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W. Matthew Williams, in "Chemistry of Cooking," says: "Phosphates are the bone-making material of food and have something to do with building up of brain and nervous matter."
Made in Canada

For Love of a Woman;

New Romeo and Juliet.

OR, 2.
 CHAPTER XXVIII.
 ENGAGED.
 "Who could do anything but love you, dear Grace?" he replied. "Will you be my wife? I will try and make you happy, indeed I will! What do you say?"
 Her soft, warm fingers closed on his, and she leaned towards him involuntarily.
 "If you are sure"—she murmured—"if you are sure you want me to say 'yes'—"
 "Indeed I do!" he responded. "I have come all the way from Norway in the hope that you would."
 "Then I will say—yes!" she breathed, and her hand sank upon his breast. "You will be good to me—Cecil?"
 "I will be good to you," he responded, and he put his arm round her and kissed her in love-wise but not—ah, not!—with the passionate kisses which he had rained upon the lips and eyes and hair of Doris Marlowe.

CHAPTER XXIX.
 WICKED LORD STOVLE.

The news spread, as such news will, and in a day or two all London knew, through the gossip-mongers and the society papers, that Lord Cecil Neville, the heir to the marquis of Stovle, had proposed to Lady Grace.
 "So there was something in that story of her going to his rooms, you see!" envious mothers whispered behind their fans.
 And the following morning Cecil Neville received a short message from the marquis, who was staying at the big house in Grosvenor Square, requesting that Cecil would come and see him.
 Cecil went, and found his lordship seated by the window of his own room, looking at the passers-by as if he were a judge just donning the black

PURE SALT

Windsor Table Salt

cap. His thin lips drew together with a smile that was more like a sneer as he gave Cecil a couple of cold fingers.
 "So you'd come to your senses at last?" was the amiable greeting.
 Lord Cecil smiled rather grimly.
 "I suppose you allude to my engagement to Lady Grace sir?" he said. "I was coming to call on you when your message reached me."
 "Ah! Well, I congratulate you, and I wish her every happiness," remarked the marquis, by way of a blessing, and his tone said, quite plainly, "But I don't think she'll get it."
 "Thank you, sir," said Lord Cecil.
 "Yes, I think you are a confoundedly lucky fellow," continued the marquis, "especially as you nearly got into the worst mess a man can get into. I suppose that affair turned out as I expected? The wench jilted you. Oh, I don't want to know any particulars—they wouldn't interest me; but I may be permitted to express a hope that you have completely washed your hands of the whole affair, and that if the girl turns up again there will be no nonsense. Grace is far too good for you, and very much too good for any trick of that kind."
 Lord Cecil bit his lip and frowned.
 "If I understand you, my lord—"
 Then he stopped. "No, sir, we won't quarrel to-day. As you say—that affair is over and done with, and if Miss Marlowe were to come back, I promise that I will not, as you delicately suggest, desert Lady Grace for her."
 "Yes, that's what I hinted," said the marquis, coolly. "I'm glad to hear there's no danger of it. Men are such fools—young ones especially—that one never knows."
 "I may be a fool, but I'm not a blackguard!" said Cecil, almost beside himself.
 "I hope not," assented the marquis, deliberately, "and now I suppose you mean to have the marriage quickly?"
 "That rests entirely with Lady Grace," said Lord Cecil.
 "Of course, I hate long engagements. Besides, I've an absurd fancy of seeing her married before I die. Not that I think of dying just yet, you'll be sorry to hear. Better get the affair settled speedily. You can live in one of the places in the country; I don't care where it is, as long as you don't expect me to come and live with you," and he smiled sardonically.
 Lord Cecil remained silent.
 "You'd better take the Barton place. I hate it; but I hate all of them, so that is not much of a reason."
 "Barton is too large, is it not, sir?" said Lord Cecil.
 "That's my business" retorted his lordship, with something like a snarl. "I don't mean you to be a pauper, or to live with a couple of servants and on bread and cheese. You have done as I wished you to do, though not until you were compelled," and he smiled significantly, "and I will do what is requisite in the way of money—for her sake."

"Thank you, my lord—for her sake," said Lord Cecil grimly.
 "Yes. Why doesn't she come and see me? Tell her to do so, if you please." He was silent a moment as Lord Cecil bowed, then he added, "The affair is making some stir, I suppose. I'm thinking whether I can summon up courage to give a party—in honour of the event."
 "Pray, don't take so much trouble, sir," said Cecil.
 "Yes, I suppose I must," continued the marquis, as if Cecil had not spoken. "It is the usual thing, and she will look for it."
 "I don't think Lady Grace expects—"

"You know very little of what Lady Grace expects," he interrupted, with cold contempt. "Tell her to come to me. Wait a moment, please," he added, as Lord Cecil was making his escape. "I am going to send her a present; that is also due her. I suppose you have been able to afford her a thirty-shilling ring?"
 "I gave rather more than that, sir," replied Lord Cecil, with a smile.
 "Ah! go to that safe, if you please, and bring me one or two of the jewel-cases. I will send her something now. Here are the keys—no, they are in that drawer," and he pointed to the small writing-cabinet which always accompanied him, and handed Lord Cecil a small key.
 Lord Cecil unlocked the cabinet, got the keys, and was crossing the room to the safe, when the door opened.

"What the devil do you mean by coming in without knocking, sir?" exclaimed the marquis. Then, as he saw who it was, he said, in a softer voice, "Oh, it's you, Spenser, is it? You've come in time to hear the news and congratulate the bridegroom."
 "Which I do with all my heart, my dear Cecil," murmured Spenser Churchill, taking Lord Cecil's hand in both of his and pressing it affectionately, while he beamed a benedictory smile all over him. "With all my heart, I can't tell you, my dear marquis, how rejoiced I was to hear the news. Dear Lady Grace! So beautiful and so good! You are, indeed, a happy man, Cecil! May every good gift which Heaven has to bestow—"
 "That will do," broke in the marquis, with a sneer; "we'll take the rest as read, if you don't mind. I've told Cecil that I will give a party to mark my sense of his sense."
 "A party? Excellent! Admirable!" exclaimed Spenser Churchill, rubbing his hands, his eyes going from the marquis's cold, sardonic face to Lord Cecil's grave and rather moody one with keen watchfulness. "Now, how good of you to think of that! Why, how many years is it since you entertained in this house?"
 The marquis compressed his lips.
 "The last time was"—he paused a moment, then, as if out of sheer bravado, went on—"the night before my wife ran away from me! Not a pleasant omen for 'dear Cecil,' is it?"
 Spenser Churchill coughed behind his hand.
 "Oh, there must be no bad omens for the young couple," he said, rather confusedly. "And what date is the party to be?"
 "When you like," replied the marquis, with the most profound indifference. "I should enjoy it better if you'd wait until I'm dead, but as it is, I don't care when it is."

"He eyed them with his usual cold impassibility, but presently Lord Cecil held up a suite of pearls. It was an antique and evidently priceless set, and Cecil was regarding them with a listless interest when suddenly a strange idea flashed across his mind that he had seen them before; and yet he knew that he could not have done so. The last person upon whose neck and wrists that priceless suite of antique gems had shone was the ill-fated marchioness, whom he had never seen, and whose end was still a mystery to him. He was convinced that he had never seen them before, and yet he seemed to remember them.
 "Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Spenser Churchill, but looking at his companion's face instead of the jewels with a watchful scrutiny.
 (To be Continued.)
 A green and blue plaid serge frock is a good excuse for the desire of cold weather.
 The newer shoes show a short vamp, a very high heel and an exceedingly blunt toe.
 An evening gown of black and gold brocade has a narrow train lined with jade green satin.

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Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would be just worn out with pains which dragged me down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."
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 Working girls everywhere should profit by Mrs. Dooley's experience, and instead of dragging along from day to day with a burden, give this famous and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It has overcome just such conditions for thousands of others, and why not for you? For special advice, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Adelle COLLARS


"Ah! then we must leave it to dear Lady Grace," said Spenser Churchill. "I'm sending her a present," said the marquis? A bracelet, or a ring, or something of that kind, I suppose?"
 By this time Lord Cecil had reached the safe and opened it, and Spenser Churchill, with a smile of child-like interest and curiosity, went and stood beside him.
 The safe was half-full of papers, and nothing but papers, as it appeared, and Lord Cecil said so, and waited for instructions.
 "The cases are at the back," said the marquis. "For Heaven's sake, don't bother me over the business, or I shall regret my sudden and unusual generosity," he added, with a sneer.
 Lord Cecil took some of the documents out, and revealed a couple of jewel-cases, and placing the former on a chair, carried the latter to the marquis.
 "These papers want arranging, dear marquis," said Spenser Churchill, and he lingered behind, as if casually; but his eyes flashed over the litter of parchments with keen and searching scrutiny.
 "I daresay," assented the marquis, indifferently. "There are some wills of mine there, I think; but it doesn't matter. I shall live to make two or three more to add to this collection," and he glanced at Lord Neville maliciously.
 Spenser Churchill laughed, as if it were an excellent joke, and Lord Cecil opened the cases and set them on the small table beside the marquis.
 "Are these what you want?" he asked.
 "Yes, I suppose so," said his lordship. "Choose something. Here, Churchill!"
 "Am I to help in the selection? Really!" he exclaimed, and leaned forward with such alacrity that he overturned the chair upon which the deeds were lying, and scattered them on the floor.
 "Oh, I am so sorry! Tut! tut! how clumsy of me!" he exclaimed, apologetically, and he went down on his knees and gathered up the papers.
 "Let them alone, for Heaven's sake!" snarled the marquis, with cold irritation.
 "Yes, yes; I'll just pick them up," murmured Spenser Churchill, and with his back to the other two, he rapidly examined each deed as he placed it on the chair. "Now, then, and he came to the table. "Ah! these are some of the Stovle jewels! How exquisite they are, and what a pity they should have been hidden away so long! How nice it is to reflect that they will soon adorn our beautiful Lady Grace; eh, dear Cecil?"
 Lord Cecil did not answer, but moodily took the jewels from their respective cases, and held them up for the marquis's inspection.
 He eyed them with his usual cold impassibility, but presently Lord Cecil held up a suite of pearls. It was an antique and evidently priceless set, and Cecil was regarding them with a listless interest when suddenly a strange idea flashed across his mind that he had seen them before; and yet he knew that he could not have done so. The last person upon whose neck and wrists that priceless suite of antique gems had shone was the ill-fated marchioness, whom he had never seen, and whose end was still a mystery to him. He was convinced that he had never seen them before, and yet he seemed to remember them.
 "Beautiful, beautiful!" murmured Spenser Churchill, but looking at his companion's face instead of the jewels with a watchful scrutiny.
 (To be Continued.)


Fashion Plates.

LADIES HOUSE DRESS.

 2720

2720—Seersucker, gingham, galatea, drill, khaki, percale, lawn and linen may be used for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The dress is a one-piece model.
 The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards.
 A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART SUIT FOR EARLY FALL.


 2926

2926—For this style, tricotine, serge, taffeta, velour, gabardine, or velveteen could be used. The vest may be of contrasting material as illustrated or of the cloth, braided or embroidered. The skirt is cut so that the side seam edges may be unconfined at ankle length, but if preferred, the seam may be closed.
 The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 54 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yard.
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 AUSTRALIAN
 (Reuter's)—O situation in Australia Premier Hughes, president of the Premier finds very uncertain force which he the necessities, ed itself now a displaying a de stitute themselves ready there is, tralia, South A New South W and perhaps the create new pe with the prod the employing, disposition to im. At the sam has ejected fro extremists. As Federal Parli tional voting, possibly subst sent represent Disintegrating
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