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'TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE

"Is not that a little severe?" asked Denzil. "Poor James has an unfortunate way of not getting on with people, but I put that down more to the wretchedness of his early training than to his natural disposition, which I believe to be good, though warped and injured by his peculiar position when a boy. It was lucky for Lady Constance that the Countess adopted her. May I give you some of these?"

"No, thank you," Mildred answered, and then fell to wondering by what right this cotton merchant's son called Lord James Dingwall by his Christian name—"James." She again recollected that "this sort of person" generally boasted outrageously about any intimacy with the aristocracy. Miss Trevanion's "hearings" upon this subject had been numerous and profound.

"I think Lord James a very unpleasant man," she said, feeling curious to learn how much more Denzil Younge had to say about him.

"Most ladies do," her companion answered, coolly; "but then I do not consider ladies always the best judges. They form their ideas from the outward man generally, which in many cases prevents fairness. Unless the person on trial be a lover or a relative, they seldom do him the justice to look within. You think Dingwall very obnoxious because he has not left and rough manners, and yet I have known him do acts of kindness which most men would have shrunk from performing. In the same way you would consider a fellow down near you the greatest bear you ever met in your life, I dare say, because he has nothing to recommend him but his innate goodness of heart."

"I dare say," responded Miss Trevanion.

"But would you not be civil to a man whom you knew to be beyond expression estimable, if only for the sake of his goodness, no matter how rough a diamond he might be?" asked Denzil Younge, feeling somewhat eager in his argument, and turning slightly, so as more to face his adversary.

"Surely you would any woman—most women would, I fancy. One could not fail to appreciate the man I speak of."

"I might appreciate him—at a distance," Miss Trevanion returned, obstinately, "but I would not be civil to him; and I should think him a boor just the same, whether he were a black sheep or a white."

"Ch!" exclaimed Denzil, and stared curiously at her beautiful, now rather bored, face, while stroking his fair moustache thoughtfully.

"Was she really as worthless as she declared herself to be? Could those handsome, cold blue eyes and faultless features never soften into tenderness and womanly feeling?"

He quite forgot how earnestly he was gazing, until Miss Trevanion raised her eyes and meeting his steady stare, blushed warmly—angrily. He recollected himself then, and the admiration his look must have conveyed, and colored almost as deeply as she had.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly; "do not think me rude, but I am strangely forgetful at times, and was just then wondering whether you really meant all you said."

"Do not wonder any longer, then," she retorted, still retaining the expression of his eyes. "As I did perfectly mean what I said, I detest with all my heart bores, and ill-bred people, and parvenues, and want of birth generally."

And then Lady Caroline made the usual mysterious sign and they all rose to leave the room, and Miss Trevanion became conscious that she had made a cruelly rude speech. She would have retracted it the next instant—have glossed it over, and turned it into a compliment, as most women possess the art of doing on occasions like the present; but it was too late now, as everybody had risen and there was a slight bustle and confusion. Denzil himself also had seemed to desire no further words from her, as he had moved to the door and opened it, standing there while they all passed through. Moving by him herself a few moments afterward, she raised her eyes involuntarily to his face, but he was not looking in her direction, being engaged in watching attentively "the queen's" departing figure, and Miss Trevanion saw that he was not in the least disconcerted or put out by her rudeness.

She felt rather gully, nevertheless, and disinclined for conversation, when she had reached the drawing-room; so she sat down and tried to find excuses for her conduct in the remembrance of that last unwarrantable glance he had bestowed upon her. A man should be taught manners if he did not possess them; and the idea of his turning deliberately to stare at her—Mildred Trevanion—publicly, was more than any woman could endure. So she argued, endeavoring to persuade her conscience—but unsuccessfully—that her uncourteous remark had been justly provoked; and then Mabel came over and sat down beside her.

"I liked your man at dinner very much," she said; "at least what I could see of him."

"He seemed to like you very much, at all events," Mildred returned. "He watched your retreating figure just now as though he had never before had seen a pretty girl or a white-worked grenadier."

"He is awfully handsome," went on Mabel, who always indulged in the strongest terms of speech.

"He is good looking."

"More than that; he is as rich as Croesus, I am told."

"What a good thing for the young woman who gets him!" Miss Trevanion remarked, and smiled down a yawn very happily indeed.

"Look here, Mildred, you may as well just begin by being civil to him," counseled Mabel, wisely, "because, as he is going to inhabit the same house as yourself for the next six weeks or so, it will be better for you to put up with him quietly. You were looking all through dinner as though you were bored to death—and after all, what good can that do?"

"I rather think that you will help the doing of the civility," observed Miss Trevanion, "as he is evidently greatly struck by your numerous charms."

"I shouldn't mind in the least, if he can talk plenty of nonsense, and look as he looked at dinner," Mabel returned. "There is always something so interesting about a superlatively rich man, don't you think?"

"Not when the rich man owns to cotton."

"Why not? Cotton is a nice, clean thing, should fancy; and money is money, however procured. I am a thoroughly unbiassed person, thank Heaven, and a warm admirer of honest industry."

"You had better marry Mr. Younge, then, and you will be able to admire the fruits of it from this day until your death," Mildred said.

"Not at all a bad idea," returned "the queen." "Thanks for the suggestion, I shall certainly think about it. If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance, and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money."

"Oh, Mabel!" cried Miss Trevanion.

And then Mabel laughed merrily and patted her hand, after which she went across the room, to hold sweet converse with Rachel Younge.

CHAPTER III.

After Mabel had left her, Mildred opened a dainty little work basket that lay on the table near her, and taking out her embroidery, started a pretty pretense of industry. Work, however frivolous, conduces to thought, and so presently Miss Trevanion fell into a train of ideas that lasted her for some time. "If I like him sufficiently well on a nearer acquaintance," Mabel had said, "and if he is good enough to ask me, I will positively go and help him to squander that cotton money." It seemed to Mildred so likely a thing that Denzil Younge should fall in love with her pretty laughing sister, that she dreaded anything approaching reciprocity of feeling on her part. The girl was so sweet and lovable in all her ways that she, Mildred, being very wise in her own conceit at this period of her life saw endless unpleasantness arising in the future out of this visit, in all which unpleasantness "the queen" and Denzil Younge stood prominent. Mabel, too, in that lost thoughtless speech, had shown anything but dislike to the probability of Mr. Younge's falling in love with her pretty laughing sister. She had said, making a joke of it, but to Miss Trevanion it appeared as though a joke on such a subject was very like an encouragement of it.

She looked across the room now to where Mabel was holding a very exhaustive conversation with Miss Younge. The latter was looking as if she were in a state of mind to be amused and passive as usual, but Mabel had bent slightly forward on the arm of the velvet chair, and appeared so bright and animated in contrast with her companion that Mildred could do nothing but admire her.

"I am sure I don't know," lisped Miss Younge, languidly.

"Oh, but that is nonsense," said Mabel, eagerly—"one should always have an opinion on every subject, one way or the other. Now I will make you see it in an instant. If—"

Mabel quite gloved under the force of her argument, and her sister watching her calmly, decided that she was fit to wed with any duke or marquis of the land. A prince would perhaps be the right person, but then in these degenerate days princes were few and far between, and difficult to wed besides. But as for that cotton man—

Just then the father of the cotton man made his appearance, followed by the others, and so put an end to Miss Trevanion's withering reflection.

Mabel immediately challenged the old man—whom she seemed to have in a manner adopted—to play a game of bezique with her.

"With all the pleasure in life, Miss Mabel," returned he, "but you must promise not to beat me, and to be kinder to me than you were at dinner."

"Oh, there's an insinuation!" cried Mabel. "I scorn to refute it. I will promise you nothing, and certainly I will beat you if I can."

After which mild passage-at-arms they went off to their game, and seated themselves at a distant table in a far corner of the room.

Eddie, of course, as in duty bound, fell into a seat near Rachel, and endeavored with all his might to make himself agreeable to that uninteresting member of society. He was young and good-looking, so perhaps he succeeded; but as he confided to Mildred next morning, "conversing with pale nonentities is horribly trying work." He went through his work very bravely that evening nevertheless—so bravely that once Rachel was seen to blush, an event heretofore unheard of in the annals of that young damsel.

Sir George stood on the hearth-rug between his wife and Mrs. Younge, dividing his attentions impartially, while conversing fluently and very much to the purpose about the respective merits and demerits of his South-Sea doctors. She was his hobby at present and so he made it a point, when he could not secure a man, to instruct even women upon this his favorite topic.

All the others being provided for, nothing was left to Denzil but a corner of Miss Trevanion's sofa, where she sat embroidering busily, as though her very life depended on the finishing of the task in hand.

A little black, glossy dog lay crouching at her feet.

"Your dog?" asked Denzil; and then Mildred knew he had not taken very deep offence at her last speech.

"Yes," she said, graciously enough, feeling, woman-like, that she owed him something to make up for that late unkindness in the dining-room.

"Nice little thing," Denzil remarked, raising the animal to examine its points, which evidently baffled him.

"What sort of dog is it? I don't think I ever saw one like it before."

"I don't suppose you ever did," Miss Trevanion answered, laughing in spite of herself; "the fact is, he is a valuable gift to me from my youngest brother, who translated him here from a neighboring town, and made me promise to support him until my dying day, so of course I was obliged to make a pet of the creature. I am horribly afraid it is nothing but the commonest cur; and yet I am so fond of it now that I would not exchange it for the most valuable animal that could be offered me."

"What?" said Denzil, stooping to caress the dog; "is it possible that after you said to me just now, Miss Trevanion, you can actually acknowledge yourself fond of anything so ill-bred?"

Mildred blushed crimson. Was he having his revenge? Well, if so, he was welcome to it.

"You have the best of it," she said, quietly; "although I might perhaps argue that I scarcely incited dogs in my list. However, I will not, and I must confess that I could not love my little pet better had he come of the most ancient pedigree. Come here, back!"

Whereupon the "little pet," "concocted" jumped up into her lap and commenced a most interesting conversation with her mistress over his dusky head. Perhaps she was aware how well the blackness of his coat set off the whiteness of her pretty hands. Certainly Denzil did not fail to remark the contrast.

"Do you sing?" he asked, presently.

"No—that is, not worth speaking

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Don't load your stomachs with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrh-ozone which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrh-ozone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages—everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrh-ozone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis or throat trouble if Catarrh-ozone is used. Get it to-day, but beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Catarrh-ozone, large size, two months' treatment, costs \$1; small size, 50c; sample size, 25c.

"of," she said; "my voice is painfully insignificant. But a propos of private singers, my sister Mabel has one of the finest voices I ever heard—not powerful, you know, but tender and very touching."

"It should like to hear her," Denzil said eagerly.

"Well, so you shall, when she has finished her game," Miss Trevanion responded; and they both ceased talking, and looked across the room toward the distant table where "the Queen" was holding high discussion with her ancient opponent.

"Four queens make sixty!" called Mabel, triumphantly, laying the four royal ladies upon the table as she spoke.

"No, no—forty!" protested the old man, persuasively.

"Withering scorn," "And what, may I ask, do you make the knaves? It is sixty, and you know it as well as I do; and, if you make another attempt to cheat me out of my lawful rights, I will proclaim myself victor, and disgrace you publicly before the whole room." After which appalling threat the game went on again, enlivened by a hearty chuckle from the "Yorkshire farmer." Denzil laughed.

"A very fearsome fray," he said.

"What a charming face your sister has!"

"Yes, hasn't she?" Miss Trevanion returned, enthusiastically, forgetting at the moment who the admirer was, but, recollecting herself immediately afterward, she went back to her original coldness.

So he was falling in love with Mabel—that was evident; and when the duke or the marquis came, what was she to say to him? Somehow or other Miss Trevanion had small faith in her sister's own discrimination in the matter of choosing a husband. The darling was so tender-hearted, she argued with her inward self, that the very fact of having to cause a man pain in all probability accept him; in all which arguing she did Miss Mabel Trevanion decide wrong.

Mildred had spoken enthusiastically in her sister's favor, and then regretted it. Where was the use of encouraging dreams in the breast of this young man which could certainly only end in a sad awakening? But she did not see her way to withdraw from her enthusiasm just then, and so held her tongue. She was vexed with herself, however, and could not thread her needle into the bargain—which two things put together were, of course, quite enough to provoke a saint.

Miss Trevanion could not thread her needle, either because she was not sufficiently intent upon the difficult job, her mind being unpleasantly fixed upon other matters, or because she was sitting too far from the light, or because the second occupant of the lounge was watching her vain endeavors too closely; and at last she put the needle down in despair.

"Shall I do it for you?" Denzil asked.

He was smiling—appearing, indeed, very much amused at her defeat—and holding out his hand for the offending needle. As he spoke Miss Trevanion looked up and saw the smile, which did not add to her good-humor.

"No, thank you," she said. "I will not work any more to-night. Besides you could not do it. I never yet saw a man that could; so why give you the trouble of trying?"

"It is unjust to condemn me, as incapable without giving me a chance of proving myself otherwise," Denzil protested, laughingly. "No? You will not let me show how superior I am to men in general—in this respect, at all events? Well, then, I must conclude that you are at heart tired of your work, and glad of the excuse to get rid of it."

"Yes, I am tired of it," assented Miss Trevanion, listlessly. "There are times when everything bores me, and I get quite to dislike them."

"Are you, I dare say, there are a few things you never dislike," said Denzil—"Boski, for instance, and—being a woman—talking."

"A general I detest conversation," returned Miss Trevanion, uncivilly. "So I fear you must consider me very unwomanly in that respect."

"What a pity you did not tell me that before!" murmured Denzil, with such deep consideration in his tones as savored very strongly of sarcasm.

"Now, I must have spoiled your evening," and as he finished speaking, he rose, stooped carelessly to pat the little dog that still lay upon her knee, and went over to where Lady Caroline was sitting on a green ottoman.

"I knew I should hate him," said Mildred to herself, and fell to wondering why it was she could not keep her temper with him. However, if he would come and sit next her when she had so plainly shown him at dinner that she would none of him, he deserved all he got and more. Still, she would not let him see she was piqued—which she was by his sudden departure from her side—a seat of honor that most men of her acquaintance would have gone any length to procure; so when the game of bezique had come to a close, leaving "the queen" triumphant, she asked her sister very distinctly and sweetly—

"Sing something for us, dear, as Mr. Younge is anxious to hear you."

Mabel said "A ha?" and smiled across the room at the young man who was so anxious to hear her, after which she sat down and sang Gab-

riel's "Only" very tenderly and expressively.
(To be continued.)

Gun, Howitzer And Mortar

There is no sharp and distinct understanding on the part of the average person as to the difference or distinction between the field gun, the siege gun, the howitzer and the mortar. The precise line of distinction or mark of distinction between these classes of weapons might be difficult even for an ordnance technician to define. It is certainly difficult for a layman to tell just where the gun ends and the howitzer begins, or where the howitzer ends and the mortar begins.

Considered in a broad and general way, the special purpose of the gun was and is to destroy other guns in march or in position, to destroy troops in the open and to batter down objects behind which troops find shelter. The projectile of the gun by high powder pressure was given a high velocity and a relatively flat trajectory, which means that the shot passing from the gun to the target did not rise high above the earth or above a line joining gun and target. To withstand the powder pressure required for this work the gun was heavy in relation to the weight of the projectile. From the fact that the shot traveled in a path relatively of slight curve, its slope of fall or its angle of fall was not steep. It would go through a stone wall, or perhaps smash it, or would go deep into a dirt embankment, but it was not easy to put a shot inside a narrow deep trench, or to plant a shot so close behind an embankment as to kill men sheltered there.

The shot from the gun was good at penetration, but ineffective in searching the rear of cover. To accomplish this purpose another style of gun was devised. The pressure per square inch of powder chamber was decreased, the angle of elevation of the gun was increased, the angle of departure of the shot was greatly increased and the shot after reaching the summit of its path fell so steeply that if the range were known and the practice good the shot would land in a trench or fall so close behind an embankment or parapet that men would find no shelter there.

This being possible by a reduction of powder pressure per square inch of chamber surface, and consequent reduction in the speed of the projectile, it was found that the weight of the gun in relation to the weight of the projectile could be diminished, thus increasing its mobility or the facility with which it could be moved from place to place.

It was found that the barrel of this gun could be very much shortened, thus effecting a saving in weight. But in making the change in this gun instead of absolutely decreasing its weight the gunmakers enlarged its bore and increased the size of its projectile, thus increasing its efficiency. This type of gun, though not in the narrow and technical sense a "gun" is ordnance and an element of artillery and was given the specific name "howitzer."

The mortar was a gun that could give a higher angle of fire and a more plunging fire than a howitzer. It was a very short piece of ordnance, fired from a platform and held down by ropes. Ports and mortar boats used it for getting a high angle of fire and a more plunging fire with larger shell than could be had using a howitzer. The range used to be obtained by varying the power charge. At this day mortars weighing at least four tons, fitted with an elevating device and counter-recoil or recuperator devices, are hauled around on wheels, set down on a platform also carried on wheels, and producing vertical fire with a high explosive shell weighing 250 pounds with or without a delay action fuse.

The field gun for the purpose of firing over ridges, getting at troops on the reverse slope of ridges or across hills, giving to shrapnel the proper slope of fall for effective distribution and keeping the load light on the horses has veered away from the gun as developed in ship and fortress artillery and in the direction of the howitzer-like properties. Field guns have had their trails split that the breech may be further depressed, thus giving them a higher angle of fire designed for use against air craft, and in effecting a useful compromise between power and mobility the trajectory of shots from this gun is high and the slope of fall quite steep.

Guns of high power—high powder pressure, high velocity and long range—have been built to give vertical fire or nearly vertical elevation against aeroplanes or dirigibles.

So, as announced, it is not an easy question to decide just where gun, howitzer and mortar divide.

Wild Buffalo Increasing.

Government authorities of Alberta have made as reliable a census as possible of the wild buffalo of the Province, and announce that the number is not less than 400, probably nearer 500. The greater portion of these range in Northern Alberta, and the remainder in the Mackenzie district. Hunting, of course, is prohibited. The Royal Northwest mounted police have the animals under their protection, and any infraction of the law protecting them is severely punished.

Badly Missed.

Hugh had been left with his grandparents when his mother was called away by the illness of his father. A few days after she went away the little fellow said, "I was ever so sorry when mother died, but I don't know why you were so sad, because you were so happy when you were with her." "Yes, but don't you know it is great deal worse to miss your mother than your school?"—Exchange.

Oratories in English.

Speaking of the wonderful enunciation of Sims Reeves, Sir Frederic Cowen relates an anecdote illustrative of the opposite sex. "One could always understand what he was singing about, not like a certain other artist of the time (it is true she was German), who invariably turned the words of Mendelssohn's 'Oh, for the wings of a dove!' into 'Oh, forty winks, forty winks!'"

RHEUMATISM A MYSTERY

Unless Routed Out of the System it Grows Worse and Worse.

Some diseases give immunity from another attack, but rheumatism works just the other way. Every attack of rheumatism invites another. Worse than that, it reduces the body's power so that each attack is worse than the one before. If any disease needs caring early it is rheumatism, but there are few diseases physicians find more difficult to treat successfully. Wet weather does not cause rheumatism, as was once thought, though weather conditions may start the aches and pains. Rheumatism is now known to be dependent upon the blood condition, and medical authorities agree that the blood becomes thin with alarming rapidity as rheumatism develops. Maintaining the quality of the blood is, therefore, a reasonable way of preventing and curing rheumatism. That it works out in fact is shown by the beneficial results which follow a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills actually make new, rich blood, which drives out the rheumatic poison, and while the blood is kept in this condition there is no danger of the trouble returning. Mr. W. T. Fell, Palermo, Ont., says: "I was attacked with a trouble which was ultimately pronounced rheumatism. Often I was barely able to crawl into bed, and seldom able to do a full day's work. In this condition I doctored for a year, absolutely getting no better. Then I consulted another doctor, whose chief consolation was that unless I could get rid of the trouble I would be a cripple for life. He prescribed dieting, and I doctored with him for at least six months, but instead of getting relief I became weaker and less able to get around. Then I decided to try a doctor in Toronto, and was under his treatment for about four months with no better results. I gave up the doctors and tried other remedies, which were equally futile. Then one day our storekeeper sent me a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, saying that if they did not help me I need not pay for them. I took them and then got some more and found they were helping me. I probably used \$10.00 worth before I felt fully cured, but they did cure me and were cheap as compared with the other treatments which did not help me. The cure was made several years ago, and I have not had a twinge of rheumatism since. To-day I am well and strong, and I believe I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Bulldozing the Bull.

A few years ago I took the short course at our college of agriculture, and, besides learning how to judge calves and so forth, I learned the university yell. During the following summer our neighbor's bull bothered us at time by breaking through the fence and coming up from the pasture with our cows. Finding this breachy bull in the lane one night, my brother, who also knows something about college yells, and I each took a pitchfork and started after him.

The bull took to his heels and ran until he came to a good sized elm tree. Here he wheeled and started pawing up the earth and bellowing and otherwise showing an inclination to fight. To keep up our own courage we started giving the college yell. The bull gave one startled look and then made for home the straightest and swiftest way. It took him through two barbed wire fences, but they did not hinder him any. He did not trouble us again.

The moral of this is: When you go to college learn all you can, for you never can tell what you may have use for.—Country Gentleman.

Seville Nights.

In all the principal places and gardens of Seville moving picture screens are erected and small tables and chairs set out, the exhibitors either making their profits from the drinks sold or by rental of chairs at 2 cents each. Thousands of people go nightly to the different plazas and gardens, and the entire life of the city for about four months centres around these moving picture shows.

Are Worth Their Weight in Gold

WHAT MRS. BROWN SAYS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS & S.

New Brunswick Lady Feels It Her Duty to Tell Women That Dodd's Kidney Pills Are the Best Remedy She Ever Used.

Miscow Harbor, Gloucester Co., N. B., March 12.—(Special)—"I think Dodd's Kidney Pills are worth their weight in gold." This is the statement of Mrs. James Brown, well known and highly respected here.

"I think it would be ungrateful on my part if I did not tell what a blessing Dodd's Kidney Pills have been to me," Mrs. Brown continued. "I was in bed three weeks with headache and sore back. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and I found them the best remedy I have ever used."

Mrs. Brown is just one of the many women in New Brunswick who are telling of pains relieved and health restored by the great Canadian kidney remedy. Dodd's Kidney Pills are suffering women's best friend, because they act directly on the kidneys, and put them in condition to do their full work of straining all the impurities out of the blood. Nine-tenths of women's troubles come from diseased or disordered kidneys. There is abundant evidence on every hand that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles.

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