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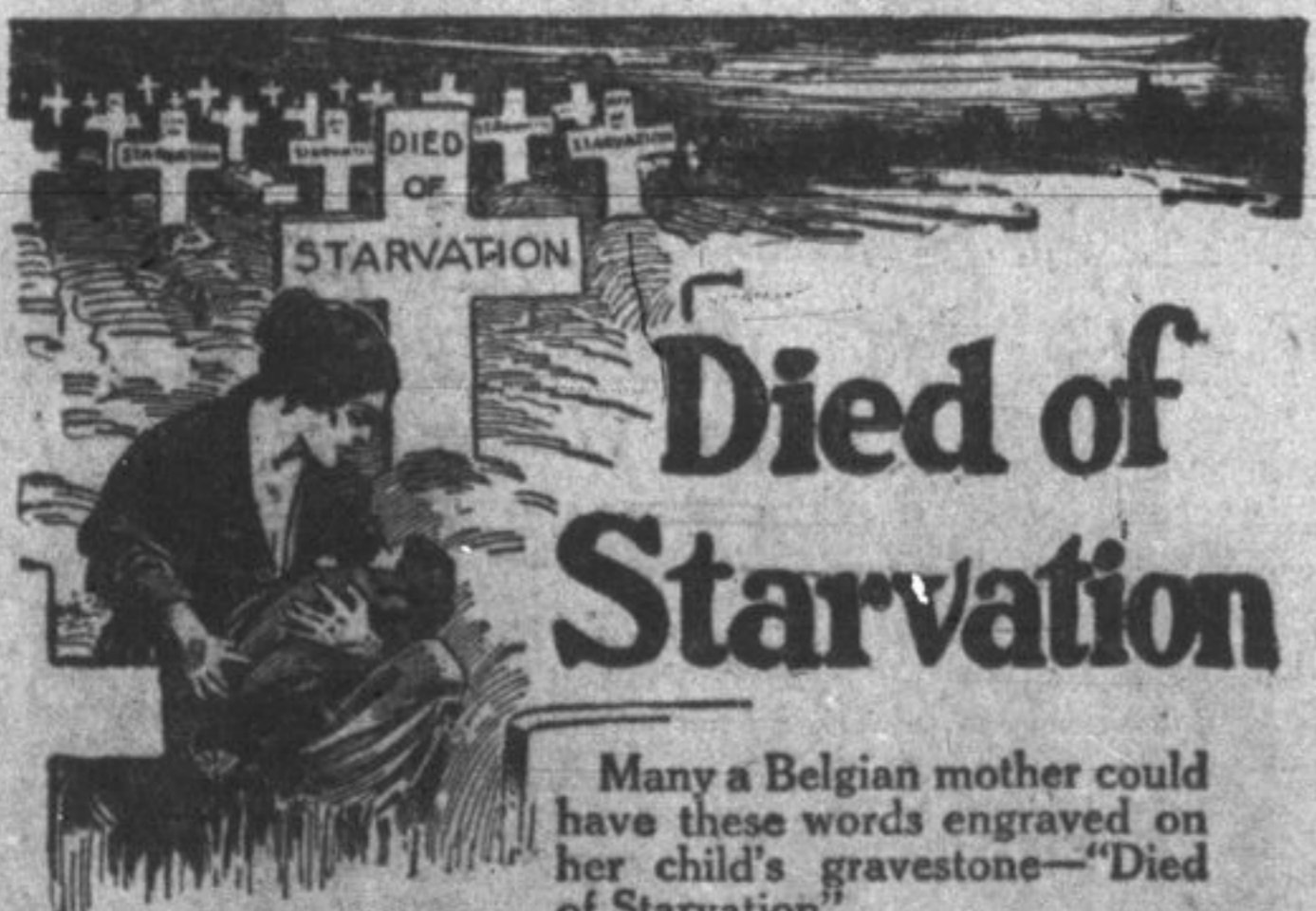


Our New Fall Designs in Furniture Are Arriving Daily

We invite everybody whether they wish to purchase or not, as it keeps prospective buyers posted in the latest designs.

R. J. Reid

The Leading Undertaker; Motor and Horse Equipment 280 PRINCESS STREET PHONE 577



Died of Starvation

Many a Belgian mother could have these words engraved on her child's gravestone—"Died of Starvation."

Perhaps the child has wasted away with Consumption, or has been twisted into a mockery of happy childhood by Rickets, but starvation is at the root of the tragedy.

What else can be expected for a growing child whose daily ration is the bowl of soup and two pieces of bread provided by the United States loans to the Belgian Government?

The only hope for the destitute children of Belgium is that we who can afford three meals a day will be moved to pity and send help immediately. Even a small contribution will help to take some child, sinking under its load of trouble, over to Holland, where with good milk, nutritious food, medical care and loving treatment, he or she may regain health, strength and the wish to live.

GIVE—give until you feel the pinch! Don't wait until someone asks you personally. THIS is personal!

Make cheques payable and send contributions to

Belgian Relief Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act) to your Local Committee, or to

Ontario Branch, Belgian Relief Fund, 95 King Street West, Toronto.

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

She withdrew to a dark corner and waited interminably till her messenger appeared at the head of the gallery stairs and beckoned to her. As she drew near he said: "I told him there was a \$1,000 bill flagging him from the stage door, but he's got a grouch and won't stir. He's in number seven."

She hesitated, at which he said, "Go on—you're in right," then continued reassuringly: "See, pal, if he's your white haired lad, you needn't start no rough house, 'cause he don't flirt with these dames none whatever. Naw! Take it from me."

She entered the door her counselor indicated to find Roy lounging back watching the dancers. He turned inquiringly—then, as she raised her veil, leaped to his feet and jerked the curtains to.

"Helen! What are you doing here?" "You must go away quickly," she gasped. "They're trying to arrest you."

"They? Who? Arrest me for what?" "Voorhees and his men—for 'rot or something about last night."

"Nonsense," he said. "I had no part in it. You know that a vigilante, and they're after you and all your friends. Your house is quarantined and the town is full of deputies. They've planned to jail you on some pretext or other and hold you indefinitely. Please go before it's too late."

"How do you know this?" he asked grately. "I overheard them plotting."

"Who?" "Uncle Arthur and Mr. McNamara." She faced him squarely as she said it and therefore saw the light flame up in his eyes as he cried:

"And you came here to save me—came here at the risk of your good name?" "Of course. I would have done the same for Dextray." The gladness died away, leaving him listless.

"Well, let them come. I'm done, I guess. I heard from Wheaton tonight. He's down and out, too—some trouble with the 'Prisco courts about jurisdiction over these cases. I don't know that it's worth while to fight any longer."

"Listen," she said. "You must go. I am sure there is a terrible wrong being done, and you and I must stop it. I have seen the truth at last, and you are in the right. Please hide for a time at least."

"Very well. If you have taken sides with us there's some hope left. Thank you for the risk you ran in warning me."

She had moved to the front of the compartment and was peering forth between the draperies when she stifled a cry.

"Too late! Too late! There they are, Don's part the curtains. They'll see you."

Pushing through the gambling hall were Voorhees and four others, seemingly in quest of some one.

"Run down the back stairs," she breathed and pushed him through the door. He caught and held her hand with a last word of gratitude. Then he was gone. She drew down her veil and was about to follow when the door opened and he reappeared.

"No use," he remarked quietly. "There are three more waiting at the foot." He looked out to find that the officers had searched the crowd and were turning toward the front stairs, thus cutting off his retreat. There were but two ways down from the gallery and no outside windows from which to leap. As they had made no armed display, the presence of the officers had not interrupted the dance.

Glenister drew his revolver, while into his eyes came the dancing glitter that Helen had seen before, cold as the glint of winter sunlight.

"No, not that, for God's sake!" she shuddered, clasping his arm. "I must for your sake or they'll find you here, and that's worse than ruin. I'll fight it out in the corridors so that you can escape in the confusion. Wait till the firing stops and the crowd gathers."

"They'll kill you. Wait! There's a better way. Jump." She dragged him to the front of the box and pulled aside the curtains. "It isn't high, and they won't see you till it's too late. Then you can run through the crowd."

He grasped her idea, and, slipping his weapon back into its holster, laid hold of the ledge before him and lowered himself down over the dancers. He swung out unhesitatingly, and almost before he had been observed had dropped into their midst. The gallery was but twice the height of a man's head from the floor, so he landed on his feet and had drawn his revolver even while the men at the stairs were shouting at him to halt.

At sight of the naked weapons there was confusion, wherein the commands of the deputies mingled with the shrieks of the women, the crash of overturned chairs and the sound of tramping feet, as the crowd divided before Glenister and swept back against the wall in the same ominous way that a crowd in the street had once divided on the morning of Helen's arrival. The trombone player, who had sunk low in his chair with closed eyes, looked out suddenly at the disturbance, and his alarm was blown through the horn in a startled squawk.

A large woman whimpered, "Don't shoot," and thrust her palms to her ears, closing her eyes tightly.

Glenister covered the deputies, from whose vicinity the stairs issued



He lowered himself down over the dancers.

as though from the presence of lepers. "Hands up!" he cried sharply, and they froze into motionless attitudes, one poised on the lowest step of the stairs, the other a pace forward. Voorhees appeared at the head of the flight and rushed down a few steps only to come abruptly into range and to assume a like rigidity, for the young man's aim shifted to him.

"I have a warrant for you," the officer cried, his voice loud in the hush. "Keep it," said Glenister, showing his teeth in a smile in which there was no mirth. He backed diagonally across the hall, his boot heels clicking in the silence, his eyes shifting rapidly up and down the stairs where the danger lay.

From her station Helen could see the whole tableau, all but the men on the stairs, where her vision was cut off. She saw the dance-girls crouched behind their partners or leaning far out from the wall with parted lips, the men eager, yet fearful, the bartender with a half polished glass poised high. Then a quick movement absorbed attention. She saw a man rip aside the drapery of the box opposite and lean so far out that he seemed in peril of falling. He undertook to slight a weapon at Glenister, who was just passing from his view. At her first glance Helen gasped, her heart gave one fierce lunge, and she cried out:

"The distance across the pit was so short that she saw his every line and lineament clearly; it was the brother she had sought these years and years. Before she knew or could check it the blood call leaped forth.

"Dextray" she cried aloud, at which he whipped his head about, while amazement and some other emotion she could not gauge spread slowly over his features. For a long moment he stared at her without movement or sign while the drama beneath went on, then he drew back into his retreat with the dazed look of one doubting his senses, yet fearful of putting them to the test. For her part, she saw nothing except her brother vanishing.

DANDRUFF GOES! HAIR GETS THICK, WAVY, BEAUTIFUL

Save Your Hair! Double Its Beauty in a Few Moments. Try This!

Hair Stops Coming Out And Every Particle of Dandruff Disappears.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appreciable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair health.

Get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—the it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and stimulates them, its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

slowly into the shadows as though stricken at her glance; the curtains closing before his livid face, and then pandemonium broke loose at her feet.

Glenister, holding his enemies at bay, had retreated to the double doors leading to the theater. His coup had been executed so quickly and with such lack of turmoil that the throng outside knew nothing of it till they saw a man walk backward through the door. As he did so he reached forth and slammed the wide wings shut before his face, then turned and dashed into the press. Inside the dance hall loud sounds arose as the officers scattered down the stairs and made after their quarry. They tore the barrier apart in time to see, far down the saloon, an eddying swirl, though some great fish were lashing through the lily pads of a pond, as then the swinging doors closed behind Glenister.

Helen made her way from the theater as she had come, unobserved and unobserving, but she walked in a dream. Emotions had chased each other too closely tonight to be distinguishable, so she went mechanically through the narrow alley to Front Street and thence to her home.

Glenister meanwhile had been swayed low by the darkness, the night enfolding him without sign or trace. As he ran he considered what course to follow—whether to carry the call to his comrades in town or to make for the creek and Dextray. The vigilantes might still distrust him, and yet he owed them warning. McNamara's men were moving so swiftly that action must be speedy to forestall them. Another hour and the net would be closed, while it seemed that whichever course he chose they would snare one or the other, either the friends who remained in town or Dex and Shandack out in the hills. With daylight those two would return and walk unheeding into the trap, while if he bore the word to them first then the vigilante would be jailed before dawn. As he drew near Cherry Malotte's house he saw a light through the drawn curtains. A heavy raindrop plashed upon his face, another followed, and then he heard the patter of falling water in crevices nearby. Before he could get to the door the storm had broken. It swept the street with frosted violence, with a breath sighing out of the night, lifting the litter from underfoot and pelting him with flying particles. Over the roofs the wind rushed with the rising moan of a hurricane, while the night grew suddenly noisy ahead of the tempest.

He entered the door without knowing to find the girl removing her coat. Her face gladdened at sight of him but he checked her with quick and cautious words, his speech almost drowned by the roar outside.

"Are you alone?" she nodded, and he slipped the bolt behind him, saying: "The marshals are after me. We just had a 'run in' at the Northern, and I'm on the go. No—nothing serious yet, but they want the vigilantes, and I must get them word. Will you help me?" He rapidly recounted the row of the last ten minutes, while she nodded her quick understanding.

"You're safe here for a little while," she told him, "for the storm will check them. If they should come, there's a back door leading out from the kitchen and a side entrance yonder. In my room you'll find a French window. They can't corner you very well."

"Slapjack and Dex are out at the shaft-house—you know—that quartz claim on the mountain above the M.D.s." He hesitated. "Will you lend me your saddle horse? It's a black night, and I may kill him."

"What about these men in town?" "I'll warn them first, then hit for the hills."

She shook her head. "You can't do it. You can't get out there before daylight if you wait to rouse these people, and McNamara has probably telephoned the mines to send a party up to the quartz claim after Dex. He knows where the old man is as well as you do, and they'll raid him before dawn."

"I'm afraid so, but it's all I can offer. Will you give me the horse?" "No! He's only a pony, and you'd founder him in the tundra. The mud is knee deep. I'll go myself."

"Good heavens, girl, in such a night! Why, it's worth your life! Listen to it! The creeks will be up and you'll have to swim. No, I can't let you."

"He's a good little horse, and he'll take me through." Then coming close she continued: "Oh, boy! Can't you see that I want to help? Can't you see that I—I'd die for you if it would do any good?" He gazed gravely into her wide blue eyes and said awkwardly: "Yes, I know. I'm sorry things are—as they are—but you wouldn't have me lie to you, little woman?"

"No, you're the only true man I ever knew. I guess that's why I love you. And I do love you, oh, so much! I want to be good and worthy to love you too."

She laid her face against his arm and caressed him with clinging tenderness, while the wind yelled loudly about the eaves and the windows drummed beneath the rain. His heavy brows knit themselves together as she whispered:

"I love you! I love you! I love you!" with such an agony of longing in her voice that her soft accents were sharply distinguishable above the turmoil. The growing wildness seemed a part of the woman's passion, which whipped and harried her like a willow in a blast.

"Things are fearfully jumbled," he said finally. "And this is a bad time to talk about them. I wish they might be different. No other girl would do what you have offered tonight."

"Then why do you think of that woman?" she broke in fiercely. "She's had and false. She betrayed you once; she's in the play now; you've told me so yourself. Why don't you be a man and forget her?"

(Continued Next Saturday.)

Miss Jeanette Rankin, the only woman in Congress was defeated for reelection to the Senate at the recent election held in Montana.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER advertisement with product image and text: 'The use of the ordinary kinds of baking powder is not attractive to the woman that regards purity and nutrition as important factors in home baking. Women are coming more and more to realize that Magic Baking Powder is the perfect baking powder and that foods containing it have increased nutritive value.'

THE KING, PRESIDENT POINCARE AND SIR DOUGLAS HAIG



On His Majesty's recent trip to France, he and President Poincaré saw much of the front together. Sir Douglas Haig showed them over the British lines.—British Official Photo. Copyright.

Women are admitted to membership in the Scottish Institute of Accountants on exactly the same terms as men. Women workers on the buses, trams and underground railways in London have been granted an increase of \$6.25 per week.

Your Little Pets Need Cascarets

When children quarrel and fight, see if the little tongues are white. Hurry! Clean the clogged-up places. Bring back smiles to little faces. Children think Cascarets are dandy. They are mild cathartic candy. Sell for a dime—work every time.



MOTHERS! You need never worry after giving your cross, feverish, bilious or constipated child a Cascaret. This harmless candy cathartic thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels of all the toxins, sour fermentations and poisons. By morning the little dears are happy and playful again. Full directions on each 10 cent box.

DRINK DALLEY COFFEE advertisement with product image and text: 'STRENGTH FLAVOR DRINK DALLEY COFFEE. The Most Delicious Drink.'

Carter's Little Liver Pills advertisement with product image and text: 'You Cannot be Constipated and Happy. A Remedy That Makes Life Worth Living. CARTER'S IRON PILLS will greatly help most pale-faced people.'