

WOODED UNDER FIRE

CHAPTER I

"Conrad, my boy, there's one thing dead certain: We're in for an experience this time. No sealing a peak equal to the Matterhorn to-day. I've been lost in an Indian jungle, caught in a desert sand-storm, and experienced the delights of a Canadian bush fire, which singed every hair from my head, but they all fade into insignificance compared with being caught in a fierce snowstorm half-way up the side of Mont Blanc." Conrad, old and young, suppose you wind that switzer horn again; give another call, and see whether we can discover some one on the trail which we have foolishly lost."

The speaker shows little evidence of the great anxiety he mentions; indeed, he sees him calmly smoking a cigar while clapping his hands together in order to induce warmth, one would hardly imagine he knows what alarm is. And yet his situation is little less than appalling, to say the least. Ascending terrible Mont Blanc in the season, attended by a single guide, the worst and most suddenly overtaken by the worst snowstorm. Conrad remembers so early in winter. The beautiful view has been out as if by magic, and around whirl clouds of fine snow that driven by a cold, fierce, wind, seems to cut the flesh like needles.

Others are on the mountains, too, for they have had glimpses of them from time to time at a distance. Through the blinding storm. Nearly half an hour ago has elapsed since the rush of the blizzard began, and Conrad at length having lost all traces of the trail in the bewildering snow, candidly admits that they are lost, which remark draws out the words with which our story opens.

Sam Buxton is a character who would attract attention almost anywhere. In fact he is rather below the average, and gives no more evidence of muscular ability than a common man; still his face, if homely, has an honest look, which grows upon one, and the more you know of Sam the better you like him. At any rate, he is fearless, bright as a new dollar, full of chivalrous notions, and plays second fiddle to no man on earth.

Sam has been blessed with a goodly proportion of this world's goods, and travels for pleasure, though perhaps he has some hazy sort of design in his wanderings. At present his object has been to plant an American flag upon the Matterhorn, a feat so yet never accomplished, though attempted by many an adventurous spirit. Obeying orders, the Swiss guide, a man who is ready to swear by any man as the American is sometimes called, takes his hands to his mouth, and with all the force of his powerful lungs sends forth that musical Tyrolean call which can only be properly called by the name of *Yodel*. Through the storm it rings, for the air is remarkably pure in these mountain regions.

Baron Sam puffs away at his cigar, while he strains his ears to discover whether there is any response to his call, for if by good fortune these chances to be a Switzer guide without hearing he will readily answer the call, as Conrad has given it a turn that is significant of distress; but it dies away amid the howling of the bitter wind, and the surging of the storm alone reaches him.

Something like a frown creeps over his cheery face, but he chases it away with a laugh, while shrugging his shoulders as the last squall sweeps down with the fury of demons let loose.

"Phew! how it stings; this big collar on my overcoat comes in handy, and these fur gloves, too. A wise head that of yours, Sam Buxton, to provide for an emergency, even if the weather did look summer-like at starting. One thing worries me, Conrad, see here," he half shouts, for although the Alpine guide is only half a dozen feet away the sweep of the wind renders it impossible to converse with the natural tones.

"What now, Baron?" asks Conrad, who has spent a part of his life upon the sunny Italian slopes, the Alps and hence acquired many of the habits of the people of Aosta.

"When you used the glass and spoke of seeing the party below, were there not females in it?"

"H. excellent, I saw the flutter of skirts," replies the other, who is a sturdy fellow, twice as strong as Baron Sam, yet lacking much of the American's grit.

"How many would you say?"

"Two, at least, signor."

"Confound it! what a foolish thing to bring females up on the exposed side of Mont Blanc at this time of year."

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From Chebogue, Pt., N.S., comes the following from Mrs. W. A. Reynolds: "A year ago my health began to fail. I lost appetite, became nervous and sleepless. My weight ran down, I became thin, and my eyes checked, and had black rings under my eyes. I really felt as if the charm of life had left me and when springtime arrived I was in the Blues." I read of Dr. Hamilton's Pills and got five boxes at once. "Within a month my appetite and vigor were good. I gained strength and felt like a new woman. New life and vigor returned, and my friends scarcely knew me. A medicine that will do this should be in every home."

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I, for one, object to women trying such dangerous experiments; they are suited to the gentle side of life—drawing-rooms, the drive at Nice, or eighteenth-century cities. Anyhow, if by reason of a great desire to climb the Alps they do make the attempt, let it be in the season—July or August—not when winter is ready to burst over the mountains and wrap them in a winding sheet. Light, that faintly takes one's breath away," was another extraordinary guest comes tearing down the wild region of the Matterhorn—that bleak peak reached by human feet for the first time only a few years before, and all of that adventurous party perishing save an English gentleman, a Mr. Whympere, and two guides.

"We must push on, Baron: to remain in death," exclaims the guide, uneasily. "Go it, old man; I'm agreeable," and clinging to such projections as present themselves he swings his body from rock to rock with an agility one would hardly dream he possessed, all the while holding his cigar between his teeth, and keeping a tight grip upon his Alpine staff with its pointed, steel-shod base.

Thus they floundered on for some time, while the blizzard rages furiously around. Conrad is alarmed—if his employer shows no signs of it—and almost loses his head, but the cheery voice of Sam Buxton steadies him, much as a careful driver soothes a restless steed.

"They make progress, but it is impossible to decide whether it is in the right or wrong direction. Perhaps every step takes them deeper into the depths, since there is no means of telling whether they go unless the guide discovers some sign that may be familiar to him. The American tourist is persistent by nature, begins to feel the cold hand of despair clutching at his heart when the storm, instead of abating, grows more furious, and it is impossible to see more than two yards in any direction.

"I don't know what I shall do to wait for a rescue by the good monks of St. Bernard. Looks like a gone case to me, Conrad. Suppose you give me one more warble, my man, and we'll see if anything comes out of the storm. If not, then we must camp as best we can in this bleak place."

The Swiss guide raises his benumbed hands, and again that weird Tyrolean call sounds musical in spite of the raging blizzard's mocking voices. Once more Sam Buxton bends his head to listen, then starts, thrilled by strange emotions, for on the wings of the storm comes a cry. It is not what he has expected, but even more of a pitiful appeal for help than Conrad's call.

"Good heavens! man, did you hear that?" he says, clutching the guide by the arm.

There is little need to ask, for Conrad is as white as the snow around him, and trembles as though he might be a human sapling.

"Yes, I hear it; the spirits of lost souls that have met their death on Mont Blanc rock us, Baron. They beckon to us. We are doomed!" he almost shrieks, pointing in the direction whence the cry has come.

The American is practical, and detests anything bordering on superstition, hence he has little patience with this line of conduct.

"You're a fool, Conrad. That cry is for help, and whether it comes from a lost soul or from a human being in distress, Sam Buxton isn't the man to hang back. Follow me or remain where you are."

"No, no, Baron Sam; you will go to your fate!" cries the guide, and truer words were never uttered, though under another meaning.

"His employer, with a snort of disgust at the man's superstitious fear, flung away from the snap that would detain him, and pushes blindly on through the snow-storm to discover the source of the cry that has answered Conrad's call.

When he has gone twenty paces, with the guide following, for Conrad fears being left alone on the mountain even worse than an encounter with the specks of former-day's pilgrims, Sam, seeing nothing, drops his cigar, and making a trumpet of his hands, bellows forth: "Hello, there! where are you?"



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for this lady's sake. Lead on, man. If you save us it is five hundred lire in your pocket. The path—find us the path that leads to the monastery."

Spurred on by the hope of making a large fortune, as well as saving his own life, the Alpine guide again moves on, while Sam follows, leading the unknown lady who owes her life to him, half bearing her, in fact, for she is almost chilled to the marrow. Death stares them in the face, and even the bold-hearted American grows as he feels his strength giving out. She hears and understands.

"Leave me—save yourself, I beg!" she cries, almost pleadingly, but he smiles and shakes his head.

"While there's life there's hope. One thing you must understand—we live or die together, since fate has thrown us in contact; I have some fire in me yet. On, Conrad, on! we must find the trail!"

Now he staggers himself; the exertion is telling upon even that indomitable spirit, but with set teeth and straining muscles Sam Buxton continues to push on after the hardy guide, while the storm rages and the snow upon the ground increases continually in depth.

"Hold! that anchor to the soul, has become almost dead within them, when suddenly he hears a shout ahead. It comes from Conrad, and as his eyes fast upon that worthy he has a faint glimpse of him dancing madly upon the snow.

"The post, Baron Sam! the post that marks the spot where Miss Conrad was murdered! It was blessed by her men; it has been an instrument in saving us. The path is here!" he shouts.

"Thank heaven!" groans the exhausted Sam.

"If we can hold out ten minutes more, dear master, we are saved. Leave the lady here, wrapped in your coat, and run with me."

"Never! Show me the path, man, and then do you hasten below for help, while I try and keep the spark of life in both our bodies. Leave the lady I will not, come! be speedy—do you hear words have out to the quick—as though he had ever been guilty of leaving one in distress whom fortune had thrown on his hands—while he looks toward him with a single look that warms his heart.

"It is unnecessary, Baron, Praise Heaven and the saints, I hear voices above. It is the lady's party descending. In a minute they are here. Yes, we are saved," and then Sam realizes from the

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An eminent scientist, the other day, gave his opinion that the most wonderful discovery of recent years was the discovery of Zam-Buk. Just think! As soon as a single thin layer of Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or sore, such injury is insured against blood poisoning! Not one species of microbe has been found that Zam-Buk does not kill!
Then again, as soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a sore, or a cut, or to skin disease, it stops the smarting. That is why children are such friends of Zam-Buk. They care nothing for the science of the thing. All they know is that Zam-Buk stops their pain. Mothers should never forget this.
Again! As soon as Zam-Buk is applied to a wound or to a diseased part, the cells beneath the skin's surface are so stimulated that new healthy tissue is quickly formed. This forming of fresh healthy tissue from below is Zam-Buk's secret of healing. The tissue thus formed is worked up to the surface and literally casts off the diseased tissue above it. This is why Zam-Buk cures are permanent.
Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!
All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. per box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

heavy weight on his own that the unknown lady has given up.

Conrad's words are true, for the voices draw nearer, and in hardly more than a minute a party of persons appear through the blinding, surging snow, surging downward, the guides leading, and keeping a bright lookout, for there is always extreme danger of losing the trail at a time like this, and that means terrible disaster.

Many have lost their lives in the defiles of the Alps, while others, wandering about, fall over some precipice, or it may be are overwhelmed by the mighty avalanches that comes tearing down the side of the mountain sweeping everything in its path into a chaotic mass far below.

Already has Conrad hailed the guides and as the party discover Sam holding the senseless form of the lost lady, their cries of wonder and praise sound earnest, indeed, for they have given up all hope of ever seeing her again. By accident she had become separated from her party just at the time the storm, without much warning, swept over Mont Blanc—their cries were unanswered, and they were despairing.

"Allow me to carry her, my dear sir," says a voice that gives the American a shock, for he finds himself looking into the face of the best friend he has on earth, a man six feet in height, and finely proportioned—a Hercules beside a pigmy when compared with Sam.

"Dudley McLane, for all the world!" he shouts.

"Good heavens! is it you, Sam, or your ghost? I believed you in Egypt," roars the giant, infolding the other in his arms and at the same time, of course clasping the senseless girl.

"Easy, old boy; you forgot. None of your bearings here! I believed you home in Canada. This is, indeed, a strange meeting."

"When did you find Aileen?" asks the other, and Sam starts at the mention of the name, whether because of its singular nature, or for some other reason, he does not choose to state.

"Wandering in the storm—we were also lost, and just round the path before you came," Sam replies, still holding the senseless form of the girl, whom he seems loth to give up. Did he not love her, and does not that in a measure give him a claim upon her?

"Conrad, the guides are muttering and threatening to desert, unless we move on. Give me the girl, Sam; I am better able to carry her."

"Pardon, signor; allow me to relieve you of your burden. I have some right to assist the beautiful young lady," says a soft voice in Sam's ear, a voice he recognizes as that of an Italian, and turning his head, he finds one of the party close to him, a man who has a graceful, willowy figure, and a diamond in his eye, with a face that somehow frank Sam Buxton dislikes on sight.

"My friend spoke ahead of you, signor; he has therefore the first claim," and with the words Sam transfers his burden to the Canadian, whose heart is like the trees of his native country, sturdy and unbending.

Something like a deep curse drops from the lips of the Italian as he turns aside, and knowing these hot-blooded people well, Sam Buxton realizes that by his action he has probably made a bitter enemy, who may hereafter give him trouble, for which he cares little, indeed, being generally able to look out for himself.

By this time the clamoring guides are threatening to mutiny unless the descent is continued. Sam notices that the man who is his friend, the Canadian as though fear of him is the only thing that keeps them from immediate desertion. He smiles, for Dudley McLane has a way about him of commanding obedience.

WATERY BLISTERS INTENSELY ITCHY

Between Fingers, Spread to Tips. Would Swell Up, Itch and Burn. Did Not Dare Put Hands in Water. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Carman, Manitoba.—"A breaking out between my fingers was the first trouble. It was very itchy and spread to my finger tips affecting the nails. It first appeared in watery blisters and they were so intensely itchy that I scratched them and let the water out making the fingers swell and burn and finally the nails would loosen and come off. I spent many sleepless nights. I did not dare to put my hands in water except to wash them.

"I kept using ointments. Cuticura Ointment, but was not cured. Sometimes the remedies would help a little but I was free from it altogether. I was that way for nine years trying everything. I heard of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for them and before I had used them half a dozen times I noticed an improvement. By washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment frequently I was cured in three months." (Signed) Miss Florence E. Sanderson, May 20, 1913.

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we could perhaps have gone further. Why wasn't Dudley McLane the one to save Aileen?" he adds, with something of a mournful grimace.

"Kismet—it is fate, my boy. Now, who is that dashing looking Italian—he scowls at me every time our eyes meet, as though I have mortally offended him in some way."

"Ah, another Richmond in the field, Sam. I expect to see you two looking over pistols at each other yet. That is Count Antonio Fivoli."

"The American utters a cry. 'You know him?' demands Dudley. 'His name is familiar to me. I have the honor to be acquainted with his niece Beatrice Paoli,' replies Sam, recovering his composure.

"A charming name," comments the other.

"And the owner is agreeable—in fact, her beauty dazzles me."

"You don't appear to have suffered, Sam Buxton," says the Canadian dryly, with a chuckle.

(To be Continued.)

THE "RITUAL MURDER." (Chicago Tribune)
The race harvest, religious bigotry, and gloomy superstition which make a trial for "Ritual Murder" possible, are being historic monsters outliving the age of "darkness." Mankind has fought them long, and has finally won a great victory at the end of their days. The trial at Kiel is a challenge of the dearest kind to the progress of the world. If that challenge were not taken up now, the effects of our indifference would be felt in every country for a generation.

A realization of this must come to the Belgian government. And it is the high duty of European and American peoples to bring this realization by a protest which cannot be ignored by any nation which aims to keep a place in the honor of the modern world.

DISOBEDIENT

The sun's path is called the ecliptic. It is a great circle of the sphere, cutting the celestial equator in two points 90 degrees apart and making with it an angle of 23 1/2 degrees. As the ecliptic is the path of the sun, because the days and nights are equal, and the point where the ecliptic crosses the equator is called the vernal equinox, the sun then seems to stalk still for a few days.

The ecliptic is 60 called because supposed to occur only when the moon is in conjunction with the sun. It is not so, for the moon's orbit is inclined to the ecliptic in two points, called the nodes, and the other three times in the year, when the sun and moon are in the same ecliptic, other than at the equinox. It is known to the Greeks and is known to the Chinese and is known to the Chinese and is known to the Chinese.

Any intelligent person can trace the sun's path in the heavens. If the equinoxes and the solstices are marked, the ecliptic is the time of the equinox. It is the time of the equinox. It is the time of the equinox. It is the time of the equinox.

DISOBEDIENT

Little Willie—Don't tell my papa you saw me, Mr. Steerer, 'cause he told me not to go near the steerage.

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Don't be an object of aversion to everyone you meet get Catarrhose today and use it regularly; it will cure your Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Trouble, spitting, and gagging. Large size 50c. All dealers or the Catarrhose Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

LOOKS LIKE IT!

She has just returned from a fishing school. Oh, how they teach them there? Oh, how to carry ones self walk gracefully, and all that sort of thing.

BANISH THE PISTOL. (Detroit Free Press)
As long as any man or boy in a city can go to a store and purchase a revolver without hindrance and without question, it is unreasonable to expect the police of that city to prevent crimes of violence.

THE LESSON OF SULZER. (Montreal Herald)
The lesson which the downfall teaches most of all is the danger of mere stock gambling by anyone, high or low, with money not his own or which one cannot afford to lose.

MILLIONAIRE VS. PEOPLE. (Detroit Free Press)
Mr. Carnegie says the millionaire should be the trustee of the people. What the people want, however, is the trustee of the millionaires.

There is no prayer worth the name that is unaccompanied by effort to make the prayer come true.—Herbert L. Willett.