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 is a delicious and wholesome drink of great food value and absolute purity.

"Chocolate and cocoa add flavor and energy giving material to a diet and their use will help in many ways in the preparation of palatable, nourishing dishes from those foods of which there is an abundance."

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Look over Mercury Underwear at your dealer's and order what you need.

MERCURY MILLS, LTD., Hamilton, Canada

**Mercury**  
 Underwear  
 for men, women and children.  
 Also high-grade hose and half hose

**The Spoilers.**  
 By REX E. BEACH.  
 Copyright, 1905, by Rex E. Beach.

"My hardest battle had nothing to do with the Midas or the mines of Anvil. I fought and conquered myself!"

"Awful wet night for philosophy," the first remarked. "It's apt to pour on you like milk in a thunderstorm. Suppose you put overalls an' gum boots on some of them Boston ideas an' lead 'em out where I can look 'em over an' find out what they're up to."

"I mean that I was a savage till I met Helen Chester and she made a man of me. It took sixty days, but I think she did a good job. I love the wild things just as much as ever, but I've learned that there are duties a fellow owes to himself and to other people, if he'll only stop and think them out. I've found out, too, that the right thing is usually the hardest to do. Oh, I've improved a lot."

"Gee, but you're popular with yourself. I don't see, as it helps your looks any. You're as homely as ever—an' what good does it do you, after all? She'll marry that big guy."

"I know. That's what rangles for, he's no more worthy of her than I am. She'll do what's right, however, you may depend upon that, and perhaps she'll change him the way she did me. Why, she worked a miracle in my attitude toward life—my manner!"

"Oh, your manners are good enough as they lay," interrupted the other. "You never did act with your knife."

"I don't believe in harakiri," Gienster laughed.

"No, when it comes to intimacies with decorum, you're right on the job along with any of them easterners. I watched you close at them 'Frisco hotels last winter, and, say, you know as much as a horse. Why, you was wise to them tableware and pickle forks equal to a head waiter, and it give me confidence just to be with you. I remember putting milk and sugar in my consommé the first time. It was pale and in a cup and looked like tea, but not you. No, sir! You savvied plenty, to clean your fingers, I reckon."

Roy slapped his partner's wet back, for he was buoyant and elated. The sense of nearing danger pulsed through him like wine.

"That wasn't just what I meant, but it goes. Say, if we win back our mine, we'll hit for New York next, eh?"

"No, I don't aim to mingle with no higher civilization than I got in 'Frisco. I use that word 'higher' like it was applied to meat. Not that I wouldn't see 'em apropos. I'm stylish enough for Fifth Avenue or anywhere, but I like the west. Speakin' of modes an' styles, when I get all lit up in that gray woosted suit of mine, I guess I make the jaded sightseers set up an' take notice, eh? Somethin' doin' every minute in the cranin' of necks, what? Nothin' gaudy, but the acme of neatness an' form, as the feller said who sold it to me."

Their common peril brought the friends together again. Into that close bond which had been theirs without interruption until this recent change in the younger had led him to choose paths at variance with the old man's ideas; and now they spoke, heart to heart, in the half serious, half jesting ways of old, while beneath each whimsical irony was that mutual love and understanding which had consecrated their partnership.

Arriving at the end of the road, the vigilantes debouched and went into the darkness of the canyon behind their leader, to whom the trails were familiar. He bade them pause finally and gave his last instructions.

"They are on the alert, so you want to be careful. Divide into two parties and close in from both sides, creeping as near to the pickets as possible without discovery. Remember to wait for the last blast. When it comes, cut loose and charge like Sioux. Don't shoot to kill at first, for they're only soldiers and under orders, but if they stand well, every man must do his work."

Dextry appealed to the dim figures forming the circle.

"I leave it to you, gents, if it ain't better for me to go inside than for the boys. I've had more experience with giant powder, an' I'm so blamed used up an' near gone it wouldn't hurt if they did get me, while he's right in his prime!"

Gienster stopped him. "I won't yield the privilege. Come now—to your places, men."

They melted away to each side while the old prospector paused to wring his partner's hand.

"I'd rather it was me, lad, but if they get you—God help 'em! He stumbled after the departing shadows, leaving Roy alone. With his naked fingers, Gienster fipped open the powder cases and secreted the contents upon his person. Each cartridge held dynamite enough to devastate a village, and he loaded them inside his pockets, inside his shirt and everywhere that he had room, till he was burdened and cased in an armor one-hundredth part of which could have blown him from the face of the earth so utterly as to leave no trace except, perhaps, a pit ripped out of the mountain side. He looked to his fuses and saw that they were wrapped in oil paper, then placed them in his hat. Having finished, he set out, walking with difficulty under the weight he carried.

That his choice of location had been well made was evidenced by the fact that the ground beneath his feet slipped away to a basin out of which bubbled a spring. It furnished the drink-

of the triangle he had traced three glowing coals were spitting.

The final blast was launched at last. He stepped down into the ditch and drew his .45, while to his taunted senses it seemed that the very hills leaned forth in breathless pause, that the rain had ceased and the whole night hushed its thousand voices. He found his lower jaw set so stiffly that the muscles ached. Leveling his weapon at the eaves of the bunk house, he pulled trigger rapidly, the bang, bang, bang, six times repeated, sounding dull and dead beneath the blanket of mist that overhung. A shout sounded behind him, and then the shriek of a Winchester ball close over his head. He turned in time to see another shot stream out of the darkness, where a sentry was firing at the flash of his gun, then bent himself double and plunged down the ditch.

With the first impact overhead the men poured forth from their quarters armed and bristling, to be greeted by a volley of gunshots, the thud of bullets and the dwindling whine of spent lead. They leaped from shelter to find themselves girt with a fatal hoop of fire, for the "stragglers" had spread in the arc of a circle and now emptied their rifles toward the center. The defenders, however, maintained surprising order considering the suddenness of their attack and ran to join the sentries, whose positions could be determined by the nearer flashes. The voice of a man in authority shouted loud commands. No demonstration came from the outer voids, nothing but the wicked streaks that stabbed the darkness. Then suddenly behind McNamara's men the night glared luridly as though a great furnace door had opened and then clanged shut, while with it came a hoarse thudding roar that silenced the rifle play. They saw the cook house disrupt itself and disintegrate into a thousand flying timbers and twisted sheets of tin which soared upward and onward over their heads and into the night. As the rocking hills ceased echoing the sound of the vigilantes' rifles returned everywhere about the defenders the earth was lashed by falling debris, while the iron roof rang at the fusillade.

The blast had come at their very elbows, and they were too dazed and shaken by it to grasp its significance. Then, before they could realize what it boded, the depths lit up again till the rindrops were outlined distinct and glistening like a gossamer veil of silver, while the office building to their left was ripped and rended and the adjoining walls leaped out into sudden relief, their shattered windows looking like ghostly, sightless eyes. The curtain of darkness closed heavier than velvet, and the men covered in their tracks, shielding themselves behind the nearest objects or behind one another's bodies, waiting for the sky to vomit over them its rain of missiles. Their backs were to the vigilantes now, their faces to the center. Many had dropped their rifles. The thunder of hoofs and the scream of terrified horses came from the stables. The cry of a maddened beast its blood at best, but with it arose a human voice, shrieking from pain and fear of death.

A wrenched and doubled mass of sin had hurried out of the heavens and struck some one down. The choking hoarseness of the man's appeal told the story, and those about him broke into flight to escape what might follow, to escape this danger they could not see but which swooped out of the blackness above and against which there was no defense. They fled only to witness another and greater light behind them by which they saw themselves running, falling, groveling. This time they were hurled from their balance, by a concussion which dwarfed the two preceding ones. Some few stood still, staring at the rolling smoke bank as it was revealed by the explosion, their eyes gleaming white, while others buried their faces in their hollowed arms as if to shut out the hellish glare, or to shield themselves from a blow.

Out in the heart of the chaos rang a voice loud and clear:

"Beware the next blast!"

At the same instant the grille of sharpshooters rose up smiting, the air with their cries and charged in like madmen through the rain of detritus. They fired as they came, but it was unnecessary, for there was no longer a fight. It was a rout. The defenders, feeling they had escaped destruction only by a happy chance in leaving the bunk house the instant they did, were not minded to tarry here where the heavens fell upon their heads. To augment their consternation, the horses had broken from their stalls and were plunging through the confusion. Fear swept over the men blind, unreasoning, contagious, and they rushed out into the night, colliding with their enemies, overrunning them in the panic to quit this spot. Some dashed off the bluff and fell among the pits and sluices. Others ran up the mountain side, and covered in the brush like quail.

As the "stragglers" assembled their prisoners near the ruins, they heard wounded men moaning in the darkness, so lit torches and searched out the stricken ones. Gienster came running through the smoke pall, revolver in hand, crying:

"Has any one seen McNamara?" No one had, and when they were later assembled to take stock of their injuries he was greeted by Dextry's gleeful announcement:

"That's the dance of a fight. We ain't got so much as a cold sore among us."

"We have captured fourteen," another announced, "and there may be more out yonder in the brush."

(Continued Next Saturday.)

Latest reports indicate Republican control of the next United States Senate by a bare majority, with no change in the substantial Republican majority already assured in the House of Representatives.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

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 nutritious value.

Send name and address for free copy "THE MAGIC WAY"

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 TORONTO, CANADA MONTREAL

CONTAINS NO ALUM

WHOLESALE RATES

Doctor—You are suffering from a complication of diseases, sir—at least six.

Patient—I suppose you'll allow me a discount on the half dozen, doctor?

A THEORIST

I always believe in saving something for a rainy day.

How much have you saved, Oh, I haven't saved anything, but I believe in it.

So extensively does powdered animal horn enter into native remedies in China that some of the larger medicine factories maintain herds of deer for their horns.

In connection with an Oregon inventor's fireplace are ducts, through which cold air is drawn around a metal drum and smoke pipe, heated and returned to a room.

A plan for draining the Zuyder Zee in Holland contemplates the building of an embankment 182 miles in length and work that will require 33 years to complete.

To meet a coal shortage the gas works of one Swedish city is distilling wood, peat and pine burs and mixing the gas so obtained with coal gas and water gas.

Stomach on Strike? Here's Relief!  
 No Indigestion, Gas or Sourness

Upset stomachs feel fine.  
 All indigestion, gases, sourness, heartburn, brash or acidity goes instantly. No waiting!  
 Quickest stomach relief known.  
 Just as soon as Pape's Diapepsin reaches your sick, unsettled stomach all stomach misery stops.  
 Costs little—All druggists.  
 Stomach suffering is needless.

UPSET? Pape's Diapepsin WILL PUT YOU ON YOUR FEET

DIED OF STARVATION

**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.