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

OOED UNDER FIRE

walk up and down the plat- watch the several gauges of under the direction of the master, who might have and within twenty-four lucks had fallen upon him, expects to accomplish, a make him fame and for- to Baron Sam.

trainers. What before they concluded that as a feint, and decla- dangerous quarry slip ringers! That would just man of Sam Buxton's size. shrink from meeting dan- he is not reckless enough to

thought comes to him—per- enemies are planning some of revenge. They may be, nihilists of Russia, who plot to the royal train, and who did murdering the present Czar's with a dynamite bomb. shrugs his shoulders and dismiss- thought. Please heaven, they will within a few hours, and choice of routes lies before them, Rome, by steamer to Leghorn

come he turns to look into countenance of his companion, walk up and down until dis- worthmen. The bright moon him distinctly every feature. laughs and meets his gaze. are looking for traces of mur- but I hardly think you will them," she says.

are a "nave woman, Miss

Leave it to my discretion, Mr. Fletcher," she replies from which remark it is to be seen that Sam has played his hand well, and allowed her to believe his name is Fletcher, because the man Fletcher claimed to be called on.

turns for three hours into her floor, and is thinking, and under his breath

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 XII.

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 wide streets, and with each side lined with houses that are elegant, 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 there a miserable house in the city. red-tiled roofs present a singular appearance when viewed from the surrounding hills known as the Collines di Torino, 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, mine host receives them with great joy, for guests have 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

Baby Eating seems very fond of the Cuticura Soap, and says it is delicious.

Evidently there is something gruesome connected with his past, which he wishes to hide from Aileen. It is impossible that he has ever done anything of a criminal nature—those clear eyes of Aileen would have discovered such corruption before now. What then can it be? Unless Sam himself sees fit to declare it, we must wait until the force of circumstances brings about the result.

One thing is sure—Sam acts as though he has a certain load of guilt upon his mind; he is, in a measure, constrained when Aileen is near, and does not act like himself. There must be a screw loose somewhere.

They sleep late that morning, since all are tired after the night of peculiar adventure.

Breakfast tastes remarkably good, too, though many witty remarks are passed concerning the supper they enjoyed in Prince Rubini's castle. Plans are laid for the day, and Sam secures a carriage, in which they visit the Duomo, that grand old cathedral over which tourists rave, the Palazzo Royal, the gallery of paintings, the Armeria Ragia, and, besides, the principal piazzas or squares.

This takes up the day, and all declare it has been profitably spent. Best of all, they have not been followed by a swarm of lazaroni begging for alms. That cry of the Italian beggars haunts one through the whole of a journey, and Turin is about the only city the traveller is practically free from its horrors.

The weather, for a wonder, is pleasant in Turin, and the nights even warm. People swarm like ants upon the public squares. Music can be heard in various quarters. Like the Germans, the natives of Italy love music, and yet the two schools are almost diametrically opposite in their teachings, one claiming to appeal to reason, the other to the heart.

Baron Sam saunters out after supper for a stroll, leaving the others writing letters in the parlor of the great caravansary. The large piazza or square is at hand, and very naturally he turns thither for his walk. With a choice cigar between his teeth and a contented mind, it is not at all strange that the American should feel at his ease.

He looks about him with the idle curiosity that becomes your old traveller. Strange sights may appear, and yet only by the raising of the eyebrows or some single word, will Sam betray anything like surprise.

Among the crowds he finds much to interest and amuse him. Of course the faces are strange to him—he looks upon thousands and sees not a single one he knows.

There are a number of foreigners sojourning in Turin, though their stop will not be for long, the south of Italy claiming most attention during the winter months. He sees an English family, some Frenchmen pass him by, talking eagerly, and then a party of Yankees—the plain, unadulterated kind—heave in sight, taking in all they can for their money, and venturing the opinion that Turin can't hold a candle to their beloved Boston.

So they come and go—Italians by hundreds, English, German, French, and American travelers, a few Greeks, now and then a Turk, who has wandered over from the region of the Bosphorus, or it may be a Russian or a Swede.

No wonder Sam is interested—any lover of human nature in its various guises would be.

While he thus observes the passing throng, Baron Sam suddenly arrives at a conclusion—he discovers that he is himself watched. A ragged-looking chap plainly a dark-faced native of Italy, stands afar off, yet taking note of his every move.

Sam cannot remember ever having seen the fellow before, and yet he has a familiar look. The rags make him think of the bogue prince's pretended retinue of servants. Can this man be one of them?

The idea makes him a little uneasy—he remembers Aileen at the hotel. Watching the fellow out of the corner of his eye, he is sure he sees him make a signal, as though to some comrade farther along the square. Perhaps he thus marks the movements of the American.

Sam tries to shake the man off, but is unsuccessful: the fellow sticks like a leech. At any rate, this proves that he means business. Now, the American cannot for the life of him guess what value his life may be to any one, unless it is the count. Probably that worthy would be willing to give something to see him go under. It is not every man who can have a value placed upon his life, and few persons would care to experience the sensation.

Convinced at last that there is something in the wind, he awaits his opportunity, loses his shadow in a crowd, and then quickly makes his way back to the Grande Bretagne.

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 evil toward the young California heiress.

Feeling this strange fluttering at his heart, which can only come from a premonition of impeding 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

PIMPLES WASH CURED FACE

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

"Millbrook St., Off City, Ont.—"My face was mostly 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 things 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 sent for a sample. I got it and began using them and 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 McIlwain, May 29, '12.

A generation of mothers has found no soap so well suited for cleansing and purifying the skin and hair of 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 emollient properties, derived from 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 & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

him pleasure to feel his trusty weapon there and safe and sound, for when a man has seen danger under every sun of all the continents, he has learned the value of such a reliable friend. Ah! now the walls of the Grande Bretagne loom up before him. Darkness has no place in this hostelry, for half a hundred lamps do their duty. Vehicles dash hither and yon, people jostle each other, voices sing out; and taken altogether, the square is about as lively a point just there as can be found in the city. Sam, however, seems to have lost much of his curiosity with respect to the strange sights around him—he is thinking now of some one—a face comes before his eyes, a face that is not only lovely, but possesses the elements of character he has long looked for in a woman, and while he walks he muses:

"Dunce! strange that of all the girls in the wide, wide world, the one I should rescue upon Mont Blanc should be the very creature I for years, without seeking her, have called my ebete noir—whom Sam Buxton has avoided as though she were a leper. Bless me, my boy, it's well fate has station you into something like shape again. This episode proves how near the crazy line you have been. Now, the question arises, what will she think of me when she learns the truth—that I am the terrible ogre whom she doubtless has detested with every hour of her being since arriving at the thinking age. Good heavens! what a shame things should turn out this way. If it were any other than Aileen, I would hope to overcome these scruples—this religious detestation—but she is so independent, and so intense in her likes and dislikes, that I fear me it will be hopeless. Keep up a brave heart,

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 more distressing every day. Every woman knows that ill-health and worry is 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., says: "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 almost 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.

"For years I was afflicted with a bad color and was easily upset, a slight fall, pimples and blotches on the face were not only mortifying to my feelings, but because I thought no man would never look nice again I grew dejected. Then my appetite failed, I grew very weak. Various remedies, pills, medicine and tablets I tried without permanent benefit. A visit to my sister gave me to 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 but 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—hollow 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. They are other pill but Dr. Hamilton's. 25c per box. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

He no longer sits upon the seat that has been arranged for the outside passenger, but has extended his body full 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 horses' 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 how 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 in the seat, something that is very much alive, that turns upon the astounded Jehu 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 pene- tion; he seems to grasp the situ- for after the exclamation of ho does not cry out.

At an eve party, young man, "Can you tell me who is exceedingly plain young man sitting posite?"

"That is my brother," was the re

"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 mutt to sing with you?"

"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, quite cheerfully. "Get as many accomplices as you can."

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S ARK

THE LATEST NEWS FROM NOAH'S