak have just been patented by an English bank note expert and are expected to be adopted in the near future when bank officials find themselves the victims of rogues.

The principle of this invention lies in the application to the edge of a bank note of a "pictorial" record of some specially arranged phrase. A bank note so provided would, when placed in a photograph, reproduce this phrase for the benefit of the bank manager or the person disputing the genuineness of the note.

Assume that the code phrase for a five pound note is "Five pound note." This would be extremely unlikely, but would serve to illustrate the point. A pictorial record of the oscillations produced during the utterance of the phrase would be made and a die cut capable of reproducing the peculiar wave lines. With this die the edge of the five pound note would become perforated. The note then becomes in addition to a unit in currency a photographic record of its own genuineness.

## HEAD GOT BALD IN PLACES

Very Itchy. When Brushed, Dandruff All Over. Hair Came Out in Great Bunches. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured Head in Three Weeks.

15 Hallam St., Toronto, Ont.—"About two years ago the dandruff began. My head got worse and worse. I always had made it bald in places. It was very itchy and gave me a tendency to scratch it which made it worse. I always had to wear my hat whether in the house or work or out. Whenever I brushed my hair it sent the dandruff all over. The hair came out in great bunches until I was nearly bald and when it was at its worst it came out roots and roots."



"I tried—which made it worse than before. I tried several things after that but they were no good. After nine months like this I had hardly any hair left when one day I happened to see the advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment in the paper. I straightway sent for a sample. After first washing with the Cuticura Soap I applied some Cuticura Ointment and I could feel a great relief. After finishing the sample I went and got a cake of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment. In three weeks they had cured my head." (Signed) B. Horn, May 10, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for poor complexion, red, rough hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, and cost so little, that it is almost criminal not to use them. A single set is often sufficient. Sold everywhere. For liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

and shuts one eye.

"What a great thing it is, Sam, to be a prince over here, and have a crowd of tattered vassals living upon you. Really, a fatter, more desperate-looking lot of fellows I have never seen for many a day. You can read the stamp of rascality on nearly every brow," he says, aside.

Sam Buxton nods his head, for his thoughts have been in something of the same train.

He is a good reader of character, and fails to find a face that inspires respect much less commands admiration, which fact does not speak well for the Italian noblemen's retinue.

Gradually the fellows leave that portion of the hall, gathering at the lower end to eat about another table, which gives our friends a better chance to talk.

The gentlemen are anxious for a post-prandial cigar, a falling which the Canadian girl seems to understand, for she begs them to fire up and not mind her.

"You forget that some of my years were spent in a miner's cabin, where the air was so thick, when some of the neighbors stepped in, you could almost feel it with a knife. I even like the odor of a good cigar at times."

"I hardly know whether these come under that head, but they are the best money could buy in the city of Geneva. I have carried them for some time. At any rate, Dud, we will stop here."

Soon the two are offering up incense to the god of fire, and really enjoying it, too, if one can judge from the expression of their faces; while the count continues to amuse the ladies.

McLane looks around him with some show of interest, having an artist's eye for all that is picturesque, while Sam idly watches the play of emotion upon the face of Aileen.

There is a stir, and some retainers appear. Ah! here is the prince walking up the hall—he stops and talks with the ladies, showing that he is attracted by their society.

Baron Sam is aroused from his brown study by hearing a low exclamation from his friend.

"What's wrong. Dud? cigar smoke poorly?" he asks.

"Confusion! I've forgotten to draw upon it, and the wood is black out," says the prince, well for your appreciation, satirically.

"I've made a discovery, Sam, my boy."

"Ah! let's hear it. Does it concern Miss Aileen?"

"Strange how you think of her first; but it does affect her. I've made up my mind where I've seen the prince before. His walk betrayed him."

"Well, what of that?"

"The prince is no other than your old friend 'Colonel Marchesi in disguise!'"

Sam is at last electrified, and whirls around.

"Good heavens! My boy, what does this mean?"

"You remember my suspicions; I believe them true now—I am ready to swear to them."

"And they were—" quickly adds the American.

"That Colonel Marchesi is the infamous bandit, Fra Diavolo, one of the fiercest men in his mountain eyrie, prisoners of war!"

CHAPTER VII.

Sam's excitement is short-lived, indeed. His nerves have been well drilled, and he replaces the cigar between his teeth with a hand that is as steady as a rock.

"If what you say is true, my boy, it begins to look as though we might be in a trap," he says, watching the two Italians with a new show of interest.

"I really believe it to be so, that the jaws of the trap have opened, and we have walked squarely into them. The question is to find out whether it is strong enough to hold us."

"Under the circumstances, I can understand the colonel's hasty departure from the inn."

"Yes, he came to prepare for us. They had learned our plans, and knew we should be on this train."

"Then you feel certain that the accident was a part of their plan?"

"I've these racials would hesitate at nothing in order to further their plans."

"Fra Diavolo has been known as a

Cure Your Sore Throat  
Nerviline Will Do It  
Blessed Relief Comes Quick,  
You Get Comfort, Every  
Pain Disappears.

"Experience has taught me that the quickest way to cure a sore throat is with Nerviline," writes Mrs. Enoch F. Maclean. "My children always seem to get wet feet and stay out in the cold, and in consequence I have to keep a good household remedy handy. I rub in Nerviline almost every hour, give the children say twenty drops in hot sweetened water, and make them gargle with it. I have yet to see the cold this won't break up quickly."

From the La Have Islands, N. S., Mrs. John Walkfield writes: "We have been using Nerviline for about nine years, and find it excellent. When we find any of us getting a cold we take Nerviline in hot water. It is a sure relief for it, and is almost an instant relief for internal pains of any kind."

The remarkable pain-subduing power of Nerviline and its ability to check colds, influenza and sore throat is unequalled. Every home should have Nerviline handy on the shelf for sudden illness at night, like cramps or internal pains. Large family size, 50c; trial size, 25c., at all storekeepers or druggists, or The Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Cure Your Sore Throat Nerviline Will Do It

Blessed Relief Comes Quick,  
You Get Comfort, Every  
Pain Disappears.

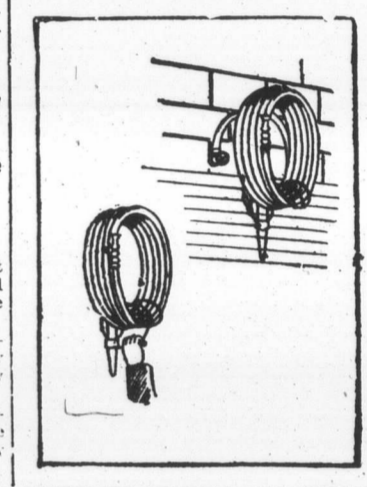
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## CARRIER RACK FOR HOSE

Answers Double Purpose of Support and Transportation.



PREVENTS BENDING AND BREAKING.

The Minnesota man who invented the hose carrier and rack shown here would seem to have struck on a handy contrivance. It can be used equally well to transport the garden hose from place to place or to afford it a support when it is not in use. The wire rack is designed to hold the hose in circular form, thus preventing the tendency to bend and break. It can be hung on a hook in the wall, just above the hydrant, or the handle can be hooked into the outer portion and made easy to carry. Any man who has tried to carry his garden hose about without first rolling it up will appreciate one of these racks and the same man will also know that a hose that is not rolled into circular form when not in use will eventually crack at the points when it bends. When in place above the hydrant it holds the hose so that only the amount required need be unrolled.

## A Scientific Discovery

Relation of Disease to Microbic Life  
-Its Application in Treatment of Catarrh.

It is now an established fact that microbic life is the cause of throat and nasal catarrh, and to cure the disease the microbes must be killed.

Many remedies have been tried—snuffs, washes and ointments; but they have all proved ineffective because they do not reach the affected parts.

Late scientific investigation has produced a specific for all diseases of the nasal and respiratory organs caused by germ life.

This pleasant remedy called "Catarthozone" recalls more than anything else the rich balsamic scent of the pine woods so eagerly sought by invalids in the Adirondacks. When breathed through the rubber tip vaporizes, very rapidly and reaches all the affected parts, destroying the microbic life that causes diseases such as Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis.

Catarthozone acts energetically as a stimulant to the mucous tissues of the throat, nasal passages and bronchial tubes, thus relieving congestion and quickly restoring to a healthy condition every part affected by Catarrh.

For smokers and singers and persons troubled with an irritable throat, bronchitis, asthma, catarrh, or la grippe, Catarthozone is of inestimable value.

The inhaler can be carried in your pocket and may be used at any time or in any place. Catarthozone is a guaranteed cure and never fails to permanently cure the most chronic cases. Price of all druggists, or direct by mail to any address by the Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

## FOR THE HOSTESS.

Perhaps the first condition of a successful entertainment is that the guests shall be well assorted. It is not necessary that all who are invited should previously know one another, but the hostess should be able to judge whether they will be pleased to meet, whether they will find interests in common, and whether their tastes and opinions will agree.

Some people have the gift of being interested in every one they meet and of immediately striking on some topic of mutual interest. Their experiences and education make them equally at home with persons of any nationality or profession, and their personal charm creates an atmosphere of geniality in whatever clever society they find themselves. The clever hostess, when lambasting the success of a party, asters to secure the services of the best one such guest.

One of the hostess has completed her list of guests the most important part of her task is over. A good deal of the responsibility of making her entertainment "go" still lies in her hands, however. She must watch that there are plenty of openings for her guests to make about and to speak to those of their friends whom they wish to meet. She must see that no combination of visitors remain so long unbegged as to become tired or bored with each other's company. She must be on the alert to break up each group as soon as it shows signs of flagging conversation and immediately to form fresh combinations of persons. And all this must be done without unnecessary fuss, so that the guests may be left rather with the impression that they have been amusing themselves than that they have been marshalled in a prearranged scheme of entertainment.

Above all, the hostess must herself have an endless variety of new ideas ready to be labelled at a moment's notice if conversation seems to have come to a standstill. She must have the gift of adapting herself to each guest in turn, of being immediately able to say something which will start him on a train of thought which he himself finds interesting. She must have, in fact, the knack of making her guests talk.

A great deal of the quality of an entertaining is caused by the fact that the hostess is not in the least interested in any of her guests. Her chief concern is that she should go to a certain number of gatherings in the course of the year and give a certain number in return. On such occasions she likes to see her rooms crowded, and thus it often happens that a hostess entertains people in whom she has no special interest.

**BLACK KNIGHT**  
STOVE POLISH

A HOUSEWIFE IS JUDGED BY HER KITCHEN. FOR A BRIGHT STOVE AND A BRIGHT REPUTATION, USE BLACK KNIGHT.

A PASTE NO WASTE THE F. F. DALLEY & CO. LTD. NO DUST HAMILTON, ONT. NO RUST