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FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

A Millionaire; Countess Westerleigh.

CHAPTER V.
(Concluded.)

"I thought you might know what kind of man he is," said Vane. "What splendid fish, and how well you cook them, Mrs. Trevanion! I know as little of Mr. Vale as you do, but I fancy he must be rather eccentric."

"Yes," she said, after another pause. "I have heard so. He never leaves his own grounds, and sees no one but his own servants. His riches don't seem to be of much use to him or to afford him much pleasure."

"And he is very rich, I suppose?" said Vane, half interrogatively.

"No one can tell; he himself perhaps does not know how much money he has," she replied.

She went to the open door with a half-knitted stocking in her hand and pointed with the needle.

"The land as far as you can see belongs to him. There are copper and tin mines which bring him in the income of a prince. He has ships sailing on the sea, shops and houses in Perth, and all Trelore belongs to him."

Vane leaned back and listened, with a surprised smile.

"I heard that he was well off," he said, "but I did not know that he was as wealthy as all this. And he was once a poor man, or something like that, was he not?"

She nodded, with her eyes upon the sea, her fingers swiftly plying the needles.

"Yes, a small farmer. Everything he has touched has turned to gold. 'Vale's luck' is a saying in these parts."

"It's singular that he has never married," said Vane, thoughtfully.

Her needles clicked, and she counted her stitches half audibly before responding.

"Yes."

"All that money and no son or daughter to leave it to," said Vane, absently, and with absolutely no thought of himself.

Mrs. Trevanion glanced at him.

"Neither chick nor child," she said, quietly.

Vane rose.

"Do you know, I think I might get on my journey, Mrs. Trevanion," he said.

She looked at him, then shook her head.

"You are not strong enough yet to ride, sir," she said. "You would find out how weak you still are after you had travelled a few miles. Better rest here for a day, or two, if you can put up with such poor quarters."

Vane laughed.

"I don't see where the 'poor' comes in," he said. "I was never more comfortable in my life; and I feel as if this air would bring me round if I were lying at death's door. But I'll stay, if you are sure I am not giving you far and away too much trouble."

"You give us none," she said. "And we owe"—she paused, and, as if correcting herself, finished with—"we owe it to ourselves to play the good Samaritan. We don't often get the chance." She smiled gravely.

"You are the only stranger that has crossed the 'old iron' for some years."

"You must get that bridge mended before the next comes," he said, laughingly.

Nora, who was removing the breakfast things, started and looked at the elder woman with a strange

expression, but Mrs. Trevanion's eyes remained quite impassive.

"Anyway," said Vane, "I'll stroll down and look at the horse; it strikes me the man who lent it to me will think I've bolted with it."

"I sent word by a fisherman to say that the horse was quite safe," said Mrs. Trevanion.

"Really, you have thought of everything," said Vane, in his frank, prompt way. "I shall never be able to thank you enough."

He raised his hat as he stepped outside, and lighting his pipe, went up the path.

Nora started washing the cup in her hand, and looked after him with a dreamy look in her dark eyes; then she turned them upon the elder woman with an appeal almost fierce in its intensity.

"Do you think he knows?" she asked, in a low voice, as fierce as her glance. Mrs. Trevanion shook her head without lifting it from her knitting.

"No," she said. The tone of her voice was somewhat cold.

The girl went to the small window and, leaning her elbows on the sill, pushed back her hair, and watched Vane's retreating figure.

"He asked me just now something about it," she said, more to herself than to the elder woman. "I told him not to speak. I said that you said he was a gentleman and would not put questions, and he stopped."

"Yes; he will not ask you again," said Mrs. Trevanion. "He will not say anything—tell anything he has seen."

She spoke with quiet confidence, and the girl turned and looked at her.

"He will be well enough to go tomorrow," she said.

"Or the next day," was the answer. "He must be patient. It is well he was not killed."

The girl started, winced, and the color died out of her face, leaving it very pale under the delicate brown.

"He is very strong," she said. "It would have killed most men." She did not shudder, but her teeth came together with a little click. "I should have been sorry," she added, with a quaint simper.

"Go down to the beach and watch," said the elder woman. You can go out to the lobster traps for an excuse."

Nora took a fisherman's red woolen cap from a hook, put it on, and went out without a word, as if she were accustomed to unquestioning and instant obedience.

She went with a light, springy step, that scarcely seemed to touch the rocky path, down to the beach. The tide had reached the bow of the boat, and she put her hands to it, and with a graceful but powerful effort pushed it into the waves, then sprang in. She did not push off, but sat in the stern, her head resting in her hands, her eyes fixed on the sea, her straight, dark brows bent in deep thought. She was going over every word that the stranger had said to her. Her lips moved now and again, and she repeated one of Vane's half slangy, London phrases. She remembered every word with the literal distinctness, the facility which those who have never learned to read and have to rely on their memory so naturally acquire. If he never saw him again, and she herself lived to be a hundred, she would never forget any one word, or one, or feature, or expression of his.

His coming was the one event of her life; it filled up a blank which extended from childhood up to now. Little wonder that she dwelt upon it—that it absorbed her.

Presently she awoke with a start and began to haul in the anchor. As she did so her quick ears caught the sound of footsteps. They were Vane's, as he came hurrying along the beach.

She paused and stood upright, one foot on the seat and the other on the gunwale of the boat, her dark eyes, with their earnest intenceness upon him—a model for a painter, or better still, a sculptor.

"Hold hard, Miss Nora!" Vane shouted. "Are you going for a sail? wish you'd let me come."

She nodded curtly, shipped the anchor, and with an oar deftly pulled the boat as far ashore as it would go.

"Jove, how lucky!" he said. "I got to the top of the hill and saw that the horse was tethered, and evidently enjoying himself all he knew, and it seemed scarcely worth while climbing down. I say, you were quite right to make me shut my eyes when we were coupling up the other night. In the delightfully idiotic condition I was in then, I should have had chance to look down, have applied over. Well, I decided not to go down, and turning, saw you in the boat."

"Not from the top of the hill," she said, quickly, pausing in her work of unfastening the sail from the mast.

"What? No; I had come down a little way. Why?"

She pointed to the hill.

"Look," she said; "no one can see the beach from the top of the hill. He bends in the cliff-hides it."

"Yes," he said; "so I see. No one up there would think that there was a bit of smooth beach down here, and still less guess that your cottage was hidden away in that shelf in the rocks. Well, I was morally afraid you would be off before I got to you; but I was just in time. And now let me help you with that sail. I say, Miss Nora, you must be very strong to handle that gear as you do."

She paused and followed his eyes as they rested with surprise and admiration on her arms and hands.

"Am I?" she said, simply. "I do not know that I was."

Vane laughed.

"I don't know another young lady who could ship that mast as you have done. But let me, won't you?"

"No," she said, with a quaint air of command. "Why should you? You are not well yet, and I have done it ever since I can remember."

"Then if it is time you took a rest and allowed some one else to do it," he said; and he took the sheet from her hand.

She allowed him to do so, with an absent, abstracted expression in her eyes, and went to the helm.

Vane set the sail to the wind, and coming aft, passed the sheet under the cleat.

"Now, give me the tiller," he said, "and you take a rest for once. You shall be captain and give the orders, and I will obey and say, 'Ay, ay, sir, or miss.'"

She did not relinquish her hold of the tiller, and shook her head, while a faint smile played over her face.

"Do you know what would happen?" she said, her white teeth showing for a moment. "We should be on the rocks. There are rocks each side of us; there is only a narrow, very narrow channel, and no one who did not know every inch of

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Usually Arise From Same Cause—Relief and Cure Effected by Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Nearly everybody knows of Dr. Chase's Ointment as the most effective treatment for piles or hemorrhoids that medical science has been able to compound. So much suffering and misery arises from this ailment that one is not long in telling his friends when he has found an actual cure. This accounts for the enormous sales of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

This letter tells of relief from the suffering of varicose veins by the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment. Many suffer from this trouble not knowing the comfort to be obtained by the use of this great soothing ointment.

Mrs. B. J. Evans, 127, Munro street, Toronto, writes: "We have used Dr. Chase's Ointment for years. I have been troubled with varicose veins, and find it the only thing that gives relief. For every purpose when a soothing, healing ointment is needed there is nothing so good as Dr. Chase's Ointment." 50 cents a box all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

fort pushed it into the waves, then sprang in. She did not push off, but sat in the stern, her head resting in her hands, her eyes fixed on the sea, her straight, dark brows bent in deep thought. She was going over every word that the stranger had said to her. Her lips moved now and again, and she repeated one of Vane's half slangy, London phrases. She remembered every word with the literal distinctness, the facility which those who have never learned to read and have to rely on their memory so naturally acquire. If he never saw him again, and she herself lived to be a hundred, she would never forget any one word, or one, or feature, or expression of his.

Nurse's Years of Experience

Proves Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills Best Treatment for Kidney and Stomach Troubles.

The trained nurse has even greater opportunities than the doctor himself to watch the action of medicine in specific cases.

For years the writer of this letter has been recommending the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills among her patients, and is firmly convinced that no treatment is so prompt and effective.

This is the most valuable evidence obtainable, and we believe that all who know Mrs. Duffy will appreciate it to the full, knowing that she would not recommend anything in which she had not the fullest confidence.

Mrs. Duffy, nurse, 35 Lewis street, Toronto, writes: "I have used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills for years, and recommend them to my patients for all disorders of the kidneys, liver and stomach. In all my professional experience I have found nothing better. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

it could sail through it. See!" and she pointed to a crest of foam close on their lee, and then to a similar danger warning on their starboard.

"There is just room for a boat to pass, if it is steered by one who knows. This channel is called the 'Witches' Needle.' Sometimes when vessels are wrecked on that point there"—she pointed to an ugly rock which reared its dark head among the waves—"the sailors take to their boats and try to row in to shore, but the boats always strike on that rock."

She stated the gruesome fact with perfect calmness; and Vane, with the sheet in his hands, sprawled at full length in the bottom of the boat, and looked up at her with curiosity and interest. And as he looked he thought that, in all his life, he had never seen a more beautiful face, a more graceful and striking figure.

With the red cap perched on her black tresses, streaming out behind her on the wind, or buffeted about her face and bosom; with her dark eyes, almost black instead of gray, a the sunshine, she looked like a savage Liberty, and yet the lips were noble with the softness of youth, and the eyes were almost sad in their depth and expression.

(To be Continued.)

The Ladies of St. John's May Now Have Beautiful Hair—All First-Class Druggists Sell SALVIA and Guarantee it to Grow Hair, or Refund Your Money.

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Ladies of society and influence use so other.

SALVIA is a non-sticky preparation, and is the ladies' favorite. A large generous bottle 50c. McMURDO & CO., Wholesale Agents.

An Arctic Delicacy.

Eskimo Soup Would Hardly Tickle Refined Palates.

Kane and Dr. Hayes, the first white men—apart from an occasional whaler—to visit the Eskimos, found some difficulty in accommodating themselves to local customs. In "The Arctic Seas" D. E. Edwards quotes Hayes' account of his first visit to a native hut. After a cordial welcome he was pressed to eat.

"This," says Hayes, was an invitation which I feared, but now that it had come I knew that it would be unwise to decline it. The expression of thanks was one of the few in their language that I knew, and I made the most of this. They laughed heartily when I said koyenak in reply to their invitation, and immediately a not very beautiful young damsel poured some of the contents of the pot into a skin dish, and, after sipping it to make sure as I supposed, that it was not too hot passed, it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me, but my eyes were fixed upon me, and it would have been highly impolite to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, held my nose, swallowed the dose and retired. I was told afterward that it was their greatest delicacy—a soup made by boiling together blood, oil and seal intestines."

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Evening Gowns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9672-9671.—A NEAT AND BECOMING HOME OR AFTERNOON DRESS.



Ladies' Dress with or without Chemise, with Long or Shorter Sleeve, and with Raised or Normal Waist-Line.

White linen, with blue ratine for trimming and buttons and loops for decoration is here shown. The design is unique in its shaping, and will lend itself equally well for development in gingham, chambray, linen, sponge, serge, voile, or silk. The Chemisette may be omitted. The skirt has a slightly raised waistline, but may be finished at normal waistline if preferred. Ladies' Waist Pattern, 9672, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 9671, supply the models. The waist is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 3/8 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

9664-9665.—A MOST ATTRACTIVE GOWN FOR HOME OR CALLING.



Ladies' Waist Pattern, 9664, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 9665, combine to make this pretty effect. The left side of waist and skirt are draped beneath deep hemmed portions. The sleeve may be in "bell" shape or in wrist length. The Waist Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, and 30 inches waist measure. It requires 6 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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Size

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

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