

"I think I know a little," answered Dolly, with heightened color, "but it would not be right to talk about it."

Molly said no more; but Wilfred eyed her curiously. He was more inquisitive than was his sister.

"I think you might tell us."

"No," answered Dolly, gently yet firmly. "I am not going to tell anybody."

Wilfred looked vexed and dissatisfied.

"I like to know things," he said impatiently, "and I don't think it's at all nice or friendly of you to keep them back."

"Let her do as she likes," said Molly loftily, "I don't care to know."

There was rather an awkward silence after this, and Dolly felt a little perplexed by her two strange companions.

Wilfred was not in at all a happy frame of mind that afternoon. He felt aggrieved by one or two of Dolly's sayings and doings, and was rather in the humor to attack her.

"Molly," he began, "*she*," with a wave of the hand towards Dolly, "says I ought to be as meek as a rat, and let the boys bully me as much as they like, and fetch and carry for them, and be a kind of white slave, and never say a word to them. Did you ever hear such nonsense in all your life?"

"Did you say so, Dorothy?" asked Molly, with a judicial air.

"I didn't say anything at all like that!"

"What did you say?"

"I said I thought it would be much nicer for Wilfred not to quarrel and get angry; but to try to be nice and pleasant and kind, that the other boys might get fond of him."

"They never would," growled Wilfred.

"Oh, but I think they would."

"I should hate it if they did."

No, I'm sure you wouldn't; you would be ever so much happier."

"They're not kind to me, and I don't see why I should be kind to them."

"Somebody must begin, and it would be nice to set them an example."

"They would never follow it."

"I think they would by and by; besides you know they couldn't quarrel with you if you wouldn't quarrel with them. If you didn't get cross, I don't think they would tease you so."

"You seem to think it's all my fault," said Wilfred in an injured way, "and it's all their's really."

"I don't think it's all yours," answered Dolly earnestly, "indeed I don't—only—but—"

"But what?" he asked sharply.

"I think," explained Dolly, timidly, "that it must be a little your fault, because, you know, you told me they none of them liked you, and if you were nice to them I think they would."

Wilfred uttered an inarticulate

growl, and did not seem ready with a direct answer.

Molly said presently, in a rather wearied and impatient way—

"Boys always do quarrel, it's their nature. I don't believe they can help it."

"I do," said Dolly gravely.

"And I don't see that they're any the worse for it."

"But quarrelling is bad," said Dolly with grave surprise, "and it must make people unhappy."

"I don't believe it does."

"Oh, yes," cried Dolly, more and more earnestly; "I don't know what I should do if I ever had a quarrel with Duke."

"Ah, but then you are fond of him."

"Oh, yes."

Both children looked at Dolly as she said these words, and presently Molly said—

"Does it make you happy to love Duke?"

"Why, yes; it makes us happy to love anybody."

"Does it?"

"Yes, indeed it does."

"I didn't know," said Molly, looking straight out of the window with her deep, dark eyes.

"You would find it did if you would only try," said little Dolly, very earnestly.

But there was no time to discuss the question at large just then, for Parker had called to fetch the children home, and Dolly was summoned from the room.

"Come again," said Molly, as the child kissed her, and Dolly answered willingly—

"I will come as soon as ever I can."

CHAPTER X

DOLLY IN DISGRACE.

Dolly's busy little mind was very full of thoughts during the days that followed. There seemed a great deal that was strange in this new life, and often she felt much puzzled by it.

She was very anxious to be good, not only in outward things, but "all through" as she expressed it to herself, and yet she felt that without her mother's simple teaching it was most difficult to know exactly how this kind of goodness was to be attained.

Then there was that other wish of her mother's to be thought of—the child was to be a little "peacemaker," and Dolly felt very far indeed from accomplishing this mission.

As the days went by, Dolly did not feel as though she drew any nearer to her cold and stately grandmother. They saw her so little that there seemed no chance of their endearing themselves to her, and even when they did meet, the penetrating glance from those keen cold eyes seemed always to freeze up the warmer feelings in the little girl's heart, and render it impossible for her to make any effort to lessen the gulf that lay between her and her stern grandmother.

(To be continued.)

A WICKED ADULTERATION.

Eleven Per Cent of Tartrate of Lime Discovered in Price's Baking Powder.

Analysis of Price's Baking Powder, of Chicago, shows:	
LIME.....	3.53 per ct.
AMMONIA.....	1.05 per ct.
Starch.....	19.00 per ct.

Prof. Habirshaw, of New York, found the following in Price's Powder:

TARTRATE OF LIME.....	11.85 per ct.
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Aside from the inferiority of a powder containing a useless substance equaling about one-eighth of its entire weight (and which is the cause of the great lack of strength of Price's Baking Powder, as shown by the tests of the Government Chemists), there is to be considered the serious consequences that may arise from taking this large amount of lime into the system.

Lime can not be decomposed by heat, and is not eliminated in mixing or baking, and, therefore, all of this enormous proportion, as found in Price's Baking Powder, remains in the bread, biscuit, or cake with which it is mixed, and is taken into the stomach.

By the application of heat to lime, carbonic acid gas is driven off, and there is left quick-lime, a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from hides of animals, and in dissecting-rooms to quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects.

Lime mixed with starch (and both are found in Price's Powder) will produce a ferment. The process is not quick, and does not take place until the food in which the baking powder is used has been some time in the stomach. Indigestion, dyspepsia, and more serious disorders result.

The cause of this large amount of Lime in Price's Baking Powder is the use of cheap and impure materials.

Prof. C. B. Gibson, Chemist of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, had in view these impure powders containing lime, like Price's, when, after having made an examination of many of them, he volunteered the following testimony that Royal Baking Powder is the best and purest in the market:

THE ROYAL ABSOLUTELY PURE.

"ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.: I recently procured a sample of your (Royal) baking powder from the kitchen of a private family in this city, and subjected it to an examination. I found it so different from many of the baking powders advertised as 'strictly' and 'absolutely pure,' and so far superior that I thought you would be pleased to know it, and might find use for the certificate.

"In view of the vast difference and stupendous frauds that are offered to the most 'gullible' people on the face of the earth, it pleases me occasionally to strike an 'honest article.'

Respectfully,

"C. B. GIBSON, Analytical Chemist."

The

Vol. IX.—No.

The Evangelical

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A deep and holy awe
Put Thou, my God, v
While near thy feet

And my heart sings i
Do Thou all wanderi

O God, the crystal li
Of Thy most staines
It floods my outer si

Ah, let me well disce
And see Thy power

Hark! how the air i
With music from a t
Which echo doth rej

To Thee I also sing,
Disdain not Thou to

Ah, Lord, the univer
Is bright and laughin

Each summer doth r
A tale forever new, c
In sunny skies and c

Thee all the mounta
The rocks and glens

They bid me join my
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shock,
Beneath Thy shadow