

ASSURES SUCCESSFUL BAKING

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES THE WHITEST LIGHTEST



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

CONTAINS NO ALUM

Guaranteed to be made exclusively from the ingredients specified on the label.

Your Grocer sells it. Costs no more than the ordinary kinds.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, CANADA. MADE IN CANADA. Winnipeg Montreal

Deceived AND Disowned BUT True as Steel!

CHAPTER XXXV. HAPPINESS BEYOND WORDS.

"Olive, I—dared not to speak to you before; I was unworthy to even dream of you; yet others as unworthy have dared to approach you. I can bear this suspense no longer. I love you more dearly than life itself. Will you give me hope?"

Olive's eyes were cast down, so he could not read his answer there. "Think of the years," he continued, "the bitter years that have passed since, even in your childhood, I looked upon you and loved you. I have thought of you, and you alone; I have enshrined you in my heart. Ah! don't make my life more barren than it has ever been. Don't send me away with no hope that you love me in return."

He stopped and looked into her face, now returned to him. It wore the same tense look of adoration with which she had gazed on him as a child, so dazzling him by her childish loveliness that he had fallen. But now he was to fall no more; for she half turned to him, and with a cry of joy he gathered her in his arms; and Olive Seymour's heart went out to him who, no matter how lowly his position, had ever been her lord.

For a time there was silence—a lover's silence that is broken at last by the interchange of memories, mutual pleasures and regrets. The hours went on unheeded, till presently Olive started up, a look of pain in her eyes.

And the worst is Yet to Come



Valley to replace his defalcations.

Luckily for Reuben, the fund of gold seemed to be inexhaustible, and from the labored account that he received from Jen and his mates, they were fairly on the road to becoming, if not millionaires, yet at least very wealthy men. This enabled Reuben to pay back to Sir Edwin all the sums of money he had handed over to John Verner. It was found, too, that no money had been invested in the companies which Sir Edwin had believed to have failed; in his eagerness to trust Verner, he had handed the checks to him, and he, in his turn, had put the money in his own uses. Reuben had great difficulty in getting the old man to take back the money, but finally overcame his scruples with the aid of Olive.

To their intense surprise old Wynter and Sir Edwin became boon companions; and the latter's knowledge of theatrical matters soon threatened to swamp his interest in agriculture, while both seemed to have taken a fresh lease of life.

Reuben also had to make friends with the county people, who had been estranged by his romantic history. Yet of them all, one alone was missing whom he longed to meet—that one was Lord Cravenden.

Reuben knew of his safe arrival in England, and both Olive and himself had been deeply thankful for they had both believed him dead. The story of his romantic marriage had also reached them, and this was a source of gratitude to Olive, who felt now that she had not ruined his life. Reuben had told her of the rescue, and they both looked forward to seeing Lord Cravenden; but the happy pair still tarried on at Cravenden Hall, in Gloucestershire; and were not returning to the Manor House, at Falcot, for some time. Reuben would have written; but he had no idea of the friendship that Lord Cravenden had felt for him, and he was loath to let himself be known as "Digger Jack;" he feared the fuss that Lord Cravenden might make of him for having saved his life. The recognition was bound to come in time, and account would have to be rendered as to his share in the Golden Valley; but Reuben put it off as long as possible.

(To be Continued.)

"Oh, Reu," she said quickly, "what of Morgan? He can't force me to marry him even now, can he? What shall I do if—"

"My darling!" whispered her lover, "don't give him another thought. All the past is dead and gone with him." Then, very gently, he told her of Morgan's death, and though shocked and grieved at its suddenness, Olive could hardly restrain a feeling of relief though she blamed herself for her callousness. Had she been kinder to him— But at this Reuben rebelled, and drove away her lingering doubts forever.

They made their way together to the house, where they found Sir Edwin, blissfully engaged in planning out the future of the Grange and Bingleigh. His surprise at their news was so obviously overdone that Olive laughingly declared that he was glad to be rid of her; and it was a happy trio that centered back over the downs to tell the news afresh to Wynter—the old man who had brought them together; and who would have yielded up his life that Reuben might escape from death.

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE WEDDING DAY.

IT was arranged that the wedding should take place in about six weeks' time. Reuben flatly refusing to wait any longer, he would have run off with Olive there and then, thus following his ill-fated cousin's example, nor would he have been satisfied with Topsy as a substitute.

Fortunately there was plenty for him to do. He had to superintend the fitting up of the Grange, so that it might suit the tastes of its future mistress; then also he had to settle the affairs which John Verner had thrown into such disorder. As he himself had said, he was ruined, and, with him, the estate; and it took a goodly number of the nuggets from the Golden

IN THE TOILS; But Happiness Comes at Last.

CHAPTER I. A CHANCE TO ESCAPE.

AT an open casement of an old-fashioned cottage in the old-fashioned village of Hawthorpe, sat a young girl. A French philosopher says that the most beautiful sight in nature is the face of a happy girl; if he is right, then Olive Estcourt is not a most beautiful sight in nature; and yet it is no ordinary face; she is no ordinary girl. Follow the example of the sun that is shining full upon the window and look at her, as she bends, with that wearied impatience which we know so well, over her work, and acknowledge that if the face is not "faultlessly," it is one which commands and rivets attention.

The face is oval, the eyes and the hair are dark.

There are plenty of oval faces and dark eyes in the world, but there are few with such capacities of expression as Olive Estcourt's shows.

"Speech," says the same philosopher, "was given us to conceal our thoughts;" Olive Estcourt's face revealed hers.

It was one of those faces which speak. The sun slowly sets behind the church tower; from the belfrey the cracked bell chimes out seven; then, as if aroused from her absorption, Olive raises her head and looks up from her work.

One saw then that her thoughts were not working with her fingers. With a gesture of infinite weariness and impatience she threw her arms above her head, then, as the work slipped from her lap, she leaned forward, and, resting her face on her hands, looked out upon the twilight that comes creeping over the hills.

Before her stretch one of those pastoral scenes for which old England is noted—in the street beneath her lumbers drowsily along an empty wagon returning to the farm. She

sees not the scene, she hears nothing, but, with a fixed gaze, stares into a vision of the future. It is not, as she sees it, a pleasant one. Work, work! a life of monotonous routine rises before her mental view and appalls her.

It is well that though we peer so eagerly into the unknown it is still the unknown. If Olive Estcourt could see her future unravelling itself, like a panorama in the twilight, what a storm of emotions would that prophetic vision raise; a vision of flashing, dazzling light, a glimmer of silk and satin and gems, the roar of a maddened, delighted crowd; the murmur of love, the kiss of envy and hate; the soft, effulgent glow of joy, and the deep darkness of a bitter pain, is all there if Olive could see it. Instead of this, rousing from her reverie, she sees the plodding wagon and hears, in the room beneath, the murmur of a monotonous, complaining voice.

It is a sound that Olive knows well—too well, and, unconsciously, the dark, distinct brows gather in a straight line over her eyes and make them seem darker and deeper.

Presently the voice ceases, and another takes up the pause. This voice Olive knows, also, and the red, mobile lips curve uneasily. The face, all unconsciously, speaks, tells as plainly as a tongue could do, that neither voice is welcome to her. After a few minutes the voices cease altogether, and a footstep is heard upon the stairs, the door of the room opens, and the first voice, close behind her, says, in an irritable, complaining voice:

"Olive, are you there? Dreaming again! Girl, you are always mooning and dreaming while your work—"

The girl, without turning her head, breaks in slowly, quietly:

"The work is done, aunt."

"Done! Why didn't you come down and tell me, then? You know how Lady Rivers has worried me about it—I shall have 'em here about it again directly. Where is it? Not on the ground!"

But it is on the ground, and Olive stoops to recover the dainty dinner dress which she has been finishing. As she does so, the woman crosses the room and stands looking down at her. It is a sour, ill-tempered, dissatisfied face, unpleasant to look at; perhaps for that reason Olive does not look up at it as she shakes the dress gently, and folds it; then she places it in a light box, and, with the same weary, absent expression, walks toward the door. The elder woman, who has been watching her covertly, fidgeting about the window sill, picking up the needle and the cotton and setting them down in the same place again, says:

"Where are you going now, Olive?"

The girl turns, with a faint expression of surprise.

"To the Court—they are waiting for it, you say."

"Let them wait," retorts the other, rather unreasonably. "Who are they that they should be slaved for hand and foot, minute for minute? Let them wait. It seems to me that slavery's done away with in every part of the world excepting England; the poor are all slaves here, and don't own very good masters, neither. Let them wait!"

(To be continued.)

Girls! Draw A Moist Cloth Through Hair Double Its Beauty

Try this! Hair gets thick, glossy, wavy and beautiful at once.

Immediate!—Yes! Certain?—that's the joy of it. Your hair becomes light, wavy, fluffy, abundant and appears as soft, lustrous and beautiful as a young girl's after a Danderine hair cleanse. Just try this—moisten a cloth with a little Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. This will cleanse the hair of dust, dirt or excessive oil, and in just a few moments you have doubled the beauty of your hair. A delightful surprise awaits those whose hair has been neglected or is scraggy, faded, dry, brittle or thin. Besides beautifying the hair, Danderine dissolves every particle of dandruff, cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp, forever stopping itching and falling hair, but what will please you most will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp. If you care for pretty, soft hair, and lots of it, surely get a small bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter for a few cents.

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(To be continued.)

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARBET IN COWS.

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.

AN UP-TO-DATE DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.



2306—This makes a fine school frock. The back and fronts are plaited under square yoke sections, which may be omitted. The sleeve may be in wrist or shorter length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. Galatea, gingham, linen, khaki, serge, velvet and corduroy are nice for this style.

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

A GOOD COSTUME FOR GENERAL WEAR.



Waist—2317. Skirt—2318.

This model comprises Ladies' Skirt Waist Pattern 2317 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 2318. The models may be combined in one material, or the waist may be of linen, crepe, madras, satin or flannel and the skirt of serge, broadcloth, gabardine, mixed or plaid cutting. The waist pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The skirt in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. A medium size will require for skirt and waist 5 1/2 yards of 4-inch material. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at the foot, with plaits drawn out.

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.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

NOTICE!

John Smith, Late General Merchant of Brigus, C.B. To Outport Buyers and Sellers.

Having sold out my interest in the business at Brigus and removed to the City, I am now open to act as your St. John's Agent. Goods bought at the lowest rate, and everything you have to sell sold at the highest price obtainable. My long experience in the general business of the country is now at your disposal.

Correspondence solicited.

Office: No. 294 Duckworth Street, NOV 17, 1917.

Men's Work Shirts.

Men's COLD WEATHER SHIRTS. WE HAVE THEM!

Shirt Flannels and Winceys have been difficult goods to get even at high prices, but we have managed to procure a fairly decent assortment of MEN'S FLANNEL and WINCET SHIRTS at pretty decent prices.

If you want a bit of Red Flannel to wear on your "chest" these times, you've got to pay about \$1.15 per yard for it. It takes about three and a half yards of Flannel to make a shirt, and there is the cost of making. Now, do a little figuring. We offer—

MEN'S STRIPED WINCET SHIRTS at \$1.50 each
MEN'S HEAVY GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS at \$1.35 each
MEN'S FINEST QUALITY STRIPED and GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS at \$3.00 to \$3.50 each.

These latter range in size from 14 1/2 to 17 1/2 inch neckbands, and are made with detachable collars. Most of our other Shirts are made with collars attached.

We have a lot of other Work Shirts which we do not mention here as the quantities are small. Amongst them

A Big Seller is Our Men's Khaki Winceyette Shirts, only \$1.35 each.

You will have to admit, on the present prices of materials, that our Shirt Prices are more than reasonable. But be warned, we can't do these prices for always, so buy now. We mention that we have

BOYS' STRIPED WINCET AND FLANNELETTE SHIRTS, without collars; sizes 12 to 14.

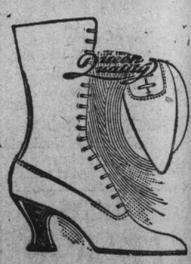
HENRY BLAIR.

WE are still showing a splendid selection of : : : TWEEDS and SERGES.

No scarcity at **Maunder's.** However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier St. John's, N.F.

MILITARY BOOTS! New Styles Just Opened.



We have just opened some new and striking styles in Queen Quality Boots, Tan Calf, High Laced, Low Heel, with the new Grenadier Tip; nice Dark Brown shades. Makes an ideal skating or walking Boot.

It is only a pleasure to show these new styles to our many patrons. May we expect you?

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd., The Shoe Men.

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on consignments.
References:—Banco de Portugal, Ba
tramarino, London &
Ltd., Oporto.

EARLY MES

ANOTHER DEMAND BY LABOR. PARIS, Feb. 1.

A despatch from Geneva, Switzerland, to the Temps, says that the Swiss Federal Council, at an extraordinary meeting, at which General Ulrich Wille, Commander of the Army, and his chief of staff were present, considered the ultimatum that had been issued to the Federal Council by the Labor Federation, demanding the demobilization of the Swiss Army, beginning immediately, and remaining not later than May. The labor ultimatum demanded that deserters and recalcitrants as well as men in the auxiliary service shall be mustered out immediately, and given their unpaid salaries. The Federation of Labor Unions adopted the resolution by a vote of 122 to 75, but the minority declares that the action taken was irregular.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR SWISS BORDER.

PARIS, Feb. 1.

A despatch to the Havas Agency from Berne, says that reinforcements of Swiss troops on the Swiss border have been decided upon by the Federal Council because of the interior and the exterior situation. A brigade of infantry and a detachment of cavalry and pioneers have been added to the force.

RUSSIAN ARMY CONDITIONS.

AMSTERDAM, Feb. 1.

The war correspondent of the Netherland reports that portions of the Russian front, which have been entirely evacuated, are growing in extent. Trenches are falling to pieces, posts which were used for wire entanglements are being burned as fire-wood. The disbanding of some military units is in progress south of the Pripiet region, and artillery men are selling their horses. The report says soldiers guarding the road to Lutsk no longer demand passports, but require payment of a toll of twenty rubles for every vehicle.

STRIKE IN MUNICH.

LONDON, Feb. 1.

A three days' strike has been declared in Munich, according to a Central News despatch from Amsterdam to-day. In Berlin, the despatch adds,

T. J. EDENS.

Prince Albert Tobacco. In Tins. 24 gross just in. 200 lbs.

Beechnut Bacon. 20 boxes

Purity Butter. 2 lb. Prints.

50 boxes PRUNES, 60/70.
50 boxes APRICOTS, Ex. Choice

200 MOIR'S CAKES.
8 cs. MOIR'S CHOCOLATES
— 1/2 lb., 1 lb. and 5 lb. boxes.

SARDINES in Oil, 1/4 tins.
SARDINES in Mustard, 1/4 tins.
YELLOW CORN MEAL, 3 lb. bags.

McCORMICK'S—English and French Dainty Biscuits.
McCORMICK'S—Cream Sodas in Dinner Pails.

100 pairs FRESH RABBITS.
FRESH EGGS.
KIPPERED HERRING.
SELECTED SALT HERRING.

T. J. EDNES,
Duckworth Street and Military Road.