

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER



## "KYRA," OR, The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

### CHAPTER XV.

Percy's power over her had grown greater each day of their companionship; to others she was simply a willful, disobedient, defiant, dare-devil. On the voyage home she had been the plague of every soul on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy, the plague and the pet.

During the voyage Percy had placed her under the care of a lady who was traveling Englandward, and with whom he had some slight acquaintance; he had intended leaving Kyra in her charge until he could find a home or school for her, while he hastened to Vering; but the child had endured such agony when he put the proposal to her that he could not find it in his heart to put her away from him, and so, wisely or unwisely, he had brought her to Vering. Rumor could find no handle for scandal; she was but a child; he called himself her guardian, and she stood to him as his ward. Within his heart of hearts, there nestled a tenderness for the half-savage girl, that perplexed and sometimes troubled him, but he often, as he looked at her fresh loveliness, asked himself what he should do with her.

And now she lay, with her head resting on the white pillow, wistful and anxious, listening for the sound of his footsteps alone.

At last she fell asleep; and then she dreamed. She dreamed that she had seen him riding away from her on the horse she knew so well—riding away from her forever. With a cry, she woke, and sprang, like a young leopard, out of bed.

Yes, it was true; her chief, her god had left her! What was she to do? She was an Indian, and the first and overmastering idea was naturally to follow him. Without the loss of an instant, she stole to one of the trunks, and turned its contents on the floor, until she came to the clothes, the tr-

nic, the head-dress of feathers, the moccasins she had worn when he had found her.

With the rapidity and grace of her kind, she put them on, one after another, and then stood motionless and acute, listening. If a painter could have seen her then, in all her exquisite loveliness, he would have cried aloud for very joy, and for misery, for no pencil could have done her justice. She listened intently for just five minutes, then she opened the door, glided noiselessly down the stairs, and into the hall.

With quick fingers, she drew one great bolt that barred the door, then, opening it, passed out into the night. All was as silent as the grave. With a long breath of relief, she drew her cloak of beaver round her, and ran swiftly, like a fleet-footed deer across the snow, and her face was set toward Vering Wood.

### CHAPTER XVI. A Dying Atonement.

Meanwhile the post-horses had whirled Percy to the old lodge at the park gates, and had dropped him there; he would not drive up to the house because of the noise, and now he walked swiftly along the avenue of elms and knocked with his knuckles at the great door.

The porter was expecting him, and the door opened instantly.

"The earl—how is he now?" asked Percy, anxiously.

As the man was answering, the small, crooked figure of Stephen Gringe came limping down the staircase and across the hall.

"Master Percy, Master Percy!" cried the old man, clutching him by the arm and looking up at him with a face working with some terrible emotion. "Come at last! I knew it! I said all along that you'd come back, if it was from the uttermost ends of the earth, and that he'd wait for you."

Percy pressed his hand.

"The earl," he said, "is still—"

Stephen Gringe nodded.

"Yes, but sinking fast now, Mr. Percy; he has been dying slowly for years—flickering out like a candle, slowly but surely. He's a young man compared with me, Mr. Percy—a young man. The ways of Providence are strange," he added, almost spitefully.

"Can I see him?" said Percy; "will he need any preparation?"

Stephen Gringe shook his head.

"An earthquake wouldn't improve him now, Mr. Percy; besides, he expects you; he speaks of you continually; yes, he knows—"

Then he paused and waved the footman and the porter out of hearing. "He knows more of what is going on about him than one would think, but he talks strangely at times; you'll not pay any attention to that, Mr. Percy?"

It was a somewhat strange question, but Percy answered it in the negative, with a shake of the head, and Stephen Gringe led the way upstairs. The door of the earl's room was ajar, and the steward and the heir entered it noiselessly. Beside the bed stood a tall, thin gentleman—the most famous doctor of the day. As Percy drew near the bed, the doc-

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Do your eyes give you trouble? Do you already wear eyeglasses or spectacles? Thousands of people wear these "windows" who might easily dispense with them. You may be one of these, and it is your duty to save your eyes before it is too late. The eyes are neglected more than any other organ of the entire body. After you finish your day's work you sit down and rest your muscles, but how about your eyes? Do you rest them? You know you do not. You read or do something else that keeps your eyes busy; you work your eyes until you go to bed. That is why so many have strained eyes and finally other eye troubles that threaten partial or total blindness. Eyeglasses are merely crutches; they never cure. This free prescription, which has benefited the eyes of so many, may work equal wonders for you. Use it a short time. Would you like your eye troubles to disappear as if by magic? Try this prescription. Go to the nearest wide-awake drug store and get a bottle of Eno's Opto tablets. Drop one tablet in ½ glass of water and allow it to thoroughly dissolve. With this liquid, bathe the eyes two to four times daily. Just note how quickly your eyes clear up and how soon the inflammation will disappear. Don't be afraid to use it; it is absolutely harmless. Many who are now blind might have saved their eyes had they started to care for them in time. This is a simple treatment, but marvellously effective in multitudes of cases. Now that you have been warned don't delay a day, but do what you can to save your eyes and you are likely to thank us as long as you live for publishing this prescription. The Valmas Drug Co., of Toronto, will fill the above prescription by mail, if your druggist cannot.

A prominent City Physician to whom the above article was submitted, says: "Eno's Opto is a very remarkable remedy. Its constituent ingredients are well known to eminent eye specialists and widely prescribed by them. It can be obtained from any good druggist and is one of the very few preparations of food which is kept on hand for regular use in almost every family."

tor held out his hand, with a grave bow; he had known Percy from a boy.

Percy looked down upon the bed and started. The earl might have been dead already, so white was his face, so motionless and inert his whole figure; but suddenly the eyes opened, and the old smile that had gone far to make wild Lord Jack so irresistible and dangerous, shone in them.

The lips moved, and Percy bending over him, as he took the thin, white, cold hand, fancied that he heard his own name.

"Yes, I am Percy, uncle," he said, addressing him with an affection that made the man wince.

"Uncle!" he echoed, faintly—"not much of that, boy. Are you home from school? Holidays—eh?"

Percy knelt beside the bed.

"I am just home from America—North America, uncle."

The reply seemed to scatter the mist that was fast closing round upon the earl in a marked and curious manner.

"North America?" he repeated, slowly, but with emphasis. "What did you do there? Did you see the? Did I send you? No, I don't recollect that."

Then his head fell and his eyes closed.

"Do I distress him?" he asked turning to the doctor.

The man of medicine shook his head.

"No; he has been waiting and longing for you. No, nothing can hurt him, Mr. Clester."

Suddenly the heavy eyelids were raised again.

"Percy, are you there?"

"I shall not leave you for a moment, my lord."

"I've been looking back, lad. Sad work, that! Never do anything you can't look back on! Sad work, but justice may be done yet—small, pitiful justice. Percy, you remember?"

Percy pressed the cold hand.

"I remember, uncle, all that you said. You are not thinking of that?"

"It is hard on you, nephew! Hard, very hard. But you are a Vering, and justice—"

"I would not have justice lost because of me, uncle; do not think of me."

The earl turned his eyes on him.

"You are a noble lad," he said. Generous to an old man who—who never was what he should have been to you. Percy, I am going fast; what I have lived so long for Heaven only knows. Yes, I know, too—to make atonement, lad, to do something toward atoning for my sin—my great sin! And yet—yet—it is hard on you, on my own flesh and blood—"

"Do not think of me, uncle; let the right be done, whatever may stand in the way. I beseech you not to let my welfare be the stumbling block."

"Have you come all the way to tell me this?" asked the earl regarding him steadily.

"I may almost say so," said Percy, in low, earnest tones. "If you have any—any error to atone for, there is still time, uncle; let me send—"

The earl stopped him with a ges-

ture, weak and almost imperceptible. "It is done, Percy, he said. "It is done."

"Thank God for that, uncle," was Percy's earnest response; "and now think no more of me, but of yourself. Is there any one you would like to see—any one we can send for?"

The earl stared at him vacantly.

"Can you raise the dead, boy?" he asked.

Percy stroked the cold hand soothingly.

The doctor declared afterward that the heir to Vering behaved like a hero and a saint.

"No," he said, "they are beyond our reach; but the living—"

"I know of none," gasped the earl. "I have been dead for years, Percy, to the world that knew wild Jack!"

As he spoke his voice grew calmer and his eyes closed. Percy, pale and haggard, looked up imploringly at the doctor. He shook his head:

"Exhaustion."

The door opened, and Stephen Gringe came up to the bedside, and stood, as was his privilege, beside the heir.

An hour passed, perhaps more—the earl lying like in the shadow of death, the three men looking on, waiting without hope.

Suddenly, the heavy eyelids opened, and the thin voice whispered in Percy's ear:

"What is that?"

No one had heard anything.

The expression of listening sat upon the dying man's face, and he rolled his eyes from one to the other.

"Lift me up."

Percy raised him in his arms, and half-sitting, half-kneeling on the bed, supported him. In this attitude the dying man's face was turned toward the door, as was Stephen Gringe's also. Percy's eyes were fixed on his uncle's face, and away from the door, as was also the doctor's.

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You, who have suffered year in and year out with Eczema, here's good news for you. A simple, anti-septic wash, the prescription of a famous skin specialist who has just given his secret to the world, is an absolutely reliable home remedy for all skin eruptions. It is called the D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema.

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"Do you hear nothing?" murmured the dying earl.

"Nothing," answered Percy. "There is no sound, and the snow is deep on the ground, uncle."

"Take the horse out into the woods," whispered the earl, wandering; "she cannot live through this! The snow! The snow! The child will die!"

Then he paused and turned to Stephen, with a look of intense anxiety.

"Stephen! is it done? is it done? Answer me, is it done?"

Stephen Gringe dropped on his knees and sobbed:

"It is done, my lord! It is done—you know it!"

"Atonement—I have made it!" whispered the earl. "I can look back now! Ay, if she were here—"

(To be Continued.)

Clear meshes with flower or leaf in color are decidedly favored among veillings.

White Georgette crepe, heavily embroidered in color, is delightful for blouses.

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You can't go on suffering from Weakness, Anemia, Nerves, indigestion or that Run-down feeling—life is not worth living when you suffer so. You are not only deprived from all enjoyment, but are handicapped in your daily duties. Yet you need not continue to suffer, because 'Wingarnis' will give you the health you need. 'Wingarnis' possesses a fourfold power for good—it is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. Therefore it creates new strength, new blood, new nerve force, and new vitality. That is why over 10,000 Doctors recommend 'Wingarnis'.

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'Wingarnis' is made in England and you can obtain a liberal free trial bottle—not a mere taste, but enough to do you good by sending the Coupon below to COLEMAN & CO., Ltd., Wingarnis Works, Norwich, England. Regular supplies can be obtained from all Stores, Chemists, and Wine Merchants.

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### After the "storm"— MOIR'S chocolates; they dispell clouds and spread sunshine

## Patriotic Bazaar.

An epoch of considerable importance in the annals of Long Pond, occurred on June 3rd. His Majesty's birthday, when the children of Long Pond School held a Patriotic Bazaar.

The event was unique, original, attractive and proved an undeniable success. Such an impression was produced that in deference to the wishes of its many patrons the bazaar was extended for another night.

The young ladies, who solely and so ably conducted the whole bazaar were dressed as Red Cross nurses, and very pretty they looked in their white suits with their Red Cross badges.

Now for a few details of the bazaar. The stall representing England and Japan was constructed in the form of a rectangle with an arch at one side. This was the tea room. At the end of this room and screened off from the tea room, was the kitchen, which as everybody knows is a necessary adjunct of the tea room.

After getting the inner man satisfied in England and Japan, a casual observer would note the former occupant of the tea table making his way over to France at which stall he would judiciously study the workmanship of the aprons and other fancy work there exhibited to be sold, and finally, would buy one.

The casual observer would also note that as he proceeded westward he would be attracted by an aroma which is distinctly Italian. He would glance to his right and see that he was right opposite the archway that led to Italy, the flower stall.

Still continuing his stroll he would be attracted by the various advertisements and mottoes of Little Serbia, where he would become the purchaser of a delightful package of home-made candy. On retracing his steps he would in all probability be accosted by another little nurse representing Newfoundland, who would, ask him to guess just how many peas were in her bottle. On giving his guess and paying for it, the Red Cross worker would pencil his name if he were lucky enough to guess near the right number, and proceed to make somebody else a prisoner.

Next, peering through the trees he glances over the boundary line into Russia and there he sees a very dainty little nurse with cap, apron, badge and all, pouring syrup and handing cake as fast and sprightly as a nurse can be.

He is now feeling the need of some refreshments after making a tour of the various countries, and calling some friends "stands a glass all round."

An interesting feature of the bazaar was Private Jensen's lecture. We were all very much surprised but none the less glad, when we heard of his arrival. He came unexpectedly, but we were extremely overjoyed to have the pleasure of meeting and entertaining that illustrious soldier and gentleman.

After introducing him to the audience the chairman, Mr. R. Plouman, briefly spoke on the object of the bazaar and Private Jensen's connection with it. At the conclusion of his remarks he proposed a toast to the King which was ably responded to by Private Jensen. He emphasized the need of help for the Red Cross Fund, and need of more soldiers for the defence of the Empire. He paid a fitting tribute to the loyal efforts of the organizers of the bazaar, and expressed himself as being very much interested in the movement. At the conclusion of his interesting speech he very skillfully cut the King's birthday cake.

The grand total realized by the bazaar was \$76.13. Deducting \$17 for expenses incurred we place the amount to be devoted to the Red Cross Fund at \$58. The success of the bazaar is the product of liberal patronage, organization, efficiency and hard work.

We sincerely thank those who help us by donations of cakes, etc., and we also wish to thank Messrs. William Saunders, Walter Greenstade, George Greenstade and Wm. Stanley for the very efficient help given us.

Long Pond is determined to do its part. It has tried to raise money by an unusual method. Its method has been a splendid success. Long Pond has led. Who is going to follow?

—COR.

## BIG WEEK END SHOW AT THE POPULAR CRESCENT.

Take in the big week-end show at the Crescent Picture Palace, all the noted stars of Filmdom are featured to-day. Maurice Costello and Leah Baird appear in "The Romance of a Handkerchief," a fine melo-drama. G. M. Anderson and Marguerite Clayton in "The Convict's Threat," a strong Essanay feature in two reels. Romaine Fielding and Jack Lawton in "Where Souls Are Tried," a comedy drama produced by the Lubin Company; and all the Vitagraph Comedy stars in "Willie Stayed Single," one of the funniest Hobo comedies. Professor McCarthy playing a new and classy musical programme to accompany this show; don't miss seeing it.

## ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

## 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 STYLISH GOWN ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR MATURE FIGURES.



1697—Ladies' Dress With Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths.

This model is fine for combinations of materials, for serge and satin, broadcloth and suede or silk for chambray and gingham. As here shown, serge was used with figured silk for vest, collar and skirt panel. This style is easy to develop, and very attractive. If linen is chosen the panel and vest may be embroidered. The sleeve in wrist length has a two piece deep cuff. In short length it is finished with a cuff cut with points.

The Pattern is in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires 6½ yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3¼ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

## A DAINY AND COMFORTABLE NEGLIGEE.



1716—Ladies' Kimono.

Figured challis, dotted muslin or dimity, any pretty lawn or crepe, also silk, cashmere, nuns' veiling and albatross, batiste or linen may be used for this style. The sleeve is lengthened by a gathered ruffle. The collar is in ruffle style, and meets the smart revers of the fronts.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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Name .....

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A Parisian dressmaker considers that to weight a full, soft skirt would spoil all its graceful and natural fullness.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT IN THE HOUSE.

## THE

### The Siege of

(London Correspondent "Sun.")

The Germans have stated that the British blockade contrivances the laws of starvation to innocent children. There are two pictures, and the "Times" in a brief record of Paris in 1870-71, when slowly starved a civilian more than 2,000,000 into "They arrived before middle of September." "Times." By October 3 report that the daily carnage within the city enormously. By November beef or mutton was to be horseflesh. The allowance grammes, or about an ounce. On January 15 the bread reduced from 500 to 300 grams than 10 ounces for adults that amount for children. was a black and indigestible powder of rice, barley, oats and even hay. Long lines of children gathered before the bakers' shops in the