



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder.

The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half-century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.

E.W.GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

The Sound of Wedding Bells

— OR —
Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"And now to business," and he smiles bitterly. "There shall be no more suffering for her; my sacrifice shall be complete. There shall be no more cruel scenes for her to endure; from my lips she shall hear nothing of what has passed between us two. If it were possible, I would leave her tonight; but"—he pauses, and puts his hand to his brow—"I cannot do that. This cursed race must be ridden; I have other men's money upon it, and my word has been passed. I will wait until I have fulfilled my engagement to-morrow, and then"—he breaks down, and a heavy sob shakes his frame—"then I shall pass out of her ken, with just one word, no more. As for you, if you value the gift I have yielded to you, you will keep away from her for a time. She—I know her tender heart so well—she will turn to me when I have gone, and"—with a bitter smile—"you would stand but a poor chance if you presented yourself. But"—sadly—"after a time I shall be forgotten—ah, Heaven! only too soon; and then—then go to her, and play the fool no longer. That is all I ask of you."

Hugh starts. They are the very words he said in the conservatory at Holme.

"Having got her, keep her. There is no greater treasure on earth for a man to win and wear than her love."

His voice falls and breaks, and he sinks on to the stone, overdone and overborne.

Hugh looks down at him, dazed and bewildered. The passionate storm of words, spoken with such bitter conviction, has almost convinced him. What can he say?

At last he speaks, and his voice is grave and sad.

"Archie! it is not for me to give you the lie, you who know and love her so well, but—I feel that you are wrong. At least, even you have misunderstood her. I am in no fit mood to judge between. It would be only adding insult to the injury I have wrought you to throw back in your face the sacrifice which you, with your good-naturedness, offer. I

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It is now thoroughly established among skin specialists that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ beneath the skin and curable only through the skin. Thousands of people suffer with skin disease who are perfectly healthy otherwise, which shows that their blood is not diseased. Ugly-tasting stomach remedies are therefore as worthless for skin diseases as they are for a tooth-ache.

Eczema germs must be WASHED AWAY. Smear salves do no good for they cannot penetrate the skin. They merely clog the pores and aid the rapid increase of germs. The only way to reach the germs is by a penetrating liquid.

The D. D. D. Prescription, a wonderful new discovery for skin diseases, is a simple, scientific wash—a reliable home remedy that brings about marvellous cures in all forms of Eczema, Bad Leg, Pimples, Ulcers, Barber's Itch and all other skin ailments. D. D. D. relieves distress instantly, kills and washes away disease germs and leaves the skin wholesome and mended by T. McMurdo & Co., A. W. healthy.

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will will say more; as you have done so would I; I swear it before Heaven. If you have loved her, so likewise have I, with a love second only to yours. Between us two there can only be one aim—her happiness. You say that I alone can insure it; so be it. Let us put it to the test. I should sail to-morrow at midnight never to return. Keep your offer until to-morrow evening; if it reaches me then, though it be at the last moment, I will come to you; I will accept your decision. If no word reaches me, then"—he stops—"then I shall know that no sacrifice on your part is needed; that you have won and that I have lost, as I deserve to have done. Is this plain?"

Archie puts up his hand with a hopeless, despairing gesture of assent.

"You will not sail," he says, hoarsely; "I know the end already."

"I think not," is the grim, stern response. "Good-bye, Archie! If we never meet again—and I do not think we shall—think no worse of me than you can help. That which has been brought about was brought about by fate, and fate alone; I did not seek it. Good-bye!"

And he puts out his hand.

But the noble spirit can go no further; it has reached its limit.

"I cannot take your hand," he says, hoarsely. "Good-night!"

And Hugh, after waiting a moment and looking down at him, turns and goes on his way.

CHAPTER XXXV.

The minutes pass, and still Archie sits motionless in the night. The stars have come out now in all their glory, and seem to look down upon the stricken man with mild wonder and pity. He sits, his head resting on his hand, his tortured heart beating with a dull, aching pulsation. To him all the gladness of the earth has become bleak and desolate. From intense happiness—from the ecstasy of hope—from the highest mental pinnacle a man can attain to, he has been hurled into dark despair.

Not until this moment, when he has yielded to another, does he realize how deep and passionate is the love he bears for Dulcie. Even as he sits, she rises before him like a vision. The beautiful face, with all its witchery of ever-changing expression, haunts—ay, almost mocks him. Her voice rings in his ears, the turns of her head—the little ready smile that wreathes the red-curved lips—come before him and torture him.

And yet within his anguished heart he stands firm.

Her happiness before everything, even before his life itself. If that

happiness can only be secured by her marriage with Hugh, then she shall marry him; and he, Archie, the man who has loved her all, through with such devotion as few men are capable, will stand aside, efface himself, and—vanish!

And can he doubt that the old love has awakened? Has he not with his own ears heard her piteous prayer, "Must you go, Hugh?" The words, and more than all the voice in which they were uttered, ring in his ears like the knell to the condemned man.

Oh, Heaven, that it should be so!—that woman should be made so!—that his patient, devout, and devoted love should count as nothing against the passion which the mere sight of Hugh has caused to spring up from his own ashes.

Then pity, pity for her, take the place of more selfish emotion.

"My poor girl, my poor darling!" he murmurs, pitifully. "All the time she has been trying to crush the old love out of her heart—has been trying to like, ay, even love me, while Hugh held her heart in his keeping. And her so much pain in the effort. Thank Heaven, the truth made itself seen before it was too late. If it had come out after—we were married, I could not have borne it; I should have gone mad. And how am I to bear it now?" he groans, covering his eyes with his hands.

Then he starts and shakes himself. "I must—I must bear it!" he says; "I must begin to-night. She must not know anything of what has passed between Hugh and I. She has suffered enough. No word or look of mine shall pain her, by Heaven! No; I shall go home and play my part to the bitter end! Oh, my darling, my darling!"

He rises at last, weakly, staggeringly, like a man weak with a long sickness, and makes his way up to the house.

As he draws near, he hears his uncle's voice loudly declaiming about the coming race, hears his hearty laugh, and the sound makes him shrink within himself.

"I think," he murmurs, with a bitter smile, "that I shall never laugh again. Where can I go? What will become of me? I shall hate the sight of a woman's face, shall never see a girl like her but I shall wish that I were dead."

Then he goes in through the door that in this rural place is always left open, and hangs up his hat in the hall.

As he does so he sees his face in the glass on the umbrella stand, and starts. It is so white and wan and haggard, so marked with heavy lines, that it is rather the face of an old man than the once handsome, debonaire face of Archie Hope, the "beauty" of the clubs.

"This will not do!" he mutters. "To go to her with this hang-dog face would tell too much," and he rings the hall-bell. "Bring me some brandy," he says to the man; and the man, with a little respectful stare at the "young master's" face, brings him the liqueur stand, quite convinced in his own mind that the Cricket has gone lame, or is, perhaps, dead.

Archie waits until the man has gone, then he fills a wine-glass with the brandy and drinks it.

He waits a few moments, until the color has come to his face, and then

he opens the door of the drawing-room.

The earl is standing in his favorite position before the fireless grate, the old lady is seated in her accustomed chair, and Dulcie—his eyes seek her first—is in the shadow, her hands clasped in her lap, her face turned away from them.

"Halloo!" exclaims the earl, rattling the spoon in his glass, "back at last. Well, how goes it? The Cricket—why, what's the matter?" and he stares at the pale face.

"Nothing," says Archie, with a smile.

"You look quite broken up, my boy," says the earl, patting him on the shoulder; "look as if you'd seen a ghost. There's nothing wrong with the horse?"—with sudden alarm.

"There's nothing wrong with the horse," replies poor Archie, his glance wandering to the silent, bent figure in the shadow; "I never saw him look better—never."

"That's all right," says the earl. "Pon my word, by your face I thought something had gone wrong; some hocus pocus, you know. Such things do happen, even in the best regulated stable."

"Not in mine," says Archie. "Every man in the place is to be trusted, indeed, every man, to my knowledge, has backed the horse to the extent of his means."

"I'm glad of it," grunts the earl. "And, my boy, if it all goes right, I think we shall win. I have just left the George"—this is the hotel of Armfield—"and, by jingo! they're quite mad about the affair. There'll be a tremendous gathering; and the betting is heavy odds on our side."

"Is it?" says poor Archie, absently.

"Is it?" echoes the earl, mocking his indifferent tone. "Why, any one

would think you'd lost heart, lad, to hear you!"

"No, I have not lost heart," says Archie, with a smile, and his eyes wander to the silent figure.

"Don't worry the boy, Edward," expostulates the old lady. "I don't wonder at his being tired. The times he's been down to that horrid stable in the day would tire a plow-boy."

(To be Continued.)

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The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from rheumatism but it has all left me. I strongly advise all women who suffer from pain in the back and weak kidneys to try GIN PILLS.

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Some joker or wiseacre has said, "Make the coat and vest first." The wise mother knows it is no joke to get Boys Pants to last, and in fact it is practically an impossibility, as Boys will be boys now, as always, in any pair of Trousers.

We are showing this week a pretty good range of

BOYS' PANTS.

We do not guarantee that they will last any longer than any other Boys' Pants, as we do not feel we could be responsible for these garments for any healthy boy. But these goods are very difficult to get and we want to tell the boy's mother

WE HAVE THEM!

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War News

Messages Received

Previous to 9 A. M.

GERMAN ATTACK REPULSED.

LONDON, Nov. 30.

Strong forces of Germans attacked the British on a wide front in Cambrai sector this morning but were repulsed after heavy fighting in which the attackers sustained great losses according to an official statement tonight. In the region of Comelles enemy entered British positions at several points and penetrated the line for some distance, but later was driven back. The text of the message follows: At eight o'clock this morning, after violent bombardment, the enemy attacked with strong forces on a wide front between Vheudule and Grovceur. (Burliscourt). Shortly after, heavy attacks along a wide front west of Cambrai in the neighborhood of Bourlon Wood and Mesures from Masnières to Wocuvres developed. All enemy attacks have been repulsed after many hours of heavy fighting during which great loss was inflicted on the attacking German infantry by our artillery and machine guns. South of Masnières Village, from the neighborhood of Bonavisto Villiers Guislan, the enemy succeeded in entering our position at different points, and penetrated as far as Lavaquerle and Gouzeaucourt. Our counter attacks have already regained Lavaquerle. We have driven back the enemy from Gouzeaucourt and Range. To the east of the village at other points the enemy advance has been checked. Fighting continued.

HEAVY GERMAN COUNTER ATTACKS.

British Headquarters in France, Nov. 30. (Via Reuter's Ottawa Agency.)—This morning the Germans heavily counter attacked upon a front of several thousand yards from Drebriion to Bourlon Village. In apparent attempt to gain control of the Cambrai railway. The enemy followed our recent tactics, for after quiet night he suddenly put down heavy barrage of gas shells. The latest news indicates that we have driven on back the Huns, and it seems likely that the eviction will be completed by tonight. Incidents such as this we must anticipate, now that we have reverted to open warfare in this sector. The Germans are probably trying to get astride of our lines of communication with the idea of pinching us out from the new salient.

CECIL REFERS TO LANSDOWNE LETTER.

LONDON, Nov. 30.

Lord Robert Cecil, Minister of Blockade, in his weekly talk with the Associated Press to-day, declared emphatically that the Marquis of Lansdowne's letter was not speaking for any important body in England. The letter, he said, is that he spoke only for himself before weighing it. He did not consult or have any communication with any member of the Government and members of the Government read the letter in the paper with as much surprise as anybody. It doesn't represent our views, nor has there been any change or modification in the slightest degree in the war policy of this country. Our policy is still what it always has been and is described by authorized spokesmen of the country, namely, Premier Lloyd George, Bonar Law and Balfour. It has been put in different words by them, but perhaps is better summed up in the recent utterance of Premier Clemenceau. "That the war aim for which we are fighting is victory."

AS WITH BELGIUM.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 30.

All oppressive measures which characterized the German invasion of Belgium and many of the acts of barbarism which revolted the civilized

