

# MAGIC BAKING POWDER



## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER V.  
The Key to the Riddle.

"When did you get this?" he asked in a constrained voice.  
"At a quarter past ten this morning. I considered it, and caught the eleven fast train, Mr. Bartley," he replied, meekly.  
"And—and you think it is right?" said Bartley Bradstone in a low voice.  
"I'm sure of it, sir," replied Mowle. "I got it from a source which has never yet sold me. I'd stake my oath upon it, sir."

Bartley Bradstone went to the window and looked out, probably to hide the light of satisfaction which gleamed in his eyes. Then, after a moment or two, he turned to Mowle again.  
"You were quite right to come down with this, Mowle," he said; "it is too important to be trusted to a wire."

"Thank you for your approbation, Mr. Bartley," said Mowle, servilely.  
"According to this," said Bradstone, touching the paper with his forefinger, "the person named—we will mention no names, Mowle, just take the initial V.—according to this information, V. is liable for something like forty thousand pounds. That's so?"

"That is so," assented Mowle, blinking, and rubbing his chin. "Rather more than less, Mr. Bartley. Nearer fifty. Of course it's a secret."

"How do you account for it?" asked Bartley Bradstone, thoughtfully, and watching his companion covertly and closely.  
Mr. Mowle stretched his lips into the undertaker-like smile, and coughed.

"Seems singular 'and improbable, doesn't it, sir? Here's a gentleman, a tip-top swell, as we may say, one of the old county families, looked up to and respected as a sound man, and yet—" He rubbed his chin, and smiled again. "This is the key to the riddle, Mr. Bartley: Wild oats!"

Bartley Bradstone sank into a chair and nodded.  
"Wild oats, sir! Mr. V. began it early, and kept it up as long as he could. Went to the Jews—and the Christians. I don't know which is worse," and he coughed again. Bartley Bradstone's eyes dropped with a faint shadow of consciousness.  
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on anything or nothing. Quite the old story, Mr. Bartley. Sixty percent, interest, any interest they liked to put on, so that he had some money to play ducks and drakes with."

"That was before he came into the property," said Bartley. "Why didn't he pay it off then?"

"He did; some of it," replied Mr. Mowle. "He has been trying to clear it for years past; but this kind of thing's not easily got rid of, and these have been bad times for landlords. There are a good many in the same fix as Mr. V., but not so badly, perhaps."

"And he cannot pay it off now?" asked Bartley Bradstone.

Mr. Mowle shook his head.  
"If my information is correct—and I'll answer for it—he certainly cannot."

"How is it that his condition has been kept so secret? No one suspects it here—in his neighborhood."

"The gentleman who holds the bills are only too pleased to keep quiet while he pays the interest, of course; sixty per cent."

"Of course," assented Bartley, "and have you got a list of the names of these people?"

"Yes, sir," said Mowle, and he handed him a paper from his pocket-book.

Bartley Bradstone examined it, and whistled.  
"Tough customers!" he said. "Sharks, all of them. Are you sure this is all?"

"I am quite sure," said Mowle. "I may as well tell you, sir, that my informant is the confidential clerk to Mr. V.'s solicitors." He paused a moment. "He owes us a hundred or two—"

"Us?" said Bartley Bradstone, with a frown.

Mr. Mowle coughed and glanced up nervously.  
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bartley; I should have said me! He owes me, just so."

Bartley Bradstone eyed him with suspicious displeasure.  
"Look here, Mowle," he said. "That is rather an awkward slip of yours. I hope it doesn't occur with other people. They'll be asking who the 'us' is."

"No, sir; no, Mr. Bartley, I'm careful. I'm cautious in the extreme. Why, Mr. Bartley, if you think of the years I've kept the business dark—"

"I know, I know. I only warned you," interrupted Bartley Bradstone. "Once let a hint of our conversation get abroad, and—well, I think you know the consequences. I've still got that interesting little check you so kindly signed with my name."

Mr. Mowle's colorless face grew livid, his cadaverous lips twitched, and his bony hands closed convulsively.

"You've no reason to fear, Mr. Bartley," he said, almost inaudibly, his hands shaking.

"No, it is you who have reason to fear," retorted Mr. Bradstone. "I'm a man of my word, as you know, and I mean that if the slightest suspicion is aroused that you are working for me, I should check over to the police and send you to penal servitude."

Mr. Mowle nodded.  
"I know you will, sir," he said, moistening his lips, "and I am cautious accordingly. I think you'll admit that, Mr. Bartley? For nearly twelve years I've worked for you, and thousands upon thousands have passed through these hands—he extended them—" and every penny has been

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## Simple Wash Cures Eczema.

A great skin specialist who has compounded for his patients a marvellously effective cure for Eczema, Bad Leg and all other forms of it, has recently given his valuable preparation to the world. It is known as D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema, a simple external wash, easy to apply, a reliable home remedy.  
D. D. D. gives instant relief from skin distress the moment it is applied. It penetrates the pores and kills the germs which are the root of skin disease. Nauseating stomach drugs are worthless for the disease is in the skin, not in the blood. Greasy salves are dangerous for they clog the pores and add the growth of germs. D. D. D. washes out disease, cleanses the pores, then soothes and heals the skin.  
Test this simple cure; get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere.

accounted for: And no one—no one, Mr. Bartley—has ever heard me mention your name, or suspected that you were my master."

Mr. Bradstone nodded.  
"It's well for you they haven't," he said, coldly. "It is more important than ever that our connection should be kept dark. I don't like the risk of your coming here even."

"I've been very careful," said Mowle, meekly; "I didn't give the servant my name. I said I brought a note from your London tailor."

Mr. Bradstone nodded.  
"Yes, and you're right in going back to-night. Now take my instructions."

Mr. Mowle took out his pencil, and looked up at his master with a dogged intensity.

"Buy Mr. V.'s debts," said Mr. Bartley Bradstone, coolly, but with his eyes downcast.

Mr. Mowle did not start, but his eyes blinked, and he turned them upon Bartley Bradstone.

"You quite understand—I made myself clear, I hope, sir—that Mr. V. couldn't possibly pay if he were pressed?"

"Yes, I understood," said Bartley Bradstone. "I don't suppose he could. All the same I want these bills and I O U S. All of them, mind; don't let one escape."

Mr. Mowle nodded.  
"I shall have to pay, sir," he said, succinctly.

Bartley Bradstone sighed.  
"Yes, I expect so, confound them! Do the best you can; but buy them, and as soon as you can. When you have got them all, let me know. That's all."

Mr. Mowle closed his book.  
"Very good, sir," he said, shutting his lips. "I won't detain you longer, sir. Everything is going on all right, as you saw by the last statement."

Mr. Bradstone nodded, and opened the door.  
"You've got a little time to spare. You may as well see the house," he said, carelessly.

"Thank you, sir; thank you, Mr. Bartley, if it's not giving you too much trouble," croaked Mr. Mowle obsequiously, as he followed him.

"This is the hall," said Bartley Bradstone, waving his hand. "Notice this window, Mowle. It cost me five hundred pounds."

Mowle blinked at the window, and cast a fashy eye round the oaken panels and the men in armor.

"The drawing-room," said Mr. Bradstone. "Decorated by Marks. I paid him four hundred pounds. Had the furniture designed by Fox."

"Beautiful! beautiful!" murmured Mowle.

"And this is the dining-room. Sorry you can't stay to dinner, I'd have shown you the plate."

"Superb apartment," croaked Mowle, peering in with his shoulders bent meekly.

"Library you've seen. Here's the billiard-room. Electric light, you see."

"I see, sir. Delightful."

"Come upstairs. First corridor. My rooms," and he signed to a footman to open the door.

Mr. Mowle peered into the luxurious bedchamber and dressing-room, and his gaunt eyes took note of the silver toilet set and Brussels lace draperies.

"Fit for a prince!" he croaked.

"Guest chambers No. 1 and No. 2

and 3. There are fourteen of them, all like this," said Mr. Bradstone.

"Delightful! quite delightful!" murmured Mowle. "Fourteen, Mr. Bradstone?"

"Fourteen," assented the owner. "Reading-room and ladies' boudoir, gray and yellow satin. Piano, Colard & Collard grand. Pictures by Long and Leighton."

"Splendid. Fit for a queen, Mr. Bartley!" exclaimed Mowle, staring about him.

"Statuary gallery," said Mr. Bradstone. "Sleeping Nymph," two thousand pounds. "Hercules," by Boehm, a thousand pounds. Group, by Gleichen. Down there is the palm-garden—fountain of scented water. My own room." He passed into a small room, luxuriously furnished, with cabinet, pictures on the walls, and a large iron safe in the corner.

"Books, guns, and all that kind of thing," he said, waving his hand. "Safe by Milner." He looked round, and seeing the footman was out of hearing, added, with a smile, "That's where your little check is, Mowle."

Mr. Mowle's face went livid, and he passed his hands over each other as if to warm them. "Don't, Mr. Bartley, don't!" he murmured, hoarsely.

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Bartley Bradstone laughed.  
"Oh, it is as well to remind you," he said, coolly. "That door leads to the stables. This way, and he led him across a courtyard covered by a glass roof. "Here you are; twenty-four stalls. I hunt, you know."

"Yes, sir."

"Yes. That's my best horse. Gave two hundred and fifty for him."

"Beautiful creature, sir."

"Yes. Carriage horses—six of them. And here's your dogcart. Sure you won't have anything before you go?"

"Nothing, thank you, sir," replied Mr. Mowle. "Thank you for showing me over, Mr. Bradstone. It is a truly beautiful place, and fit for a king. Beautiful! I'll see that your kind orders are properly executed, sir. Good-day."

Mr. Bartley Bradstone nodded. "Good-day," he replied, and, his hands thrust into his pockets, he returned to the house to dress for dinner.

Mr. Mowle climbed into the dogcart, and was driven rapidly away. At the end of the avenue he laid his hand upon the arm of the groom.

"One moment, young man," he said. The groom pulled up the impatient horse, and Mr. Mowle turned and looked back at the house.

"And to think that I made it all!" he muttered. "You—you beast! Then he said aloud, "Thank you; drive on now, please."

(To be Continued.)

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it."

"That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your druggists."

Zylex, 50c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake. Zylex, London. eod:12

Fashions and Fads.

All belts are narrow. Collars are very high. Continental hats are smart. Artillery gray is a new shade. Vests of colored lace are fashionable. Rolled collars mostly roll very high. Velvet hats are faced with straw. Blue taffeta is used to trim blue mohair.

Mahogany red is coming back in the fall.

Outrich banding appears on evening coats.

A charming long coat has a chasuble back.

Rabbit fur is the favorite of fur trimmings.

The frock of jersey is seen a great deal.

Splice coats promise to be longer this winter.

Hats are simply trimmed, but brilliant in color.

Soft white satin hats are liked for sports wear.

Contrasting furs will be used in coats and capes.

The dressy separate skirt is returning to favor.

Summer frocks of taffeta are trimmed with fur.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Series Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A SIMPLE POPULAR MODEL.



1778—This is a pretty style, easy to develop and nice for all kinds of wash materials. The skirt is full, and is gathered under a wide belt, where it joins the surplus waist. The collar is broad and outlines the deep neck opening. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 12-years size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A CHIC SUMMER FROCK.



Waist—1763. Skirt—1757. White Georgette crepe, with bands of embroidery was used for this attractive design. It would also be nice in silk poplin, gabardine, voile and batiste. The waist has round yoke portions to which the full body is gathered. The neck edge is low in front and finished with a smart collar. The skirt is composed of a yoke with panel, and is lengthened over sides and back by full gathered gores. The Waist Pattern 1763 is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern 1757 is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 26-inch size. The skirt measures 2 1/2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

No. . . . .

Size . . . . .

Address in full:—

Name . . . . .

. . . . .

Canadian Butter!

NEW GRASS CANADIAN BUTTER. (Wholesale and Retail.) A few cases FRESH EGGS, large size.

JAMES R. KNIGHT

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIS-

TEMPER.

## Spring Suitings!

Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

English Worsteds and Irish and Scotch Tweeds.

Notwithstanding the scarcity of the woollens and the drawbacks in freights, we are able to show as good a selection as before the war. The latest in cut, the best in make. Write for samples and self-measuring cards.



John Maundell TAILOR & CLOTHIER, 281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

ARE YOU A MAN

who likes to be dressed well? If so, read this: It is, no doubt, YOUR ambition to get clothing fit for a KING

and if you will enlist you will be able to get your uniform and great coat made by us. Our prices are right

AND our styles and qualities are of the very best. There is no other factory throughout the COUNTRY

where you will be better treated than by us, and where you can get better value. We are the oldest established factory in Newfoundland. If you

NEED proof of what we say, give us a trial and YOU will not be disappointed. We are noted for the finest military and civil clothing in Newfoundland.

Nfld. Clothing Company, Ltd.

THIS IS OF INTEREST TO

Ladies Only!

We wish to say we are introducing some Toilet and Manicure Goods, and with them we have a lot of Vanity Boxes, with Compressed Powder, Puff and Mirror. We are not selling these latter, but are

Giving Them Away.

We give absolutely free, as long as they last, a Vanity Box to any lady who desires one, who makes a cash purchase of two dollars or more of Ladies' Wear, Manicure Goods or other Dry Goods, separately or combined.

Ladies' White and Coloured Voile Dresses that were \$6.50 and \$7.00, are now priced down to . . . \$4.90

These are the very latest styles and very dainty. Other prices in new styles range from around \$1.95.

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