

PURITY - QUALITY - ECONOMY

With the increased cost of labor and materials due to war conditions, it is not reasonable to suppose that a really first class baking powder can be made and sold at the old prices. Rather than sacrifice the quality of

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

we found it necessary to make slight increases in price during the war period. Even though Magic Baking Powder may cost a few cents more than the ordinary kinds it is still by far the most economical baking powder on the market to-day when purity, strength and leavening qualities are taken into consideration.

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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXVII.
THE KISS OF JUDAS.

"Let me be the first to congratulate you, my dear Edgar," he said, holding out his hand.

Lord Edgar, pale, too, but with a glow of happiness in his eyes, turned to Lela.

"No," he said, "my first word must belong to her—my wife, and he took her in his arms and kissed her.

Then he took Clifford's hand and shook it.

"Thank you—thank you, Clifford! Lela, my wife, thanks you, too, do you not?"

Lela held out her hand and looked at him, but she said nothing, not even when he bent over her hand.

"May I claim a cousin's privilege, Lady Fane?" he said.

She started and stared at him. Lady Fane! What did he mean? Then it broke upon her that he meant herself—that she was Lady Fane; and before she could say "yea or nay," he kissed her hand.

It was a Judas kiss—a kiss that should have withered the lips that gave it; but it only gave him courage.

His eyes gleamed triumphantly, his voice grew loud.

"Browne," he said, "I never heard you read the service in better style."

Nagle raised his head and looked at him—a strange glance.

"Never," he repeated. "I think your voice has improved. By the way, I must use my poor influence with my cousin on your behalf, Edgar!"

"Well," said Lord Edgar, turning his head—the still held Lela's hand—"what is it?"

"I was going to say a word for my friend Browne," said Clifford Revel, smiling so that his short, even teeth gleamed under his mustache. "You have, or will have, several livings within your gift. I hope you won't forget my friend here. You are married now, and will some day be Marquis of Farintosh. Don't forget the clergyman who helped to make you the happiest man on earth!"

It was a wild speech, but excusable, Lord Edgar thought, under the circumstances.

"I am very much indebted to Mr. Browne," he said, looking at Nagle's pale, cadaverous face—"very much; and I hope I may some day have the opportunity of proving the sincerity of my gratitude."

As he spoke Nagle raised his eyes and looked at him, and at the mo-

ment Lord Edgar was seized with a strange idea that he had seen him before.

"At what university were you, Mr. Browne?" he asked.

"At Oxford, with me!" said Clifford Revel, with a wild laugh. "Werent you, Browne?" he said, lightly.

"Wonderful clever man, Browne—passed with honors, while I was plucked. Now mind, Edgar, the first living that comes into your hands, you give to my friend here."

Lord Edgar nodded.

"I promise that!" he said.

Then, for the first time, Nagle spoke. He raised his head and looked from one to the other.

"Thank you, my lord!" he said.

"What a wonderful actor he is!" thought Clifford Revel. "No bishop could have looked more clerical, or read the service more devoutly."

Lord Edgar entered. He had put on a new dress-coat—that is, a left-off one of Lord Edgar's.

"Luncheon is served, my lady!" he said.

Lela looked around to see where "my lady" might be, then blushed a rosy red and clung to Lord Edgar's arm. She was "my lady" now!

"Mr. Browne, will you join us?" said Lord Edgar, for Nagle had taken up his black kid gloves.

"Thank you, my lord!" he said.

"But I have a pressing engagement," "Oh, come, Browne!" said Clifford Revel, remonstrating. "Whoever heard of a clergyman deserting his post before the wedding breakfast?" Nagle looked at him steadily.

"I have a pressing engagement which I can not break," he said.

"At least you will drink a glass of wine?" said Lord Edgar, genially.

Lord went and fetched a decanter and glass, and as he went Nagle said: "I have not seen the license, my lord; will you show it to me, please!"

"Certainly!" said Lord Edgar, and he drew the license from his pocket and handed it to him.

He took it and glanced at it, and Clifford Revel exultingly thought that, indeed, his tool was a good actor!

"It is usual for the clergyman to retain this," said Nagle.

"All right!" said Lord Edgar. "It is of no use to me now," and he laughed buoyantly.

Nagle put the document in his pocket-book and then went to the writing-table, and, taking a sheet of paper, wrote something on it. Then he approached Lela and handed the sheet of note-paper to her.

"This, my lady," he said, bending his dark eyes upon her and speaking in a voice quite different to that which he had used hitherto, "is your marriage certificate; keep it and pre-

serve it. You may never need it, but still—keep it."

Lela took the sheet of paper and murmured her thanks, and Clifford Revel, looking on with a smile, was delighted at the way in which his tool was playing his part.

"And now I must say 'Farewell!'" said Nagle, quietly. "I am sorry that I cannot remain, but I have a pressing engagement. Good-bye, my lord!"

"Good-bye!" said Lord Edgar, taking his hand. "I am very much obliged to you, and am very sorry that you can not stay!"

"Thanks."

Then he held out his hand to Lela. "Good-bye, Lady Fane!" She put her hand in his. It was burning hot, but it did not affect her as Clifford Revel's had done. "Good-bye, Lady Fane! I wish you every happiness! You are young to occupy so exalted a station as that which has fallen to your lot, but I think you will do your duty. It may happen in your lady-ship's experience to encounter trouble—who is free from it—but you will always remember that you have a husband to support and aid you. Good-bye, and every blessing attend you!"

Lela bowed her head. There were tears in her eyes, called there by the grave, solemn voice.

"Good-bye, and thank you for your good wishes!" she murmured.

Then Lord Edgar drew her arm within his and led her into the next room.

Clifford Revel lingered behind and followed Nagle into the lobby.

Then he closed the door of the room behind him and contemplated his tool with suppressed amusement.

"Nagle, you have been as good as a play!" he exclaimed, in a low voice—"as good as a play! My dear fellow, you ought to have gone on the stage, you ought indeed! I never knew anything done better! You read the service like a bishop! Like a bishop!"

Nagle stood and looked at him with grave face and knitted brows.

"And your farewell was excellent! I admire your taste in declining to remain for the luncheon. And your farewell good wishes! Upon my word, Nagle, you have earned your money!"

"You think so?" said Nagle, looking calmly at the flushed face of his employer. "You think so, Clifford Revel?"

"Yes! I am quite satisfied. Quite. It was splendid! Any one would have been deceived, leave alone my poor fool of a cousin and a simple girl! But, by Jove, it was a near shave. I thought she was going to back out of it at the last moment. It was only your clerical appearance that deceived her. It was a wonderful get-up. You'll pass as a clergyman anywhere!"

"You think so?" said Nagle, with the same grave air.

"Yes, anywhere! Nagle, I am delighted with you. And to prove it I'll add a five-pound note to your bargain. Look here, here are two hundred and fifty, and here is a five-pound note added," he said, in a whisper, as he took a roll of notes from his pocket and looked them over.

Nagle took them, and without counting them crushed them together in his hand.

"I am glad you are pleased," he said, quietly.

"Pleased! I am delighted! I

scarcely thought the affair would go off so well. Really, Nagle, if you have any sense of humor—which I am inclined to doubt—you must enjoy the situation! To think that she so thoroughly believes that she is my Lady Fane, the future Marchioness of Farintosh, whereas you and I know that she is nothing of the sort, but simply Miss Temple! It is enough to make one laugh!

"Or weep," said Nagle.

"Weep!" echoed Clifford Revel, with a laugh. "Not I! I enjoy it! It is at the least, an elaborate joke! You have the notes! Good-bye! If you take my advice you will put the herring pond between you and this day's work."

"You advise that I should seek safety in flight?" said Nagle, quietly.

"I do. It is my sincere advice. You know what this morning's work means for you if ever it should be brought into court! Ten years at least, my dear Nagle."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Nagle. "I'll think it over."

"Clifford! Clifford!" called Lord Edgar.

"There, he wants me!" said Clifford Revel, with a smile. "Good-bye! Take my advice! You are a rich man with capital. Make yourself scarce."

"Thanks," said Nagle, calmly. "If I might offer you advice—"

"I don't want it!" said Clifford Revel, smilingly.

"Just so. But if you did I should say, don't be too certain. I throw my advice in for the extra five pounds, and again I say, don't be too certain!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.
AN EXTRAORDINARY WEDDING.

IT was an extraordinary wedding! Lela scarcely realized that she was married; it seemed like a dream to her; the beautiful rooms, the table laden with costly plate and choice glass; Lovel, black-garbed and noiseless; the landlady's niece, in her pink ribbons, all seemed unsubstantial and unreal. The words so solemnly spoken by the man who had read the service rang in her ears like the voice in a dream. It was only when she looked up into the handsome face of Lord Edgar—"made like a god's with happiness"—that she could grasp the truth, the fact that she was married, that he was her husband, and that Lela Temple had been transformed into the Viscountess Fane! She was still rather pale, but never lovelier—certainly never lovelier in Lord Edgar's eyes, and as he bent over her, whispering some short, sweet words, his lips touched her hair.

"My wife!" he murmured, and the red blood stained her face for a moment as she looked up at him.

At this moment Clifford Revel, having parted from Nagle, entered the room and stood in the door-way, looking down at them with a sardonic smile, which changed swiftly into a genial one, as Lord Edgar turned and smiled at him.

"Breakfast is served, my lady," said Lovel in his most subdued voice, and Lela looked up at him with a little bewilderment in her eyes. Certainly not yet had she realized that she was "my lady."

Lord Edgar drew her arm within his, and led her into the next room, and Clifford Revel followed.

It was an exquisite little breakfast. Lord Edgar had given Fortnum & Mason carte-blanche; merely stipulating that there should be some hot things, and Lela saw dishes that she had never seen before and of which she was quite ignorant.

She was placed at Lord Edgar's side and Clifford Revel took the bottom of the table. His face was flushed, his keen eyes sparkled. He was an admirable actor, and the whole morning's work had simply been as a pleasant comedy—or tragedy, in which he played a part with the deepest zest and enjoyment.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A VERY PRACTICAL SERVICE GARMENT.



2801—This "Cover All" Apron may well serve as a "morning" or "play" dress. It is cut in kimono style, and the closing may be reversed. Gingham, percale, chambray, khaki, lawn, sateen, drill and cambric are good for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A NEAT AND ATTRACTIVE HOUSE OR PORCH DRESS.



2812—This model is excellent for percale, seersucker, lawn, gingham, linen, drill, gabardine, repp and poplin. The vest, collar and cuffs, also the belt, could be of contrasting material. Striped cotton voile, with trimming of organdy, would be pretty.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5/4 yards of 36 inch material. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot.

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كتاب متبع للروايات
New Relief For Constipation,
"LES FRUITS"



Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us. They also agree that the constant use of any drug for the relief of constipation is exceedingly unwise—unwise for two reasons. First, a drug constantly used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandria leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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All in the very latest styles.
With and without belts, with cape in the back giving them a decidedly Military effect. All tremendous values not to be overlooked.

Price: \$6.50 up.

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ICE CREAM NOTICE.

We respectfully beg to advise our many friends who are placing orders with us for Ice Cream to be delivered outside that on and after this date we can only accept orders for outside delivery if we are given TWENTY-FOUR HOURS' NOTICE before delivery of same is required in order to give us a chance to obtain the additional Cream necessary to fill these orders. We appreciate having these orders placed with us and are anxious to serve our customers to their satisfaction, but at the current price of Fresh Cream we cannot carry more on hand than is actually required for our Ice Cream Parlor use, though we can always obtain additional Cream for outside orders if we are given a day's notice.

Furthermore, on and after this date we cannot undertake to deliver Outside orders for less than One Half Gallon of Ice Cream, though we can always sell you a Quart over the counter in a package suitable for taking home.

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Italian Difficulties Nearing Settlement

Conservative German Counter Proposals—May Soon Have Labourment--Strikes Becoming in Canada.

SETTLEMENT LIKELY.

PARIS, May 29. The settlement of the Adriatic question is now considered certain, and Italy is to receive certain Dalmatian Islands.

WANT GENERAL STRIKE.

VANCOUVER, May 29. The Trades and Labor Council last night asked all affiliated bodies to vote on the calling of a general strike.

SYMPATHETIC STRIKE.

FERNIE, B. C., May 29. The employees in the Civil Power and Light Plant have gone out on a sympathetic strike, and the town was in darkness last night.

GERMANY PROTESTS.

PARIS, May 29. Germany protests against the territory of the Sarre being detached because of claims upon its coal, also against the frontier line in Schleswig-Holstein.

LABOR PARTY'S ASPIRATIONS.

NEW YORK, May 29. The British Labor leader, Jas. T. Thomas, told the Central Federated Union to-day that the British Labor Party were likely soon to assume the reins of government in England.

PUTTING UP SPEED.

SAUGUS, MASS., May 29. In the Boston Globe Aerial Trophy contest, Captain Mansell James, of the British R. A. F., averaged 115 miles an hour in the flight from Atlantic City to this town being 25 miles an hour faster than the time made by Melvin Hodgson.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

HAVANA, May 29. In progress, President Menocal asked Congress for authority to suspend delivery of the constitutional guarantee when he deems it necessary. The House granted the suspension until June 30th.

PLANNING RECEPTION.

PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND, May 29. The British Air Ministry is planning to give the N. C. 4 and crew a great reception.

EXPORTATION NOT PROHIBITED.

OTTAWA, May 29. The export of raw salmon will not be prohibited.

WILL CONTINUE SAME TYPES.

WASHINGTON, May 29. The United States will continue the construction of battleships and cruisers rather than one ship embodying both types.

HENRY WHITE SAYS.

PARIS, May 29. Henry White, member of the American delegation, declares he had no part in the effort to bring the Irish-American delegation in touch with the British authorities and was not aware of the incident until a few days ago.

And the Worst is Yet to Come