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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT., MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXII.
At the Altar.

"I am glad you like them," and as Bessie passed near she called her, and was giving the bouquet and bracelet to her, when Mary exclaimed:

"Oh, Oily, dear! How can you part with it, even for a moment! I mean to keep mine beside my plate and stare at it all breakfast-time."

And Olivia, with a faint smile of resignation, retained the bouquet and walked toward the house.

His lordship the bishop would have been rather surprised if he could have seen the bridegroom at that moment, for Mr. Bartley Bradstone looked anything but happy.

He, too, had lain awake and listened perforce to the record of the slowly moving hours, and all night he had seen the defiant, mocking face of the woman called Bella, and he heard the scornful tones of her voice.

He had promised to meet her at four o'clock, and he lay there and cursed himself and her, for he knew that she dared not break the promise. Four o'clock and the wedding was to take place at two. How should he manage to get away from the party and keep this appointment? For hours he tossed and fro, scheming and planning, the mocking face of the woman dancing before him. He must slip away somehow, if only for half an hour.

Now and again a shudder of terror ran through him, and he sat up and shook as if with some horrible fear. Then he would fling himself down again, wiping the perspiration from his forehead and muttering: "No, I'll go through with it. It's too late to draw back now."

When his valet came to him at nine, he found his master looking, as he expressed it afterward, "like a man who had been drinking all night," and Bartley Bradstone bore out the resemblance by ordering a soda-and-brandy, which he took with a hot and shaking hand.

Then he went downstairs and drank a cup of coffee, and made a pretense of eating some breakfast; but the face of the woman hovered between him and the dish the butler handed to him, and his throat seemed dry and parched.

After breakfast he went into the library, and unlocking the safe which he had so delicately pointed out to his tool—Mr. Mowle—he got out a cash-box, and counting out two hundred pounds in notes, placed them in his pocket-book. As he was putting the cash-box back he pushed some small heavy article from a shelf, and picking it up, saw that it was a revolver.

It was one of the silver-plated toys which nearly every man possesses, but, for all its smallness, it was dead-

ly and dangerous.

He held it in his hot hand, looking down at it absently for a minute or two; then he tossed it back into the safe with a suddenness and force that made the iron side ring again, and shut the door with a clang.

Then he packed and sent off the bouquets, and, taking up his hat, walked into the garden and stood watching the groom as he rode down the road toward the Grange.

He stood a long time looking in the direction of the village with a half-fearful, dreading gaze, then turned and paced about the grounds, but always returned toward the gate and his nervous watchfulness of the road; and the face of the woman still danced mockingly before his eyes.

One o'clock struck, and with a start he went back to the house. Luncheon was laid. He made no pretense of eating this time, but tossed off a glass of brandy-and water, and, going upstairs sent for his valet.

The man appeared with the wedding garments, and dressed his master in the regulation blue frock-coat and lilac trousers.

For once Bartley Bradstone seemed quite indifferent to the effect produced by his clothes, and stared at the glass with lack-lustre eyes.

He scarcely spoke, took the handkerchief and his various rings and jewelry from the man without a word, and when he had left the room, sank into a chair and let his head drop on his breast, his eyes fixed with a strange expression upon the carpet.

A quarter of an hour afterward the valet came in again.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," he said.

Bartley Bradstone looked up with a start, and the valet, who hated him—as all the servants did—glanced at his white face curiously.

"Shall I get you something before you start, sir?" he said.

"No—yes," was the response. "Get me a glass of champagne. Bring it here. And"—he hesitated a moment—"and ask the butler if any one has been here this morning. Any man—or woman—to see me," he added, with assumed carelessness.

The man came back with the champagne.

"No one has been, sir."

Bartley Bradstone drank the wine and drew a long breath.

"It's fearfully hot," he said; "and I had a bad night. If—if any one should come, tell her—I mean him—that I will see him later in the day."

"Yes, sir," said the man; "any name?"

Bartley Bradstone interrupted him with a curse.

"Just do as I tell you, will you?" he said, angrily. "That's enough for you to do!"

Then, pushing past him, he went downstairs.

As his foot was on the step of the brougham he paused, stood for a moment or two looking at the ground, then turned, and, re-entering the

house, went into the library.

He came out again almost immediately, and, getting into the carriage, was driven to the church.

A crowd had collected round the ivy-covered porch, and lined the path to the church door. All the villagers were in their Sunday best, and some of the young men had spent the early morning in decking the road with flags and banners.

As the brougham pulled up there was a stir of excitement, and when Bartley Bradstone got out a cheer rose, but it was forced and faint, and his appearance did not increase the enthusiasm.

"D—n me, if he don't look as if he was going to be hanged instead of wed," said one man, in an almost audible whisper.

He looked around him with a sickly smile, and with the restless suspicion more marked than ever in his glance, and, just raising his hat, went into the church. The clergyman and the clerk were in the vestry, and the latter greeted him with the stereotyped remarks:

"The bridegroom first! Quite right, Mr. Bradstone. Ah! here they are! The bells are just starting. What a lovely morning! 'Happy is the bride,' etc.," he and he laughed.

Bartley Bradstone went to the door, stood a moment till the first carriage came rushing up, then returned to the vestry and paced up and down.

Other carriages followed, the little room began to fill, and guests were taking their places in the pews near the altar.

Bartley Bradstone shook hands with one and another, and a faint flush began to rise on his face; but it still looked haggard and anxious, and several times the remark which the man in the crowd had made was echoed by the young fellows who envied him.

Presently a cheer, loud and hearty, burst from the crowd outside, and the bishop, with a bland smile, said:

"The bride."

A moment afterward, amidst still more cheering and cries of "God bless you, Miss Olivia!" the square entered, with the bride on his arm.

There was an instantaneous movement toward them, and amidst the excited whispering they entered the vestry. She carried in her hand the bouquet he had sent; but the snow-like flowers were not whiter than her face, and she clung to her father's arm with a clasp which seemed as if it could never be loosened.

With downcast eyes she stood for a moment, scarcely seeming to breathe, more like a lovely statue than a living woman; then Bartley Bradstone, who had been standing in the center of a group, came toward her.

"Have you got what I sent you?" he said in a low voice.

She raised her eyes and looked at him as if she scarcely heard him.

"Do you mean this?" she said, raising the bouquet.

"Yes, and inside it," he said.

She looked at him as if she did not yet understand, and, taking the flowers from her hand, he parted them and showed her an envelope lying half hidden in their midst.

"You did not examine it very closely," he whispered, with an attempt at a smile. "Open it; come this way."

Slowly, reluctantly, she drew her arm from her father's and followed him. Those near delicately drew back and moved away, leaving the two alone. She opened the envelope and looked at the paper it had inclosed.

It was a formal acknowledgment of fifty thousand pounds having been paid into the Wainford Bank in her name.

For a second, a second only, the deep pallor of her face changed, and her lips quivered, and with a look—not at him, but at her father—she thrust the paper in the bosom of her dress.

"Are you satisfied?" he whispered, bending over her as if to look at the bouquet.

Her lips opened, but no sound came; and, with the same vacant expression in the lovely eyes, she got away from him to the protection of her father's arm again.

"Are we all—or—ready?" asked the smooth voice of the bishop.

"Quite ready," said Bartley Bradstone, his voice sounding harsh and dry.

The bishop inclined his head, and

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There are two great causes of biliousness—they are constipation and defective liver action.

When Dr. Hamilton's Pills are taken, they not only correct constipated bowels, but act upon the liver as well.

Quite unlike ordinary medicines which purge and give temporary relief, Dr. Hamilton's Pills remove the conditions which cause biliousness, and thus permanent cures are effected. No person who occasionally uses Dr. Hamilton's Pills will ever suffer from the headache, bad stomach or bilious complaint. Get a 25c. box today.

The procession started for the altar.

White to the lips, with the look in her eyes of one from whom all that life holds of good or bad had passed forever, Olivia stood and uttered her marriage vows.

Only once throughout the ceremony did she show any sign of feeling or of life itself, and that was when Bartley Bradstone's hand took hers. Then, unseen by any one but himself, a shudder ran through her, causing the hand he held to shake as if with palsy. It was only for a moment; the next she was the statue again, and she walked with firm, unflinching steps down the church to the vestry.

There was the usual crowd round the register, every one being anxious to sign, but the business was accomplished at last, and with her arm in her husband's, Olivia passed out of the church.

They stood for a second at the door. The air blazed down upon them and the cheering crowd, and Bartley Bradstone put up his hand to screen his eyes, and looked round upon the excited people. As he did so his restless, suspicious glance fell upon what he expected: there in the second rank of the living lane stood the woman whose face had haunted him all the past night and all the morning, and even as he stood beside his bride at the altar.

With her hands on her hips, her black eyes all aglow with mocking derision, she stood and stared at him. As his eyes met hers she broke into a laugh that seemed to him to ring above the din of the cheers, and, pushing herself into the front rank, stooped and snatched up some flowers which had been thrown on the path.

"Here's wishing you and your bride every happiness, Mr. Bradstone!" she shouted, and flung the flowers in his face. Then, with a laugh, she slipped back again, and was lost in the crowd.

(To be Continued.)

Got His Answer.

An inquisitive gentleman, riding in a Belt Line car in Toronto, noticed that a man opposite him carried upon his knees a small black box of somewhat peculiar construction.

The inquisitive one eyed it furtively for a brief while, then, unable to restrain his curiosity, he leaned forward and remarked:

"You seem to take great care of that box, sir. May I ask what it contains?"

"Certainly. It contains a mongoose," was the reply.

"Oh, indeed," exclaimed the other, his curiosity still unsatisfied. "A mongoose! And pray what is that, sir?"

"Well, the fact is," explained the owner of the box, lowering his voice, "I have got a friend who has got delirium tremens, and he fancies he sees snakes. Now, the mongoose, you know, kills snakes, so I am taking it to him."

"Dear me!" cried the surprised recipient of this piece of information. "But—but—here he thought hard for several seconds—"but surely you do not want a real mongoose to kill imaginary snakes?"

"Of course not," was the reply. "This is only an imaginary mongoose."

A delicious grape punch is made with lemon and orange juice, grape juice and shredded fresh pineapple. One may combine these ingredients to any proportion one prefers, but the entire mixture should stand some hours to ripen.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

UP-TO-DATE AND BECOMING.



Waist—1810. Skirt—1811.

This stylish model is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern 1810 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1811. As here shown, gabardine in a pretty shade of gray was used. The waist fronts are full over the centre, and join shaped sides pieces. The skirt has broad front and back panels, to which yoke sections are joined, which are lengthened by full pieces over the sides. The sleeve has a deep shaped cuff, which may be finished with a flaring frill. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. It will require 7 yards of 44 inch material for the entire dress for a medium size. The skirt measures about 4 1/2 yards at the foot.

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.

A SMART STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



1794—Juniors' Dress.

This model could be finished with-out the poplin, and may have a sleeve in wrist or elbow length, as preferred. The waist is made with a broad panel at the centre front and the neck is finished with a rolled collar. The skirt is a five-gore model, with plaits at the front panel. Striped sitting is here shown, with trimming of white linen. The dress is also nice for linen, poplin, repp, tub silk, tulle, gabardine and serge. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 14-years size.

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Address in full:—
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We offer for this month our Entire Stock of Trout and Salmon Tackle at practically cost during this month. Now is the time to lay in a good stock as all these lines are being rapidly advanced by the makers.

- \$1.50 Rods at \$1.13
 - \$2.00 Rods at \$1.50
 - \$3.00 Rods at \$2.25
 - 50c. Reels at 40c.
 - 75c. Reels at 55c.
 - \$1.00 Reels at 75c.
 - \$1.50 Reels at \$1.13
- 25, 40, 60c., \$1.00 & \$1.50 Waterproof Lines at 19, 30, 45c., 75c. and \$1.10.
- Single and Twisted Gut Cast Lines, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c., at 12c. to 45c. each.
- 5, 7 and 10c. Superior Named Fly Hooks at 45, 60 and 90c. per dozen.
- Named Salmon Flies, 25, 30 and 50c., at 19, 22 and 35c. each.
- Fly Books, 50, 90c., \$1.20 and \$1.50, offered at 40, 70, 95c. and \$1.20.
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- Hooks to single and double gut. Regular 15 to 60c., offered at 12 to 40c. dozen.
- Landing Nets, Straps, Rod Tops, Floats and all other lines marked right down.
- 250 gross Deep Sea Fish Hooks, all sizes, offered at cost to clear.

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Pork, Beef, Jowls.

Spare Ribs at \$19.00 brl. or 10 lbs. for \$1.00.

Molasses—1st runnings.

Tea, Sugar, Kero Oil.

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Our ECLIPSE TEA is the best in Newfoundland at 45c. lb.

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Fountain and Stylographic Pens!

We have a large stock of both. The Fountain Pens priced from 25c. to \$6.00, and the Stylos from 55c. to \$17.50 each.

The "Beaver" Fountain Pen, 25c., 35c. and 70c. each.

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The "Falcon" Fountain Pen, 45c.

The "B. & H." Self-Filling Fountain, fitted with Gold Pen. Prices \$1.75 and \$2.50.

The "Tomco" Fountain Pen, a pen of superior writing qualities, fitted with 14K Gold Pen. Price \$5.00.

The "Onoto", a self-filler, built to last a lifetime, \$4.50 each; gold band, \$5.50.

STYLO PENS.

The "British Bulldog", 55c.

The "Scotch Collie", in mottled vulcanite, 75c.

The "St. Bernard", large ink holding capacity, 95c.

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The "Spaniel", 95c., and others up to \$1.75 each.

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NEW GRASS CANADIAN BUTTER. (Wholesale and Retail).

A few Cases FRESH EGGS, large size.

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Just arrived, 7th July,
Choice Cargo Screened North Sydney Coal.

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Anthracite Coal
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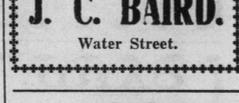
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A Cigar for the Smoker of a HIGH-GRADE TOBACCO—only the finest selected leaf being used Rolled up anyhow, and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

In drums, 100s each, \$5.00 per drum.

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Pork, Beef, Jowls.

Spare Ribs at \$19.00 brl. or 10 lbs. for \$1.00.

Molasses—1st runnings.

Tea, Sugar, Kero Oil.

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A few Cases FRESH EGGS, large size.

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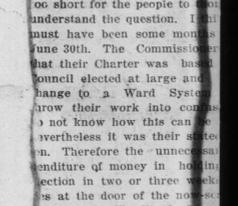
THE WARD ELECTION

Several comments have been made on the extravagance of having an approaching election to determine the people want to return the Ward System in Municipal Council. It is right that the blame should rest on the proper authorities. The suggestion for a plebiscite from the Citizens' Committee are many who favor the Ward System, but this suggestion asks a question be put to the people. The suggestion for a plebiscite was held on June 30th, and not that rate election be held. This is not acceptable to the Select Committee or rather, they took the advice of the Commissioners who thought the public would get the message, or in any case, the message short for the people to understand the question. It must have been some months ago June 30th. The Commissioners that their Charter was based on council elected at large and change to a Ward System. How their work into commission do not know how this can be, nevertheless it was their system. Therefore the "unnecessary" expenditure of money in holding a plebiscite in two or three weeks at the door of the non-commission. The Ward System deals to me as an improvement election at large. Let us spend a minute if our House of Assembly were elected at large and we had a vote for 35 members. I think that in this case we could receive the care and attention that it does now? Can we at some of the Districts have a vote in two or three weeks? all? Now our members' house are not elected plebiscite after the interests of the facts, but to act for the good colony. Nevertheless their attention to one portion of the highly desirable and necessary members form links of chain and by each keeping the good repair, the whole chain is strong.

Now in the City, is it not the World it not be simpler, can better to have one man around one-sixth of the City, telling its needs, than to have roaming around the whole city much, and perhaps too many anything. A Ward Council get in touch with his people.

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Effect of Nerviline on Chronic Cases Is Almost Magical.

Exposure to wet or cold is apt to bring on an attack. The muscles stiffen, the joints swell, and exertion brings on excruciating twinges. Often the pain shifts from one part to another, and this is dangerous, as the heart is apt to be attacked. Death as a rule follows a heart attack. The pain of rheumatism is quickly rubbed away with Nerviline. This is a swift, lasting and safe way to cure rheumatism. You can depend on Nerviline. It has the power, the penetrating force, the control over pain that is so essential to a rheumatic remedy.

Loss of testimony to prove Nerviline's certainty to cure.

The following letter is from Mr. E. G. Sautter, Port of Spain, Trinidad:

"Last year I was severely troubled with rheumatism. I had it in my arms, shoulders and knees. The pain was at times excruciating, and I laid me up so that I couldn't work. I went to Smith Brothers' Drug Store and was advised by the manager to use 'Nerviline.' That was excellent advice. I used Nerviline as directed and was cured, completely cured of every trace of my old enemy."

Once you use Nerviline you'll realize it's different from all the others—that it contains something that gets right "at" the pain the minute you rub it on. The large 50 cent family size is the most economical—get it dry, or else the 25 cent trial size. Sold by dealers everywhere.

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CURES CHRONIC WHEEZING, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH OF THE LUNGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
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CURES CHRONIC WHEEZING, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH OF THE LUNGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.
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