

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM
The only well-known medium-priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum (or soda aluminosulphate, or sulphate of alumina) and which has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.
EW. GILLET & CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.

Plot That Failed;

Love That Would Not Be Denied.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"No," said the Italian.

"I do," said a stranger who stood near, and who was none other than the club news-monger, Tommy Gossip. "That is Lord Boisdale, eldest son of Lord Lackland. He's engaged—or going to be—to Miss Violet Mildmay."

The Spaniard bowed, smiled and departed.

At that moment Violet entered on the arm of Howard Murpoint. The Spaniard saw Lord Fitz approach and take her from Mr. Murpoint and frowned.

"Is it true?" he murmured to himself. "Is she going to marry him? Has she forgotten me?"

Then he sighed and sauntered off with a melancholy smile to a retired alcove.

He was not in the humor for the gay and talkative crowd, and wanted a little quiet.

He sank down in a cool corner of the velvet lounge and fixed his dark eyes upon the floor.

"Why did I come back?" he mused. "They think me dead; they have forgotten me—they have ceased to mourn for me, and others have stepped into my place. I had better leave the world which knows me no more and try for a new life in some new land. I see the best and fairest—she whom I loved—has no thought, no faith that lasts more than twelve months. I see that the rogue flourishes. I am disgusted with the world, and I will leave it. That poor fellow—the escaped convict, has more gratitude and affection and faithfulness than all the rest put together. We will go together—he and I, outcasts—and see the world no more."

He half rose in his bitterness as if to carry out his threat at once and the world, but at that moment two persons entered the alcove.

They were Fitz and Violet. Fitz led Violet to a seat, then, murmuring something about the draught, let down a heavy curtain before the couch on which sat the melancholy Spaniard.

Thus the musier was cut off from the others, a listener, and made a spy much against his will.

Before he could move to make known his presence Fitz spoke, and his tone, more than his words, transfixed the listener to the spot.

"Miss Mildmay," said Fitz, plunging into his task with a nervous precipitation, "I am glad I can see you alone for a few minutes."

"Yes?" said Violet, looking up with a dreamy, calmly serene gaze, which had nothing of embarrassment and, therefore, nothing of love in it.

"Yes," said Fitz; "I have been longing for this opportunity for some time. Miss Mildmay, I am a bad hand at speaking what I mean, but you know I mean all I say. You know that, though I'm a poor, good-for-nothing wretch who oughtn't to be allowed to breathe the same air with one so good and clever as you, but you know that I love you."

Violet's face grew pale and very sad and mournful.

She raised her hand to stop him, but Fitz had made the plunge, and now, like all nervous people, was reckless.

"Don't stop me, Miss Mildmay; let me go on and say my say. I've kept it within my bosom so long that I feel bursting with it. I love you with all my heart, and no man, let him be as clever as he may, can do more; and if I'm not worthy of you—which I am not—I am sure no one else is Violet, look at me a little more kindly, you look so pale and sorrowful. Can't you love me—only a little—just enough to say that you will be my wife?"

Violet turned her pale, sad face to him.

"Lord Boisdale—I—how can I answer you? You know that I have no love to give. It was thrown with all my hopes in the sea; that sea which breaks beneath those awful cliffs at Penruddie. You see I can speak calmly. I can look back at that dreadful past bravely and without shame! I am not ashamed to say that I have no heart for anything but the memory of a vanished past."

There was a slight stir behind the curtain, but the speaker did not notice it.

"But," said Fitz, "you will not spend your life in utter mourning, you will not sacrifice your own happiness and my life to such a shadow as that memory—"

"It is no shadow to me," said Violet, softly, sadly, her voice dreamily distinct and low, her eyes fixed as if gazing upon something very far off.

"Oh, no! I see it all, day and night. I hear his last words—the man I loved—mingling with the roar of the sea upon the shore. I see that past life of mine ever, day and night, and I am wedded to it. You see," she said with a start, and evidently arousing from her reverie, and remembering, "that it is useless to ask me for love. You would not have me without, Lord Boisdale?"

"I would," said Fitz, his eyes filled with tears. "Violet, dear Violet, you need some one to watch over and guard you—you need some one who could and would devote his life to recalling the smile and the sunlight to yours. I am willing. I am anxious. Confide in me, Violet; trust yourself to me. My love asks for nothing at your hands, but yourself and the right to guard you. Oh, Violet, I have loved you so long—I—I would have died for you."

"Do not speak of death!" said Violet, with a shudder and a hurried gesture of entreaty. "I cannot bear that! I will have no one speak of dying for me! I believe—the dread clings to me—that he—Lester—came to harm through me. No, no; no one shall die for me!"

And she half rose, wild and pale.

"Be calm, dear Violet," implored Fitz. "See how wild, how frightened you have become. Confess now that you need some strong right arm to protect you, to save you from the terrible state into which you have fallen! Violet, I do not ask you to love me, I only ask that you will promise to try. Have pity on me! You have a little, you say, but remember how

OXO CUBES at the War

Striking Letters Demonstrating the Value of OXO CUBES



A gentleman has kindly sent us a letter from his son in the Army Service Corps in which he says:—

I must tell you how delighted I was to get the OXO CUBES. They are great. You should have seen us preparing them. We made a wood fire by the roadside, and boiled the water in an empty petrol can—enough for three of us. The OXO was made in my dixie can, in which we soaked some biscuits. We then placed the can on the fire to boil; all the time it was raining hard, but we were repaid by the satisfaction we got for our efforts.

I shall be very pleased to get some more when you are sending again, as a good cup of OXO before we turn in at night considerably warms us up.

From a member of the London Scottish with the British Expeditionary Force.

And so after all these horrors here I am living in a cow byre some way away from the firing line to recuperate. Like manna, however, your glorious box has arrived, coffee and milk, butter, OXO—oh joy! Never was seen a more glorious box, and all my cow byre is interested in it. We start to-night on our feast, and I am to thank you both from all my section for being so generous.

Reprinted from the London "Globe," December 12th, 1914.



Follow the example of the men at the front, who have proved in emergencies that OXO CUBES give warmth and nourishment quickly and effectively. OXO CUBES build up strength to resist cold and disease; they increase nutrition; they remove fatigue. Added to stews and hashes they make food more nourishing and save expenditure on meat; they are handy for sleigh journeys and outdoor sports—with hot water they make a quick hot meal in a moment; in fact, they exactly meet the needs of all classes.

OXO CUBES

In 15c. and 35c. Tins. Also in tins of 50 and 100 Cubes.

let, softly, sadly, her voice dreamily distinct and low, her eyes fixed as if gazing upon something very far off.

"Oh, no! I see it all, day and night. I hear his last words—the man I loved—mingling with the roar of the sea upon the shore. I see that past life of mine ever, day and night, and I am wedded to it. You see," she said with a start, and evidently arousing from her reverie, and remembering, "that it is useless to ask me for love. You would not have me without, Lord Boisdale?"

"I would," said Fitz, his eyes filled with tears. "Violet, dear Violet, you need some one to watch over and guard you—you need some one who could and would devote his life to recalling the smile and the sunlight to yours. I am willing. I am anxious. Confide in me, Violet; trust yourself to me. My love asks for nothing at your hands, but yourself and the right to guard you. Oh, Violet, I have loved you so long—I—I would have died for you."

"Do not speak of death!" said Violet, with a shudder and a hurried gesture of entreaty. "I cannot bear that! I will have no one speak of dying for me! I believe—the dread clings to me—that he—Lester—came to harm through me. No, no; no one shall die for me!"

And she half rose, wild and pale.

"Be calm, dear Violet," implored Fitz. "See how wild, how frightened you have become. Confess now that you need some strong right arm to protect you, to save you from the terrible state into which you have fallen! Violet, I do not ask you to love me, I only ask that you will promise to try. Have pity on me! You have a little, you say, but remember how

I have been hoping for so long, and say that you will promise to try and love me."

Violet closed her eyes, and seemed lost in thought, then she opened them and smiled sadly.

"I have been thinking of all you say, dear Lord Boisdale," she said. "I am grateful, very, very grateful. I know how good, how true you are, and I would implore you to give that noble look to some one more deserving of it, but that I feel it would be an insult to do so. I know I am weak—perhaps that I am wicked. Oh, that I knew what was right!" she broke off wildly and with clasped hands.

"Say yes," pleaded Fitz. "You cannot trust yourself to any one who can understand you or love you better."

"Give me time, time," pleaded Violet. "I must have time to think."

"A week?" said Fitz.

"No, no; a month—a month!" said Violet, in a low, constrained voice.

"Well," sighed Fitz, "a month, if you will have it so long. Say a month. It's a very long time, but—"

and he sighed again. "Well, a month! Try to say yes, dear Violet."

"I will," breathed Violet. "I will try to do what is right. I ought not to sacrifice you if—if you love me as you say. I am weak and feeble and selfish, but I will do what is right."

Then Fitz rose and looked down upon her, pale and struggling with her weakness.

"I will leave you now," he said, "I am sure you are tired and—and excited."

And he raised her hand to his lips. But before he could kiss it the curtain was pushed aside and the tall, white-haired Spaniard came before them.

Fitz dropped Violet's hand with a nervous start.

Count Ten—Then Relief Comes From Chronic Asthma.

Nothing yet discovered can compare with Catarrhazone in bad, ugly cases of Asthma.

Catarrhazone is the one remedy that can be sent quickly and direct to all parts of the breathing apparatus.

The effect from Catarrhazone is a quick one—you feel better in no time—keep up the good work, use Catarrhazone as directed and you get well.

If your case is curable, if anything on earth can rid you permanently of Asthma, it will be Catarrhazone. It contains that strangely soothing and powerful antiseptic found in the Blue

Gum Tree of Australia, and this is fortified by the other germ-killing properties which, when so scientifically combined, makes Catarrhazone a veritable specific for Asthma, Catarrh and Bronchitis.

Even though many other remedies have failed—even though you are discouraged and blue—cheer up and try Catarrhazone to-day. What it repeatedly has done for others it will surely not fail to accomplish for you.

Catarrhazone is not expensive. One dollar will buy a complete outfit from any Druggist. The money will be well spent because your immediate improvement in health will surpass your fondest expectations. Don't wait—to-day is the time to use Catarrhazone.

Count Ten—Then Relief Comes From Chronic Asthma.

Nothing yet discovered can compare with Catarrhazone in bad, ugly cases of Asthma.

Catarrhazone is the one remedy that can be sent quickly and direct to all parts of the breathing apparatus.

The effect from Catarrhazone is a quick one—you feel better in no time—keep up the good work, use Catarrhazone as directed and you get well.

If your case is curable, if anything on earth can rid you permanently of Asthma, it will be Catarrhazone. It contains that strangely soothing and powerful antiseptic found in the Blue

tried herself rose to her feet and stared wildly, but the Spaniard paused only for one moment, then, fixing his dark eyes upon her face, bowed low, murmured gravely "Pardon, senora," and vanished as noiselessly as he had appeared.

Violet, seated on a footstool at her aunt's feet, told her all that night, and Mrs. Mildmay, as in duty bound, informed Howard Murpoint.

In some way, before night fell, the world had got at it, and the clubs were rumoring that Lord Fitz Boisdale was engaged to Miss Mildmay.

In a few days a rumor still more exciting and relishing was produced, to the effect that Lord Lackland had accepted the wealthy millionaire, Mr. Wilhelm Smythe, as sutor for the hand of Lady Ethel Boisdale.

Bertie, at his club, heard the rumor, and dashed off in search of Fitz.

He found him seated moodily and dreamily in an easy-chair at the smoking-room of his favorite haunt.

"Ha, Fitz," he exclaimed, "is it true?"

"What?" said Fitz, flushing. "What have you heard? Don't say it's too good to be true; don't cast me down, old fellow; on don't know how my heart is set upon it!" he exclaimed, thinking that Bertie alluded to the understanding between Violet and him.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you?" asked Fitz.

"Why, this—this—false report that—that Ethel is to be married to that odious fellow, that miserable young money-bag?"

"I can't say I've heard," said Fitz, frowning earnestly. "If I thought that there was anything in it, I'd go for my big whip and thrash him."

At that moment a waiter put a letter in his hand.

He opened it, and his face grew red with indignation.

"Read it," he said, and he thrust it into Bertie's hand.

It was an intimation from the earl that Mr. Wilhelm Smythe had proposed and been accepted.

Bertie, in his passion, could not speak a word.

Fitz tore the letter into a hundred pieces, and threw the fragments into the grate.

"Cheer up! But," he said, "he shall no more have her than those pieces shall come together again. We'll show them that right is stronger than might in this case."

Bertie clasped his hands.

"You will come down with me?" he said.

"I will, and will put our plot into execution; no time must be lost."

"I'll go to-night," said Fitz. "You stay here and wait till I telegraph. I'll put it carefully so that nothing happens. I'll telegraph that 'what has gone up.' Then you'll know that you're to come down."

The two walked together for a few moments excitedly and eagerly, then Fitz went off, calling to a servant to saddle a horse at once.

He started that night for Coombe Lodge, and appeared there the following morning as fresh and as light-hearted as usual, but with the determination to stand by his friend and save his sister at all costs.

Ethel was not up when he arrived, and she entered the breakfast-room without any expectation of seeing him.

"Fitz!" she exclaimed, the warm blood rushing to her face as she sprang to him.

He held her in his arms, but would not show any emotion.

"Hello, Eth!" he said, "why you've gone pale again! where's that summer rose? I've heard the news—don't tell me any more—I'll congratulate Mr. Smythe when I see him."

Her face went paler, and her eyes filled with tears.

She crossed her hands upon her breast.

(To be Continued.)

Fads and Fashions.

High linen collars with Irish lace turnover are coming back.

Blouses will be trimmed with all kinds of trimming this spring.

Gray velvet, mocha-gloves—short or long—are in great request.

Lace-covered straw hats will be decorated with big single roses.

Nearly all the separate skirts seem to be plaid and pocketed.

Foulard in polka-dot and check will

JUST SAY

CONVIDO PORT,

It means original and genuine Port Wine.

Delicious, nourishing and nutritious. Famous since 1670 as the "Prince of Ports."

All good dealers, cafes, etc.

D. O. ROBILIN, Agent Canada, Toronto.

JOHN JACKSON Resident Agent - - - ST. JOHN'S

be used a great deal for the spring frocks.

Some of the new dresses for young girls show the flare cut.

There seems to be no end to the use of simple upstanding neck frills inside of blouses.

Paris decrees that daintiness and simplicity will be the leading features of spring fashions.

A new coat has a separate back which flies loose from the shoulder like a straight cape.

Long, full tulle sleeves of the Louis XVI type will be one of the new fashion features.

Neckwear is being made of the sheerest organdie lawn, fairly heavy linen and firm white pique.

To be fashionable the hair should be dressed so close to the head as to make it appear egg-shaped.

Some of the new pleated skirts have the pleats stitched down to the hip wherethey are allowed to flare.

There is a prediction that fur trimming will be as fashionable this coming summer as it was last summer.

Some of the new skirts of the cotton frocks have three flounces at the bottom which flare out to resemble three fans.

It is probable that many of the suits of the coming spring will have conservative skirts not more than two and a half yards wide.

Fashions slightly hints at the coming of the simple gown of Greek lines even though there is a growing tendency toward the fuller skirts.

Lace, it is said, will play an interesting part on the picture-que big sea for spring. Cream lace is especially good on black shiny straw.

There is a strong peasant tendency among the new serge dresses—a tendency shown in blouses and sleeves of contrasting taffeta, and in embroidered fronts.

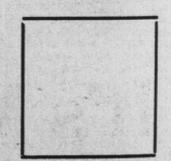
There is a waist line to suit every type—the Empire for the slight youthful figure, the natural waist line for the conservative and straight ones for the stout figure.

The high Russian boot is the latest fad in footwear. It may have a vamp and heel of patent leather boot; these boots are laced in the side at the top.

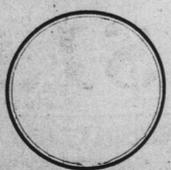
Put a ruche of mulline in white or color on the winter hat—it will relieve the somber effect and make the hat seem like a new one. The ruche should be box-pleated and higher of one side than the other. It is fastened about the crown of the hat with a band of ribbon.

STAFFORD'S LINIMENT

will treat you on the



the whole year



Try a bottle and find out for yourself.

It cures Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuralgia and all Aches and Pains.

Prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Newfoundland.

Manufacturers of the 3 Specialties: STAFFORD'S LINIMENT, STAFFORD'S PRESCRIPTION "A"

STAFFORD'S PERATORIN COUGH CURE.

Special

We have on hand, including:—

FRESH CODFISH
FRESH COD TAIL
FRESH HALIBUT
FRESH OYSTERS
FRESH SMELTS

LOBSTER
SALMON, COD

Don't forget Teas. Empire Tea, 3 lbs. or

Ay

In this

S. BL

BAR PRIC

Shades—

Take a lo

S.

It's

\$1.

SH

ble

A. &