

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES THE WHITEST, LIGHTEST

Should be in every kitchen. Its use assures complete satisfaction in baking cakes, biscuits and pastry.

YOUR GROCER SELLS IT.

E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd.  
TORONTO, CANADA.  
Winnipeg Montreal

CONTAINS NO ALUMINUM

MADE IN CANADA

## The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXVIII.  
The Rightful Heir.

"You will want to consult your lawyer, of course," said Herndale pleasantly. "Suppose we go and get some lunch together?"

Too amazed to refuse, Lashmore, with a helpless look at the lawyer, which would have been ludicrously pathetic under other circumstances, accompanied the cousin he had supplanted to lunch at his club. Mr. Wensley gazed at the door which had closed on them, then rubbed his chin with an air of profound perplexity.

By this time rumors of what was occurring, hints of a "romance in high life, not unconnected with a certain dramatic scene which had taken place in a fashionable drawing-room," had begun to crop up in the newspapers; and society was on the alert for sensational disclosures. Of course Sir Talbot and Eva discussed the matter continually; it was always in their thoughts. Sir Talbot's sympathies, notwithstanding that the man who had lost his title was his future son-in-law, were with Lashmore. He proposed that they should ask him to return with them to the Court. But Eva shook her head. She knew that Lashmore would not leave London until he had found his wife.

One evening, while they were at dinner, Sir Talbot said casually: "You didn't see me this afternoon, Eva?"

"This afternoon? No, dear; where were you?"

"In Knightsbridge," said Sir Talbot. "I had been to my tailor's, and was crossing the road by the barracks. I caught sight of you walking along by the shops, and I signed to you with my umbrella. You didn't see me, it appears, though I fancied that you looked in my direction. You got into an omnibus before I could cross, and I lost you. Do you often ride in omnibuses?"

"Never, scarcely ever," said Eva, smiling with a startled expression on her face. "Father, I was not there. I was not near Knightsbridge this afternoon."

He looked up, saw that she was

agitated, and he changed color. "Not—not—not there!" he said. "But I saw you! I saw you distinctly. Your face was turned fully toward me!"

She shook her head. "I was not there," she repeated in a low voice. "It was not I."

"Not you! Then—then—who was it?"

She was silent a moment, though her eyes spoke. "Don't you see, father!" she said; "Oh, can't you guess? So like me that even you were mistaken. It—it must have been Lashmore's wife."

Sir Talbot uttered a faint cry and sank back in his chair. He gazed before him, like a man upon whom a streak of light is beginning to fall from out of the darkness. His brows were knit, his lips twitching. At last he muttered, with a long breath: "Merciful Heaven! Can it be possible?"

CHAPTER XXIX.  
To the Rescue!

When Lashmore—it will be better to still call him by that name—returned home after lunching with Herndale, he found both Levison and Osborne waiting for him, eager for the news. With a nod to each of them, he walked straight to the mantel-shelf and hurriedly turned over the letters; then he dropped them and sighed; there was no answer to his advertisement for his wife.

"Well, what news?" asked Osborne. "None, none!" said Lashmore dejectedly. "She has not seen the advertisement, or she will not reply. Oh, you mean about Herndale?"

He told them of the extraordinary interview at the lawyer's, and the result; told them listlessly, as if the matter were of little consequence, as indeed, it was to him in comparison with the fact that his wife was still lost to him. Osborne raised his brows and whistled as he heard the sum which Lashmore had agreed to pay Herndale; but Levison's face remained as impassive as usual, as he said: "He's a clever man; he has made a good bargain. But you can afford it, my lord. That little business you and I have in hand will more than pay off this compensation money. Yes, he's clever. I admire him. He ought to be in the city, he really ought; he's wasted outside of it. I suppose he was quite friendly and affable, my lord?"

## To Weak Men and Women—How to Restore Health and Loss of Vitality

Here is an excellent prescription to mothers and fathers and even young children suffering from nervous exhaustion, nervous dyspepsia, convalescence from illness or overwork and sleeplessness.

Go to your nearest drugist and ask him for a bottle of Zoetic, a sure, quick, reliable tonic—a blood maker and a nerve food.

Zoetic is compounded in Canada from food and tonic essences, and is a new and improved combination of glycerophosphates, lime oilless and tasteless Cod

liver oil, essence of pure beef and the best procurable tonic wine.

Zoetic with this wonderful formula has permanently cured thousands of nervous breakdowns and, as a preventative to consumption, the action of Zoetic upon the lungs is such, as if taken in time, will miraculously, but surely ward off this dreaded disease.

Zoetic is exceedingly pleasant to take and may be had at any Druggist anywhere in Canada.

LOGGIE, PARSONS & CO., The Foy Bldg., Toronto, Distributors for Canada.

"Oh, quite," said Lashmore, with a weary and somewhat bitter little laugh. "He asked me to lunch with him. And I went. Somehow, I couldn't refuse. He was absolutely self-possessed and bore himself as if he were a kind of good-tempered martyr. He told me what he had done for the estate, and was kind enough to give me his advice on certain points; said the poaching was rather bad, because he had been away so much, and that I ought to get a couple of more keepers. I kept telling myself all the while I listened to him that he was behaving well, and that I ought to be grateful to him; but there's something about the man I don't like; something in the expression of his face, a trick he has of glancing sideways. And then, again, of course, I couldn't forget that sneaking blow he aimed at you in the park."

Osborne nodded gravely. "I know," he said. "And he is going to marry the woman I love!" he added, under his breath.

They talked for some time—by chance, Lashmore did not inform them of Herndale's proposal that they should go down to Herondyke together—then Osborne and Levison went away.

"His lordship ought to be a happy man," said Levison. "The terms are stiff, but he has avoided a long and expensive fight and a fearful amount of trouble."

He will never be happy until he finds his wife," said Osborne. "The loss of her is eating into his heart; he looks fearfully wan and haggard, and this accession to the title and the rest of it will bring him no happiness unless he finds her. It is one of the strangest mysteries I have ever heard of. I suppose you can't help it, Mr. Levison? You are the cleverest man I know."

"I'm afraid not," he said. "It's a matter for the police."

"To whom Lashmore will not go. And I can understand his feeling."

They parted at the top of Sloane Street, and Levison turned toward Hyde Park corner. He was going to see a big financier about the coal concession. He was passing one of the big drapers and stepped aside to allow a lady to cross the pavement and enter the shop. He was lost in thought, pondering his big scheme, his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes bent on the ground; but as he made way for the lady, he glanced up at her; a quick change of expression flashed across his face, he raised his hat, and in his low voice said: "How do you do, Miss Kittie?"

The lady stopped and regarded him with a startled expression; then she put out her hand and caught his arm as if she feared he was going to run away. Her face was pale and red by turns, and unconsciously they drew back against the window.

"You know me?" she said at last. Levison raised his brows and smiled. "Why shouldn't I?" he retorted almost playfully. "You are not going to tell me that you have forgotten me?"

The lady looked at him steadily and bit her lip softly. "You called me 'Miss Kittie,'" she said. "What name ought I to call you?"

Levison smiled, as if humoring her. "I haven't changed my name, Miss Kittie," he said. "I am still known as Levison. I need not tell you how glad I am to see you. Can we have a little talk? Let us turn into the park; I am very anxious to hear where you have been, what you have been doing. All your friends have been anxious, and I hope I have the right to count myself among them."

They turned into the park, and Levison found a seat.

"Now, begin from the beginning," he said, "from the moment of your disappearance. Have you seen any of the boys yet? I suppose so; they ought to have let me know. You are looking well, and"—he glanced at her simple but costly dress—"I hope you are flourishing. Perhaps you have taken my advice and gone on the stage."

His companion shook her head. "No," she said, in a low voice, her face averted from him. "No, I have not been on the stage."

"Married, perhaps?" he said.

She shook her head again.

"I am almost glad to hear that you are still Kittie Norton," he said. "And what are you doing?"

## Use "Tiz" for Sore, Tired, Aching Feet

No more puffed-up, burning, sweaty, calloused feet or corns.

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "Tiz" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "Tiz" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "Tiz." It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "Tiz." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 25 cent box of "Tiz" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

## Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PLEASING DRESS FOR HOME, BUSINESS OR CALLING.

2037 WAIST

Just take your shoes off and then put those weary, shoe-crinkled, aching, burning, corn-pestered, bunion-tortured feet of yours in a "Tiz" bath. Your toes will wriggle with joy; they'll look up at you and almost talk and then they'll take another dive in that "Tiz" bath.

When your feet feel like lumps of lead—all tired out—just try "Tiz." It's grand—it's glorious. Your feet will dance with joy; also you will find all pain gone from corns, callouses and bunions.

There's nothing like "Tiz." It's the only remedy that draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up your feet and cause foot torture.

Get a 25 cent box of "Tiz" at any drug or department store—don't wait. Ah! how glad your feet get; how comfortable your shoes feel. You can wear shoes a size smaller if you desire.

# FIRST!

## Your Warner Corset,

That foundation upon which you correctly mould your suits and frocks this new season.

Our Corset Service provides the certainty of success in FIT and COMFORT.

See that YOUR CORSET is RIGHT—and it will be if it's a WARNER'S.

NEW MODELS, from \$1.30 per pair up

# Marshall Bros

AGENTS.

# New Goods!

WE HAVE JUST OPENED

## A Magnificent Lot of FLOWERS and other Millinery.

In fact as good a lot as we have ever had.

### Awning Stripe COSTUME CLOTHS

AND NEW COLOURED STRIPED MUSLINS.

We are busy opening and marking a large selection of the following goods, which are splendid values:

LADIES' COSTUMES, LADIES' and MISSES' BLOUSE ROBES and DRESSES, LADIES' SPRING COATS, LADIES' and MISSES' SHOWER COATS, LADIES' COSTUME SKIRTS, LADIES' NEWEST NECKWEAR, CHILDREN'S WHITE SILK HATS, LADIES' WHITE SILK BLOUSES.

All the above goods are made in Britain. Whilst many items are difficult to get, good management is shown by the fact that they can still export so much goods, and still better American values.

# HENRY BLAIR.

## Clergyman Has Recovered

Was Unable to Fill Appointments and Greatly Disabled by Continued Ill-health.

Ganaoquo, Ont., May 5th. — The many friends of Rev. George Alton are pleased to learn of his recovery after a long period of ill-health from biliousness, stomach troubles and severe headaches.

Mr. Alton had become very much discouraged over his inability to obtain relief, and thought he would have to quit the ministry, when fortunately he read about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and began their use. He tells the particulars of his case in this interesting letter:

Rev. George Alton, Ganaoquo, Ont., writes: "I had been suffering from bilious attacks for four years. I was very weak, had headaches, and my stomach was so bad that I could hardly eat anything without being troubled by it. I had tried many cures, herbs, pills and salts, and was under the doctor's care for some time, but instead of getting better I seemed to get weaker. I was unable to fill my appointments on Sabbath and had to secure help. I used to take dizzy spells and could not walk across the floor straight. I had almost given up all hope, and my wife said that if I did not get better we would have to quit the work of the ministry. However, in looking over the 'British Whig,' the well-known Kingston paper, I saw Dr. Chase's advertisements in it, and read how Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills had helped others who were troubled as I was. I resolved to give these Pills a trial, and I must say that in a short time I obtained relief. I continued taking them for some time, and now I am able to resume my work again. From the benefit I have obtained from these pills, I would recommend them to all who suffer as I did."

Rev. C. Cunningham, 124 First Avenue, Toronto: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Rev. George Alton of Ganaoquo, and believe his statement with reference to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c a box, 5 for \$1.00, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

## 2050—Girls' One-Piece Dress, with Bloomers.

This design is good for chambray, gingham, linen, line, drill, percale and lawn. It may also be developed in serge and gabardine. The bloomers may be of the same material as the dress, or of sateen, drill, serge, galatea, or gingham. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material for the dress and 2 yards for the bloomers, for a 6-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

# WELCH'S

For Sale at Shops where Quality Counts.

Large stock of Quarts, Pints and "Nips" now on sale by

## P. E. OUTERBRIDGE

(Sole Agent for Newfoundland)

COMMERCIAL CHAMBERS. Telephone 60.  
apr26,th,tt,ff

Advertise in The Evening Telegram