

STOP LOOK and LISTEN
before purchasing a baking powder that may possibly contain injurious ingredients. Many food scientists claim that baking powder containing alum is unsafe for use in food. The mere fact that some brands of baking powder have the words "No Alum" on the label is not sufficient proof that they are what they are represented to be. Our chemists find a good many have "No Alum" on the outside but large quantities of it inside.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
 Contains No Alum
 Pure Wholesome Economical

"Love in the Wilds"

—OR—
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXXV.
 A VILLAIN'S DOWNFALL.

"Oh, Laury, Laury!" he cried; "let us fly like the wind! I am sick and faint after this terrible night's work."
 "Poor lad!" breathed Laurence, bending a look of pitiful commiseration upon the youth's white and weary face. "These scoundrels will be on our track directly, or we would rest. Alas, I fear that the poor master has fallen a victim to their fiendish rage."
 "Poor Mr. Stewart! Oh, Laury, do you think he can have escaped?"
 "Impossible to say," replied Laurence, sadly. "We are all in higher hands, lad; and a chance may have opened for him as it has done for us. Thank Heaven the chestnut and the roan are left—if he should be able to reach them."
 Cecil hid his face in his hand and cried bitterly.
 "He was so kind to me, Laury, and—oh, I feel as if I had killed him with my own hand! What a miserable, unfortunate creature I am!"
 "Hush, lad!" said Laurence, looking round as he spoke and urging the horse on with a touch of his hand. "You did your duty, and we must all do that, come what will. There, Cecil; cry no longer. 'Tis no more use crying over spilled blood than spilled milk. Rest your head here."
 And with a gentler hand than one would have thought his strength and roughness capable of he drew the lad nearer to him, until his weary head rested upon his broad breast and the dark, luxurious hair fell upon his bride-arm.
 Thus he remained, and as the gallant horse, regardless of his double burden, sped on with swift flight and

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



against his will, he woke Cecil by calling his name.
 The youth started and opened his dark eyes with a questioning gaze.
 "Laury, where are we? Ah!"—with a sigh—"I remember! Poor black; he has carried us both! I have been asleep, Laury and dreaming—dreaming so happily, too! It seems almost wicked to be happy even in sleep after such terrible things."
 Laurence helped him down with a sad smile.
 "Don't think any more of it, lad, than you can help. Thank Heaven, it is far behind now!"
 Cecil sighed.
 "What is to be done, Laury? And where are we going?"
 Laurence shook his head.
 "I don't know, lad; it is all a problem to me. For myself I care nothing. There is a home for me while the forest and plain are left. But for you, who are young and hopeful, we must find some other and better place."
 Cecil turned pale.
 "You will not leave me, Laury?" he asked, imploringly.
 "No, lad—at least, until you are safe in some place of safety. I am thinking, even now, where that place may be."
 "Why can't I stay with you, Laury?" asked the youth, his eyes filling with tears and a slight blush relieving the pallor of his face.
 "Because—for a hundred reasons, lad," said Laurence, gravely, turning as he spoke into the shelter of the trees.
 Cecil started and looked alarmed, but the next words relieved him.
 "For one, because I would not waste another's life. You are young and clever, Cecil; there should be, and are, brighter things than a cattle-runner's life awaiting you. We must go to the Bay, lad, and wait for a chance."
 Cecil turned pale, but silently helped him un saddle the black, a strange look of resolution mingled with indecision hovering over his face.
 "When shall we go, Laury?"
 "To-day, after the black is rested, lad," replied Laury. "We must get some food and drink first, and then start without loss of time."
 "Why such hurry, Laury?" asked Cecil, with averted eyes. "Are you in such haste to be rid of me?" This he said in a piqued tone and with a threatening of teeth in the dark eyes.
 A spasm of pain crossed the cattle-runner's stern face, but he replied, calmly enough:
 "No, lad. Heaven knows I'd give much to keep you with me; but duty is duty, Cecil; and as you are thrown upon my charge by fate, I'll not risk its vengeance by playing false to your welfare."
 The youth turned to him with an arch look of daring.
 "And suppose the lad, being his own master, refuses to be disposed of in this Laury-like way?"
 "Then—" retorted Laurence, but, as if unwilling to continue the discussion, broke off, and said, instead: "I am sick at heart and weary, lad. Leave it to me. What you wish is impossible. We must part at the Bay."
 Then he turned away his face as if to hide his own emotion, and, therefore, did not see the look of misery and anguish that passed over the face of Cecil.
 Some bread that happened to be in Laurence's saddle-bag and a small snipe he shot served them for dinner; which meal was eaten almost in sil-

ence, for Laurence was sad, almost to sternness, and Cecil did not trust himself to speak, because of the load of apprehension that lay upon his gentle heart.

After dinner Laurence groomed the black, and in a few words as possible intimated that they must start.

"For the Bay, Laury?" asked Cecil, with an upward glance.
 Laurence nodded, and they started—Laurence in the saddle and Cecil behind, the black taking no notice of the double burden and starting away as if the gallop of the preceding night was nothing but a shadowy dream.

In silence still they reached a wood, and here Laurence intended staying for the night.

Cecil, anxious to anticipate his every request, searched out a suitable spot and commenced building a fire, while Laurence took his revolver and lay in the bushes a few yards off, waiting for the approach of something for supper.

A small deer fell before his steady aim, and soon a couple of steaks were frying over the blaze.

And then they talked, but in a subdued tone and with a strange sort of reserve that was the result not so much of the fearful scenes they had just gone through, as of a mysterious feeling, palpable yet indescribable, that portook almost of foreboding sorrow in both hearts.

They sat watching the fire for some time after the steaks had been eaten, Laurence smoking his pipe and Cecil lying full length with his head upon his elbow and staring mournfully at the flickering flames.

Then Laurence secured the black within reach of some grass and found a secluded and sheltered little arbor for Cecil.

"Here, lad," said he, kindly; "here's almost a four-post bedstead for you. Go in and get to sleep, and I'll curl myself up before the fire."

Cecil bade him good-night and turned in as ordered, but not to sleep until the stars had lighted up the heavens and twinkled upon the still form of the man who had been a guide, monitor, and more than a friend.

On the morrow they were up early and on the road, and travelling thus, losing no time and saying but little, they had come within half a dozen miles of the Bay.

Then Cecil, able to bear no longer, burst into a quiet flood of tears and seemed heartbroken.

"Oh, Laury, don't be angry! But I am dreadful sorry that you are going to leave me! Why don't you let me stay with you? I'll try and not be a trouble."

Then, stopped by the look of suppressed emotion in the man's face, which had turned white, he hid his face in his hands and said no more.

Laurence spoke never a word, but rode on grim and stern. He could not trust himself to speak, and was ashamed of the pain that literally burned in his heart at the thought of parting with this weak, gentle-hearted boy, who had won him so mysteriously.
 (To be Continued.)



Pains About the Heart

ANY derangement of the heart's action is alarming. Frequently pains about the heart are caused by the formation of gas arising from indigestion.

Relief from this condition is obtained by the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Chronic indigestion results from sluggish liver action, constipation of the bowels and inactive kidneys.

Because Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills arouse these organs to activity they thoroughly cure indigestion and overcome the many annoying symptoms.



Notes From Brigus.

The marriage of Mr. Robert Piercy to Miss Eireada Roberts, took place at the Methodist Parsonage on the 18th inst. The party motored to the Parsonage and when the ceremony was concluded, the rounds of the harbor were made, whence they proceeded to the bride's residence. We learn that the groom has purchased the house known as Critch's next to Mr. Geo. Piercy's.

Mr. F. J. Delaney, who had been superintending the fitting up of a house, which he has lately purchased in St. John's, returned home by Saturday night's train.

Pomeroy Bros. schooner Ellen M. Maxner, arrived from St. John's on the 19th inst., laden with salt and provisions.

Hon. S. J. Fooks, Geo. Knowling, Esq., and friends visited the place by motor on Sunday last. Mr. Duff and friends were also up from Carbonear.

Mrs. Geo. Knowling and daughter arrived by motor on Sunday to take up her usual summer residence here.

While on his way over from the Iron Isle last week, with a cargo of coal, Mr. Richard Walker's motor boat broke down and he was forced to make the rest of the passage under sail. On his arrival here the engine was taken apart and he was obliged to go to St. John's to have the damaged parts repaired.

Two prominent citizens, gifted with more energy than judgment, were the participants in a fistic encounter on the 22nd inst. The bout, which was but a "one-round" affair, was happily terminated by the timely intervention of a passerby.

Mrs. Cantwell, widow of the late Daniel Cantwell, Esq., left for St. John's on Wednesday morning to spend a time with friends. From there she will proceed to Halifax for a few months, thence to Boston, where she will in future reside with her daughter.

Mr. Fred Bartlett, of the Heart's Content Cable Office, who had been spending the week-end at home, returned to work by Monday morning's train.

Miss Alice Bartlett, of the Postal Telegraph Office, went to St. John's by Monday morning's train and returned again at night.

On Monday, the 21st inst., Mr. Richard Whelan passed peacefully out of this life at the ripe old age of 88 years. Deceased had been in failing health for years past so that his end was not unexpected. Left to mourn are his widow, two sons and two daughters. The funeral took place at 9.30 a.m., yesterday to the R. C. Cemetery; the remains being followed by a large gathering of citizens.

Though the rains of the past few days have been both a benefit and a dire necessity for small seeds and plants, even with such rains the hay crop will, in numerous instances, be a complete failure. The drought of the early season has had a lifting effect on meadow ground, with the result that next fall hay will be an item of considerable value.

Messrs. Washer and Roberts, contractors and builders, have been engaged during the week painting the double residence of Capt. Harold Bartlett.

The following of the Labrador fleet have sailed during the week for their respective destinations: J. W. Hiscock's Vendetta, C. Cram, master, left on the 19th inst., via the North Shore, where she called to collect crews; the Springwood, P. Driscoll, master, another of Hiscock's which had been at Conception Harbor taking freighters, returned here on the 21st inst., and after receiving on board her Brigus crews continued her voyage. The Frank, J. Burke, master, left on the 21st inst.; the Sunshine, A. Roberts, master, Pomeroy's, Ellen M. Maxner, and "Hayes" 15-ton Sco Blossom, are ready to sail this evening. We wish them one and all Godspeed, a prosperous voyage and a safe return.

Up to the present codfish has been remarkable for its absence. A few hand-liners have been endeavouring to place some on the market, but their catches are limited both as to size and quality. Perhaps the absence of caplin, which fish have not yet appeared, would account for the scarcity of the cod.

The schooner Clarence B., arrived on Friday, the 18th inst., with a cargo of provisions for C. A. Jerrett. She sailed again on the 21st inst., for salt which could not be procured on her previous trip.

F. G. Jerrett, Esq., went to the city by yesterday's train.

Rev. Dr. Whelan, of North River, and Rev. Dr. Murphy, F.F., Brigus, went to the city by motor this morning.

—MEMO.
 Brigus, June 24th, 1920.

Black's Liniment Cures Rheumatism.

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150 cases just received ex Rosalind, and comprising:
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Table Apples. Fancy Lemons. California Oranges.	

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 PINEAPPLE CUBES.

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