

**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, purest 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**

of the brook, and as she seated herself on the mossy bank she looked round, as one views a place rendered familiar and pleasant by associations.

Wherever she went, whatever happened to her in the future, she thought, she should always remember Barton meadows, the clump of elms, the silver brook, and—ah, yes!—the handsome face lying so still and white in her lap.

As she was recalling the scene, dwelling on it with a singular commingling of pleasure and pain, she heard the beat of a horse's hoofs, just as she had heard it the first morning; and Lord Neville came flying over the hedge, a little further from her this time, and still upon his horse, and not upon his head.

He pulled up the animal almost on its haunches, and slipping from the saddle, hurried towards her.

In the second that she raised her eyes she took in, as if by a species of mental photography, the handsome face, with its clear and now eager eyes, the graceful figure, in its suit of gray cords that seemed to be part and parcel of the wearer, and the air—distinguished, patrician, it is so difficult to describe it, which is the birthright of the gentleman—the air which the parvenu, though he count his gold by the million, cannot purchase.

"You have come," he said, raising his hat. "I am so glad, so grateful, Miss Marlowe."

"You would not be, Lord Neville, if you knew how sorry I am to be here," she said, and her wonderful eyes met his ardent gaze steadily and with a gravity that lent a subtle and altogether new charm to her face.

His face fell.

"Sorry?" he said, regretfully.

"Yes," she said; "very, very sorry. Lord Neville, you should not have written me that note. It was wrong."

"Let me tell you," he said, eagerly, pleadingly. "I feared you would say this—"

"I did not intend to come," she said, as if he had not spoken. "I meant to pass the note by unanswered. But it seemed—well, yes, unkind. And I tried to write; but—her brows came together—"I could not please myself. It is so hard to write such a letter for the first time in one's life, and at last I decided to meet you, that I might tell you how wrong you were, and that your note showed me—and so plainly—that we must not meet again; that, in short, Lord Neville, our acquaintance must cease!"

She actually half-rose, as if she were about to leave him then and there; but he put out his hand pleadingly, without daring to touch her, and implored her to wait.

"Don't go—for a moment, only a moment!" he pleaded. "Let me speak in my defence. Do listen to me! I only ask you to listen to me!"

She sank down again slowly, reluctantly, as it seemed, and he threw himself beside her, bending forward, his eyes fixed upon her face, all alight with the ardent desire to turn aside her anger, to melt her coldness.

"Why did you write that note?" she said.

"Why—I was mad!" he said. "Stop—I was mad! I wrote it while I was in the theatre. It was wrong, I know, of course; but I'm not sorry that I wrote it!"

She turned her eyes with surprise and reproach upon him.

"No, I'm not sorry," he said, almost defiantly. "I wrote it during the entr'acte. I'd been watching you and listening to you until I had lost myself, I suppose. Anyhow, I got the piece of paper and wrote on it and put it among the violets, all in a moment, as it were. I felt that I must see you again. Wait! ah, wait and hear me out!" for she had made a movement that seemed to threaten her departure. "I don't know how long I may be here. I may go at any moment—from Barton, I mean; and then, as I thought that I might not see you again for weeks, for months, perhaps—" He stopped, not because he had no words but for breath, and to regain his composure. "I knew you would be angry, but what was I to do? You had forbidden me—well, you hadn't given me permission to call on you—"

She caught her under-lip in her teeth. He was using the argument in his defence which she had used for him in the morning.

"And I thought I would write it. Miss Marlowe, you shall blame me for sending that note to you, for asking you to meet me here. It was wrong, impertinent, whatever you like to call it; but I had a distinct object—"

She did not start, but looked at him

**Get  
Your Digestion  
in Shape**

Many ailments are caused by stomach weakness. Faulty digestion leads to biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, sallow skin and eruptions. Maintain a healthy condition of the stomach and you will get rid of the chief cause of your sufferings. Do not neglect the laws of health. Keep stomach, liver and bowels in order by timely use of

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Plates.**

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Waist 2867, Skirt 2874

This comprises Waist Pattern 2867 and Skirt 2874. In linen, satin, taffeta, serge, or gabardine. One could have the waist of lawn, crepe or batiste, silk or satin, and the skirt of contrasting material.

The waist is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

The Skirt is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 will require 3 yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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**In Boys' Lighter Underwear**

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BOYS' NATURAL BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS, at 55c. each.

BOYS' STANFIELD NATURAL CASHMERE SHIRTS and DRAWERS.

CHILDREN'S STANFIELD NATURAL CASHMERE COMBINATIONS & SLEEPING SUITS.

**HENRY BLAIR**

**For Love  
of a Woman;**

OR,  
**New Romeo  
and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XI.  
LOVE'S SUBTLE SPELL.

"I—I—" he said, uncertainly, "I don't think I'll tell you to-night, Doris. It will keep. I'm not certain that it would make you happier. I'm half-inclined to think that it would only make you miserable. No, I won't tell you. Go to bed, and forget—"

He stopped.

"Forget that pleasure-seeking gentleman in the box, Jeffrey?" she said, with a smile.

His face darkened, and the hand that rested on the table clenched tightly.

"You saw him? You saw him!" he said, with suppressed fury. "Remember him, Doris! He is a villain—a scoundrel! He is your—and my—greatest enemy."

"That smiling, fair-haired gentleman?" she said.

"One may smile and smile and then be a villain, Doris," he said, quoting Hamlet.

"And you won't tell me who he is and all about him, Jeffrey?"

"Not to-night," he said, knitting his brows. "Go to bed, Doris. Some other time—"

She touched his forehead with her lips, and stole away from him quietly, and went upstairs.

She slept little that night. The roar

of the crowded theatre seemed to force its way into the white, little room, and with it mingled Jeffrey's strange words hinting at some fraud, and the words of Lord Cecil Neville's note.

The morning broke clear and bright, and she came down looking rather pale and grave.

Jeffrey ate his breakfast almost in silence, and there was no trace of last night's emotions on his broad brow. As was usual with him, he went down to the theatre directly after breakfast, and Doris was left alone.

The time had now arrived in which she must decide what she must do respecting Lord Neville's note.

She opened her writing-case, and, after sitting before it for half an hour, wrote an answer in which she declined a meeting with him; and it gave her satisfaction for a few minutes, at the end of which she—tore it up!

No answer could she pen—and she tried hard—seemed satisfactory. Some were too familiar, others too stiff and haughty.

"I shall have to see him!" he murmured, at last, as if in despair, "for the last time."

A thrill of regret ran through her at the words; they sounded so sad and significant.

Trying to frame some form in which she could speak to him, she made her way to the meadows, and as she went the beauty of the spring morning seemed to take to itself a new and strange loveliness, and, notwithstanding her difficult task, the thought that she was going to meet him again filled her with a vague, indescribable sensation that half-pleased, half-troubled her.

All the place was silent save for the singing of the birds and the babbling

for a moment with faint surprise, then looked at the brook.

"I wanted to tell you something," he said, not so smoothly or glowing now, but with a sudden gravity in his voice, an intensity in the expression of his eyes that ought to have warned her; but it did not, for she looked at him with calm surprise. "It will sound sudden to you—sudden and abrupt, I daresay. I—I can't help it. It seems sudden to me, and yet sometimes I feel as if I had known you for years—all my life. Miss Marlowe, when a man finds that the face and the voice of a girl are haunting him day and night, that he cannot drive them out of his head for half a minute, when he is only happy when he is near her and altogether wretched when he is away from her, there is only one explanation; he is in love with that girl. I am in love with you!"

The blood rushed to Doris's face, then left it white to the lips.

She drew her eyes from his slowly and sat mute and motionless.

"I love you!" he said, bending a little nearer to her, the words fraught with the intensity—and the truth with the intensity—and the truth all my heart and soul!" He drew a long breath. "That is why I wrote to you, that is what I had to say to you—wait a moment, I know what you are going to say—perhaps you are going to laugh. For Heaven's sake, don't; for this is a serious business for me!"

She made a slight gesture of negation.

"No, forgive me—I was wrong! You would not laugh! But I know what you will say—that I have only seen you a few times, that I have only spoken to you on two occasions. Well, I know. Do you think I haven't told myself all that? I have—a hundred times; but it doesn't alter the fact. I do love you. I know that, and that's about all I know of it." His deep, musical voice was tremulous for a moment, but he mastered it. "And I don't wonder at it. Where is the man with half a heart in his bosom who wouldn't love you? I have never seen anyone so beautiful—half so beautiful—"

She moved her hand as if to silence him; but he went on:

"And I've sat for hours fascinated, feeling my heart drawn out of me by your face, your voice. Why, look how you move the rest of the people at the theatre, and think what it must mean to me, who loved you the very first time I saw you. Ah, Miss Marlowe—Doris—let me call you Doris for once!—if I could only tell you how dearly and truly and passionately I love you! But I can't. I know it's no use. Who am I that you should feel anything but amusement—"

(to be continued.)

**A GOOD COVER-ALL APRON.**



2589—This style is especially nice for gingham, percale, alpaca and brilliantine. The front is cut in panel shape and forms deep pockets over the sides.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42, and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

کتاب متوج لادسانیه

**New Relief For Constipation,  
"LES FRUITS"**



Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us. They also agree that the constant use of any drug for the relief of constipation is exceedingly unwise—unwise for two reasons. First, a drug constantly used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandria leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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203 WATER STREET.

**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



(to be continued.)

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**NOTICE**

TO CORRESPONDENTS!

Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their real names, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith. In future no correspondence will be considered unless this rule is adhered to.



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