

Flavor and Energy BAKER'S COCOA



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."

Walter Baker & Co. Limited
Established 1780
DORCHESTER, MASS. MONTREAL, CAN.
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Mercury Hosiery

for ladies and men



Narrow Ankles—No Wrinkles

On account of the war, very few of the fine imported lines of hosiery are at present obtainable in Canada. But women can now obtain Canadian hosiery that is superior in finish and fit to the most luxurious pure silk, mercerized lisle, cotton and cashmere lines produced abroad.

We took advantage of the situation created by the war and installed wonderful new machines. They knit Mercury Hosiery with a narrow ankle that fits without a wrinkle, a full-fashioned shapely calf, a widened top that gives utmost freedom and comfort—and seamless from toe to top.

The more fastidious you are the more you'll revel in this elegant Mercury Hosiery. Black, white, browns, grays and the other fashionable shades.

Also Mercury Underwear for men, women and children
MFCRCURY MILLS, LIMITED
HAMILTON, CANADA

War Flour needs strong baking powder



EGG-O Baking Powder

WAR flours are darker, coarser and heavier than the flours you have been using for years, and these new flours require a strong, reliable leavening agent.

Egg-O is a pure, strong, double acting baking powder.

Its first action occurs in the mixing bowl when cold water or milk is added. Allowing the dough to stand for 15 or 20 minutes will give better results, and when you put your war-flour baking in the oven Egg-O will continue to rise, and you will have no trouble getting light bakings.

EGG-O Baking Powder

You can use sour milk, sweet milk, buttermilk or water with Egg-O—a different and better baking powder.

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited, Hamilton, Canada

The Spoilers.

By REX E. BEACH.

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He found himself out in the rain, scanning the trampled soil by light of his lamp, and discerned tracks which the drizzle had not yet erased. He reasoned mechanically that the two riders could have no great start of him, so strode out beyond the house to see if they had gone farther into the hills. There were no tracks here, therefore they must have doubled back toward town. It did not occur to him that they might have left the beaten path and followed down the little creek to the river; but, replacing the light where he had found it, he remounted and lashed his horse into a stiff canter up toward the divide that lay between him and the city. The story was growing plainer to him, though as yet he could not piece it all together. Its possibilities stabbed him with such horror that he cried out aloud and beat his steed into faster time with both hands and feet. To think of those two ruffians fighting over this girl as though she were the spoils of pillage! He must overtake the Kid—he would! The possibility that he might not reach him into such ungovernable mental chaos that he was forced to calm himself. Men went mad that way. He could not think of it. That gasping creature in the roadhouse spoke all too well of the Bronco's determination. And yet, who of those who had known the Kid in the past would dream that his violence was so utter as this?

Away to the right, hidden among the shadowed hills, his friends rested themselves for the coming battle, waiting impatiently his return and timing it to the rising sun. Down in the valley to his left were the two he followed, while he, obsessed and unreasoning, now cursing like a madman, now grim and silent, spurred southward toward town and into the ranks of his enemies.

SPANISH INFLUENZA

Do Not Fear When Fighting a German or a Germ!

By Dr. M. Cook.

The cool fighter always wins and so there is no need to become panic-stricken. Avoid fear and crowds. Exercise in the fresh air and practice the three C's: A Clean Mouth, a Clean Skin and Clean Bowels. To carry off the poisons that accumulate within the body and to ward off an attack of the influenza bacillus, take a good liver regulator to move the bowels. Such a one is made up of May-apple, leaves of aloe, root of jalap, and is to be had at any drug store, and called "Pleasant Purgative Pellets."

If a bad cold develops, go to bed, wrap up well, drink freely of hot lemonade, and take hot mustard foot-bath. Have the bedroom warm but well ventilated. Obtain at the nearest drug store "Anuric Tablets" to flush the kidneys and control the pains and aches. Take an "Anuric" tablet at least twice a day, together with copious drinks of lemonade. If a true case of influenza, the food should be simple, such as broths, milk, buttermilk and ice-cream; but it is important that food be given regularly in order to keep up patient's strength and vitality. After the acute attack has passed, which is generally from three to seven days, the system should be built up by the use of a good iron tonic, such as "Ironic" tablets, to be obtained at some drug store, or that well known "Anuric" and herbal tonic made from roots and barks of forest trees—sold everywhere as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

CHAPTER XXI.

DAY was breaking as Glenister came down the mountain. With the first light he halted to scan the valley, his eyes resting on the tracks of the two riders he followed. He was suddenly conscious that he was very tired and had not slept for two days and nights. The recollection did not reassure the young man, for his body was a weapon which must not fail in the slightest measure now that there was work to do. Even the unwelcome speculation upon his physical handicap offered relief, however, from the agony which fell upon him whenever he thought of Helen in the gambler's hands. Meanwhile the horse, groaning at his master's violence, plunged onward toward the roofs of Nome, now growing gray in the first dawn.

It seemed years since Roy had seen the sunlight, for this night, burdened with suspense, had been endlessly long. His body was faint beneath the strain, and yet he rode on and on, tired, dogged, stony, his eyes set toward the sea, his mind a storm of formless, whirling thoughts, beneath which was an undeviating, implacable determination.

He knew now that he had sacrificed all hope of the Midas, and likewise the hope of Helen was gone; in fact, he began to realize dimly that from the beginning he had never had the possibility of winning her, that she had never been destined for him and that his love for her had been sent as a light by which he was to find himself. He had failed everywhere; he had become an outlaw; he had fought and gone down, certain only of his rectitude and the mastery of his unruly spirit. Now the hour had come when he would perform his last mission, deriving therefrom that satisfaction which the gods could not deny. He would have his vengeance.

The scheme took form without conscious effort on his part and embraced two things—the death of the gambler and a meeting with McNamara. Of the former, he had no more doubt than that the sun rising there would sink in the west. So well confirmed was this belief that the details did not engage his thought; but on the result of the other encounter he speculated with some interest. From the first McNamara had been a riddle to him, and mystery breeds curiosity. His blind, instinctive hatred of the man had assumed the proportions of a mania; but as to what the outcome would be when they met face to face, fate alone could tell. Anyway, McNamara should never have Helen—Roy believed his mission covered that point as well as her deliverance from the Bronco Kid. When he had finished, he would pay the price. If he had the luck to escape, he would go back to his hills and his solitude; if he did not, his future would be in the hands of his enemies.

"He entered the silent streets unobserved, for the mist was heavy and low. Smoke columns arose vertically in the still air. The rain had ceased, having beaten down the waves which rumbled against the beach, filling the streets with their subdued thunder. A ship anchored in the offing, had run in from the lee of Sledge Island with the first lull, while midway to the shore a tender was rising and falling. Its oars flashing like the silvered feelers of a sea insect crawling upon the surface of the ocean.

He rode down Front street heedless of danger, heedless of the comment his appearance might create, and, unobserved, entered his enemy's stronghold. He passed a gambling hall, through the windows of which came a sickly yellow gleam. A man came out unsteadily and stood at the doorway.

placed his leather boots with "muk laka," which are waterproof, light and pliable footwear made from the skin of seal and walrus. He was thus able to move as noiselessly as though in moccasins. Finding neither pencil nor paper in his pocket, he tried the outer door of the office, to find it unlocked. He stepped inside, and listened, then moved toward a table on which were writing materials, but in doing so heard a rattle in Struve's private office. Evidently his soft soles had not disturbed the man inside. Roy was about to tiptoe out as he had come when the hidden man cleared his throat. It is in these involuntary sounds that the voice retains its natural quality more distinctly even than in speaking. A strange eagerness grew in Glenister's face, and he approached the partition stealthily. It was of wood and glass, the panes clouded and opaque to a height of some six feet; but, stepping upon a chair, he peered into the room beyond. A man knelt in a litter of papers before the open safe, his drawers and compartments removed and their contents scattered. The watcher lowered himself, drew his gun and laid soft hand upon the doorknob, turning the latch with firm fingers. His vengeance had come to meet him.

After lying in wait during the long night, certain that the vigilantes would spring his trap, McNamara was astounded at news of the battle at the Midas and of Glenister's success. He stormed and cursed his men as cowards. The judge became greatly exercised over this new development, which, coupled with his night of long anxiety, reduced him to a pitiful hysteria.

"They'll blow us up next. Great heavens! Dynamite! Oh, that is barbarous. For heaven's sake, get the soldiers out, Alec."

"Ay, we can use them now." Thereupon McNamara roused the commanding officer at the post and requested him to accouter a troop and have them ready to march at daylight, then bestirred the judge to start the wheels of his court and invoke this military aid in regular fashion.

"Make it all a matter of record," he said. "We want to keep our skirts clear from now on."

"But the townspeople are against us," quavered Stillman. "They'll tear us to pieces."

"Let 'em try. Once I get my hand on the ringleader, the rest may riot and be damned."

Although he had made less display than had the judge, the receiver was no less worried about Helen, of whom no news came. His jealousy, fanned to red heat by the discovery of her earlier defection, was enhanced fourfold by the thought of this last adventure. Something told him there was treachery afoot, and when she did not return at dawn he began to fear that she had cast in her lot with the rioters. This aroused a perfect delirium of doubt and anger till he reasoned further that Struve, having gone with her, must also be a traitor. He recognized the menace in this fact, knowing the man's venality, so began to reckon carefully its significance. What could Struve do? What proof had he? McNamara started and, seizing his hat, hurried straight to the lawyer's office and let himself in with the key he carried. It was light enough for him to decipher the characters on the safe lock as he turned the combination, so he set to work scanning the endless bundles within, hoping that after all the man had taken with him no incriminating evidence. Once the searcher paused at some fancied sound, but when nothing came of it drew his revolver and laid it before him just inside the safe door and close beneath his hand, continuing to rum through the documents while his uneasiness increased. He had been engaged so for some time when he heard the faintest creak at his back, too slight to alarm and just sufficient to break his tension and cause him to jerk his head about. Framed in the open door stood Roy Glenister watching him.

McNamara's astorishment was so genuine that he leaped to his feet, faced about, and prompted by a secretive instinct swung to the safe door as though to guard its contents. He had acted upon the impulse before realizing that his weapon was inside and that now, although the door was not locked, it would require that one dangerous, yes, fatal second to open it.

The two men stared at each other for a time, silent and malignant, their glances meeting like blades; in the older man's face a look of defiance, in the younger's a dogged and grim purpose enmeshed. McNamara's first perturbation left him calm, alert, dangerous, whereas the continued contemplation of his enemy worked in Glenister to destroy his composure, and his purpose biased forth unblinded.

He stood there unsmiling and soiled, the clean sweep of jaw and throat overgrown with a three days' black stubble, his hair wet and matted, his whole left side foul with clay where he had fallen in the darkness. A muddy red streak spread downward from a cut above his temple, beneath his eyes were sagging folds, while the flicker at his mouth corners betrayed the high nervous pitch to which he was keyed.

"I have come for the last act, McNamara. Now we'll have it out man to man."

The politician shrugged his shoulders. "You have the drop on me. I am unarmed." At which the miner's face lighted fiercely, and he chuckled. "Ah, that's almost too good to be true. I have dreamed about such a thing, and I have been hungry to feel your throat since the first time I saw you. It's grown on me till shooting wouldn't satisfy me. Ever had the feeling? Well, I'm going to choke the life out of you with my bare hands."

McNamara squared himself. "I wouldn't advise you to try it. I have lived longer than you, and I was never beaten, but I know the feeling you speak about. I have it now."

(Continued Next Saturday.)

To arouse a sluggish liver, to relieve a distressed stomach, to fortify yourself against disease, — use

BERCHAM'S PILLS

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A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, whooping cough, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Cure That Cold Don't Get Grippe

You know how quickly Zutoo tablets cure headache and break up colds—how soon they allay the fever. Take them at once when you feel the first pain or shiver—the first symptom of a cold. Taken then, they will prevent the Grippe. Taken after it has developed, there is nothing better for the pain and fever.

Take Zutoo



Because of the purity and high quality of the ingredients of Magic Baking Powder, its leavening qualities are perfect, and it is therefore economical.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

CONTAINS NO ALUMINA

CLEVERLY DONE.

Belgian Boy Bribed Hun Soldier to Make Escape.

There were six other little Belgians of my age, who worked on the farms in the neighborhood," says a young Belgian boy, seventeen years of age, who was deported by the Germans and put to work on a farm near the frontier but who made good his escape, which he himself describes in the following extract he gave in an interview to a Dutch newspaper representative.

"For a long time we had been saving our pay—I earned twelve marks (\$3) a month—to bribe a sentinel. Sunday morning we met, and we gave fifty marks (\$12.50) to a soldier whom I had known for some time. He let us pass. For an hour we pretended to be playing not far from the wire fence. . . I walked alone, to the next town. My friends were stopped I think by the Dutch soldiers. I alone escaped. I called on the Belgian consul and he told me I was too small to be a soldier. But sir, that is not my fault. The Belgian doctor here said that I had not had enough to eat, and that I had not grown as other boys do. I will wait. I am going to work to earn a lot of money to send to my mother in Belgium. My father was a soldier and my older brother. They have both been prisoners in Germany for a long time now. I was able to see my poor father, just once, but never my brother."

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Exercise is Nature's Cure for Constipation and—Ten-Mile walk will do, if you haven't got a wood pile. But, if you will take your exercise in an Easy Chair, there's only one way to do that, and make a Success of it. Because,—there's only one kind of Artificial Exercise for the Bowels and its name is "CASCARETS."

Cascarets are the only means to exercise the Bowel Muscles, without work. Druggists—10 Cents a Box.

THE CALL TO ACTION

KEEP YOUR SHOES NEAT

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LIQUIDS AND PASTES. FOR BLACK, WHITE, TAN, DARK BROWN OR OX-BLOOD SHOES! PRESERVE THE LEATHER.

The F. DALLEY CORPORATION, LIMITED, HAMILTON