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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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NO ALUM **E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.** **MADE IN CANADA**
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A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XLII

Maida did so, the tears running down her face. He drew a long breath and closed his eyes; but his mind was wandering again and she heard him murmur:

"Not one penny—I won't touch a penny of it! It was his, right enough; and if it weren't, I wouldn't rob them two sweet girls of his."

Then he was silent and seemed to sleep. Heroncourt hearing that the voices had stopped, came in softly.

"Oh, must I go?" said Maida, wistfully. "I may come again?"

She followed Heroncourt into the sitting room, wiping her eyes, and still with all her mind fixed on the injured man.

"He is very ill, indeed, is he not?" she asked, anxiously. "You do not think he is going to—?"

Heroncourt shook his head gravely. "He is very ill," he said. "Sir Jeremiah thinks the case a serious one. Yes, I fear he may die."

Maida lent her hand on the table, her head bent; and he looked at her uncertainly for a moment; then he said:

"Yes, I think I ought to tell you. He has made a will, leaving everything of which he is possessed to you and Carrie."

Maida uttered a faint cry.

"Oh, no, no!" she said.

"Why not?" said Heroncourt. "He has always refused to touch the money; he has neither wife nor child. He has done the right thing. It would make him very unhappy if you refused to accept the money."

"But—but he will not die, he must not die," said Maida, in great distress. "Surely Sir Jeremiah—"

As she spoke, Baxter admitted the great doctor. He stared at Maida and Carrie, then his rugged face softened with a smile.

"Ah, ha!" he said. "My little patient, Miss Carrington! Why, it's you, then?" He looked at Heroncourt and shook his finger waggishly. "Only a lovers' quarrel, eh? And I see you've made it up. Quite right, quite right! Plenty of time to quarrel after you've married."

It was an awkward and a trying moment. Maida was crimson; Carrie was biting her lip, and Heroncourt stood bolt upright like a soldier on parade. Sir Jeremiah knit his brows and looked from one to the other, puzzled by their confusion.

"Miss Carrington is a friend of Mr. Purley's," said Heroncourt. "She has come to see him. He was an old friend of her father's."

Sir Jeremiah put his head on one side and thought for a moment; then he burst out with:

"Carrington—Purley. Ah, yes! I remember. Coburn the lawyer—he's a patient of mine—was telling me all about it the other day. Most extraordinary case! You two girls made over the money to this man Purley, because you thought he had a right to it, and he refused to take it,

and bolted so that you shouldn't make him. Fancy a man trying to escape from a fortune! Most ridiculous! But I hope you've thought better of it, eh?"

"Purley has cut the Gordian knot," said Heroncourt, quietly. "He has made a will in favour of the Miss Carringtons."

"Eh? Oh, he has, has he? And he means to die to give it force? I see. By George! the little man has been too many for you, after all. I never heard of such a case. The idea of a man persisting in dying so as to restore money that he considers he has no right to!"

Maida was now pale again, pale with something like horror, and Carrie had cried out, with a like horror.

"But I say, you know, this won't do," said Sir Jeremiah. "You're robbing me of a patient. Yes, that's what you're doing amongst you! How the devil—I beg your pardon! but you may thank your stars that I didn't say something worse—how am I to pull this man through, if he has made up his mind to die? It's a kind of hysteria, and I'm quite helpless, if you don't help me."

Maida wrung her hands.

"Oh, how can I help you?" she murmured, almost inaudibly. "What can I do?"

"Do?" he said, impatiently. "Why, accept the poor man's money, or a part of it, at any rate. You take an old man's advice—no, it's not disinterested, mind you, for I'm thinking of my patient—go upstairs to this man Purley and save his life. Go up and tell him that you'll take the money, come to terms with him, sacrifice that wretched conscience of yours and make him and—"

He glanced at Heroncourt with a grim smile—"everybody else happy, yourself included. Take her up, my lord. God bless my soul, I should have thought you would have had sense enough to know the right thing to do. Off with you, both of you!"

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, half-hypnotised by the strong-willed doctor, Maida went up the stairs and into the bedroom, and Heroncourt, as mechanically, followed her.

Purley was awake, and turned his head as they entered, and welcomed her with a faint smile. Maida took his hand and clasped it in her trembling one.

"His lordship's told you about the will?" he said.

"Yes," said Maida; "but—" she looked up at Heroncourt pleadingly. "Oh, tell him, please tell him!"

Heroncourt went to the other side of the bed and stood irresolute for a moment; then he said:

"Miss Carrington has come to tell you, Purley, that she does not approve of the will; that it is not necessary for you to make it. She has changed her mind about the money. She and her sister will take a portion of it."

(To be Continued.)

The Sound of Wedding Bells

OR

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER I

"Dulcie! Dulcie!"

But it requires something more powerful in the way of voice than Mrs. Fermor possesses to travel from the big, bare room to the balcony over which the said Dulcie leans. For underneath that balcony, and along the whole length of the Via Mater rolls in wild madness the Carnival procession, and competing with Mrs. Fermor's thin voice is the din of a vast multitude, the bray of a dozen bands, the fanfare of trumpets, and the loud, unrestrained laughter rising from a thousand throats.

Rome! Mistress of the World, is holding her annual festival. She has donned motley, and is making

merry in the grand old picturesque fashion as only Rome can. The laughter has no faint echo of sadness, as in northern climes; the multitudinous hues are fresh and gay, unstained by rain or mud, as they would be in England; the music is sparkling and effervescent; and above all, the many-headed is light-hearted.

In an apparently never ending line the crowd passes under the balcony—peasant and prince; the parti-colored suit of a harlequin jostling against the trailing robe of a mediaeval king; rows of carriages, handsomely appointed, and filled with revelers clad in costumes of silks and satins of antique shape, and some with graceful forms of women half hidden under the black domino or cloak, and with the dainty mask tilted upon the nose; bands of singing boys, dancing as they sing; peasant girls from the plains in their pretty dresses; and ever and anon a stately friar, wisely smiling at the harmless mirth of his children, and countenance with his dignified presence their season of holiday.

Every now and then a cloud of little sweetmeats darkens the air, as they are thrown from some fair hand at a passer by who has been recognized under his disguise as a friend. Every now and then a handful of flowers, sweet-scented and gorgeous, falls on the heads of the revelers from some balcony where a bevy of fair women challenge attention.

Music, laughter, happiness everywhere; Italians, English, Americans, all joining in the fun, and not a single discord in the whole harmony. Yes, it is wonderful. Imagine a similar scene in England and its consequences, and acknowledge that, at least, they know how to make carnival at Rome. And in this the nineteenth century, in this our present day.

It is little wonder that the girl who leans on the balcony, her fair face flushed with excitement, her dark eyes glittering with amusement and girlish delight, is deaf to the thin voice from within. She, like the rest, wears a domino, if that can be said to be worn which lies almost at her feet, and her left hand holds a mask, not so completely over her face but that many a passer-by throws up an admiring glance and a musical greeting "belle English."

And she is worth both glance and greeting. Rome, not even Rome herself, holds, in this time of her carnival, a more beautiful face than Dulcie Dorrmore's. A clear clean-cut oval, with dark eyes, fringed by long black lashes, red curving lips, which one watches and listens to, even before one hears the voice; long, heavily drawn brows, and a wealth of hair that displays itself even in the light thick coils which nestle at the back of the shapely head. Add to this a mobility and power of expression which has belonged to the Dorrmore, male and female, since the first of their race, and the picture is as complete as a good pen can make it. To say that she is graceful and tall is a bald way of describing the lithe figure, full of the beauty of youth and health. So much for her outward form, the inner she shall herself reveal.

The balcony upon which she stands is one belonging to the Hotel de Palazzo de Vinci, a hotel much favored by the English visitors, and to which, to use her aunt, Mrs. Fermor's plaintive expression, she has dragged that said aunt from dull, though comfortable quarters, in an English provincial town.

It is the girl's first visit to the Continent—it is almost her first outing, for it is only lately that she has become, so to speak, her own mistress, and she is in the full ardor of her first impressions, intoxicated with delights of novelty and change.

"Dulcie!" for the fourth time the plaintive voice calls out; and then Mrs. Fermor rises from her couch, pulls her shawl around her, and comes slowly on to the balcony.

(To be Continued.)

When washing neckwear the addition of ammonia or borax to the water will make articles white.

Tomatoes filled with minced pineapple, celery and chopped nuts mixed with mayonnaise are delicious.

Pack glass and china in hay that is slightly damp. This will prevent the articles from slipping about.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates

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

A SMART AND POPULAR MODEL.



2085—This design is especially attractive in wash fabrics, but will also develop nicely in silk, serge, gabardine and other woolen fabrics. It is made in "jumper" style, with closing on the shoulders. The gump or underwaist is separate and may be of contrasting material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 2 yards for the gump and 3 yards for the dress, for a 6-year size, in 27-inch material.

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

A NEW AND POPULAR STYLE.



2172—This model is both comfortable and practical. The fronts are turned back to form revers and meet a broad shaped collar. Broadcloth, cheviot, velour, zibeline, velvet, corduroy, satin, silk and serge may be used for this style.

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 Medium will require 6 1/4 yards of 48-inch material.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

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Stafford's Liniment cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains. aug16,17

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See our window display for some magnificent values offering in our line of LADIES' BLOUSES at 50c. each only. This lot comprises Ladies' White Embroidered, Lawn and Muslin Blouses, Fancy Coloured and Black Blouses. This is the BIG LINE but we have many others.

WE ARE GIVING

20 per cent. Discount

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ALSO FOR

LADIES' WHITE & COLORED UNDERSKIRTS of all kinds, LADIES' WHITE EMBROIDERED CAMISOLES, COMBINATIONS and KNICKERS, LADIES' WHITE EMBROIDERED NIGHTDRESSES.

Henry Blair

WE are still showing a splendid selection of :

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The Evening Telegram
 is the People's Paper.



as lingerie. But are so moderate in luxury of a new

Price from

EVERY

Marsh

N. I. W. A.

Discuss Vehicular Traffic and the Prices.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Industrial Workers' Association last night President Bennett presided and quite a large number of members attended.

A preliminary report in connection with the recent shipment of goods presented and a detailed report was issued next week.

A lengthy discussion in relation to motor driving took place and the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"Whereas, a number of accidents have lately occurred due to the number in which vehicles are being driven on the public streets and highways; and whereas, pedestrians are being undoubtedly prior right to the public thoroughfares;

And whereas, it is the desire of this Association that the members have been somewhat lax in enforcing the laws relating to vehicular traffic;

Be it resolved, that this Association strongly urges upon the members the necessity of strict enforcement of the laws in this regard for the protection of all pedestrians, and recommends that plain clothes be supplied with stop watches for the purpose of bringing to justice the drivers against the speed laws."

The announcement made by manufacturers of butterine that a cent increase per pound would be placed on that article brought about a loud protest from the Industrial Workers, and a committee was appointed to draft a resolution to be presented against the action of the manufacturers. The committee subsequently submitted the following resolution which was approved:

"Whereas the manufacturers of butterine products have notified the public of an increase of four cents per pound immediately;

And whereas, this substance is the place of butter to a very great extent among the industrial classes;

And whereas, the manufacturers propose that said increase is due to increased cost of raw material;

Be it resolved, that this Association vigorously protests against such an advance in price without sufficient reasons therefor being plainly stated and requests that the Board of Control make an immediate investigation into the whole matter and such steps as may be necessary to safeguard the interests of the consumer;

Be it further resolved that this resolution be forwarded to the Press for publication."

CERTAIN

PAY

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GEO. M.