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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

EWINGILLET CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

Aubrey's Revenge.

CHAPTER X.

"You won't be likely to sleep a wink if I do. It isn't a pleasant story to hear."

"We want to hear it, nevertheless. Don't we, Tom?" urged Kelpie.

"Of course we do," the young man replied. "I shall go to the storage room and investigate matters for myself before I'm many days older."

"Just what I expected," grumbled the old keeper. "I was a fool not to hold my tongue."

"I don't see where the harm of knowing about it comes in, sir," continued Tom.

"Well, maybe, no harm may come of it," said the old man. "At any rate, since the cat's out of the bag, there's no help for it."

"Not a bit, so you might as well tell us the story," put in Kelpie. "But tell me, first, how do you suppose Tulliver found out about this secret place?"

"You've got me there, little woman. I haven't an idea, but one thing is certain, somebody has left the storage room during my absence by way of the secret ladder, and the natural inference is that it was Tulliver. Don't you see?"

"Yes," assented Tom. "I see. Are you certain, cap'n," he went on with a startled look, "that the person got out?"

The old light keeper laughed and nodded his head.

"Yes, the first thing I did was to make certain of that. The person not only got out, but got off in one of my boats; the Neptune is missing."

"The person was Tulliver, of course," continued Tom, after a moment's silence.

"Of course," assented the old man. "But he was crippled in the shoulder and had knocked a great hole in his temple," added Kelpie. "I felt awfully bad when I think about it, but I was right not to allow him to put the light out, wasn't I, daddy?"

The old keeper caught hold of the girl's hands and drew her down on his knee.

"Yes, you were right. You are a brave little woman," he added, his voice tremulous and broken. "If old daddy had got back and found the light out, that would have been the last of him. It would have broken my old heart to have the record of twenty years' broken in a single night."

"That's what I thought," said Kelpie, with shining eyes. "If poor Tulliver only comes out all right I shall feel proud of my night's work."

"You have a right to feel proud of it, little woman," said the old man, fondly, "but don't bother your head

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"Poor Tulliver! I hope we shall hear what has become of him," said Kelpie softly. Then, taking the old man's weather-beaten hand and pressing it against her pink cheeks, she added: "But the story, daddy, dear; we are not going to forget that, are we, Tom?"

"Well, if I must, I must," assented the old man, and, putting aside his pipe, he told the following story:

"I had been a keeper at New Castle Light just five years, when, on a stormy November evening, a fellow pulled across from Shoal Island and brought me a letter.

"It was Tim Duffy, the man who was keeper here before I took the place. Tim was a good fellow, and he and I were lifelong friends. We were boys together, went to the same school, and were almost brothers, in fact. I don't think we ever had but one secret from each other, and that was when Tim made up his mind to give up the light.

"He was a tip-top keeper, was Tim, and in the prime of life, and, when he sent in his resignation, the board refused to accept it.

"But Tim had a will of his own, and, in spite of everything, he threw up the position at once. I was aboard the South Shoal lightship at the time, a hard berth for any man to fill, and when my old friend's vacant place was offered to me, I was glad enough to accept it.

"So I came in, and Tim stepped down and out, and that was the end of it. For five years I kept the light, and kept it well, if I do say it myself."

"Where was I when all this was going on, daddy?" interrupted Kelpie.

The old man started perceptibly and a dark flush arose to his weather-beaten face. He hesitated a moment, and then said, with a forced laugh:

"You, you witch, it's hard telling where you were fifteen years ago. Let's see, you were a little mite of a baby, scarce three years old."

"Then I was not living here with you?"

"No, of course not. What could I have done with such a baby? Let's see, I had been keeper here something over six years when old Janet brought you to live at Thatcher's Rock."

"Where did she bring me from, daddy? Who am I, anyhow?" cried the girl eagerly. "I wish you would tell me all about it. I really think I ought to know; I'm getting to be real old now."

The old man laughed and pinched her cheek, but the laugh was forced, and his voice faltered, and there was a curious tremor about his firm lips as he replied:

"So you are, almost as old as Pete, the Prophet. But never mind, little woman, you shall hear all about it one of these days."

"That's the way you always put me off, daddy," said Kelpie petulantly. "But never mind, go on with the story."

The old keeper cleared his throat and made a desperate effort to regain his self-control, while Tom looked on in silence, saying to himself, as he had done a hundred times before:

"There's some secret connected with Kelpie's birth, and the cap'n doesn't want her to find it out. I'm certain of that."

And, with the tenderness of a great, honorable, loyal love, he longed to take the little girl to his heart and shelter her from any pain or sorrow the future might have in store for her.

CHAPTER XI.

"Go on with the story, daddy," said Kelpie. "You left off where the man from Shoal Island brought you the letter."

"So I did, and the letter turned out to be from poor Tim. He had gone away, nobody knew where, immediately after giving up the light, and in all the five years that had gone by I hadn't heard from him more than two or three times.

"The letter was scribbled by his own hand, and was almost illegible, but I made out enough to know that he was dying, and begged me to come to him without a moment's delay. I went that same evening, and, although the sea was dreadfully rough, we reached the island about midnight.

"I never was more shocked than when I reached the poor lad's bedside. I had never seen any human being so changed. He was wasted to a skeleton, and the bitter anguish in his sunken eyes was terrible. I shall never forget his look when we first met, never while I live."

The old keeper's voice broke and he bowed his head in silence.

"Poor daddy!" said Kelpie, pressing her sweet lips to his rough hand. "If it pains you so to tell the story, don't finish it—don't say another word."

"No, no; that's not my way," he replied, rousing up. "When I once

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put my hand to the plow, I never turn back. Besides, I've got to tell you some time. I can't carry the dreadful secret with me to the grave."

"Well, make the story as short as you can, cap'n," put in Tom gently.

The old keeper drew his sleeve across his eyes and went on:

"It was a terrible night. I shall never forget it while I live. I tried to talk to poor Tim about old times, but he seemed to have but one thought in his mind—the story he had to tell."

"There's no time to lose," he said; "I may drop off at any moment, and I can't rest in my grave unless I make a clean breast of it. You've wondered many a time, no doubt, why I gave up my position at New Castle Light and went off to the ends of the earth. Well, I'm going to tell you."

"Go on," I said, "I am ready to hear."

"You remember my pretty sweet heart, Nellie Brande," the poor fellow continued, "and you've wondered, no doubt, why our engagement was so suddenly broken off, when the day for the marriage had been set."

"I had wondered, time and again," said the old keeper. "I told Tom so, and he went on:

"I loved the girl as my life, and fancied she loved me. As I've mentioned, our wedding day was set. I had bought the marriage ring, and even my wedding suit—in a word, all our preparations were made, and I lived in a state of blissful expectation from hour to hour, when a letter came from Nellie. She had changed her mind at the last moment and married Ralph Rutherford, a worthless fellow, who had been my rival for months. With her brief letter

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Besides beautifying the hair at once, 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 will actually 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 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any druggist or toilet counter, and just try it.

was enclosed a clipping containing an account of her marriage. It was an awful shock. I think I went mad when I read that letter, which accounts for all that followed.

"The poor fellow was growing very weak," the old keeper proceeded. "I noticed his voice was husky and his breath came in painful gasps. I gave him a little wine, and he continued his story:

"I could do nothing but submit to my fate. Nellie was married, and I was left without a single hope; but I attended to my duties the same. Three months went by, and then came a dreadful night. A terrible storm had been raging for two days, and there was a wreck out beyond the bar. The men from the life-saving station were all out, and the keepers from the lighthouse joined them. There was noble work done that night, and many a poor soul saved. When all was over, only one man was left in our care. The men took charge of him, giving him a good bed and excellent attention, but being a bit under the weather myself, I didn't go down to see him."

"On the third day he was able to sit up, and toward nightfall he sent for me. I was scarcely able to move about, but I got out of bed and went down. He was lying on a cot when I entered, but he got on his feet and faced me."

"Well, Tim Duffy, I s'pose you know me?" he said, with an insolent laugh.

"I was struck dumb for the moment. He was Ralph Rutherford, the worthless scamp who had stolen Nellie from me."

"We looked at each other in silence for a little while, and then he repeated: 'Well, Tim Duffy, do you know me?'"

(To be continued.)

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Finely chopped, or green curly sprigs of parsley are not, of course, to be despised, but they are not the beginning and end of garnishing. Water-cress, either plain or tossed in oil and vinegar, little tufts of delicate celery foliage, crisp fragments of endive, mustard and cress as a continuous border, or arranged in small mounds, are all excellent examples of trimmings that are both good to look upon and to eat.

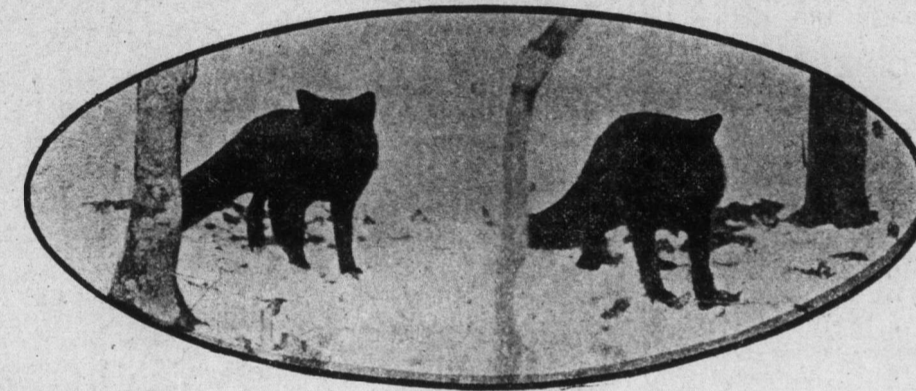
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How Big Guns Are Made

TELLING THE PROCESS OF IRON TO ORDINARY

Ironstone, from which is made a greenish silvery limestone in this country comes from Cleveland Hills in Yorkshire. Each truckful, as it is called, the mine is weighed and then the truck is pushed into a wheel which turns slowly, empties its contents into a railway wagon waiting below. Thence to the furnace, the furnace depends on fuel usually close to the coal, possible, near to the sea. Ironstone and coal, limestone essential to the reduction of First, the ironstone is calcined, then from the kiln it is up in huge lifts to the top blast furnace which burns day and night, year in and out.

Ironstone, coke and lime their appointed proportions into the great "bell" while the mouth of the furnace, the bell is lowered. There is a gush of super-heated gas, goes the tons of stuff into the heat below.

Go back to the base of the enormous pile of brickwork, anything you will notice is a stream of white-hot liquid from an opening about ten ground level.

But this is not iron metal—that is the dross which is left, leaving the heavy metal underneath. The dross is run the slag heap.

A CATARRH OF F

Four times in each 24 hours the furnace is "blown" which has been carefed with fireclay is opened from glowing with a heat light, comes rushing out in fire.

Ready to receive it are little trenches made with There is a main run in large and smaller ditches, called running off it to right and "sow" has ten tributaries "pies," and here the molten until it cools into "pig iron." Pig iron is a long way being steel. Such iron as is used for steel goes to the huge reservoir fit to hold of metal.

No need to enter here is the thods by which a small pure carbon or charcoal, various other ingredients, purged with the iron.

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