

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

**Only a Beggar;  
 —BUT—  
 A Queen Among Women**

CHAPTER XXXIII.

After dinner they all peeped into the servants' hall and heard Donald propose the health of the young master and mistress; they went to the great window on the corridor and looked out upon the fierce flames rising from the bonfires, and heard the shouts and laughter of the people; they sat, almost in each other's pockets, listening to Vane telling of the happy honeymoon; and it was, as of old, the earl who drove Diana to bed. "You must be tired, my dear," he said, with the little tone of authority which proclaims the love behind it. "It's been a trying day for you. You should be in bed. Vane will agree with me, I'm sure."

Vane laughed as Diana rose obediently. "You manage her very nicely, sir," he said. "She's not half so obedient to me. I'll get you to give me a few lessons."

He put his arm round her and kissed her.

"Really, Vane, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!" said Mabel. "Before me, too! And you've been married—how long? Come along, Diana!"

"I know what that means," said Vane, as they went out. "These two will sit up in Diana's room chattering until I drag Mabel out by the hair of her head. One cigar, sir? Come on, Bertie. We were men may as well have our gossip."

An hour later Mabel, coming out of Diana's room, saw a figure sitting on the stairs in an attitude of patience and expectancy; it sprang up at the light sound of her footsteps and came toward her with flushed face and eager eyes.

"Bertie!" she exclaimed, with half-serious indignation. "Why are you sitting there? Why don't you go to bed? What are you waiting for?"

"What I've been waiting for ever so long," he replied, in a low voice. "Come in the alcove, Mabel."

"No, no," she breathed quickly. "I must not. Everybody's in bed. Well, the other end of the corridor, then; Aunt Selina can't hear there. What is it? I can't stay more than a moment, just one moment."

"Oh, Mabel!" His ardent eyes were all aglow, his face was pale with doubt and hope finely compounded. "You promised! You said when Diana came back, when everything was all right again. We've got her back, and everything and everybody's all right—excepting me. Mabel, won't you say that little word I want to hear so badly?"

"I'll say three words, and you ought to hear them, even if you don't want to: 'Go to bed!'"

"Only a moment more, Mabel, dearest, dearest, the sweetest-girl in all the world! Oh, Mabel, I love you! Say you'll be my wife!"

She tried to stare him down with a fine assumption of maidenly indignation.

"Is this the time of night—besides, what's the use? They'd never consent. You foolish boy, have you come into a fortune?"

"Yes!" he responded, so swiftly, so loudly, that she started and looked round apprehensively. "Yes! I'm a rich man—or I shall be; or you will be—it's the same thing. Vane's just been telling me—oh, what a stunning friend he is, Mabel—he is going to settle ever so much on you, enough to let you marry me—if you want to. And—and you do, Mabel dear; don't you?"

Perhaps she was so amazed that she did not know that his arm had gone round her and that his lips were perilously near hers. Indeed, her answer was so muffled that it must have been spoken under difficulties. But he caught it, and, pressing her to him, rendered any further speech from her impossible.

"Isn't he a brick?" he said, presently, in an enthusiastic whisper.

"Vane? You silly boy," she retorted, raising her head and looking at him with a proud and tender light in her pretty eyes. "It's Diana, of course! But she didn't say a word to me, while I was in there with her. What are you grinning at, sir?"

"Yes, it's all Diana," he said. "She told me to wait for you on the stairs, Diana! Oh, she's—she's—"

"An angel—and a brick, too!"

THE END.

**Plot That Failed;  
 —OR—  
 Love That Would  
 Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER I.

"Five years ago I was the most popular man in Madras. You cannot understand all that short sentence means, my friend; no matter. I was a rich man—as men went—and could count friends by the score. If there had been fewer friends and less what I might not have been here; who knows? No one, and no one cares; not even I myself. Madras! I see it now. Bah! A high-flown description of the presidency would be lost on you, Jen, and it is a rule of mine to waste nothing. At Madras, among the host of friends, some of whom plundered me, and some of whom I had the extreme happiness to plunder, was one, the best and bravest of the lot, Jeph Milmay."

"John Milmay," repeated the man, Jen, to show his companion that he is listening carefully.

"John Milmay, a merchant, a prince among merchants, with a fortune in England, India—and I know not where else also. He was a fine fellow, but simple—simple as a school-girl, and too bountifully supplied with those awkward incumbrances called feelings. We were bosom friends. I borrowed his money, and he loved me too well to remind me of the debt—you understand that, Jen—that is something within your comprehension."

Jen chuckled with hoarse enjoyment.

"He made me his confidant—told me everything of his own affairs and a great deal of other people's. He had a daughter. I remember her name—Violet. Beautiful, he said she was; but that goes for nothing. I'll be bound, my friend, that you would have called a bantam of your own, though it copied every one of your extremely plain features, a swan. The mother was dead, there was only one relation of any consequence—an aunt, and Jack Milmay loved this little girl better than he did me—and that's saying a good deal. One night—when we were sitting on the veranda of his mansion on the hills, watching the Brahmins at their prayers, he declared his intention of making me the sole guardian of this girl. He prayed me—if anything happened to him—to be a second father to her, or at least a brother, considering that he was so much older than I. I swore—readily enough—that I'd watch over her like a guardian angel, and, after drawing tears from him by my fervid eloquence, delicately borrowed a hundred pounds. Poor Jack! We never saw each other again. A special messenger arrived that night with news from England. His business—an enormous one—required his presence to tide over an emergency, and with a hasty handshake, he left me, reminding me of my promise, and declaring his intention to draw up on parchment the declaration of his wishes as to my guardianship over his daughter."

"Good-by, old fellow," he said. "It's a long journey; but I feel safe. I've written about you in every letter to my little darling; I shall be able to tell her now what a grand guardian she'll have. Good-by, and Heaven bless you!"

"Jem, my friend, don't believe the good people of this world when they talk of a special providence for honest men; Jack Milmay was drowned on that homeward voyage, and I, Captain Howard Murpoint, was left to live and rot in a convict station."

"Yes, the ship went down, and soon after Captain Howard Murpoint went down likewise. I got tired of putting it, though if the truth must be spoken, the army got tired of me—or rather my wonderful luck at cards. You know my little trick with the ace? Enough. It suited me to cut the military life. How was I to do it? A fool would have deserted and got shot. I, not being a fool, managed differently. There was a slight skirmish on the frontier one moonlight night. My men were cut to pieces like packthread. I, by a miracle, escaped. Walking over the corpse-strewn field, one of those happy thoughts which are the inspiration of knaves struck me. My corporal, a good fellow, had fallen at his post. I knew it was my corporal by his accoutrements, his face and features had been obliterated by a cannon ball. Supposing, was my thought, that Captain Howard Murpoint's regimentals were upon that poor fellow, then every one would say that the said Captain Murpoint had fallen with glory and honor, and that the missing corporal had either been carried away by the Sepoys or deserted."

"Jem, my friend, I lost not a moment, but there and then exchanged clothes with the corpse, threw a cloak over my new corporal's regimentals and started for the coast."

"I reached Paris—unfortunately for the Parisians. When Paris grew too hot I gracefully fluttered to my native land. My native land for eighteen months proved as rich a harvest as a man of talent could wish."

"During those eighteen months I declared—no matter—it is all gone, swallowed up in that fiasco. Idiot that I was to descend to the level of such poor vermin as you! What could I expect? Were these hands made for burglary, were these brains? Bah! this is wasting time. Some sweet friend of yours persuaded me to change my line, and I came to grief; dragging you in for revenge's sake. Plain truth, you see, Jen. I scorn to tell a falsehood—when there is nothing to be got by it. Transportation for life! It was a hard sentence, and I wished when I heard it, and a hundred times since, that they had not barked Jack Ketch. I wished it every day till a week ago."

(To be continued.)

**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**  
**COFFEE**  
 Knows No Substitute And  
**SEAL BRAND COFFEE**  
 Knows No Superior  
**CHASE & SANBORN**  
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**Rheumatism Goes Quickly its Virus Forever Destroyed**

**EVERY CASE IS CURABLE.**  
 Good-bye to Rheumatism!  
 Your aching joints, your stiff, sore muscles, those sleepless nights and suffering days—good-bye forever—your day is gone.  
 Sufferer, cheer up, and read the good news below.  
 "A man met me a month ago, and said, 'don't stay crippled, quit complaining, limber up.' My answer was, 'I'm rheumatic, I can't do it.' He looked me over in a pitying sort of way and told me to go to the nearest drug store for Nerviline and Ferrozone. The combination had cured him. I was convinced of his sincerity and followed his instructions. I rubbed on Nerviline three times every day—rubbed it right into my aching joints. The pain quickly lessened, and I became more limber and active. To draw the virus of the disease from my blood I took two Ferrozone Tablets with every meal. I am well to-day, not an ache, not a pain and no sign of stiffness at all."  
 What Nerviline can do in a case like this it can do for you. For nearly forty years Nerviline has been recommended for Rheumatism, Lumbago and Sciatica and Lame Back. It is the one remedy that never disappoints.

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 Commission 2½ p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Sample Cases from \$50 upwards. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

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**Week of Prayer.**

The arrangements for the week of prayer this New Year in the Non-Confessional Churches of the city are as follows:

Monday, Jan. 4th, Wesley Church:—Speaker, Rev. W. H. Thomas; Subject: "Intercession, Confession, Thanksgiving."

Tuesday, January 5th, George St.:—Speaker, Rev. J. S. Sutherland. Subject: "The Church Universal."

Wednesday, January 6th, Presbyterian Church:—Speaker, R. D. B. Hemmion; Subject: "Nations and their Rulers."

Thursday, January 7th, Congregational Church:—Speaker, Rev. Norman M. Guy; Subject: "Missions."

Friday, January 7th, Gower Street:—Speaker, Rev. H. Royce; Subject: "The Home and the School."

The Cochrane Street and Gower St. Church Congregations unite in the week of prayer. The services start every evening at eight o'clock.

**"HOGUE" SURVIVOR'S THRILLING EXPERIENCE.**

**STRUCK BY TWO TORPEDOES.**

In an interesting interview, reported in the "Portsmouth Evening News," Gunner F. J. Shoebright, one of the "Hogue" survivors, stated that just as the order came to lower boats the vessel was struck by two torpedoes, one immediately after the other. After he had clambered over the rolling chock into the water, a man caught hold of him and pulled him down. The man let him go, and some time afterwards Shoebright was pulled into a launch. They went alongside H.M.S. "Lowestoft," but, seeing a submarine coming up, they shouted out to the Commodore, "Let us drift; there's a submarine ahead." With that the "Lowestoft" shaped a course and got clear. When later the "Lowestoft" came round again and took them aboard, they were given not Bovril, and the manes gave them any old clothes they could find. dec26.11

**McMurdo's Store News.**

SATURDAY, Dec. 26, '14.  
 We have our urn going to-day and shall continue to serve hot drinks during the winter season. We shall have "Hot Soda" in the fruit flavors, as well as in Chocolate and Coffee. Horlick's Malted Milk (hot) will be found delightful in flavor and pleasantly stimulating. Hot Clam Bouillon will touch the cold or hungry spot; and Hot Tomato and Beef Bouillon is a great thing if you feel "down and out" or shivery. Come in here and order one. Just opened: Lydia Pinkham's Compound, Chase's goods, Nerviline, Ferrozone, Hamilton's Pills. At usual prices.

**CALENDARS.**—We thank the Royal Bank of Canada, and J. J. Henley for calendars.

**MINNIE ARRIVES.**—The baronet, Minnie, 35 days from Pernambuco, reached port on Thursday.

**POLICE COURT.**—Fourteen men, charged with drunkenness, were let off to finish their celebrations.

**HAVING ROUGH TRIP.**—The S.S. Portia is experiencing very stormy weather on the S. W. Coast this trip and frequently had to shelter out of blizzards. She left Burin at 11 o'clock last night and under ordinary conditions should reach here about 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

**A GOOD PLACE TO COME** for your Groceries, Stationery, Stamps, Picture Postcards, Papers, Soft Drinks, Candy, etc., is WALKER'S Cash Grocery, 27 Charlton St. (off Springdale). Ask for your coupons and receive premiums up to May 1st. dec24.3m.th.m.s.

**CAPT. GOODRIDGE BACK.**—Capt. Alan Goodridge, A.D.C., and Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, who went to England with some naval reservists on the Franconia, returned to the city by Thursday evening's express. Returning Capt. Goodridge crossed from Liverpool to Halifax on one of the big liners and from the Canadian port came via rail.

**Arrived on Monday by S. S. Stephano:** Winter Keeping Apples—Kings, Baldwins, Wagners, Greenings, Ben Davis; California Fruits, Pears in boxes, Lemons, Cal. Oranges, Florida Oranges, large bunches Bananas, California Grapes, Blue and Red, in baskets and kegs; American Baldwins in brls. Special attention given to outport orders. Price list sent on request, at GLEESON'S, 108 Water Street East, P. O. Box 681. dec5.eod.tf

**NOTE OF THANKS.**—Mrs. Matthew Aylward and nephew, of Kibride, Cross Roads, wishes to thank all the kind people of Kibride and the city who offered their kindness and assisted them in any way. Mr. Martin, Undertaker for his unfailing efforts to lighten their sorrow. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Williams, Mr. John Brennan, Mrs. Woods, Mr. T. Woods, Mr. M. L. Aylward, Topsall Road; Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Aylward, Kibride; Mr. Henry Murphy and son Thomas, Mr. James Aylward and family, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sinnott, Mr. and Mrs. Shames, Mrs. James Murphy, Mrs. William Lacey, also all relations and friends for their sympathy—adv't.

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 Will Please You.  
**'Worlds Best'**  
 Is what they signify and that is why W. B. CORSETS have more wearers than any other Corset. They have many qualities to recommend themselves to the ladies of Newfoundland as they have to the ladies of the United States, Canada, Britain, Australia, New Zealand, India, South Africa, South America and the Continent.  
 We have a further shipment of these favourite Corsets to hand.  
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**MOIR'S**  
 Sounds Like More,  
 Tastes Like More,  
 More Centers,  
 More Coating,  
 More Popular,  
 More for the Money,  
 Many More More's.  
 But ONLY ONE  
**MOIR'S**  
 When talking of  
**Chocolate.**

**THE AVIATOR'S RUSE!**  
 A Russian aviator, who was flying over the enemy's territory in company with an officer, was forced to descend owing to an accident to his motor. The pilot and the officer were wearing leather clothes with no indication of their nationality. Suddenly while at work on the motor seven Austrian soldiers under the command of a non-commissioned officer passed close by on the top of a hill. Resistance was impossible, for the aviators were armed only with revolvers. Luckily the Russian officer spoke fluent German. Calling to the Austrian non-commissioned officer he peremptorily ordered him to help. The latter, believing himself in the presence of a superior officer, hastened to obey. Soon the motor was working again and from the aeroplane, describing graceful circles in the air over their heads, there fell a little piece of paper thanking the Austrians for the help they had given to the Russians.  
 Another instance showing what an important part our apparel plays in our every day life. It is not a question of constantly buying new clothes but having the old ones kept in proper condition through the Dry Cleaning process.  
**UNGAR'S LAUNDRY & DYE WORKS, Halifax.**  
 MESSRS. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, LTD., Agents.  
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 When in doubt as to what you wish to give for a Xmas present  
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 Any of the following please:  
 Rattan Chairs, Pictures, Coal Vases, Jardiniere, Photo Frames, Clocks, Mirrors, Bookcases, China Cabinets, Stools, Music Racks, Fern Stands, Kitchen Cabinets, Fire Irons, Card Tables, Children's Sets, Pedestals, Rocking Horses, etc., etc.  
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 15 cents a copy.  
 Newfoundland Poem, containing:  
**RULE BRITANNIA, THE BRITISH GRENADIERS, THE MAPLE LEAF, THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, THE DEAR OLD SOUTH SIDE HILL, Etc., Etc.**  
 Only 10 Cents.  
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 Reliable Piano and Organ House.

**Join the Good House-Keepers Club**

For perfect cleaning in all parts of the house this "Club" is famous. Old Dutch Cleanser does the work easily, thoroughly, quickly—does it with real economy and satisfaction. Saves Your Energy.  
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