

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. For economy, buy the one pound tins.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

"KYRA,"

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER XXXIV.
The Truth At Last.

"When Charlie and you are married!"

She did not speak, but the crimson flush faded slowly.

"Charlie, you know," he went on, as if he were giving words to thoughts and plans that he had worked out for some time, "will come after me in all probability, and will be Earl of Vering; he will have the title and the old house and you—ah, you smile, but you see it has been an amusement for me to plan it all out for you both—whom else have I to think for? Come, Kyra, you see that it is best that the old house should not remain desolate until I have had my day—at least, you will see that it will be doing me a service, to keep it warm and comfortable until I return; you will promise?"

A pause.

"Yes," she said, with a strange smile, "I promise that I will live at the Wold when I am married to Charlie." He appeared satisfied, and, glancing at a small French timepiece over his head, rose with his grave smile.

"I mustn't keep you out of bed too long. I am afraid you are very tired," he added, looking at her with a wistful tenderness that made the hot blood suffuse her lately pale face. "Ah! not now!" he said, with a shake of the head; "but you were pale and wearied-looking. You must promise not to let them overwork you next season. I should like to come back and find a London lily in place of the little wild rose I once carried—" in my heart, he was going to say, but said instead—"on my saddle!"

As he stood over her, he held out his hand; very quietly she put her little hot one into it. The old meretric thrill ran through him at her touch, and the strong man trembled and quivered as a war horse might under the first pang of a mortal wound.

"Good-by, Kyra!" he said, almost hoarsely. Then his voice broke, and uttered: "Kyra, you will not forget me? You will think of the old days—when we starved and struggled together across the snow—you will think of me sometimes out there, out of the world—little Kyra!"

As his grasp tightened, almost painfully, upon her hand she bent forward and looked up into his face with eyes that drove back all further words—all further thoughts.

"You will not go out of the world," she said, in a low, soft tone, as sad as it was sweet. "You will not go; hold my hand! You were not afraid

to hold me altogether to your heart once. Am I not still Kyra?"

A spasm passed across his face, and he sank on to the lounge beside her, still holding her hand, his head bent to hide his anguish and his secret from her. He could not look her in the face—her beauty—intensified to his senses by his love and his approaching farewell—maddened and tempted, and tortured, and she made him hold her hand—she almost drew him to her.

"My God!" he muttered; "if I had but stayed away from her!"

"Am I not still Kyra?" the plaintive words trilled forth. "What have I done that you should turn to stock and stone before me? Ah, I have robbed you of what is yours by right, I have come between you and happiness; I am sending you into the horrible wilderness. No! no! have I not listened, my lord, my chief, while you planned out my life? have I not borne the stabs and thrusts of your kind, cruel words? now see how I can give back balm for wounds, wine for water. Let me plan for you, my chief; let me look into your eyes—oh, yes, for once more! only once more! and read the future for you."

Slowly and laboriously he raised his eyes, heavy with the smoldering fire of his passion.

"See!" she said with a bitter, sweet smile. "I see two persons, man and wife, dark and fair, both happy, beloved and respected, and they stand under the shadow of the old turret of the Wold. They are Lord Percy Vering and the woman whom he had once lost but now found again. Ah! you shall not speak! I know her secret and yours! You will not go to Africa, my lord, but you will marry Lillian Devigne, and live at the Wold instead of me.

Percy sprang to his feet, white and passionate, but she silenced him by a gesture.

"And for the rest I need look no further than into the darkness of the room to see another man and wife—the frank, free face of my brother, dear, open-hearted Charlie—my brother, always, my lord, but never my husband while Mary Darlington lives."

"Kyra!" he cried—"am I dreaming, or are you? Ah, no, I see it is true!" and he caught her hands. As he did so something warm and liquid trickled on to his wrist, and looking down he saw that it was blood. The next moment he saw the gleam of the dagger blade near the white lace which covered her bosom.

In an instant he had dashed it from her hand, and white and trembling cried to her:

"Kyra—take care! What have you done?"

She pointed to the little tricklet of blood with a serene smile.

"It is not you who will go, my lord; you will stay to live and love when Kyra—the child Kyra—will have passed away forever."

"Merciful God!" he cried, with that

sharp, sudden gasp of a man in great agony. "What have you done? Let me see! I will see!" and he tore the lace from her throat, and wiped the blood from the wound. "Thank Heaven," he breathed, hurriedly. "Oh, child, child, you might have killed yourself; and why, oh, why? What blind creatures we are—not men but bats! Kyra—my child, my child!" for she had sunk back in his arms, and was looking up in his face, drinking in the tenderness and anxiety of his eyes with ineffable delight. "Kyra, you are faint! What have you done? Let me go—no, I'll not leave you—the bell—the bell!" and he looked wildly round.

She put up one small and still warm hand, and laid it caressingly on his neck.

"Too late, too late!" she breathed. "It was my once Indian dagger; see how it bleeds; it was poisoned, poisoned!" and she smiled up at him.

Percy turned white, as if the hand of death had closed upon his heart; then his face flushed, and he caught her to him, and held her face close to his.

"Not no!" he cried. "Not too late! You shall not die. Kyra, tell me it is a jest. Tell me it is not true! Oh, God! it cannot be! Why have you done it—why? How dark it all is! Kyra, Kyra—why?"

"Can you not guess?" she murmured, the color tinging the exquisite pallor of her cheeks. "Can you look into my eyes and not know? Percy, could I live, do you think, and know that your arms held her as they once held me—as they hold me now? No, the Great Spirit is too pitiful, and showed me the way of escape. I could not live, Percy—my chief, my brave—because—I love you!"

With a cry, Percy caught her from the couch and held her to his breast.

"You love me!" he gasped. "God! Am I mad? Oh, fool! fool!" and he groaned. "And now she dies! No! no! Kyra, open your eyes! You shall live!"

She shook her head, with a faint, sweet smile, and nestled closer to his heart.

"Kiss me, Percy!" she said; "whisper 'I love you, Kyra, my child!' only once! If it is not true, whisper it still!"

"True!" he cried, hoarsely. "Whom else have I loved but you—my life, my love, my darling? I have loved you all these years—I have loved better than man ever loved yet. Kiss you! Oh, my sweet! my sweet!" and he pressed his lips passionately upon her lips, her hair, her eyes.

With a thrill she raised her head, and, transfixed him with one long gaze, kissed him once. Then her head fell back, and, with a sigh, she sank lifeless against his breast.

Then there rose such a cry as was never heard before or since within the old walls of that house of many memories, and when the dazed and half-awakened people dashed into the room in response to that awful cry, they stood petrified with terror at the sight of a strong man standing upright in the centre of the room, clasping to him, with a fierce, insane tenacity, the lifeless and lovely form of a woman.

It changed that at the time bells were ringing, and servants were wildly hurrying to and fro at the Grange, some galloping off for doctors from the nearest town, and others telegraphing for the best physicians and surgeons from London, a traveling chariot was spinning along to London as fast as a capital pair of post-horses could drag it. Not that there was any special necessity for such speed beyond the enjoyment which the occupants of the carriage derived from it, for the said occupants had rendered any pursuit of no avail by getting a submission proper to her novel position—"as you like; but you won't be long!"

(To be Continued.)



Little Lectures
by NURSE WINGARNIS.
(Lecture No. 4.)

Weakness

Every movement of the body uses up a definite amount of vitality. When you overtax yourself, or your vitality is undermined by illness, your whole system becomes too exhausted to recover its lost vitality without assistance. Your system is like a plant that is drooping for want of water. And just as water revives a drooping plant—so Wingarnis gives new life and new vitality to a weakened constitution. Because Wingarnis possesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore

WINGARNIS creates new strength, new blood, new nerve force and new vitality. The benefit begins from the first wine-glassful. You can feel it doing you good. Over 10,000 Doctors recommend Wingarnis, especially to those who are Weak, Anemic, Nervy or Run-down.

Begin to get well FREE.

Send the Coupon for a free trial bottle—not a mere taste but enough to do you good. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Stores, Chemists and Wine Merchants.

WINGARNIS IS MADE IN ENGLAND.

Free Trial Coupon

COLEMAN & CO., Ltd.,
Wingarnis Works, Newport, England.

Name _____

Address _____

turned for a few hours, packed a small hand portmanteau, and dropped into the arms of the eager and devoted bridegroom out of the library window, and now here they were; she all trembling against his broad-shoulder, he all imperious and tender by turns, and both ecstatically and foolishly happy. If they did not talk much, they thought the more, perhaps, and the pressure of Master Charlie's strong arm round her waist and the sweep of his silky mustache on her soft, blushing cheek, were better than the most eloquent poem written. It wasn't a very great way to them, and Lady Mary thought that they had only been ten minutes on the road, so quickly had the time passed, as the carriage dashed into the Great Northern terminus.

"Now, my darling," said happy Charlie, with one long kiss, as he pulled out her watch out of the snug little pocket—why couldn't he look at his own? the impudent young dog!—"Beamish ought to be here in five minutes—I'll stake my life he's punctual to the minute. But, as we're run it rather close, I think I'll go on and get the tickets. You had better stop in the carriage here. Put down the blind, in case any one should be going north whom we know."

"Very well, dear," said Lady Mary, with a submission proper to her novel position—"as you like; but you won't be long!"

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION No. 1
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, GOUT, GRAVEL, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URIC ACID SYSTEM.

THERAPION No. 2
CURES BRUISES, SWELLINGS, INFLAMMATIONS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN.

THERAPION No. 3
CURES CHRONIC WEARINESS, DEBILITY, LOSS OF FORCE, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

SEE THE TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IN OUR BOTTLES. IT IS THE ONLY TRADE MARKED WORD "THERAPION" IN THE WORLD.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

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

A PRETTY DRESS FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



1775—Embroidered batiste is here combined with Georgette crepe. Collar and plastron may be of the crepe, and inserts of lace trim waist and skirt fronts. The body and sleeve portions are cut in one. The skirt is full over the sides and back and stitched in a tuck at each side of the front panel. Gingham, lawn, embroidered voile, tub silk, taffeta, and linen are also nice for this model. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A STYLISH SUMMER GOWN.



1781—Taffeta, in a pompadour pattern in green and brown, with Georgette crepe and lace for trimming. It is here shown. A neat and inexpensive development would be of dimity, voile or organdie; tub silk or batiste are nice, too. Finishing could be used for the skirt, with vest, collar and sleeve insert of embroidery to match. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a 16-year size. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at its lower edge.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:

Name

I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was not to work again. I think it the best Liniment made.

ARCHIE E. LAUNDRY, Edmonton.

To Arrive, ex S. S. Erik, July 7th,

Anthracite COAL!

All sizes, cheap while discharging, only

\$15.25

Lay in your Winter stock now, freights are still going up.

A. H. MURRAY, Beck's Cove.

The New Oxfords

Oxfords will be one of the most favored Styles of Low Shoes this Season!

There are several new models that will make a strong appeal to every Woman that knows!

Our cut shows one of the new beauties just from the Makers!

Dull and Bright leathers—short vamp, plain toe. Cloth or Kid top, small eyelets, Spanish heel. No slipping!

\$2.00, \$2.30, \$2.60.

Take another look at the cut. Isn't it a handsome Shoe?

PARKER & MONROE, Limited,
THE SHOE MEN.

The EASTERN TRUST COMPANY

WE GO ON FOREVER.

Just two reasons why the Eastern Trust Company can administer an Estate better than a personal executor or administrator.

1.—It has nearly twenty-four years' experience, and its existence is perpetual, neither does it cost any more to employ the Company than an individual. The Company affords the Estate absolute security. It has a paid-up capital of \$1,000,000.00 and a reserve of \$250,000.00. The Estates held in trust to December 31st, 1915, amount to \$15,036,593.35.

2.—In the event of the death of a personal executor or administrator, your Estate must look around for a substitute. The new administrator is unfamiliar with the business and confusion is often the result. The death of any officer of this Company does not break the continuity of the policy of administration.

While the Company administers over Fifteen Million Dollars worth of Estates, it also does a very large business in executing Trusts of all kinds and acting as Financial Agents of all descriptions. We can give fullest satisfaction in the collection of rents, interests, mortgages, dividends, etc.

Full information cheerfully given and all communications treated as absolutely confidential. CALL OR WRITE.

Head Office, Halifax, N.S. Branch Office, Pitts' Bldg., Water St.
T. H. GRIFFITHS, Manager.

Jun 19, 1916

SLATTERY'S.

We are in a position to supply the trade with a fine lot of

Denims, Cotton Tweed,

and in a few days

A Splendid assortment of Percaloes,

besides several Job Lines,

All at Very Low Prices.

W. A. SLATTERY.
Slattery's Bldg., Duckworth & George's Sts.
P. O. Box 236. St. John's, Nfld. Phone 522.

The "Evening Telegram" is read by over 40,000 People daily.

If Men Knew How They Would Shave

COLGATE SHAVING SOAP

The action of the lather on the covering on each hair, then to soften it.

So the one logical place to where every works the Colgate unnecessary the fingers.

If you wish a trial, COLGATE & CO. Dept. S. Please send me handsome nickel of packing and postage. Name _____

Our Base is PLAGIARISED

From Cape Race.

CAPE RACE, To-day Wind S. W., light, dense fog. Unknown steamer was heard passing in at 10:30 a.m. to-day. Bar 29.6 ther. 64.

"St. Ivel" Lactic Cheese, st. tins, at ELLIS'.

Stiff, Enlarged Joints Limber Up!

Every Trace of Rheumatism Goes

Even Chronic Bedridden Cases are Quickly Cured.

Rub On Magic "Nerviline."

Nothing on earth can beat good old "Nerviline" when it comes to curing rheumatism.

The blessed relief you get from Nerviline comes mighty quick, and you don't have to wait a month for some sign of improvement.

You see Nerviline is a direct application; it is rubbed right into the sore joint, thoroughly rubbed over the twitching muscles that perhaps for years has kept you on the jump. In this way you get to the real source of the trouble. After you have used Nerviline just once you'll say it's amazing, a marvel, a perfect wonder of hill small; trial size, 25c; all dealers.

Just think of it, five times stronger and more penetrating than any other known liniment. Soothing, healing, full of pain-destroying power, and yet it will never burn, blister or destroy the tender skin of even a child.

You've never yet tried anything half so good as Nerviline for any sort of pain. It does cure rheumatism, but that's not all. Just test it out for lame back or lumbago. Gee, what a right fine cure it is for a bad cold, for chest tightness even for neuralgia headaches it is simply the finest ever.

For the home, for the hundred and one little ailments that constantly arise, whether earache, toothache, stiff neck, or some other muscular pain—Nerviline will always make you glad you've used it, and because it will cure you, keep handy on the shelf a 50c family size bottle; it keeps the doctor's efficacy.