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E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

Jocelin's Penance

"Unbar the door, good Simon. I'm to the stables, for I've letters to carry to the Inn by the causeway, and this wench to convey to Beaumont, willa nilla." Simon complied slowly, leaning sleepily at Rohese the while. To Jocelin it seemed as if hours had passed ere he drew the great bolt.

"Hasten, brother," he urged. "This near on to the second cockcrow, and no sleep have I had this night. So by the road, I would quick dispatch this business." Simon let down the bolt and turned the doorknob, and began to swing open when a step sounded and a woman with a taper in her hand came toward them, peering through the gloom, for the house was but faintly lighted by the iron lamp hanging from the vaulted ceiling.

"All!" cried Rohese, softly, and Jocelin turned and saw Sister Isobel. "Ah, well, all's over now. Praise God, at least, Rohese can never be the human of De Chifford," he thought.

"What let, Simon? Wait," called Isobel in a cautious voice. Simon, with the chill night air blowing upon his bare legs, stood frowning until she came up, then he said, sulkily:

"Letters to carry, and the wench, too. 'Tis thy late charge. They are sending her to Beaumont."

"O Isobel," murmured Rohese, stretching out a tremulous hand toward the great nun. There was a world of entreaty in the sound, and her pallid, tear-stained young face looked from its dark wrappings in an agony of supplication. Isobel hesitated. She had lain awake this night, for, hardened as she was, the cold-blooded wickedness of the Princess had sickened her. Quicker than Simon, she suspected that in some way Jocelin had contrived the girl's rescue, and she thought that it would be but a moment until the convent would be about their ears. It was no light thing to incur the fire of the Princess Rosamund, she knew, so she hesitated, and then—she gave Rohese a rude pat on the arm, and, commanding Simon to hasten, she closed the door after them.

The darkness of the last hours of night lay over the earth as Rohese and Jocelin rode swiftly from Godstone. They spoke little, save that Jocelin told her he purposed making for Bradford in the hope that the Abbot was returned.

Fully nearly a hundred miles lay between them and their destination, and they knew that but for a few hours' start was all that they could hope for; so, turning northeast they rode till morning when they paused at a brook and Jocelin washed his painted face and doffed his jester's garb, for next his body he wore the black habit of his order. By day, at Westminster, he had been Tom o' Fools, but by night, locked in his chamber, he was always Jocelin de Brakelonda, the renegade monk of St. Edmunds.

The country between Oxford and Bury was but thinly inhabited, so they passed on unchallenged, and by avoiding the far-scattered granges and manors, they escaped the observation of any save a few curles (shepherds or plowmen), at whose rude huts they found food and shelter.

They rode on in safety, greeted on every side by all the sweet, shy beauty of budding April, the blue speedwell bidding them "Godspeed"; the violet hiding her head that she might not see them; the laburnums glowing the redder as they passed, and the lark singing high in the blue above them, of hope and joy.

Through Buckinghamshire they went, Bedford, Hertford, Cambridge and Suffolk, and at last, one bright morning, they again passed beneath the Abbey walls, and entered the gates of Bradford house.

Bradford was in gala array; banners floated in the sunshine, and pennants streamed forth from all the towers. Soldiers stood on guard in the courtyard, and from inside the palace came the sound of pipe and tabor, rehearsing triumphal music.

Brother Tristram and others worked in the great hall, chattering like magpies, over the decorations; for they were hanging the room with brocades and rare tapestries, and had decked it with garlands. The old men were hurrying from the group, when the hammer dropped from his hand at sight of the entering pair, and he cried in sort of joyous terror, "Tis Jocelin, be the rood, 'tis Jocelin!"

Then all was commotion, exclamations and questionings, but Jocelin shook little, asking that the Prior be brought. When he had come, saying, "As the rood," he listened in silence to Jocelin's hurried explanations, and ordered the Gate chamber prepared for the Lady de Cokfeld, and Jocelin to return to his long untenanted cell.

Rohese, ensconced in the familiar

chamber, hastened to fling herself upon her couch, and slept soundly till late in the afternoon.

It was just at sunset that the sound of distant bugles awoke her, and then the tramp of horses and the halloos of men outside; the gate sent her hurrying to the casement, where she sat looking out, her heart beating high with the excitement of the Abbot's home-coming, for the monks had told them that Samson returned from Germany with Richard; had landed safely at Dover, and would reach Bradford that very night.

Rohese leaned out. The sky was incriminated; purple and gold clouds lay massed above the great gateway. In the woods behind Bradford, the shimmering green of the budding trees seemed to hang illusive, as if not yet decided to glorify the waiting boughs. The perfume of apple blossoms was wafted from the Abbey garden, and everything seemed athrill with joyful expectancy.

A crowd of monks, with music and laughter, streamed down the marble steps of the palace, across the courtyard, below her, and formed in long lines on either side of the gates; and Samson, returned successful from his mission, garbed in regal purple, his great beard lying far down on his broad breast, his ruddy face lit with benignant smiles, rode into the courtyard.

He was followed by a retinue, headed by a young knight who, with casque back from his face, sat his horse, towering above his companions. His countenance, marked by experience and suffering, bore the stamp of strength and power; but his stern features were softened by a pair of blue eyes as deep and tender as a doe's.

It was Henry of Leicester, liberated from his imprisonment with the King, who had come to partake of the Abbot's hospitality before entering into possession of his inheritance.

As if drawn by Rohese's gaze, he glanced upward and then bowed low, his face glorified by passionate joy, his eyes feasting upon the maid he had never ceased to love through all the long time of his absence and imprisonment.

Rohese, meeting his gaze, went white and red by turns, and sat with one hand pressed to her swelling heart, smiling a welcome to him. Such a smile as only a proud and happy woman can bestow upon the conqueror of her heart who had come back, as from the grave, to claim his own. It was a smile which curved the lip and mantled the cheek with blushes, while it wooed the tears from her shining eyes, and sent them over her cheek like dewdrops dripping over pink rose petals.

Then the pain withdrew into the palace, and Rohese, her heart throbbing with wild exultation, paced her chamber in all the ecstasy of resurrected hope and joy.

CHAPTER XXXV.

If John and Rosamund, clamoring at King Richard's feet for vengeance on the bastard's murderer, ever succeeded in connecting Tom o' Fools with the monk of Bury, the King and Abbot did not aid in following up the clue; and so all trace of the Princess's jester was lost, and John was ever after suspected of having slain De Chifford in a drunken brawl.

In the general rejoicing at St. Edmunds, Jocelin sat in his cell, a creature apart. Joy was not for him. All he could ever hope for was a certain degree of calmness of soul, with which he might accept with resignation the life stretching before him in shadowy vista, unlighted by any glint of that happiness which, snatching at it, he had wrecked his life with all the golden argosies desire had launched so hopelessly.

Abbot Samson, while pardoning his erstwhile favorite on account of the intercession of Rohese and Henry, decreed that he should become a recluse. Indeed, he was shunned by most of the brethren, who believed him in league with Satan, on account of his mysterious escape, and the rest, headed by old Tristram, held aloof from him as one set apart from mankind by that miracle which the Saints wrought in his behalf.

Rohese dreamed true in the desolate Priory chamber. Thus, after weary years of waiting, she stood at Henry's side, and the Abbot, his rich pontificals blazing in the altar light, had wedded them, from the frothed choir above came a burst of music, and Rohese, looking up, saw Jocelin for the first time. He was seated at the organ, the piece-work of his dark carved screen framing the black-robed figure and white face, with passionate eyes uplifted in an agony of reencounter.

Thus Jocelin played the bridal professional of the woman he loved. In it he echoed the despair of hopeless pas-

sion, the throbbing joy of love fulfilled, and ever through all the tonic was sustained, like the voice of one who sang, with breaking heart, a sad farewell; while the other parts moved on in glad and stately chorus, presaging bliss, prosperity and the founding of a long and noble line. The light from a window fell upon the musician in a radiant stream, and Rohese wondered if the two angels of her dream hovered there. But she saw naught save the golden motes dancing in the sunshine.

[The End.]

SMOKELESS POWDER.

The Making of Explosives for Giant Guns for War.

In 1845 Christian Friedrich Schoenbein, a professor of chemistry at Basel, discovered the explosive character of cotton that had been acted upon by nitric acid. That was the birth of what has since been commonly called gun-cotton. The nitric acid transforms the cellular filaments of the cotton and by charging them with concentrated oxygen makes them burn fiercely and smokelessly when ignited. Gun-cotton also goes off violently when struck sufficiently heavily. This method of excitation is in contradistinction to the more gradual general inflammation.

The modern maker of smokeless powder, then, starts with cotton in some form. In the beginning raw cotton was deemed essential, but research prompted by economy has since found out that the tangled waste from cotton textile mills will answer quite as well.

This refuse from the spindles is cheaper than raw cotton, and the powder maker's first concern is to cleanse it after he has "teased" or torn it into shreds by a mechanical reader. A soda bath followed by another of pure water suffices to remove all dirt and grease. Next the shredded cotton is dried by being placed in rooms heated by steam coils to boiling temperature. The human body, strange to say, can survive this heat, but it makes one gasp and every pore run freely. In the drying house the cotton is packed in airtight cans and thence taken to the nitrating house, where the innocent cellulose or cotton is changed into a high explosive. After being sufficiently nitrated—this is commonly indicated by the stuff giving off a sluggish, dense yellow smoke—the acid soaked cotton is partly drained by a mechanical wringer, and the residue is then thrown into zinc lined bins, where it is "drowned" or drenched with a stream of water.

Having worked his wicked will, so to speak, upon the harmless cotton, the chemist now tries to remove every trace of free acid, and he begins by stewing the gun-cotton in big vats for many hours. This does not eliminate the acid completely. The nitrocellulose, for so it now is technically, passes next to the pulping mill, which mechanically duplicates the equipment found in the part of a paper mill. Here the gun-cotton is not only freed of the last remnant of acid but is pulverized and broken up so that the tiny tubes of the cellulose filaments are substantially destroyed. This is necessary in order to make the wet particles formless and the reader to dissolve and acquire a solid gelatinous character. It is largely upon this nature of nitrocellulose that its proper burning progressively subsequently depends. Up to this point the making of either cordite or the United States Government smokeless powder is fundamentally alike.

The Government takes the nitrocellulose and treats it with an ether alcohol solvent and thus gives it its plastic form, which, under pressure, is moulded by means of dies into perforated rods that are cut into suitable lengths or grains prior to drying. These various operations have been described many times before.

Cordite is manufactured somewhat differently. The pulped nitrocellulose is freed of its water by suitable means. When dry enough a given proportion of nitroglycerine is poured over this gun-cotton and the two are kneaded together, with the addition of acetone, which converts it into cordite paste. Acetone is a colorless liquid prepared from acetate of lime. Next vaseline is added and the whole thoroughly worked, after which the dough, so to speak, is put into a press from which the cordite—called cordite because of its cordlike form—issues in a rod of yellow white color and is cut up into the desired lengths.

For the British service cordite is finished in fairly long sticks and is packed in the cartridge case like macaroni, or is made up in fagot form when sealed in silk or bunting bags for the big guns. The cordite has the appearance of an elastic opaque substance, and the smaller kinds are not unlike thin rubber bands in cross section. The diameter of the cordite increases in size as the calibre of the gun grows for which it is made. It is not commonly known, but it is a fact, that smokeless powder is somewhat sluggish in taking fire. Therefore, a small charge of black powder, which flashes very quickly, is well nigh uniformly used to send its flame through the smokeless powder so as to cause its general ignition. It is the smoke from this black powder that is most conspicuous when smokeless powder is fired, but because of the small quantity of the former used the telltale cloud is quickly dispelled.

Cordite, like our own smokeless powder, has to go through a drying process after the rods or cords have been formed, but this stage of its making calls for less time than does our accepted propellant. Accordingly, under stress of war cordite can be turned out more quickly and still be safe for service in the guns.

Health Old Age

As age advances the blood gets thin, the nerves exhausted & a vitality runs low.

By building up the nerve force of body and mind Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is an unbounded blessing to people of advanced years.

80 cents a box, all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

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ALWAYS TWO.

(Life.)

Mrs. Willis—Have you made out the list of the people to whom you want to give presents?

Mrs. Willis—Yes; and also another list of the people I don't want to give presents to, but have got to.

More cooks than anything else desert from the United States Marine Corps. Cooks will be cooks!—New York Evening Sun.

Many a man's reputation is based on what isn't found out about him.

BECKONING THE DEAD.

The Call of the Indians to Which the Sea Responded.

On the rugged coast of Washington by the Copalis sands there is a tower from which the Indians watch for sea otter. They are very eager after that game, for the hide of one of those creatures is worth all the way from \$500 to \$2,000. Two young Indians were watching one day when they saw a sea otter off in the surf. Two shots from their rifles killed the otter, and then they rushed down to their surf-boat. The sea was heavy, and when they were out some distance from the shore their boat broke in two over a comb, and the men were thrown into the sea.

One of the Indians drifted ashore on a piece of wreckage. The other, although a splendid swimmer, was drowned. The news soon spread to the reservation, and the Indians from far and near came to the beach and stood on the sands, silently beckoning to the sea to give up its dead.

It was a solemn, impressive sight—the stalwart, rugged, copper-colored men and women standing at the verge of the sea foam arking the sea by the motion of their hands to send the body ashore. For three days they waited and beckoned, and then a dark object was seen drifting into shallow water. Sometimes it was buried completely from view by the heavy surf; then it was seen again a little nearer, and so the body of the dead Indian came ashore at the call of his tribesmen.—Youth's Companion.

A GENTLE LAXATIVE FOR LITTLE ONES

Baby's Own Tablets are a gentle laxative. They are absolutely safe and are so pleasant in action that once the mother has used them for her little ones she will never again resort to that harsh, ill-smelling bad tasting castor oil, which baby always fought against taking. Baby will take the Tablets with a smile and thousands of mothers tell us their little ones will coax for them. They are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TOUGH OLD IRON.

The Famous Pillar in the Temple of Kutab Minar at Delhi.

There seems to be no doubt that the metal produced previous to the introduction of modern methods was superior in its resistance to corrosion to the present-day product. I have seen various iron articles, especially nails, which showed far less rust after an exposure of a hundred years or so than the modern variety does in a few weeks.

One of the most interesting of the iron articles which have come down to us from antiquity is the famous pillar in the temple of Kutab Minar at Delhi, India. This old shaft, which projects some thirty feet above the surface of the ground and was erected about 800 B. C. To-day it shows little trace of rust, although it has had no protective coating other than that which the atmosphere itself has formed upon it. L. C. Wilson in Engineering Magazine.

A BRAVE MAN.

(Boston Transcript.)

Wife—You know, Henry, I speak as I think.

Hub—Yes, my love; only oftener.

Is Your Tongue Furred?

Have You Headache?

How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs housecleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine to-day, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure, 25c per box at all dealers.

INTO A RUT.

Easy for Anybody, Particularly So For Business Girls.

Perhaps the easiest thing on earth to do is to fall into a rut. This is particularly true of business girls. The average working girl rises at the same hour every morning, follows the same daily schedule, week in and week out. She meets the same persons in fact, she almost thinks of them as things—every day in the month. Gradually all her ideas are centred in one direction, and she has no opinions at all on other subjects.

Have you ever worked for any length of time in a big office where a hundred or more workers are employed? Have you ever noticed how each one does his duties like clockwork? The whole business is like a huge machine, and each individual is but a cog. If you ever have been employed by such a concern perhaps you have remarked how quickly individuality is lost.

That is the pity of it all. Girls enter such concerns with definite decisive personalities, but soon they fall each into one groove. Perhaps they feel themselves sinking into the rut and attempt to re-establish themselves on even ground. Perhaps they try to strike out in new directions. But alas they have the most forceful perseverance and most powerful initiative within themselves, they soon lose courage at the fearful odds against them and sink back again into the old rut, glad to rest after the struggle.

It is so much easier to stay in your rut, girls, as if you are looking for peace and contentment along in the groove into which you have fallen. But if you are not content to be just a cog in a well oiled machine, if you wish to make a mark of your own, if you wish to be recognized as a distinctive personality, you must strive unceasingly toward self improvement and progress.

Some one once said that genius is not so much a question of inspiration as of perspiration. This is solid truth. To make your mark in this world requires not only a natural talent for your particular field, but also initiative and hard work. You will never get anywhere by sticking in a groove. It takes strength of purpose to keep out of a rut and perseverance and force to make progress on the rocky road to success.

There is always room for one more on the ladder leading to fame, but there are plenty of contestants for that place. If you fall some one else is waiting to grab your place.

The first step toward making your mark in the world is to keep out of ruts. If you find yourself growing narrow in your views and limited in the scope of your knowledge, you will know that it is time for an extra hard burst of work in another direction.

Wot Chance?

[Verses written—We are assured by the Central Howard association—by a 17-year-old prisoner in the Pontiac reformatory.]

Oh yes, I'm guilty, right enough; It ain't no use to throw a bluff, An' yet I guess society kin share the kilt along o' me. I ain't the kind to weep and whine— But say, wot chance, wot chance, was mine

Born in a dirty, reeking slum, Where decent sunlight never come, An' starved for food an' starved for air, Through all my years of boyhood there.

Whit's evil things, and low and mean Was nearly all the life I seen. Of course I grew to be a tough, A hoodlum and a bad young rough.

But even then I might uv been Reformed to be some use to men, If every time I left the trail They didn't slam me into jail, Where thieves and all the rotten crew Would teach me worse than all I knew.

Oh, yes, I'm guilty; that is clear, But every guy who's listenin' here, An' all you swells an' good folks Who sniff at me, an' such like blazes, Is guilty, too, along o' me. An' will be till the world is free. Of sinkin' slums an' rotten holes That poison people's hearts an' souls An' cheats 'em from their very birth From any decent chance on earth. But, say, wot chance, wot chance, was mine.

Can You Make Coffee?

Yes? That's good. But there are others. They need instructions. Quite three things are required. Fresh coffee, fresh water and a clean pot.

You also need a piece of linen or unbleached muslin. It is well to keep a china tea-pot exclusively for your coffee.

Put the linen over this, and in the sagging centre a tablespoonful of pulverized coffee for each cup. Then pour slowly over and through this the freshly-boiled water.

Remove cloth and grounds, cover and take immediately to the table. Keep the cloth in cold water fresh every day.

One should roast and grind one's own coffee, the latter just before using. And very good softies is made by putting coffee and cold water in the pot and just bringing it to a boil.

Diamond Embroidery Is Used to Relieve Sombre Fashion Effects



Black Pannet Velvet, four-cornered hat, with blue facing, and tan pom-pom, Chin and collar of mink fur. By J. M. Gedding & Co.

Black Velvet Sailor with taupe ostrich trimming. By J. M. Gedding & Co. is shown in top photograph.

A black Evening Gown of velvet and tulle is trimmed with small rhinestones and clusters of flowers.—From Renard.