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The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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"Stop, Uncle Arthur! You mustn't run away." She stood erect and determined. "You wouldn't do that, would you? This is our house. You re-"



"Just dress and come with me."

sent the law and the dignity of the government. You mustn't fear a mob of ruffians. We will stay here and meet them, of course."

"Good Lord!" said Glenister. "That's madness! These men aren't ruffians. They are the best citizens of Nome. You don't realize that this is Alaska and that they have sworn to wipe out McNamara's gang. Come along."

"Thank you for your good intentions," she said, "but we have done nothing to run away from. We will get ready to meet these cowards. You had better go or they will find you here."

She moved up the stairs and, taking the judge by the arm, led him with her. Of a sudden she had assumed control of the situation unflinchingly, and both men felt the impossibility of thwarting her. Pausing at the top, she turned and looked down.

"We are grateful for your efforts just the same. Good night."

"Oh, I'm not going," said the young man. "If you stick, I'll do the same." He made the rounds of the first floor rooms, locking doors and windows. As a place of defense it was hopeless, and he saw that he would have to make his stand upstairs. When sufficient time had elapsed, he called up to Helen:

"May I come?"

"Yes," she replied. So he ascended to find Stillman in the hall, hah clothed and covering, while by the light from the front chamber he saw her flashing her toilet.

"Won't you come with me? It's our last chance." She only shook her head. "Well, then, put out the light. I'll stand at that front window, and when my eyes get used to the darkness I'll be able to see them before they reach the gate."

She did as directed, taking her place beside him at the opening, while the judge crept in and sat upon the bed, his heavy breathing the only sound in the room. The two young people stood so close to each other that the sweet scent of her person arose in him an almost irresistible longing. He forgot her treachery again, forgot that she was another's, forgot all save that she loved him truly and purely, with a love which was like an agony to him. Her shoulder brushed his arm; he heard the soft rustling of her garment at her breast as she breathed. Some one passed in the street and she laid a hand upon him fearfully. It was very cold, very tiny and very soft, but he made no move to take it. The moments dragged along, still, tense, interminable. Occasionally she leaned toward him, and he stooped to catch her whispered words. At such times her breath beat warm against his cheek, and he closed his teeth stubbornly. Out in the night a wolf dog saddened the air, then came the sound of others wrangling and snarling in a nearby corral. This is a chicken land and no cock crow breaks the midnight peace. The suspense, enhanced by the judge's perturbation till his chattering teeth sounded like castanets. Now and then he groaned.

The watchers had lost track of time when their strained eyes detected dark blotches materializing out of the shadows. "There they come," whispered Glenister, forcing her back from the aperture; but she would not be denied, and returned to his side.

As the foremost figure reached the gate Roy leaped forth and spoke, not loudly, but in tones that sliced through the silence, sharp, clear and without warning.

"Halt! Don't come inside the fence." There was an instant's confusion; then, before the men beneath had time to answer or take action, he continued: "This is Roy Glenister talking. I told you not to molest these people, and I warn you again. We're ready for you."

The leader spoke. "You're a traitor, Glenister."

He winced. "Perhaps I am. You betrayed me first, though; and, traitor or not, you can't come into this house."

There was a murmur at this, and some one said:

"Miss Chester is safe. All we want is the judge. We won't hang him, not if he'll wear this suit we brought along. He needn't be afraid. Tar is good for the skin."

"Oh, my God!" groaned the limb of the law.

Suddenly a man came running down the plank pavement and into the group.

"McNamara's gone and so's the marshal and the rest," he panted. There was a moment's silence, and then the leader growled to his men, "Scatter out and rush the house, boys." He raised his voice to the man in the window.

"This is your work, you damned turncoat." His followers melted away to right and left, vaulted the fence and dodged into the shelter of the walls. The click, click of Glenister's Winchester sounded through the room, while the sweat stood out on him. He wondered if he could do this deed, if he could really fire on these people. He wondered if his muscles would not wither and paralyze before they obeyed his command.

Helen crowded past him and, leaning half out of the opening, called loudly, her voice ringing clear and true:

"Wait! Wait a moment! I have something to say. Mr. Glenister did not warn them. They thought you were going to attack the mines, and so they rode out there before midnight. I am telling you the truth, really. They left hours ago." It was the first sign she had made, and they recognized her to a man.

They were uncertain mutterings below till a new man raised his voice. Both Roy and Helen recognized Dextery.

"Boys, we've overplayed. We don't want these people—McNamara's our meat. Old ball's face up yonder has to do what he's told, and I'm ag'in this twenty to one midnight work. I'm goin' home." There were some whis-perings, then the original spokesman called for Judge Stillman. The old man tottered to the window, a pained, terror stricken object. The girl was glad he could not be seen from below.

"We won't hurt you this time, judge, but you've gone far enough. We'll give you another chance; then, if you don't make good, we'll stretch you to a lamp post. Take this as a warning."

"I shall do my d-d-duty," said the judge.

The men disappeared into the darkness, and when they had gone Glenister closed the window, pulled down the shades and lighted a lamp. He knew by how narrow a margin a tragedy had been averted. If he had fired on these men, his shot would have kindled a feud which would have consumed every vestige of the court crowd and himself among them. He would have fallen under a false banner, and his life would not have reached to the next sunset. Perhaps it was fateful now. He could not tell. The vigilantes would probably look upon his part as traitorous, and at the very least he had cut himself off from their support, the only support the northland offered him. Henceforth he was a renegade, a pariah, hated alike by both factions. He purposely avoided sight of Stillman and turned his back when the judge extended his hand with expressions of gratitude. His work was done, and he wished to leave this house. Helen followed him down to the door and as he opened it laid her hand upon his sleeve.

"Words are feeble things, and I can never make amends for all you've done for us."

"For us?" cried Roy, with a break in his voice. "Do you think I sacrificed my honor, betrayed my friends, killed

my last hope, ostracized myself, for us? This is the last time I'll trouble you, perhaps the last time I'll see you. No matter what else you've done, however, you've taught me a lesson, and I thank you for it. I have found myself at last. I'm not an Eskimo any longer. I'm a man!"

"You've always been that," she said. "I don't understand as much about this affair as I want to, and it seems to me that no one will explain it. I'm very stupid, I guess. But won't you come back tomorrow and tell it to me?"

"No," he said roughly. "You're not of my people. McNamara and his are no friends of mine, and I'm no friend of theirs." He was half down the steps before she said softly:

"Good night, and God bless you—friend."

She returned to the judge, who was in a pitiable state, and for a long time she labored to soothe him as though he were a child. She undertook to question him about the things which lay uppermost in her mind and which this night had half revealed, but he became fretful and irritated at the mention of mines and mining. She sat beside his bed till he dozed off, puzzling to discover what lay behind the hints she had heard till her brain and body matched in absolute weariness. The reflex of the day's excitement sapped her strength till she could barely creep to her own couch, where she rolled and sighed, too tired to sleep at once. She awoke finally, with one last nervous flicker, before complete oblivion took her. A sentence was on her mind—it almost seemed as though she had spoken it aloud:

"The handsomest woman in the north—but Glenister ran away."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was nearly noon of the next day when Helen awoke to find that McNamara had ridden in from the creek and stopped for breakfast with the judge. He had asked for her, but on hearing the tale of the night's adventure would not allow her to be disturbed. Later he and the judge had gone away together.

Although her judgment approved the step she had contemplated the night before, still the girl now felt a strange reluctance to meet McNamara. It is true that she knew no ill of him except that implied in the accusations of certain embittered men, and she was aware that every strong and aggressive character makes enemies in direct proportion to the qualities which lend him greatness. Nevertheless she was aware of an inner conflict that she had not foreseen. This man who so confidently believed that she would marry him did not dominate her consciousness.

She had ridden much of late, taking long solitary gallops beside the shimmering sea that she loved so well or up the winding valleys into the soft hills where echoed the roar of swift waters or glittered the flash of shovels and picks. This morning her horse was lame, so she determined to walk. In her early rambles she had looked timidly askance at the rough men she met till she discovered their genuine respect and courtesy. The most un-kept among them were often college bred, although for that matter the roughest of the miners showed abundant consideration for a woman. So she was glad to allow the men to talk to her with the free freedom inspired by the new country and its wide spaces. The wilderness breeds a chivalry all its own.

Thus she seemed to be no danger abroad, though they had told the girl of mad dogs which roamed the city, explaining that the hot weather affects powerfully the thick coated, shaggy "malamoots." This is the land of the dog, and whereas in winter his lot is to labor and shiver and starve, in summer he loafs, fights, grows fat and runs mad with the heat.

Helen walked far and, returning, chose an unfamiliar course through the outskirts of the town to avoid meeting any of the women she knew because of that vivid memory of the night before. As she walked swiftly along she thought that she heard faint cries far behind her. Looking up, she noted that it was a lonely, barren quarter and that the only figure in sight was a woman some distance away. A few paces farther on the shouts recurred, more plainly this time, and a gun shot sounded. Glancing back, she saw several men running, one bearing a smoking revolver, and heard nearer still the snarling hubbub of fighting dogs. In a flash the girl's curiosity became horror, for she watched one of the dogs make a sudden dash through the now scattered group of animals and run swiftly along the plank on which she stood. It was a handsome specimen of the Eskimo malamoot—tall, gray and coated like a wolf, with the speed, strength and cunning of its cousin. Its head hung low and swung from side to side as it trotted, the motion flapping foam and slaver. The creature had scattered the pack and now, swift, menacing, relentless, was coming toward Helen. There was no shelter near, no fence, no house, save the distant one toward which the other woman was making her way. The men, too far away to protect her, shouted hoarse warnings.

Helen did not scream or hesitate—she turned and ran, terror stricken, toward the distant cottage. She was blind with fright and felt an utter certainty that the dog would attack her before she could reach safety. Yet there was the quick patter of his pads close up behind her. Her knees weakened. The shutting door was yet some yards away. But a horse tethered near the walk reared and snorted at the flying pair drew near. The mad creature swerved, leaped at the horse's legs and snarled in fury. Badly frightened at this attack, the horse leaped at his halter, broke it and galloped away, but the delay had served for Helen, weak and faint, to reach the door. She wrenched at the knob. It was locked. As she turned hopelessly away she saw that the other woman was directly behind her and was in her turn, awaiting the mad animal's onslaught, but calmly, a tiny revolver in her hand.

(Continued Next Saturday.)

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**POLICE LOOKING FOR ALLEGED MURDERER**

A Farmer Residing Near Golden Lake Was Shot Fatally.

Pembroke, Sept. 20.—The police are looking for a young man named Gohr who is suspected of murdering John Bohn, a farmer, residing two miles from Golden Lake, last Tuesday morning.

At seven o'clock Bohn left his home to go for the cows. When they returned without him, his wife sent her young son to look for him. He found his father lying on the main road, about 500 yards from the house. His father told the boy to run back for his mother and she in turn called neighbors. He was found to have been shot twice in the back, once at the shoulder and a second bullet farther down. In the presence of a neighbor he said to his wife, "That is what I got from that nice Gohr."

Bohn was carried into a neighbor's house, and later was taken to his home, where he died at nine o'clock in the evening. Dr. Joseph of Pembroke, the coroner, held an

inquest last night. There was considerable difficulty in getting evidence, many of the people called being of German descent, but the jury brought in a verdict that it believed that Bohn's death was caused by Gohr. Though it was not brought out in evidence, it was freely stated that Gohr had made threats against Bohn.

Gohr, who is a young man of German descent and of military age, formerly worked on the Bohn farm, and there was some family friction over him. It being stated that Bohn was jealous of him. Gohr was arrested by the military police in July, but made his escape, and it is understood that since then he has been in hiding in the district.

Good Time Soon, Says Kaiser.—Amsterdam, Sept. 20.—To the Christian Metal Workers' Union of Essen, Emperor William, according to the Lokal Anzeiger of Berlin, has expressed his gratitude of their avowal of unshakable loyalty to the Emperor and the Empire. The Emperor says he is confident "that with God's help the united strong will of the entire German people, ready for all sacrifice, will accomplish the attainment of a happy and free future."

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For a few cents one can now get rid of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, as well as painful calluses on bottom of feet without any pain. Ladies! Keep it on the dresser.

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