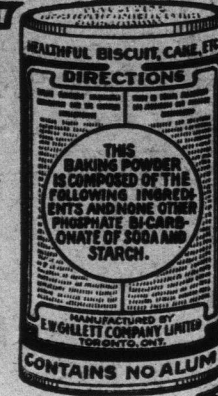




MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM
IN BAKING POWDER SEE
THAT ALL INGREDIENTS
ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON
THE LABEL AND THAT ALUM
OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA
OR SODIC ALUMINIC SUL-
PHATE IS NOT ONE OF
THEM. THE WORDS "NO
ALUM" WITHOUT THE IN-
GREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFI-
CIENT. MAGIC BAKING
POWDER COSTS NO MORE
THAN THE ORDINARY
KINDS. FOR ECONOMY, BUY
THE ONE POUND TINS.



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

A Millionaire; Countess Westerleish.

CHAPTER X.
(Continued.)

Vane took this as an intimation that he was to proceed to business; and lighting his pipe—the squire had filled a long clay—began.

"I'm afraid I've got rather an unpleasant task before me, sir."

The old man eyed him grimly, but made no remark by way of encouragement.

"It isn't easy for a fellow to admit that he has been a confounded idiot," Vane went on; "but that's what I've got to do."

"Is it necessary?" queried the old man, with sardonic sarcasm.

Vane laughed rather ruefully at this retort.

"I wish it wasn't," he said. "The fact is, sir, I have exceeded the allowance you have been good enough to allow me—and am in a regular mess."

The squire fixed his piercing eyes upon him.

"Should you call a thousand a year a fair allowance?" he asked. "Well, I ask because I want the information. I don't know anything about the life you, and such as you, live. When I was your age, I worked on the land. I owned part of it, it's true, but I worked—ay, as hard as any of the laborers, and harder. A hundred a year, two pounds a week, would have seemed wealth to me then. I did not spend eighteen pence a week on pleasure; you, I suppose, spend as much as half a crown?" with a grave smile.

Vane laughed ruefully and stared at his long legs.

"I worked like a laborer," continued the squire, "and your mother worked, too—she was my sister. There was no better girl at butter—" He stopped. "She was to have married my best and closest friend; but your father came along, and with his good looks, and fine features, and high birth—the son of an earl, a great lord—he won her heart away, and—his voice grew thick and harsh—and she left the man she was to have married, and left me. I never

saw her afterward."

He was silent for a moment or two, puffing at his pipe, and frowning with his shaggy brows. Then he went on:

"People said she was very lucky; that it was a grand match for her—that the Vales had got a lift in the world. But I didn't think so. The Vales were here a century before the Tempests were ever heard of."

"Vane nodded. He had very little pride of birth about him.

"So I've heard," he said.

The squire frowned at the fire.

"I didn't think she was lucky, or she'd be happy, and I'm of the same opinion still. Why did she die so early if she was so happy? The Vales live into the seventies!"

He glared angrily at Vane.

"She died, and I never saw her again," he went on, in a lower voice. "Your father died, too, and left you behind. I didn't suppose you'd ever heard of me?"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Vane, quietly. "I can remember my mother"—his voice softened—"as I sat in her lap, telling me about her brother—that was you—and how much she wished she could see him and that he could see me. I don't think I am sure she never forgot you."

The old man peered at him half suspiciously, then gazed at the fire again.

"You were left, but I made no offer to help you. Your grandfather, the earl, came forward and educated you, and took care of you. And I expect if I—plain Reuben Vale—had offered any assistance, I should have met with a snubbing that would have lasted me my life."

Vane shook his head. He never could sit still and hear a man misjudged, especially when that man happened to be dead.

"You do my grandfather an injustice," he said. "I never knew a man put on less side than he did."

"Less side?" repeated the squire.

"What do you mean?"

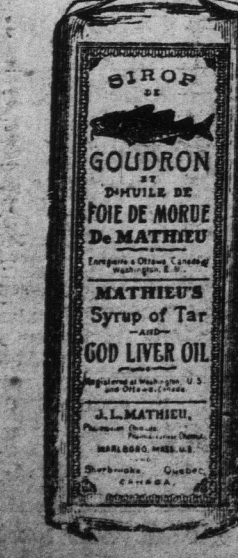
Vane laughed apologetically.

"That's a slang way of saying that he wasn't a proud man," he explained. "There wasn't an ounce of it in him. He was a perfect gentleman. I have reason to speak well of him, for he was very good to me. Of course, when he died, my cousin—the present earl—didn't feel that it was his duty to find me in coin, and—"

"In short," said the old man, "your great connections cast you off, and if it hadn't been for me, plain Reuben Vale—"

PERSISTENT COUGH.

Wherever soothing syrups fail to cure that persistent cough which exhausts you,
MATHEU'S SYRUP
of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other medicinal extracts will rapidly and definitely rid you of it.
The merits of Mathieu's Syrup are highly recognized and endorsed. Here are a few proofs:—



WESTERN UNION TEL. CO.,
Church Point, N.S., May 9, 1908
Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd., Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—I wish one gross Mathieu's Syrup to Church Point Station.
LOUIS A. MELANSON.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I., July 27, 1908.
Blacking & Mercantile Coy., Ltd.,
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. received re Mathieu's Syrup. I have been using the article in my home for the last seven or eight years, and know of nothing better to use when one is subject to cough or cold. In fact, we would not be without it for twice its value. I have very much pleasure in recommending this article, and in selling it over the Island I have the same report from our customers.
CARVELL BROS.,
C. M. RITCHIE.

SYDNEY, C.B., July 20, 1908.
Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 22nd inst. has been handed Mathieu's Syrup for one year, and find it one of the best sellers in a cough medicine that I have ever handled. I am ordering one gross from your traveling day, as I sold the last bottle in stock yesterday.
DON, J. BUCKLEY, Druggist.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as Mathieu's Nervine Powders which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cents per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can.
78 78, "MURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

"I thought you were generally called the squire?" Vane could not help putting in.

The old man reddened and frowned.

"The foolish people give me a title I'm not authorized to bear," he said, with a grunt. "I am just plain Reuben Vale. If it had not pleased God to put tons and tons of metal under my acres, I should still be a working farmer and unable to make an allowance for the grandson of an earl."

Vane flushed.

"Have you finished, sir?" he asked.

"No!" snapped the old man. "What I was driving at is this: As I said, when I was a young man, a hundred a year would have been ample income for me; but I was only a young farmer. You are—what is it they call it?—a 'swell,' an aristocrat. I can't even imagine your way of living. I was only in London once, and then only in the city. I suppose you live in a big house, with plenty of servants?"

Vane laughed.

"I have just four rooms: a living room, a couple of bedrooms, and a bath room in St. James's Street," he said.

The squire gazed at him thoughtfully.

"Four rooms! Then how do you spend a thousand a year—twenty pounds a week?"

Vane knit his brows and stroked his mustache.

"Upon my word, sir, I don't know," he said; "and yet I can pretty well guess. There's the horses—I've got a couple—one for the dog-cart, and another for riding; and—and there are gloves and cigars, and—"

The old man eyed him keenly.

"And the play at your club—oh, I know; and your supper parties, and

the money you lend your friends, and the women—"

Vane's face reddened.

"You can strike out the last item," he said, with quiet dignity.

The squire took his pipe from his mouth and looked at him searchingly, then nodded.

"In all but one way, then," he said, "you fling your money about; you waste it, as if were water. Is that right?"

"No; not quite," replied Vane, meeting the piercing eye frankly. "I can't admit that I fling it about, or that I spend it like water. I just live as the other fellows do, as I am obliged to do if I live with them at all. And that brings me to my purpose in coming down to you, sir."

"Ay," said the old man, curtly. "It's have it." And he leaned back in his chair and puffed his pipe.

"You want money, of course?"

"I'm afraid I do," said Vane gravely. "But I want it for the last time. I mean, I'm asking for it for the last time. I expect I shall want it often enough." He paused a moment and drank some of his claret.

"I am very much in debt. I came down to ask you to pay my debts, and to give me enough to leave the country. While I stay here in England, London, I must keep spending money, and getting stone-broke every now and then. There is nothing I can do here. I'm too old for the army, and if I wasn't, I couldn't pass the exam. And I don't know any other trade—the law, or anything of that sort. But I have a notion I could do something in the Colonies. I might get into the Cape mounted police. I can ride a bit. I win a steeplechase now and then. Anyway, I shan't be surrounded by such temptations as I am in London. There must be something to be got by a fellow who has strong arms and is willing to use 'em."

"Yes; there is always some stone-breaking and road-mending to be got in the Colonies, I'm told," said the squire, grimly.

Vane laughed.

"Pon my word, sir," he said, "I think I'd rather go in for that than hang about town, dodging writs."

The old man looked at him for a moment in silence; then he said:

"What is the extent of your debts?"

Vane considered for a while.

"A couple of thousand pounds, sir," he said.

The squire smiled gravely.

"That is a nice sum," he said, but not angrily. "And you expect me to pay it? You think that I'm so rich that two thousand pounds will only be a flea-bite?"



A Beautiful Virol Child.

29, Elphinstone Road, Walthamstow, July 18th, 1912.
VIROL, LTD., 152-156, Old St., London, E.C.
Dear Sirs,
I have much pleasure in sending you a photograph of my daughter Doris, who is absolutely Virol fed. I was unable to feed her myself, and the doctor was to get a suitable food. We tried many of the advertised babies' foods but without exception they all caused gastric trouble. At last we were advised to try Virol, and ever since Doris has steadily progressed. I don't think you could find a finer child anywhere. The photograph is good but it cannot convey her perfect bodily condition. Her age is two years, and she weighs two stone eight pounds.

You may use this photo if you care to as it clearly shows what Virol can do for a child.

Yours faithfully,
D. MISELDINE.

Notice the Virol Smile!
VIROL
VIROL, LTD., 152-156, Old St., E.C.

"No," said Vane, quietly. "It is a large sum, even to a rich man. At I didn't think you were very rich and could spare it. I shouldn't ask you for it, sir."

This charming piece of candor so characteristic of Vane Tempest, seemed to stagger the old man. He took his pipe out of his mouth, and frowned and pursed his lips.

"You speak your mind, nephew," he said.

It was the first time he had, in addressing him, referred to or acknowledged their relationship, and Vane felt encouraged.

"Well," he said, "I feel that it is

the last time I shall ask you for any money, and—"

"You think that I shall be making a good bargain by giving a couple of thousand pounds to be rid of you, oh?" put in the squire.

Vane reddened.

"No; I didn't say," he said, quietly, but with sufficient emphasis. "I didn't think of that at all."

The old man fell back. He had leaned forward to deal the last thrust, and smoked in silence for a minute or two—so long that Vane thought he was never going to speak; but at last he looked up and said:

Twice Proven Cure for Nerves
Irritable, Hysterical, Sleepless, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restores Health.
There is a message in this letter for thousands of women who are suffering from broken-down nervous systems. Sleepless nights, much irritability, other little things, spells of dizziness and nervous sick headaches are among the symptoms.

"You may not realize the nature of your ailment until nervous prostration comes upon you. But in whatever stage you find yourself, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is ready to help you."

Mrs. W. J. May, 88 Annette Street, Toronto, writes: "Some years ago I suffered from nervous trouble, and was completely cured by a shock which again shattered my nervous system, and I began to use the Nerve Food again, and was not disappointed. Improvement was apparent from the first box, and now I am entirely well."

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.00, all dealers.

The Shooting Season Will soon be here.

Are you intending to buy a new Rifle or Shotgun this year? If so 'tis time to be thinking about the kind of rifle you're going to use. We have just opened a new shipment of Sportsman's Supplies that are worth attention.

S. & D. B. Breech Loading Guns, Stevens Rifles, M. L. Guns, Springfield Rifles, Game Bags, Reloading Sets, Cartridge Belts, Brass Shells, Paper Shells, K. B. Cartridges, Bonax Cartridges, Eleys Cartridges, Shot, Powder, Gun Caps, Gun Wads.

Reliable Goods at Reasonable Prices.

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Felt Hats.
Unprecedented Values

Ladies' UNTRIMMED
FELT HATS.
SEE THEM EARLY.

A. & S. RODGER.

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We have always been noted for the exclusive style and finish of all our Ready-mades, but our advance fashions in Ladies' Coats for Fall and Winter wear surpass any of our previous showings.

"These Coats are built on the newest lines, many are of the modish two-toned tweeds and blanket cloths; large, roomy and mannish looking. The popular style for coming fall—they have large shawl, sailor and storm collars, deep cuffs, trimmed, buttons, etc.

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