

**WHY EXPERIMENT?**

Food scientists claim that the leavener is largely responsible for the flavor, texture and wholesomeness of your home baking. That on no other one ingredient does so much depend. It is important, therefore, to use a baking powder that you know possesses the necessary leavening qualities.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
Contains No Alum

and is the only strictly high class baking powder in Canada selling at a moderate price. Its reputation is built on purity and highest quality.

The only well known medium priced baking powder made in Canada that does not contain alum and that has all its ingredients plainly stated on the label.

Made in Canada

**For Love of a Woman;**

**New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER XXV.  
AS IN A DREAM.

"No, thank you, dear! I've been married once, and, as the boy said of the prickly pear, 'No more for me, thank you!' But yours is another case altogether, and I confess that I tremble every day lest you should come and tell me, with that mouse-like little smile of yours, that one of these men is going to take you from me. Ah! what a pity it would be—for we are so happy, you and I, dear! If girls could only know when they are well off! But they never do. It's only when they have resigned their liberty and given all their heart for about a quarter of some selfish man's, that they discover what a fraud matrimony is!"

And Doris had made no reply beyond the quiet, "mouse-like smile," and a little sigh, which was too low to reach her companion's ear. Not Lady Despard alone, but many another of the frequenters of the Villa Rimini, had wondered that this beautiful English girl should be so irresponsible to the admiration and attentions lavished upon her. Men of rank and position, for whom the matrons of society angled unceasingly, paid court to her, needing but a smile or word of encouragement to lay their titles at her feet; but the smile or the word were never extended to them. As the Princess of Carthage, clad in the mystic veil, moved, like an unapproachable spirit, amongst the suitors at her father's court, so Doris Marlowe lived, surrounded by a barrier of reserve which, vague and intangible as it was, served to keep the most ardent at arm's length.

The past alone was to her reality; the present seemed like a dream; and often she sat beside Lady Despard, surrounded by a crowd of people laughing and talking, the voices died upon her ears, and she heard only the murmur of the brook in Barton meadows, mingling with the voice of the man who had won her heart and tossed it aside, shattered and broken forever.

Often she wondered whether he had married the Lady Grace—whose name, when first she had heard it on his lips, had sounded like a knell in her ears.

If stone walls do not a prison make, a crowd cannot destroy solitude; and Doris, in the midst of the brilliant throng which made the Villa Rimini its centre, lived in a mental and spiritual solitude, on the threshold of which only two persons ever trod. One was Lady Despard, whom she loved, the other as she did all the others, but it was impossible. He made it impossible by never giving her a chance of repulsing him. Since the evening he had come to Chester Gardens for the first time he had never paid her a single compliment, and from his lips alone she never received a single "pretty" speech.

Although he slept at the inn, he had a luxurious suite of apartments in the

villa, and they met at almost every meal, and frequently during the day, but his manner to Doris was one of studious courtesy toned by a reserve which matched her own.

By the rest he was regarded as the most charming of men. The women secretly—some of them openly—adored him for his good looks, which were remarkable, even in that land of handsome faces, and for the exquisite voice, which was always at their service. The men voted him a "good fellow," and was warm in his praises. The reception from which he was absent always seemed lacking in its accustomed brightness, and no dance or outdoor excursion was complete without Mr. Percy Levant.

Perhaps the air of mystery which surrounded him increased the interest he awakened. Nobody knew anything about him, except that he was in Florence to study music, and, in some vague, unexplained way, to collect materials for a magnificent and unique music-room which Lady Despard intended building in one of her houses, and at some unfixed time in the dim future.

Of himself, and his own affairs and past history he was as silent as Doris was of hers; and people who were at first inclined to be curious accepted his want of a past and were content to take him for what he was—a light-hearted waif floating like a bubble on the surface of society.

To the superficial frequenters of the Villa Rimini he did not seem to have a care, and scarcely an object in life, excepting it were to play and sing at all times and seasons, whenever Lady Despard requested him.

But Doris was something more than a superficial observer, and often when, in the early morning or in the delicious gloaming, she was wandering

dreamily through the flower-scented grounds, she would come across him pacing moodily beneath the trees, or lying on a bank, with his head resting on his hands, and his handsome face darkened by an expression which would have startled his many friends who thought they knew him quite intimately.

At such times he would spring up, dispelling his moodiness instantly, and resume his usual manner; but the impression he had made remained with Doris.

And, having seen him off his guard, as it were, she found herself, at odd times, thinking of him. He seemed as alone in the midst of the pleasure-seeking crowd as herself. From thinking of him in an indifferent, casual kind of way, she grew, all unconsciously, to entertain a vague sort of sympathy for him, which she would never have been capable of if he had lavished compliments upon her, as the rest did. She felt convinced that some shadow lay in his past, and that the ready jest and the fluent laugh only hid a wound which it was too proud to permit the world to gaze at.

This was the first phase of their relation; the second began during the second week of their Florentine life. She became conscious that his presence at the villa contributed not only to the enjoyment of Lady Despard and the rest, but to hers!

In an indescribable way he seemed to know exactly what was wanted at any given moment, and to supply it; and his thoughtfulness, strangely enough, always appeared to save trouble to Doris.

From the first day of her coming to Lady Despard, she had undertaken the arrangement of the flowers in the various rooms, and she continued to do so in Florence as in London. The head

gardener was accustomed to send up huge baskets of flowers each morning, which Doris would set out and arrange in the various vases and bowls. It was a long task, and one morning he had entered the salon and found her in the midst of it, looking rather pale and tired; for the room was hot and close with the almost overpowering perfume.

"That is a serious business," he said, in his quiet fashion.

"Isn't it?" she assented, with a smile.

He said nothing more, and passed out; but the next morning Doris found the flowers spread out on a table, under an awning, in the shady part of the terrace.

"Why, how thoughtful of the gardener!" she said to Lady Despard's maid, who stood near.

"Oh, but it wasn't the gardener, miss," said the girl. "It was Mr. Percy who brought the table out here; he did himself, and put the awning up."

"It was very kind of him," said Doris, and when he came in to breakfast she thanked him.

"It is cooler out there, no doubt," he said, and turned to speak to Lady Despard at once.

A few evenings afterwards a discussion arose respecting a book that had suddenly leapt into popular favour.

"What do you think of it, Miss Marlowe?" enquired an old Italian nobleman, whose breast sparkled with orders.

"I haven't read it, count," said Doris.

Instantly there was an enquiry for the book; but it appeared that no one possessed a copy.

"Oh, you must read it! I'll send to London for a copy," said the count.

An hour afterwards someone wanted a song from Percy Levant, but he was nowhere to be found; but presently one of the young men—of whom there were always more than a sufficient quantity at the villa—came in with a:

"I say, Lady Despard, if Mr. Levant doesn't mind, he'll lose that jolly voice of his. I've just met him in the hall, wet through; it's raining cats and dogs, you know. Can't make out where on earth he's been, don't you know!"

A little later Percy Levant sauntered into the room, and Doris saw him laughing and talking with one and another on his way to the piano, and she thought the lady must have been mistaken; but, when all had gone, and she was going upstairs, he came to her with something in his hand.

"There is the book they were talking about," he said. "I fancy it isn't worth the fuss they are making about it."

"Where did you get it?" said Doris. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I was lucky enough to find a copy in the town," he replied.

"Then it was for that you went out and got wet!" she exclaimed. "It was very kind; but was it worth while, Mr. Levant?"

"I thought so, and think so still; but I may be mistaken," he retorted, with his peculiar, half-cynical smile.

"Good-night," and he moved away, as if the incident were done with.

Gradually she began to realize that in any difficulty he was always at her side. A big picnic was to be arranged, and Lady Despard, who had got accustomed to leaving everything to Doris, had done so on this occasion, and Doris was up early in the morning to give the necessary orders. She found that all the preparations had been made.

Mr. Percy Levant had interviewed the major domo, and the thing was done.

When Doris thanked him, he smiled, and courteously cut her short.

"I don't deserve any thanks," he said. "You see, my Italian is not so good as yours, and I was anxious to practise it with the major domo, that's all. We are all moved by selfish motives, Miss Marlowe."

"Not all," said Doris. "Not Mr. Percy Levant."

He started slightly, and fixed his brilliant eyes on her for a second; then, with a laugh, said:

"Yes, even Mr. Percy Levant."

Twenty times a day she found him coming to her assistance, but always in the same way, always with the same unobtrusiveness, which was almost coldness, but which was very welcome to Doris, contrasted with the fervent, accentuated attention of the rest of the men.

(to be continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A Dainty frock for party or best wear.



2232—you could make this frock in gingham, drill, khaki, linen, flannel, lace or embroidery or hemstitching will form a suitable finish. The sleeve may be in wrist length, finished with a band cuff, or, short and loose.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material. A Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or 1c. and 2c. stamps.

A POPULAR SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.



2787—This style may be developed in gingham, drill, khaki, linen, flannel, galatea, or serge. The blouse may be of contrasting material. The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 will require 1 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the blouse and 1 1/2 yards for the trousers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

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**Tinned Fruits**

- Pineapple (Sliced).
- Pineapple (Grated).
- Peaches (Whole).
- Peaches (Sliced).
- Cherries (White).
- Apricots (Whole).
- Apricots (Sliced).
- Egg Plums.
- Strawberries.
- Cherries (Black).

**APPLES in Gallon tins.**

- DRINKS.
- Rose's Lime Juice.
  - Rose's L. J. Cordial.
  - Lemonade Powder.
  - Welsh's G. Juice.
  - Apple Cider.
  - Orange Powder.

Schweppe's Non-Alcoholic Wines, Lemonade, Soda Water, Ginger Beer.

**Newman's Port Reviver, a Tonic.**

Fort Reviver is composed of the finest concentrated Fruit Juices, is non-alcoholic, contains wonderful fortifying and reviving properties and is strongly recommended for those wishing to retain health and strength.

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J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.

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Not by paring. That's a risky makeshift, and results are brief.

Not by harsh, haphazard methods made by non-scientific men.

Not by padding. Pads are unsightly, and they simply coddle corns.

**Expert Methods**

Blue-jay was invented by a scientific expert. It is made by a house famed for its surgical dressings.

It embodies the up-to-date method, the right method of corn treatment.

Apply it and the pain stops instantly. Forget it for two days. Remove it, and the corn is gone for good. One corn in ten may need a second application, but that's all.

Millions of corns have been ended in this way. Aching corns are unknown to its users.

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