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## The Web;

### TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

#### CHAPTER VIII. A Strange Welcome.

"Certainly I will not," Cyril said. "But I think you rather underestimate it, if you'll allow me to say so."

Gulldford Berton shook his head with a peculiar smile. "It was nothing," he said. "Good-night."

He stood at the gate in the wall watching Cyril's strong, lithe figure striding away down the lane; then, bolting the gate securely, returned to the house, and stood in front of the chair Cyril had sat in, and looked at it as if its late occupant were still there.

"Poo! and proud," he muttered, "and handsome as the devil. Just the sort of man to take a girl's fancy. Hum! I don't think you like me, Mr. Cyril Burne, and I—" he paused, and his lips parted slightly, showing his small teeth in a thin, white line, "and I hate you. You may go your way and not interfere, but if you should cross my path and become a nuisance—" He stopped again, and, after regarding the empty chair with a sinister smile for another moment or two, he took up the lamp and the water jug, and went into the room in which Cyril had found him.

Setting the lamp down upon the table, he carefully locked the door and fastened the window-shutters. Then he took a large handkerchief from his pocket, and, potting some water on it from a jug, tied it over his mouth. Then he unlocked the cupboard door, and, taking down two bottles and a test glass, carefully poured into the latter an equal portion of each of the liquids contained in the bottles.

Lastly he got the small phial, and, first holding out his hand at arm's length, to see if it was steady, most carefully and slowly allowed a few drops to fall into the mixture.

Whatever this last chemical might have been, it worked an extraordinary change in the compound to which it had been added, for it hissed as hot iron hisses in the smith's trough, and the color of the mixture changed from dull gray to bright crimson, then to a vivid green, and lastly lost all color and became like water.

But at this point of its transformation a faint, but penetrating odor arose

from it, so penetrating, indeed, that it appeared to make its way through the wet handkerchief, and Gulldford Berton's pale face went deathly white, and he swayed to and fro slightly.

With a muffled exclamation of satisfaction, he skillfully poured the colorless liquid he had concocted into an empty phial, and, having tightly corked it, removed the handkerchief from his face. Then he covered the cork with sealing wax, and, placing the small phial in a padded pocket inside his waistcoat, sank back in the chair and smiled as one smiles who, after infinite toil and trouble, has reached a long-desired success.

#### CHAPTER IX. The New Companion.

THAT evening, about an hour before dinner, Norah was in her own room, reading a volume of Mrs. Browning's poems, which she had found in the library; that is to say, she read for a few minutes, then her eyes strayed from the book and wandered over the view, and her thoughts wandered also.

Norah had read a great deal, for her life had lacked companionship, and most of her amusements had been solitary ones; but, though love had generally been the theme of the novel or the poem, it had always been a mystery to her.

In all her short life she had never met the one man whose voice had power to raise the strange echo in the heart which proclaims the birth of love. She had, for instance, never fallen in love with the curate or the young doctor, as some girls, for want of a better object, occasionally do; she had not only not fallen in love with them, but she had not given a thought to them after they had left her presence.

But to-night, as she sat by the open window, she found that though Mrs. Browning was delightful, to recall the face and words of the young artist was more delightful still.

She felt sure that it was he whom she had heard on the terrace, and she wondered why she had not plucked up courage and asked him.

How frankly he had spoken! not miming his words and smiling the conventional smile which most young men consider it necessary to assume when they address members of the other sex; and how straight and steady was the look of his handsome, expressive eyes! She wondered whether the earl would make inquiries as he had said, and, if so, whether they would result in Cyril Burne's being asked to dinner; at the thought, the

fancy picture of his being seated, say, next to her, or opposite her, Norah's face grew warmly colored and her eyes drooped; but she did not pause to ask herself why the mere prospect of eating her dinner in the company of the young man with the manly voice and straightforward eyes should be so pleasant to her.

It never occurred to her that if not already in love with Cyril Burne, the subtle poison had entered her being; the enemy was already parleying at the gate of her heart.

She was aroused both from Mrs. Browning and her own thoughts by a knock at the door and the entrance of Harman.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," she said, glancing at the open book; "I'm afraid I've disturbed you, my lady; but I've brought Becca."

Norah gave a little start. She had been so absorbed reading and thinking that she had forgotten all about Rebecca South.

"That is right," she said; "where is she?"

"Outside, my lady," replied Harman, and she opened the door and beckoned Becca in.

The girl entered, and stood eyeing Norah with the expression of half defiance, half curiosity, which had so impressed Cyril, then her black eyes dropped before Norah's kindly regard.

The girl looked prettier at close quarters, Norah thought, than at a distance, and she smiled at Harman with a little nod of satisfaction.

"I am glad you have come, Rebecca—or Becca, as I should like to call you," said Norah.

Becca stood motionless, fingering the lace edging on her dress.

"Curtsey and say 'Thank you, my lady,'" retorted Harman, in an undertone.

Becca made a very slight curtsy, and murmured something that sounded like the words suggested.

"Will you come and sit down here?" said Norah, rather amused at the girl's half-shy, half-fierce manner. She was like some beautiful, scarcely tamed young animal, who fears a blow, and is prepared to retort with a kick or a bite.

Becca crossed the room and seated herself on the low ottoman near Norah's chair, and Norah, thinking that they would probably come to an understanding much sooner if the aunt were not present, said:

"Leave Becca and me to have a little talk, Harman, will you?"

"Yes, my lady," said Harman, and she went out, but paused at the door, to cast a warning glance toward her young niece.

"You know why I asked you to come and see me, Becca," she said; "but I am sure she only wishes to do the best for you. But there," she broke off, feeling that she was getting "peachy," and that if she continued she would probably make this wild young creature dislike her, "I don't want to deprive you of your liberty, and you shall stay just as long as you like."

Becca's face lightened.

(To be Continued.)

Becca looked at her steadily for a moment.

"I should like that," she said, almost to herself; "but it sounds funny," she added, with a candor which amused Norah.

"Does it?" she asked. "Why?"

"Why should you, a lady, want such as me to keep you company?" said Becca.

"Because, although I am a lady, as you say, I am very lonely," said Norah, in her sweet, frank voice, "and I want to have some one I can speak to, and who will talk to me about—well, anything that interests her."

"Is that all—my lady?" asked Becca, adding the "my lady" as an afterthought.

Norah laughed at the naivete of the question.

"Well, I'm afraid that would be scarcely employment enough, unless we chattered all day; but I thought you could help make some of my dresses. That is a very pretty one you have got on; who made that?"

"I did," replied Becca, looking down at it and smoothing it with her hand.

"You must be very clever," said Norah. "I am afraid I could not make a dress to save my life. I have trim-

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ned a hat and a bonnet, but they were not very great successes.

"It's easy enough," remarked Becca; "I could make that dress you have got on."

Norah smiled.

"I think you could; you have made your own so prettily," she said. "But I don't want you to be always at needlework. 'Are you fond of reading?'"

"Yes," replied Becca, nodding.

"Well, then, you could read to me sometimes, or I could read to you while you are working."

"That would be nice," said Becca, looking out of the corners of her eyes thoughtfully. "And am I to live here, sleep here, at the Court?" she asked, suddenly, her eyes downcast.

Norah thought for a moment.

"Well, I had hoped that you would, but perhaps you cannot leave your grandfather altogether?"

Becca looked up, as if she caught at the suggestion.

"No, my lady; I don't think I could," she said.

"Very well," said Norah; "you shall arrange with your aunt as to how long you shall stay."

Becca's face fell.

"I'd rather leave it to you," she said, under her breath; "she's hard to me."

Norah looked rather puzzled.

"Oh, I don't think your aunt could be unkind, Becca," she said at last; "she seems so fond of you."

"She's hard," repeated Becca, half defiantly, half sullenly. "She wants to chain me up—" She stopped, as if she had gone too far, and her black eyes flashed.

Norah laughed.

"Perhaps she thinks you are a little giddy, Becca," she said; "but I am sure she only wishes to do the best for you. But there," she broke off, feeling that she was getting "peachy," and that if she continued she would probably make this wild young creature dislike her, "I don't want to deprive you of your liberty, and you shall stay just as long as you like."

Becca's face lightened.

(To be Continued.)



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Should sell in the regular way from \$10 00 to \$12 00. Our price:

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We still have a few of the Navy Blanket Cloth at the same price.

SEE OUR WINDOW.

# S. MILLEY.

## A Way They Have in the Navy.

Westminster Gazette:—The keeping of the seas by our Navy appeals to each of us in a different manner. Our food table is a marvel; our foreign correspondence is likewise wonderful. We cannot help appreciating the power of our Fleet. A Canadian subaltern told me the other evening that until he came across with his contingent he had not thought much about the Navy. His fleet of transports were conveyed by a cruiser from the Canadian shore, and the word was passed around that he would be relieved at noon on a certain day. Eleven o'clock came, but there was no sign of the new boat. Half an hour later smoke was visible on the horizon, and at twelve prompt No. 2 cruiser had swung round and taken her place at the head of the line, whilst No. 1 turned about. "Uncanny," was his word.

DANE LOADS FISH.—The Danish schooner Alfa, which arrived yesterday from Cadix with a cargo of salt, will, after discharging, load fish for foreign market.

## NEW Convertible Collar OVERCOATS.

We are meeting with great success with our new style two collar effect Overcoats.

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## Songs of the Row Kilmeny.

Dark, dark lay the drifts sagging  
Red west, they dropped the long  
Of steel overside;  
And the oily green waters were  
ing to rest.  
When Kilmeny went out,  
turn of the tide;  
And nobody knew where that  
would roam.  
For the magic that could be  
tapping unseen.  
It was well-nigh a week  
came home;  
And nobody knew where  
had been.

With a gun at her belt the  
Newcastle's best,  
And a gun at her side  
fresh from the skipper's  
And a secret her skipper had  
confessed,  
Not even at dawn, to his new  
bride;  
And a wireless that whirred  
like a gnome,  
The laughter of London the  
of Berlin;  
O, it may have been in the  
lured her from home;  
But nobody knew where  
had been.

It was dark when Kilmeny came  
from her quest,  
With her bridge dabbled red  
her skipper had said;  
But she moved like a bride  
at her breast;  
And "Well done, Kilmeny,"  
Admiral cried.  
Now, from sixty-four fathoms,  
may come  
And tell you his tale of a  
submarine.  
But late in the evening Kilmeny  
home!  
And nobody knew where  
had been.

There's a wandering shadow  
stares at the foam,  
(Though they sing all the  
old England, their feet  
Late, late in the evening,  
came home;  
And nobody knew where  
had been.

GEORGE STREET ADULT CLASS.—To-morrow afternoon, Mr. Hemmen will address the Class. A solo will be rendered; the singing will be bright and sprightly. Members are asked to attend in large numbers, and will receive a hearty welcome. Vice starts at 2.30. Extra Buchanan Street.



Little Lecture  
by NURSE WINDMANN  
(Lecture No. 1)

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Every movement of the body uses up a definite amount of vitality. When you over-exert yourself, or your vitality is undermined by illness, your whole system becomes exhausted to recover its vitality without assistance. Your system is like a plant that is drooping for want of water. And just water revives a drooping plant—so 'Wincarnis' gives new life and new vitality to a weakened constitution. Because 'Wincarnis' assesses a four-fold power. It is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker, and a Food—all in one. There

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