

**AVOID ALUM  
IN FOOD**

**Baking Powder is one of the most important food ingredients. Alum or other injurious acids are frequently used by some concerns to lower the cost of production.**

**MAGIC  
BAKING POWDER**  
Contains No Alum

**It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed to be the best, sweetest and most healthful baking powder possible to produce.**

**W. Matthew Williams, in "Chemistry of Cooking," says: "Phosphates are the bone-making material of food and have something to do with building up of brain and nervous matter."**

**Made in Canada**

## "Love in the Wilds"

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

CHAPTER V.  
A WOMAN'S WILL.

Certainly not the squire, much less Mrs. Lucas and the servants, who petted, caressed, and spoiled her to her young, willful heart's content—scarcely spoiled her, though, for beneath all the obstinacy, willfulness, and high spirits there beat a true, womanly heart that only required the slightest kindness and show of love to pour out its wealth of affection.

Mrs. Lucas had a sad time of it with young puss, but she loved her with all her matronly heart, and wiped away the tears she often shed for "Poor Master Hugh" when Grace came bounding down the stairs or rushing into the housekeeper's room.

This same bounding and rushing had been the cause of many scenes between her uncle and herself. The squire was not accustomed to being startled out of his life by a sudden entry or exit, and it made his old heart leap into his mouth to hear her jump eight of the wide stairs and alight at the bottom with a crash. Of course, he complained rather crossly, but he met with ready response.

"Grace, my girl," he had expostulated, with a frown, as on the second morning she had jumped up from the breakfast-table, upsetting the urn and scalding the cat, to see something from the windows, "Grace, my girl, you must not leap about like that. Look here, you've played the deuce with the breakfast things."

"Oh, so I have! There's a mess. What'll Mrs. Lucas say, unky?" and she burst into a merry peal of laughter and stood regarding the wrathful cat and overturned urn with intense enjoyment.

This was rather calculated to make the squire angry; but he kept his wrath down as he never had done with Hugh, and, trying a different tack, said:

**"The Bond of Sympathy  
Between One Woman  
and Another."**

If you are discouraged with your condition, weak, tired, subject to headaches, backache, bearing-down sensations, weakness of bladder, constipation, hot flushes, melancholy, tendency to cry over trifles, nervousness and loss of interest in things generally, I want to help you to better things.

My own was probably as deplorable a case as could be found, yet it ent and to-day I am a well woman quickly yielded to "Orange Lily" treatment. "Orange Lily" is a simple, natural, common-sense remedy that you apply yourself. To go to drinking harmful drugs for troubles such as ours, is like trying to cure a sprain with pills. The only right and effective treatment is a strictly local application, like "Orange Lily."

Because I am sure in advance of the wonderful results you will have, I want to send you ten days' treatment, FREE. Will you write me to-day, NOW, and let me help you? Enclose three stamps. Address MRS. LYDIA W. LADD, Windsor, Ont. Sold by leading Druggists everywhere.

lady darted off and stood at the other end of the table with a very unlady-like but not altogether unbecoming smile of daring.

Mrs. Lucas, who was not so young as she had been, toddled after her, Grace, with the speed of a young deer, just changed sides.

The housekeeper, panting, kept up the pursuit, never being anywhere near her young charge, who had forgotten, in the enjoyment of the chase, the primary cause of it, and was in her glory in dodging the old lady round the table.

It was too comical for the squire, who burst into a laugh, and of course lost the battle, for Grace made a rush at him, and, clinging to his neck, declared nothing should tear her away.

"Well," said the squire, utterly routed. "Let the young hussy stay, ma'am."

This will serve as a specimen of the battles that were fought daily between the squire and his adopted niece.

After she had been there a month the squire, who was getting more fond of her than he would have owned, began to think of sending to London for some tutors for her, Grace being, as he once intimated, as innocent and uneducated as a child.

Besides, now that the squire had given up all hope of Hugh's return, he had begun to look upon this wild tomboy of a girl as the heiress to the Dale, and his pride made him anxious that she should be made fit for the honor; added to which, as Mrs. Lucas and he had managed to keep her within the Dale grounds, the country neighbors were beginning to express themselves curious to see the girl who had supplanted Hugh, and the squire did not choose that my Lady Hastings and Sir Charles Bowden should see the heiress to the Dale in her present rough and uncultivated state.

He had not given so much concern to his son's education; but then, in those days, a man who could boast of "book learning" was thought to be rather at a disadvantage than otherwise, while the women were expected to play a little, sing a little, and know a little of most things. Grace could neither sing nor play, and knew nothing. So a couple of tutors came down to teach her—at least that was their avowed intention. Miss Grace had other ideas.

"Throw learning to the dogs; she'd none of it!"

The two pedagogues trotted to the squire with piteous look and accent. They could do nothing with her.

The squire, as usual, began by being wrathful.

"Ay, my men, you don't know how to manage her!" and he stamped off to the room which had been set apart as a school-room.

Here they found her sitting on a stool, looking defiant but beautiful, her rich hair falling in a grand, darkly-colored mass, her dark eyebrows knit as tightly and obstinately as the squire's.

"Now, madam"—his usual form of address on these occasions—"what's this I hear? Won't you learn yer books?"

"No, I won't," said Grace; "I hate 'em!" and she threw a "Guy's Catechism of Useful Knowledge" into the fire-place, the unfortunate tutor meekly picked it up.

"D'ye tell me you won't do your lessons?" repeated the squire.

Grace nodded.

"Hem!" said the squire. "Very well, my fine madam. Mr. Tompkins, don't trouble with her again."

This was a marvelous let-off, Grace thought; but in the afternoon she read the riddle.

Two days before she had seen a cream-colored pony rearing about the road in front of the Dale. At once she coveted it, and worried the squire to get it for her.

The spirited little animal belonged to a tenant, and the squire, knowing that he could buy it, though he also knew he should have to pay a fancy price, promised her she should have it.

This afternoon Grace said:

"Uncle Harry, you said you would buy me that pony—have you got him yet? I do so want him!"

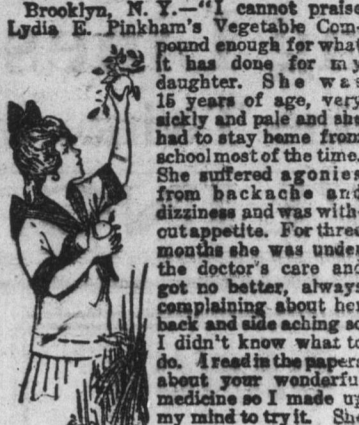
"Do you?" said the squire, nodding his head. "I wish you may get him, my girl."

"Why, uncle," cried Grace, "you promised! Oh, you won't break your word!"

"You want the pony, do you?" asked the squire. The girl's flashing eyes answered him enough. "Well, you see," said the squire, "we can't have every-

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Brooklyn, N. Y.—"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for my daughter. She was 15 years of age, very sickly and pale and she had to stay home from school most of the time. She suffered agonies from backache and dizziness and was without appetite. For three months she was under the doctor's care and got no better, always complaining about her back and side aching so I didn't know what to do. I read in the paper about your wonderful medicine so I made up my mind to try it. She has taken five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and doesn't complain any more with her back and side aching. She has gained in weight and feels much better. I recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers and daughters."—Mrs. M. FINOON, 516 Marcy Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

For special advice in regard to such ailments write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

thing we want. Now, I wanted you to learn your books, and you promised like a good girl, but—"

"Oh," interrupted Grace, stamping her feet, "but I hate 'em! I didn't think they were so nasty."

"And I didn't think the pony 'ud cost so much money, my lass," retorted the squire.

Grace saw that she was beaten, but would not cry "Enough!" yet, and retired to the corner of the room to sit and ponder.

She held out till bed-time, then, when Mrs. Lucas appeared with the candles, she went to kiss her uncle, and whispered, rather reluctantly, though:

"Uncle, I'll learn my lessons. Do, do buy me the pony."

She kept her word, too, and for one week harassed herself almost to death over grammar, arithmetic, and the "polite languages," but they could do nothing much with her.

"I hate French and arithmetic—oh, the whole lot of 'em," she said to her uncle, nodding her head decisively, "and I won't learn 'em!"

But she read eagerly all the old books of travel she could get hold of and anything relating to adventures or the chase.

There was an old book, "The Wild Sports of the Savage World," that she knew almost by heart, and from which she would repeat passages to the squire—who bore them with a wonderful patience—with eyes all ablaze and lips set apart with the fire that filled her soul.

Her music tutor thought he would be rather more fortunate than the other; but, alas, after a few days' trial, the squire decided to send the tutors back to London and take Miss Grace in the rough as she was.

Had Squire Darrell, of Dale, displayed half the patience with poor Hugh that he had practiced with the fiery, willful girl, there would have been a lighter heart in his breast and no such name as "Laurence Harman" on the roll-book of the "Mary Ann."

The squire had had a lesson and it had done him good.

Two months having elapsed since Grace's arrival, the squire determined one fine morning to take her round on a visit of introduction.

(To be Continued.)

### Fashion Plates.

A NEW AND STYLISH COSTUME.



Pattern 3153 is here portrayed. It is cut in 6 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge, with plaits extended, is 2 1/2 yards. This model shows a new basque waist with vest portions. It is suited to mature as well as slender figures, and appropriate for silk, cloth and wash fabrics.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

### A PRACTICAL APRON DRESS.



Pattern 3137 was used to develop this convenient garment. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. For a Medium size 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material will be required. As here pictured, blue chambray was employed with striped blue and white gingham for the trimming. Linen, khaki, alpaca, voile, repp and poplin, also percale and lawn are suitable for this style.

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