

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

Guaranteed to be the purest and best baking powder possible to produce. Because of the purity and high quality of the ingredients of Magic Baking Powder its leavening qualities are perfect and it is therefore economical.

B.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, CANADA MONTREAL

# The Broken Circle!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

He was not the first man who had stood confused and embarrassed at the threshold of life—not the first to go through that terrible struggle between duty and inclination from which no man, perhaps, altogether escapes. What would he have said or thought had he known that the two girls between whom he was so curiously placed were sisters? He thought himself already the sport of fate. If he had known the truth, he would have believed himself cursed by fate. He began to wonder what Hettie's feelings were—if she cared for him; and then his conscience reproached him. He knew she did; he had read her love in his eyes on that night when everything was changed between them. If he were but free! It seemed almost unmanly, but he could not help the bitter sob which rose to his lips. He knew that the present state of things must end, that he must make up his mind with respect to some immediate course of action. He must not play with fire, he must not daily with temptation, he must decide at once what way honor lay.

That same evening, after dinner, the duchess proposed that they should spend an hour in the picture-gallery, which ran half round the house and was one of the most magnificent parts of it. The Duke collection of pictures was considered one of the finest in England. Portraits of the Rosenevens of many generations hung there with pictures by the old masters and by modern artists. White marble statues and jardinières with costly flowers filled the numerous recesses; while comfortable seats were interspersed here and there.

The duchess sat in a lounging chair of crimson velvet, watching the pretty groups scattered about; but there were two among the guests upon whom her eyes chiefly rested. One was a tall, graceful girl draped in palest amber, half covered with black lace; diamonds shone on her dark head, on her white breast, and on her beautiful arms. She carried a fan glittering with jewels and dress of pale amber plumes; her dress was cut after the fashion of an old Venetian picture, and with the diamonds at her breast were some scarlet passion-flowers. She formed a perfect picture; and so many of the gentlemen present seemed to think, for they haunted her like shadows. Shadows, too, they were to her, for she saw only Sir Basil; her eyes never lingered with interest on any one else. She had been walking up and down what was called the south gallery with Sir Basil, and the duchess saw with annoyance that while Leah's whole soul shone in her eyes and trembled on her lips, he was distant and preoccupied.

"The man who has won the love of such a woman ought to be proud of her," she thought; "but if I were to express my ideas on the subject, I should say that he looks most decidedly bored."

It was true. All the brilliancy of Leah's beauty, her grace, her wit, the touch of genius which made her different from others, the very lavishness of the love she gave him, tired him. He knew that the position was pitiful, that it was cruel; but he could not help it. As he walked by her side, the shining amber robes and the light of her diamonds contrasted unfavorably with the pale blue dress and sweet face of the girl whom he loved so dearly.

"Basil," she said, "I am sure you are not listening to me; your thoughts are elsewhere. Do you know what Lady Fanny Curtis said about you today?"

"Lady Fanny is so very uncomplimentary, I hardly care to inquire," laughed Sir Basil.

"She said that you looked like one of the Gunpowder Plot band—that you wanted only a slouch hat, a large cloak, and a lantern to make you a perfect conspirator."

"What called forth Lady Fanny's wit?" he asked.

"You have looked so sad, Basil, during the last few days; you have lost all the bright, cheery, genial manner which made you so—so irresistible."

"What an expressive word, Leah!" he replied, trying to treat the matter lightly.

They were standing then by a magnificent statue of Cleopatra holding the viper in her hand. The marble face of the unhappy queen looked down upon them.

"Do not laugh at me, Basil," she said; and the passion in her voice awed him. She stood quite still and laid her hand, as though for support, upon the arm of the Egyptian queen.

"Tell me, dear, is it my fault that you are not happy? Have I done anything that has displeased you? You know that I live only for you. Is it I who vex you, who grieve you, Basil?" Her beautiful head drooped nearer to him.

"My love, my love," she whispered, "if there be a single thing in my daily life that does not please you, tell me, and I will change it."

At that moment he wished himself dead; he hated himself because he could not give her back love for love.

"There is nothing in you that could be changed to the better, Leah," he said; "you are perfect. You never either grieve or vex me. I am out of health or spirits I think."

She touched with her warm loving lips the hand that lay near her; but the marble Cleopatra was not colder than was his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Sir Basil had decided. He had tried to think of his case as though it were another's; he had tried to weigh it, give judgment upon it. There were two courses open to him—he could go to Leah, tell her his story, and ask for his freedom, or he could leave Dene and never look on Hettie's sweet face again.

If he decided to pursue the former, he knew that it would be far less cruel were he to plunge a knife into Leah's breast; he knew that it would kill her more surely than if he had gone away and left her long before. Was it his duty to consider her first? Clearly,

she had been smiling as she looked over the engravings; but her face changed as she heard the words.

"You are going, Basil," she said—"leaving us?"

A quiver of pain passed over her face, a wistful expression crept into her eyes. He thought to himself, if the simple announcement of his departure for a few days could cause her such pain, what would have happened had he told her all?

He had asked her to be his wife! He had never dreamed that a time would come when he should love with all the madness, the passion, the impetuosity of youth; he had fancied in some vague way that his engagement would leave him from it. Yes—before he thought of himself or his own happiness, he must think of Leah.

Only a few months since, his life had lain before him bright and calm as a summer sea; he had known but little trouble. He had youth, wealth, every good gift in short; now all these were valueless to him, because he must renounce the thing he loved best. Weighing all the circumstances, he did not think he could have called himself dishonorable had he told the whole story to Leah. But he could not crush her—her whose only fault was loving him not wisely, but too well. She must be his first care, since she was his promised wife. But, while he was deciding to surrender all hopes for the future, he determined to have one more glimpse of paradise and say farewell to Hettie, so that he might take with him through all time the memory of her words and looks.

On the morning after he had come to this decision he told the general that it was very probable he should be compelled to return to Glen in a few days. Business awaited him; one or two leases had fallen in—and there was adjoining property for sale—in fact, there were several important reasons why he must go at once.

"Leah will be very sorry," said Sir Arthur, whose first thought was always for his beloved niece.

Sir Basil was not the man to do things by halves.

"Why need you linger after I am gone? You can bring Leah back to Brentwood. I am sure she will be pleased to be at home again, though they make us very happy here. And, Sir Arthur," he continued, determined to rivet his chains at once, "when you are once more at Brentwood, I want to talk to you about—the marriage; it is time something was settled."

Sir Arthur laughed and looked pleased.

"You must talk to Leah about that, Basil," he said. "Place us dames always!"

"Yes, I will talk to Leah about it," returned the other, impetuously. "I do not see the use of this long delay."

"Nor do I," said the general. "I do not understand the art of love-making; but you have both had plenty of time to make up your minds. You love each other; I do not see what need there is for further waiting."

How Sir Basil winced at the simple words, at the implicit faith, the complete confidence and trust reposed in him! What would this old soldier say if he knew that he had given his heart, his love, to some one else?

The same day he told Leah of his intention to leave Dene. He often afterward thought of the scene. She was in the drawing-room, standing by the table, turning over the leaves of a book, when he went up to her.

"Leah," he said, gently, "I find from my letters that something of great importance must be attended to at home."

She had been smiling as she looked over the engravings; but her face changed as she heard the words.

# SIDE TALKS.

By Ruth Cameron.

## TWO SISTERS—AND OTHER FOLKS.

Some years ago there used to be among my acquaintances two sisters. One was a semi-invalid, who suffered from sleepless nights, a n d weakness, a n d pains, and miseries of a thousand kinds more or less. Her sister was the mother of several children, she was well and strong but she had to work very hard and she got very tired, and she could not see why anyone who had an more to do than her sister should always be complaining.

## Alfred Their Grievances.

I happened to be intimate with both of them and whenever I talked with the well one I was told how outrageous it was for the sick one to be so whiny and complaining when everything possible was done for her. And whenever I talked with the sick I was told how cruel it was for the well one to be so hard and unsympathetic and to tell her she was too nervous herself. And the queer part of the whole thing was that, apart from each other the invalid never seemed whiny to me and the well sister never seemed unsympathetic.

## JUST ARRIVED

**2000 Bottles BRICK'S TASTE-LESS COD LIVER OIL.**  
Uses: Spring tonic and blood producer. The ideal tonic after La-Grippe. For Coughs, Colds and Run-down condition. For the backward or sickly child, it brings health and strength and increases the appetite. Gives positive tonic results whenever the health is not good.

**LOOK AHEAD.**  
Forethought is practical thinking. "Man naturally thinks very little," said Rousseau. "Thinking is an art, which he learns like all the rest, and even with greater difficulty."

**ANCIENT PHILOSOPHERS.**  
I care not much for those wise birds, those famed and mighty sages, who handed out a c h i weighty words they've thundered down the ages. In old Greek gardens once they sat, and lectured to their classes, on this philosophy or that, as proper for the masses. And while they jawed the eager hicks who paid their hard-earned nickels, the farmers plowed with crooked sticks, and reaped their hay with sickles. Oh, any old bewhiskered gent much logic could deliver; but there was no one to invent a shotgun or a flivver. No screens were on the windows then, to make life calm and sweetening, and all night long the wise old men would swat the bug and skeeter. These wise old fellows never thought of any sane invention, and bughouse things were all they taught, and all they deigned to mention. While they were spilling of the gods and of Olympian wanders, they might have garnered decent wads inventing fallow candles. Oh, all their faculties they put on tales of gods and dragons, and men were drilling round on foot because they had no wagons. The wise men of these stirring days don't sit around in gardens, and talk to little Willie Gray and little Dollie Vardens; they take a long white sheet of tin, some bits of steel and copper, and make up auto that will vibrate when gas is in the boiler.

**Piles**  
usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and thereby prevents straining. Doctor prescribes Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

**Nujol**  
Nujol is a lubricant—not a medicine or laxative—cannot grip. Try it today.

her effort to justify her own position. That's a terrible water of hers, isn't it?"

"You are Nervous."

But that is what I mean. The well one said: "You are nervous about yourself." That put the sick one on the defensive. She said to herself: "She does not know how sick I am and I must make her realize it," and so she always complained about her condition when she talked with her sister, though she did not complain to other people. That made the healthy sister more sure than ever that it was just nerves; moreover she knew she was being considered unsympathetic and so she tried to defend herself by proving to the other that she complained too much and exaggerated her case.

The result was that each in trying to justify her own position constantly criticized the other and dwelt upon facts that would not otherwise have been so much in the limelight. Inevitable irritation and misunderstanding developed. Each thought the other was trying to assert herself, while each felt that she was simply defending herself against the other.

It seems to me that a great many conflicts of viewpoint in married life bring about these same conditions. Each asserts his own point of view in self defense while each thinks the other one is asserting his because he wants to impose it upon him. If each could realize that the other was only defending himself it might be easier to cease hostilities.

If you have ever had such an experience I think you will know what I mean. If you haven't, I am afraid you will think I am talking nonsense. But maybe you will look back some day and say, "That must be the kind of thing she meant."

**Health Suggestion.**  
A French doctor, it is reported, has found a very useful cure for some of the ills to which mortal flesh is usually heir. It is very simple and can be procured or used anywhere. The plan is to suggest health to yourself. The "patient" is to say forty times a day, as necessary, the words, "I never felt better in my life, all things considered." The way this has appealed to the imagination is a marvel, and has been the cause of widespread commendation.

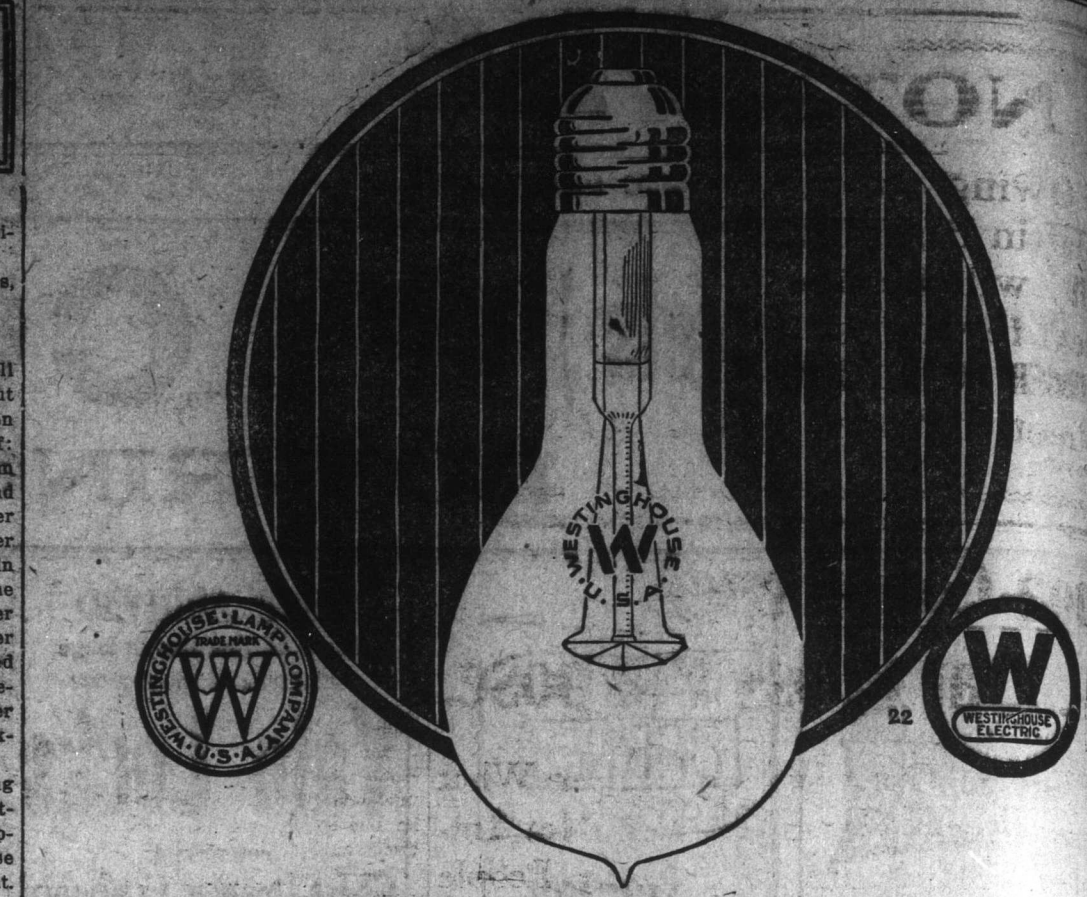
Some ills, as the doctor in Macbeth affirmed, cannot be cured by ordinary physicians. It is the mind that is diseased. Such ailments are best treated with the individual. There is a strong suspicion that some people are "sick" because they think they do not feel well. They are afraid they are going to be sick, and suggest different things that they might have. Others they hear are that way, and it is a case of "my turn next." Now there is "something wrong" with the most of people. Few have perfect health. But a little extra push on the will, a little more interest in something outside of ourselves, will work wonders. Some are actually going about in a daze full of life and energy who yesterday thought they did not feel well. We need more of the tonic of health suggestion. The means is within easy reach and will more often than we think do wonders for us.

**MURDEROUS MOTORISTS.**  
A correspondent in southeastern Massachusetts writes this significant comment about a practice that is altogether too common in all sections of the land:—"I have been stirred to anger by the deliberate destruction of animal life upon the road by motor cars. There may be times when it's impossible to avoid hitting hens, dogs, etc., without danger to occupants of the car or to the cars approaching, but in my own experience I have never seen the time when a flock of hens, and most dogs and cats, would not leave the road if the motor horn were persistently blown in time."

"I have seen cars turn deliberately out of their way to pursue and kill hens, dogs, cats, turtles, etc., the act accompanied by the laughter and approval of the occupants of the car. I wondered what psychological effect these acts had on the perpetrators, and if those who knocked down children and old people and then ran away came from this class!"—Our Dumb Animals.

Stafford's Phoradone will cure Coughs and Colds. For sale everywhere.—mar21st

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR DIS-TEMPER.



By last steamer we received another large shipment of the celebrated Westinghouse Electric Bulbs from 10 to 100 watt, which we are selling at our usual low prices.

**BOWRING BROTHERS, LTD., Electrical Department, Lamp Agents.**

# Westinghouse

## Latest Arrivals

# New Millinery Hats!

Another Shipment Just Opened.  
**Charming Styles, Ready-to-Wear.**

# New Corsets.

Latest Models.

<b>DRESS SERGES.</b> All fine make. Navy \$1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.25, 2.75, 3.00. Black \$1.00, 1.50, 1.90.	<b>VENETIAN CLOTH.</b> In Navy, Nigger, Gray. 52 inches wide—\$3.25 yard.
<b>FANCY STRIPED SKIRTINGS</b> 90c. and \$2.00 yard.	<b>Fancy Flowered Voiles</b> 33c. to \$1.20 yard.
<b>ALL WOOL PLAID SKIRTINGS</b> \$4.75 yard.	

**House Furnishing.**

<b>CURTAIN SCRAM</b> White and Cream 17c. to 60c. yard.	<b>HEARTH RUGS</b> Tapestry 27 x 54—\$3.90. Velvet Axminster 27 x 54—\$6.90. Velvet Axminster 30 x 64—\$8.00. NEW CHINTZ 35, 50, 55, 60c. yard.
<b>FLOOR CANVAS</b> 2 yards wide—\$1.25 yard.	

# STEER Brothers.

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**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**

ALL KIDNEY PILLS  
DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS  
1087 THE PHARMACY

**PERRY DAVIS**  
**Painkiller**  
Home Remedy

TAKE IT FOR  
**CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHOEA**

APPLY IT FOR  
**BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT**

**Piles**  
usually due to straining when constipated. Nujol being a lubricant keeps the food waste soft and thereby prevents straining. Doctor prescribes Nujol because it not only soothes the suffering of piles but relieves the irritation, brings comfort and helps to remove them.

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