

WOODED UNDER FIRE

It is no longer a question of delay—time has come when they must act. He has already been arranged that to take the initiative, he gives a flap with his foot that business, and Dudley McLane is respond.

His figures suddenly sit up—flash revolvers in the faces of the featured men that would be taken for a Canadian, since those counsels across the border have a reputation for bravery excelled by none. This hoarse cry seems to arouse the Italian handits to action. They rush forward and seek to close with those they have been ordered to destroy. It is one thing to plan such a strategy, 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 kill, not because he believes such racials 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 aught to demoralize an attack.

Nor is McLane 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—undoubtedly while the attack was being made upon our friends in the great hall of the hotel, the lead of the bandits, perhaps the leader of the men Sam had mentioned in the duel under the walls of St. Bernard, had crept into 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 dismantled by anything.

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

like a flash, intending to hurt his whole weight against the door, which, if 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 leans in the same quarter, and filled with intense enthusiasm, he shouts, even as he springs forward a peer:

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

CHAPTER IX.

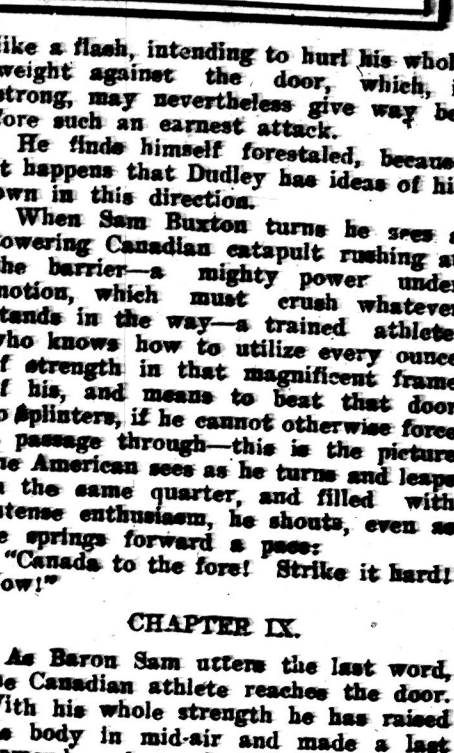
As Baron Sam utters the last word, the Canadian athlete reaches the door. With his whole strength he has raised his body in mid-air and made a last tremendous leap, clearing a couple of yards, and landing against the barrier with both feet, a trick learned in the Montreal gymnasium, with no idea probably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

HAIR AND SKIN BEAUTY



PRESERVED BY CUTICURA SOAP
Assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each, with 25-page Skin Book, sent post-free. Address: Foster Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. 2K, Boston, U.S.A.

ed by the wonderful showing made by the two men, break and run. Of course they will not go far, but it is enough for the present to know that the coast is clear. They can, in a measure, plan for the future.

Grouped together in the dark chamber, with only a stream of light flowing through the open doorway, they consult as to the best possible thing to be done under the circumstances.

Rapidly Aileen tells how, warned by Sam, she remained awake even after Mrs. Dorothy had thrown herself, fully slumbered upon the bed, and was deep in sleep—the fear that assailed her when the awful clamor arose in the great hall—how she realized that some one was entering the room by means of a secret door, and as a light was struck on the wall, preceded by a huge ruffian, at whom she instantly fired, bringing about darkness and an immediate retreat on the part of Tivoli, who hardly cared to follow his minion to the floor.

All this she tells in a breath, and Sam can understand the brave spirit that caused her to fire at one she supposed to be a new enemy bursting into the apartment, after perhaps murdering those who slept beyond the door in the capacity of watch-dogs; nor does he hesitate to declare his admiration for the unflinching courage that enabled her up to the moment when she believed she must have shot the man to whom she owed so much.

What shall he do? They have repulsed the first attack of the enemy, but it is not to be presumed that the others will stop there. Such men, having entered a game, go on to the end, and the notorious Fra Diavolo has a reputation for pertinacity that has carried him through many a trying adventure.

Escape from the castle is now their desire. The ladies are even more urgent than their male protectors in advising this course, although Miss Dorothy declares that this must be an inerrucation on the part of the "dear prince's" subjects—she will not believe anything against Prince Rubini, thought half-convinced that the count is a rascal.

Sam Buxton, being a man of action, sets to work in order to effect their escape from this den. He keeps in mind several things, and among others the fact that when the count and his man entered the apartment it was through some other door than that connecting with the great dining-hall, and which Dudley so effectually demolished.

He makes an especial point to discover where this same door is situated. Aileen can give him a few points toward this end—Aileen, who saw the light and 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.

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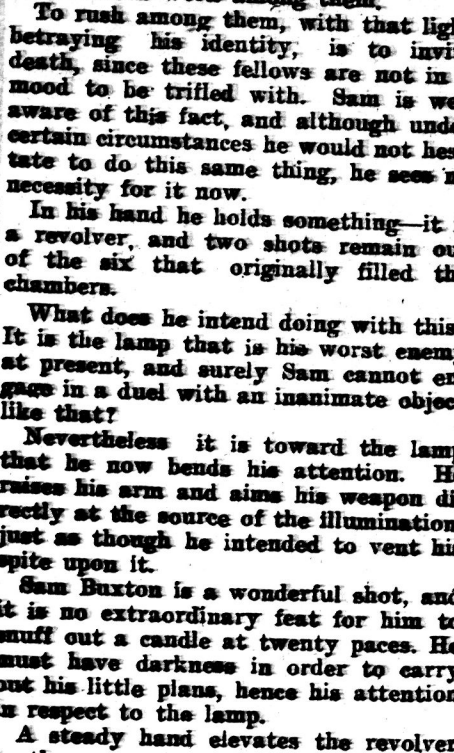
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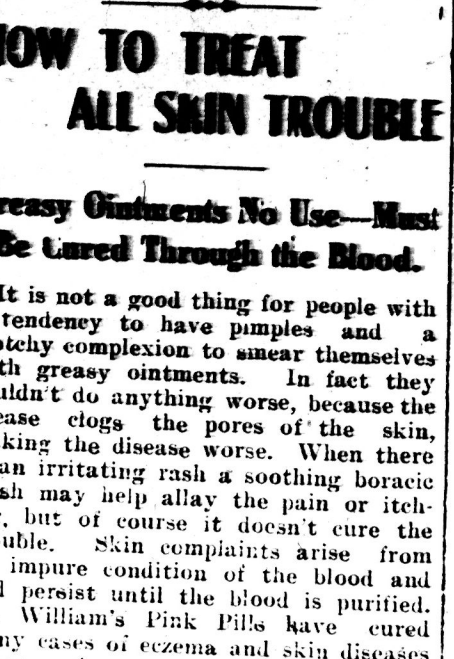
GILLETTS LYE EATS DIRT



above his head with the other; next the brave maid of the Sierras, boldly following his lead; then Dudley McLane, his ample form protecting the shivering form of the spinster, who tremblingly brings up the rear, clutching McLane'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 chimp contemptively, but before he could answer the lad himself prescribed a simple remedy.

"Have the meals thicker together," he said.

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. Fretz, Tremble, Gunter, Ont., says: "For more than a year I was 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 for Pale People are sold by all druggists and by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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 gladden with health, or are they dull, dark circled and tired? Alas! your bloodless face indicates trouble. Your watery blood menaces your health. What you need is the toning, cleansing assistance of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They will clean 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, lousy feeling will depart, because Dr. Hamilton's Pills enliven and fortify every ailment 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 ing habit in the United States is one to which attention often has been called, but it does not improve. There were 6,200 homicides in the United States in 1911, and in 1912 there were more than 9,000—according to carefully collected figures on the subject. It is not a record to be proud of. It almost seems in scanning it as if murder and violence really were popular here instead of reprobated.

SANDY'S ADVANTAGE.
(Ottawa Evening Journal)
The Montreal Klites won the forced march around Montreal mountain. It was an unfair test. The other fellows had trousers on, and didn't have to hurry to keep warm.

SALOONS AND FURNITURE.
(Pittsburg Gazette-Times)
Chairs and tables have been ordered out of all saloons in St. Louis county, Mo., in an effort to discourage drinking to excess. However, there is no harm in calling attention to the fact that it is not for the purpose of drinking chairs and tables that men go into saloons, doubtless the family furniture and other evidence of prosperity not infrequently disappear in consequence of their visits.

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 ever dawned when different types of women came to the front, types of women whose characters are diametrically opposed to the characters of our mothers, then man's reverence for womanhood will 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. G. Fagan, of Holmes' corners, "but croupy colds add considerable 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, hoarseness, etc., it is simply wonderful. My husband uses it for rheumatism, and I often employ 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 storekeeper or druggist sells Nerviline, which is prepared by The Catarrhzone Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS APPEAL

FOR THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN COLLEGE ST. TORONTO

Dear Mr. Editor:— Thank you 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; 1912, last year, 1,648 in-patients, 25,507 out-patients; 1875, 1 nurse; 1912, 70 nurses.

Since 1875, thirty-eight years ago, the Hospital has admitted within its walls 21,018 children, a total of 186,231 as out-patients, a total of 186,231, or an average of 4,742 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 6,267 were improved.

In the Orthopedic Department last year, of the 1,648 in-patients, 278 were treated for deformities, 25 hip disease, 57 Pott's disease, 2 knock-knees, 19 bow-legs, 62 club feet, 8 lateral curvature of the spine, 44 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, bow-leg 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. 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.