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MAGIC BAKING POWDER



E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WOOD UNDER FIRE

"My time hadn't come, old fellow. See here, Dad, I'm going to you," and the American trifle uneasily.

"Granted before you ask it, 'Let me have a cigar, please.' 'Confusion!' is that the favor, you wretch?" handing out his pocket-case, while Sam surveys him reverentially selects a weed and applies a match.

"Not at all, my dear fellow. What I am going to ask of you may seem a little odd, but I have my reasons for it, and at some future time I will explain all to you."

"Dosh!" ejaculates Dad, with a laugh; "speak out like a man." "For the present I would keep my last name a secret from Miss Winchester," says Sam.

"How pat he has the name," thinks the Canadian, and then adds, aloud: "Of course, it shall be as you say, although I hardly know how it can be done when introducing you—she will be sure to ask after her prever."

"Preserver! Fiddlesticks! Conrad had as much to do with it as myself, in a way. But I can give you a hint. Conrad—yes, even the beautiful Beatrice Paoli, calls me Brother Sam Strango as it may appear, introduce me under that name. You know my mother married at a second time, and my step-father's name was Fletcher. In some way I shall cause her to believe I am a Fletcher, but for the present introduce me as Baron Sam."

is beautiful, even if the variety of viands is limited, and as hunger has come upon them with the rush of cold weather, all do justice to the repast. When this company depart from the monastery, the free will box on the wall must be heavier for their coming, if they have any gratitude in their souls.

CHAPTER III. As the young Canadian opens the door of the cell he is surprised at the picture he sees. The place is limited in size, with a couch in one corner capable of holding two tired wayfarers. Besides, it has little furniture—a couple of rough chairs, a small table, a pitcher and a tin basin constituting the amount total.

Upon this table is set a lamp. Sam Buxton is close by, busily engaged in cleaning something that has a glitter when the light falls upon it—the glint of polished steel.

"Supper? a revolver, eh? This looks like business. Expecting a visit from brigands, eh, fellow?" and thus laughing, Dudley closes the cell door.

"I've already been called upon," remarks the other, quietly, giving a finishing rub to the weapon, when he then turns to the Canadian, adding: "What do you think of that, Dad?"

"He draws the hammer back several times, and nods his head in approval. This son of the Canadian provinces, who has handled firearms so long, and is an expert in judging them. 'Works like a charm—wouldn't want anything better,' he comments, 'and I reckon the man who owns it knows how to make good use of such a little toy,' significantly, for he has seen Sam do some wonderful work off-hand with a revolver."

picture I have seen of that man—think all I had to find my suspicious eyes; but forget it, Sam. What did they want?" "Can you give a guess?" "Jove! the Italian is thin-skinned—he may have taken offense at the cavalier way you treated him when you handed Aileen over to me."

"Struck it, did it? Let me see, he must have come to ask an apology." "Rather to demand one." "A business man when the person comes to an old friend Sam—" "Forget—Baron Sam, for the present."

"How did it come about? I am eager to hear, for I have little love concerning that man." "He was impertinent. A gentleman, feeling aggrieved by some unintentional rudeness at my hands, can always receive immediate satisfaction. I aim to hurt nobody's feelings; but when a fellow of his calibre hustles into my room at ten o'clock at night, and impudently demands that I publicly take back an insult he fancies I put upon him, well, he simply mistakes his man, that's all."

"You struck him?" cries Dad, almost holding his breath in suspense, and Sam replies: "Well, I didn't mean to more than tap him lightly, but that peculiar stroke you taught me, which you picked up among the snow-shoe boys of the Montreal Touque Blues Club, proved astonishingly effective. I knew I saw my handsome count picking himself up out of the farthest corner. I had knicked him clean over the bed, you see. That's a wonderfully nice little knockout blow you taught me."

"And then?" "Well, they were two against me, and besides I didn't care for a rumput just here, for the ladies are in a cell near by. I saw the colonel was in a rage, and as for the count, his face was black with fury. So I quietly drew this and covered them, saying, in a voice that meant business: 'If either of you gentlemen were to draw a weapon, I will make a sieve of your head.'"

"That cooled their ardor, I warrant," chuckles Dad. "Yes, but brought no satisfaction. The colonel held up his hand, and remarked, 'I understand, which I understand fairly well.'"

"Signor, you are insulting me; but you have doubly insulted my noble friend, Count Antonio Tivoli, one of the foremost of the kingly counselors. It is customary among gentlemen to speak and give satisfaction under such circumstances. And as you are a gentleman, and we presume, in the name of my friend, I demand that you apologize or fight."

"Dudley puckers up his mouth, and gives a whistle. "That was direct and to the point. If left you no half-way measures, Sam. What did you answer?" "The American flips the ashes from his cigar with his little finger, a trick all smokers learn; his manner is superbly cool, and Dudley McLane has no reason for recalling words he once used in connection with Sam Buxton: 'He's the most collected man under fire I ever saw in all my life.'"

GREEN OF FACE, SCALP AND HANDS

Come Off in Scales. Itched Badly. Had to Tie Hands. Little Watery Pimples. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Completely Cured.

1207 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont.—"My eczema first started when I was a baby, on my face and scalp. It seemed dry when I scratched it, it came off in scales. It had my hands and feet so sore that I was unable to work. Little white watery pimples came on my hands and face and I had to stay home from school for nearly two weeks. It caused my face and hands to look badly. The eczema took a very bad form, appearing on my face in little watery blisters so bad that I could hardly bear to be touched. My hair being naturally very thick I found to be getting thin and wondered what could cause it to fall out."

"My mother tried—and—and—and spent no end of money trying to get me better but it did no good. At last a friend recommended Cuticura Soap and Ointment and my mother used them. We applied the Cuticura Ointment to my face, head and hands and washed with the Cuticura Soap and the eczema began to disappear. Before six months had passed I was completely cured." (Signed) Miss Constance Lane, May 20, 1913.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment do so much for pimples, blackheads, red, rough skins, itching, scaly scalps, dandruff, dry, itchy and falling hair, chapped hands and chapped feet, that it is almost a miracle. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. For a liberal free sample of each, with 23-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U.S.A.

fallen—the moon is only a little past the full, and shines as clear as a bell. There, at fifteen paces, as I said before, we will settle this little business between man and man. I cannot sleep until I have gotten this off my mind."

"Jerusalem! a duel by moonlight, and just outside the walls of the holy monastery—that beats everything I've ever read. It is a whole romance crowded into a day and night, Sam; but bless my soul, it's just like you every time. Well, what did the macaroni-eaters have to say about it?"

"They exchanged a few sentences in low tones. I thought the count looked a little reluctant, but when the colonel spoke up he settled the matter, saying that although not wholly satisfied with the arrangement, there was nothing for his principal to do but accept, and I could depend upon their being on hand when the time came."

The sturdy Canadian athlete takes out his sword, it lacks only a quarter of that hour at this present moment," he remarks. Sam Buxton rises from his chair, and begins to deliberately button his coat about him.

Doctors state that 95 per cent of the Canadian people suffer from Catarrh. Few escape it. You can easily recognize it from the bad taste in the mouth and from lack of appetite in the morning.

Doctors recommend Cattarhoxone, it is nature's own cure. It drives out the germs, heals sore spots, cleans away every vestige of Catarrhal Catarrh.

This need not be cited as proof that our jury system is a figure because it is of such frequent occurrence. It is simply proof of the fact that many men are not fitted by temperament to act as jurors. They are narrow-minded and on certain questions are bigoted, and incapable of rendering a verdict upon the law and the evidence in the case. Men have been heard to declare that they would find men charged with certain offenses guilty, no matter what plea might be offered in extenuation. Such men are unfit to judge their fellow men, yet they are often called upon to do so.

Minnesota is to try the new plan, and its operation will be observed with interest. It is new to this country, though it is, we believe, practiced in Continental Europe. But Minnesota will require a jury to deliberate at least twelve hours valid. Men who approve of this new plan have a view upon the fact that in our highest courts, unanimity of opinion is not necessary. An opinion by our Court of Appeals and by the Federal Supreme Court is frequently obtained by a bare majority. But we notice that such opinions are not always considered final, and frequently they are not final, however, if they were, it will have to be admitted in support that the men who constitute these courts are intellectually superior to the men who constitute a petit or traverse jury.—Rochester Herald.

The World's Best Liniment

Mixed in Every Family From Infancy to Old Age. If Your Home is Without "Nerviline" Read the Following Closely.

The high cost of living to-day demands economy on every side. Sickness is expensive. Far better to treat little ills before they grow serious. For the reason every home should have handy on the shelf a good remedy like Nerviline, which cures the minor ailments that occur in every family.

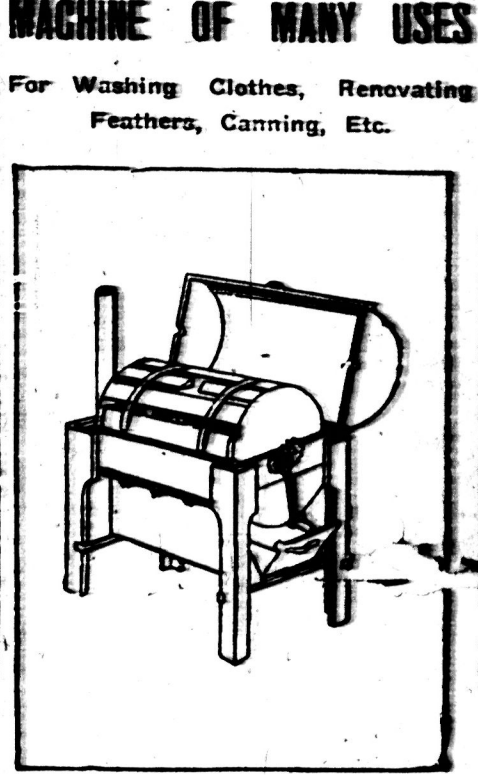
For example, when the boy comes in with wet feet and a slight cough, Nerviline will cure him. If a cold has settled on the chest, rub on Nerviline and the cold will go.

Just a Light Lunch. They were on the subject of girls. "Look here!" exclaimed McFarland, "did you ever take a girl out to luncheon when she felt a little out?" "Yes," admitted Smith, reluctantly. "Well, take my advice and don't. One day I took Miss Jones to a restaurant. At first she declined to eat anything, but then she said she believed she did feel a little out."

Coal Used 3,000 Years Ago. Greek writers 200 years before the Christian era mention coal in their works, and it was no uncommon thing in Egypt 200 years before that. A long gap apparently comes after that, and coal is not heard of again until in England, somewhere about the time of William the Conqueror in the eleventh century. Records are found granting the privilege of mining for it to the people.



MACHINE OF MANY USES For Washing Clothes, Renovating Feathers, Canning, Etc.



MACHINE HAS OWN FIREBOX. Two Texas men have invented a machine which can be put to a variety of uses, among which are washing clothes, renovating feathers, canning fruit and vegetables, etc. A cylinder, made of longitudinal slats, revolves on a stationary lower section, which is raised from the floor by legs. Beneath the cylinder is a metal half-cylinder, adapted to hold water. Beneath this, in turn, is a fire box rising from it at one end of the machine. This firebox is the distinguishing feature of the apparatus, as it can be filled with coal or wood and the water in the metal receptacle kept hot while the cylinder is being revolved through it and the clothes or feathers, or whatever may be in the cylinder, thoroughly cleaned. For canning, of course the cylinder remains stationary after the jars have been placed in it, and the lid of the machine can be closed, if desired.

A Bad Heart, Its Cause and Cure

Many, Firmly Convinced They Are Dying of Heart Trouble, Have Often the Strongest Hearts. Sometimes you wake up at night, heart throbbing like a steam engine. Your breathing is short and irregular; pains shoot through the chest and abdomen and cause horrible anxiety.

Your trouble isn't with the heart at all. These sensations are the outcome of indigestion, which has caused gas to form on the stomach and press against the heart. Just read what happened to Isaac Mallouin, of Belle River, Ont.: "Three months ago I was a weak, sickly man. My appetite was poor, food fermented in my stomach; I had sour risings and indigestion. At night I would often awaken with gas in the stomach and heart palpitation. I consulted my doctor and used remedies that my friends advised. Nothing helped. "One day I received a sample of Dr. Hamilton's Pills; and my cure commenced. To-day I have a vigorous appetite, strong heart action, and no signs of indigestion. I feel younger and healthier than ever before."

Your druggist or storekeeper sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box or five boxes for \$1.00. By mail from The Cattarhoxone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Canada.