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

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"That is best, I am sure," said Lady Agatha, and it was decided to follow this. That same evening a man was dispatched with a letter to Preston & Varleigh, explaining their wishes and requesting that they send them some one to attend to it for them. The man returned the next day with a letter, which said:

"We have sent down a good man for the work you desire done, but we would not have recommended it for many reasons. It can work no good to any one to rake up old troubles or tear open old wounds. We were convinced at the time that the nurse told the truth about the death of the child, having no reason for deception in the matter, and being sure that the child lived she would have brought you the money for his support. Before time is ended the old troubles will have become fresh in your minds, thus disturbing your peace, and we see no good results to be expected from it, either by benefiting yourselves or any other. Yours, etc."

"Preston & Varleigh,
"Lincoln's Inn."

"It can but make a doubt sure. I do not think I could live now, that this great doubt has crept into my mind. When we have seen and known that the child is dead, we have nothing more to do. Until we know this, a great fear constantly haunts me night and day. It will add to my peace of mind to be sure."

"So it will," acquiesced Lady Priscilla. The detective was to stop at Cliff Towers, which he did. He went to work with a will. He opened the little grave pointed out to them, intending to remove what was left of them to the family vaults near Cliff Towers. He was astonished to find the coffin empty. It had never had an occupant. The detective was sure now that there had been a great deception practised on the Somerville family. He was sanguine of success. He lost no time reporting this fact, and consternation reigned in their minds. They felt that they had, by their pride, been guilty of the most cruel injustice; but the solicitors were right, for their peace of mind had gone from them, perhaps, forever.

They could not rest. They found that their dear, old home became almost intolerable to them; and, to Dorothy's intense surprise, one evening the three ladies came, walking arm-in-arm, followed by three maids. They had come to find a grain of comfort from Dorothy, who welcomed them, joyously, and their hearts were, indeed, lighter than they returned to their home.

Dorothy felt that she had been right in her surmises: that the time had not passed for them to make atonement. The detective had gone away for a time. He stopped in a small village that he might be near to work. He had preferred to be nearer to the place where Dorothy had lived and died. He found an old woman, the wife of a fisherman, who remembered Dorothy, but she could not remember the name of the woman who had nursed her through her illness. She could almost recall the name. There had been some little slanders about her at the time, but it had passed as a dream. Perhaps it would some time.

In a small fisherman's hut, bare and void of the necessities of life as possible, sat a woman and a girl of about sixteen. No one knew much of them. The woman came among them bringing a small girl child, years ago, and called the child her's. She claimed to be a widow. Her husband "had been a seaman," so she said, "and had been lost at sea." Anyhow, he had not been seen in this village all these long years. One day the girl was buying mending a net for one of the fishermen. The woman sat in sullen silence for a time, and then she said:

"Ain't you a gettin' tired of livin' this way?"

"How can we help ourselves?" said the girl.

"What if I should tell you that you ain't my child?"

"I shouldn't believe it, mother."

"What if I should tell you that I took you when you were a little baby and that your own mother was dead, and that she belonged to a high and mighty family?" She went on without noticing the interruption.

"I would say, mother, that I would rather be your child," said the daughter, aghast.

The mother was cold and calm. The tears came into the girl's eyes and rolled down her cheeks, her hands shook, so she could not go on with her mending.

"It's true enough," the woman said, in her cold, calm voice. "Your mother died and you were left to me. I am sure I have raised you as if you had been my own."

The girl started up from her seat at the door, and, failing to catch at the side for support, fell headlong outside.

For a moment the woman's heart wavered, then her lips set together,

firmly, and she raised the girl in her arms and lay her on the bed to restore her to consciousness.

"Poor Angela! I did not think it would be so hard, but it is too late now to turn back," she thought, as she applied restoratives, and the girl soon recovered.

"Is it true, mother?" she asked.

"As true as—as gospel," she gasped.

"God help me, but I am so sorry," she said.

"How foolish you are! We have nothing to look forward to but poverty and want. The fisheries are getting poorer every year. There is nothing for us to do to earn a livelihood. Your mother's people are rich. You will have every advantage that riches can give," said the woman, in cool, calculating tones.

"But it will separate us, mother, and I cannot bear that," cried the girl.

"It need not separate us. You will be a grand lady, and will need a maid or a servant, and you have only to insist on having me with you, and you can accomplish it. It had not occurred to her that it would bring about a separation, but hard as it was, she had chosen this, and must make no outcry."

That night a strange man came to the hut, and talked for hours. The girl sat outside the door just where she could hear the murmur of their voices.

"You are tracing up the whereabouts of a young woman who died here about eighteen years ago?" she asked.

The man admitted that to be his business. "Why do you ask?" he said.

"What will you give for the information you want?" she asked.

"Why do you ask that?" he asked, eyeing her sharply.

"Because the one who can give that information would part with a girl she loves very dearly. There was something in her voice that he distrusted, but her cool, calm manner reassured him.

"I would not mind giving one hundred pounds."

"No more than that?" she asked.

There was the same distrust he had at first and there was the same cool, calm, reassuring manner.

"Perhaps a little more," he said.

"Double it then, and I will produce the girl you seek."

"What proof have you to offer?" he asked.

"None, only the girl herself. When her mother died, she was an infant, and my aunt took her and deceived the family, and said she was dead."

"You have no proof of what you say but your word, how can I know that this is true?"

"You ought to know there's no woman living that would have told you that for any cause but to do justice to the child."

"There was something peculiar about her voice and manner, something that both attracted and repelled. The detective thought her story a true one, but he thought there was something she did not tell. He felt overjoyed. He called the girl inside the house. She had been crying bitterly.

"So there's a prospect of a change in your life," he said, but she did not reply.

"You do not want to go?" he said.

"I do not," she said, crying.

"That's strange—you will have a grand home, etc., etc."

"I do not want it, I do not want it," she cried.

"Then your mother thought it justice to you to speak?" he said.

"Yes, I thought it justice to her to speak," the woman repeated.

"Why did you not speak before?" he asked, and for a moment she seemed ill at ease, and discomfited. "I had learned to love her as my own, and they made the effort to seek out either the mother or child. You do not realize what a struggle I have had to say this."

She broke down and sobbed piteously. He felt the truth of what she said. This man that knew every phase of criminal life, was convinced that the woman spoke truthfully. He hastened at once to Cliff Towers, and imparted the glad news. He had accomplished wonders in these few weeks.

The ladies at Cliff Towers were delighted beyond measure. Now they could love Dorothy's child, and find comfort in her for their old age. How happy they were when they set out in the great old family coach, for it was several days' travel to their destination. When they arrived at the fishing village, and they saw the poor comfortless hut, their kind hearts failed them. It was an unpardonable sin they had committed in letting Dorothy's child live her lifetime in that poor place! If they could have lived hundreds of years, it would be a short time in which to repair so great a wrong. Angela Forman was a pretty girl, but she was not at all like their Dorothy had been. She had a pretty, but dark, sad face, and truthful eyes. Hers was a face to love and trust, and her aunts were prepared to take her to their hearts and lavish devotion on her. She was crying when they saw her and clasped her in their arms, and cried over her, and when the parting came it was terrible to witness.

"It is hard for her, poor, dear child! We are strangers to her. Would it not be better to take the woman, too, that she may not feel so utterly among strangers?" said Lady Agatha to Lady Priscilla.

"It is a lovely thought," said Lady Priscilla.

Perfect," said Lady Angelina.

The girl and woman were overjoyed. Smiles stole through tears. There would be no separation then for them, and as they rose off through glen and dale, and satisfied smile rested on the woman's face. Her two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes rested safely in her bosom.

What a joyous time there was at Cliff Towers! Dorothy was as delighted, as were the ladies. Plans and delights were thought of all the time. There was never a moment that there was not three great eagles in process of erection. There was so much to be done, and time flew by so rapidly! Life that had dragged by so wearily before, now flew on. There was a tender happiness written on every face. Every vestige of the old cloud and shadows had gone. The birds that sung without for years, without any token of recognition, were now praised and admired, but Angela was a sad-faced girl. She felt at once into the new life, and was as gentle and refined as the ladies could wish, but her face was sad always. It was like a cloudy May morning.

The pictures of Dorothy smiled down from the walls. Half the shadow had been removed when her battle had been fought by the little stranger, for it was her hand that drew aside the veil and dared them face her blighted innocence. Her silvery, sweet voice had praised her, and convinced them that the alone, had heaped upon her memory the dust of scandal. Angela was not their ideal, but they loved her. They took her to their hearts at once for the sake of their Dorothy, but they held the deepest and truest love for Dorothy Wynter. There was some visible power that bound them together. They would not admit that fact to themselves, but it was true that they loved her better than any other living soul. If they felt sad, no one could soothe them as could Dorothy. She brought comfort to them, when she came to them, when she was sad, and they loved her, but she was sad, and sorrowful of mind, and time must remedy these things. Dorothy was exceedingly fond of Angela. She believed in her and loved her. It was her greatest happiness to watch the affection bestowed on her by the ladies. Dorothy was happy to have been the means of restoring to their hearts and Dorothy's child that they believed dear as angels. She caused them to atone for their stubborn guide.

The summer days were lengthening into autumn ones. Day after day Angela Somerville, as she was called, could be seen walking about the grounds arm-in-arm with her maid. There was the greatest devotion between them. One was not happy without the other. "It is really the same love as she would have borne her mother, had she lived," said Lady Agatha.

"A most beautiful and touching devotion," said Lady Priscilla.

"Indeed it is," said Angela. Angela was very fond of sailing out and floating back with the tide. It was a most dangerous pastime, and the ladies had insisted that she should not go alone. Yet her life on the shores, and among the rough, brave seamen, had taught her to be fearless. She had no fears on the sea even in stormiest weather. Once she went out, and there came up quickly a small, black cloud that rapidly expanded over the heavens, a great gale began to blow, and the waves dashed furiously against the rocky cliffs. "Where is Lady Angela?" asked the ladies of the footman. "Went out for a sail several hours ago," he answered. They ran breathless here and there. "See what a storm, my God! protect our darling," they cried, and all unmindful of the winds and rain, they ran down to the shore. They stood with blanched faces, and peered over the angry waters. Away in the distance they saw a tiny speck rising and falling on the foam-crested waves. It was a perilous situation. "Save my child! O my God, save her!" cried the maid, wringing her hands wildly.

Then came a high wave that broke at their feet.

"God, in mercy, do not punish me for my great sin!" she cried.

Then she peered over the waters again, and it seemed that no living thing could live upon them. She fell flat upon the earth.

"It is my punishment meted out to me—for I have sinned greatly!" she cried, in anguish.

Lady Agatha stood there with horror in her eyes. Their faces were as pallid as death. What could the woman mean? They knew not. The rain pelted most unmercifully upon the frail forms of the three sisters, but it was Dorothy's child out there, and if they lost their lives it was for Dorothy's sake. Dorothy Wynter stood by and heard the wild words uttered by the woman. A great doubt and fear crept into her mind when she heard it, but she would not speak of it. She stood by and comforted them. She could see the small boat rise and fall, and her clear sight enabled her to see the occupant all right. She felt she would be safe in a short time.

In a short time the boat came near the shore, and a great wave dashed it high in the air, and its occupant fell almost at their feet. She was stunned and exhausted. The servants carried her in their arms to the house, and the three old ladies followed with sorrowful hearts, for the ill fortune that had come to their darling, Angela soon survived. Her maid was ill for two days, and, even then, was nervous and unstrung. One night a strange man came to see her. He had traced her there. He was a seaman, and had come home from the Indies, where he had been for years. When she saw him, the maid fell fainting to the floor. He picked her up and restored her.

"No wonder my appearance gave you such a turn," he said, "for it's many a year since I went away. Where is our child, Madge?"

"Hush!" she whispered. "I will explain things to you."

"You must be in hurry then, for I have two days here. I have come for you and the child, Madge, for I have dreamed the fortune that I went for. I want to see my child, Madge."

"Hush!" she whispered. "It is impossible to-night. She is a grown young zine."



The destruction of the house fly is a public duty. Almost every American State Board of Health is carrying on a crusade against him. His filthy origin and habits, and the fact that his body is generally laden with disease-producing germs, makes him one of the greatest enemies of the human race. If the housekeepers of Canada will use

WILSON'S FLY PADS

persistently, this peril will be tremendously reduced.



lady now. Wait till to-morrow and I will arrange matters," she said, reassuringly.

"We only stopped for two days, Madge, you must hurry up and get things ready. The old 'Gull' is lying at anchor, and in two days we start for home."

"You are glad to see me, Madge?" She was glad. He had been the love of her youth, and all these years she had thought him dead. It was like the grave giving back its dead to life. She was glad, and how happy she was! Now, that he had grown rich and come back, and she had sinned so grievously. Poverty had stood staring her in the face like a hungry wolf, and she had thought to cheat him and cheated herself. She had sacrificed her only child on the altar of ambition. She alone knew how she regretted it! She could not rest that night. When her husband had left her, she went about her duties, as usual. When Angela had thrown off her wrapper, and sat alone the woman went into the room and fell on her knees beside her.

"Forgive me, forgive me!" she cried.

"What have I to forgive? It's I that should ask you to forgive me," said Angela.

"I have done a great wrong," she said; "but I will not tell you unless you promise me you will forgive me."

"Then I tell you, my dear mother, I will forgive, no matter what it is."

"Repeat those words again," she said, and Angela repeated them.

"You remember the old days down in the village, when we starved for days at a time?"

"Yes, but they were happy days with you."

"Well, I conceived a strange plan. Would you like to go back to the old life, or a better one?"

"How can I? You speak in riddles. Tell me how; for I would, God knows, choose the old life, though I have everything I can wish for, but happiness."

"You are my own child. I deceived you and them to better our condition. I wanted you to have a better fate than was before you, and I conquered my own love for your sake, and it was a bitter trial, a bitter trial!" She wept the words out. Her daughter drew her head upon her bosom and wept with her.

"Poor, poor mother! Why have you done this thing? I could have shared poverty with you, better than to have deceived you. What can we do? We must not remain here as imposters."

Then she told the story of the husband and father's return from India, and the ship awaited them to return, and the next night they stole out unobserved and went direct to the ship. They lay at anchor, and when the sun arose the ship was on her way to India, their new home.

That morning Lady Agatha awaited the breakfast, wondering why Angela did not come. The Ladies Priscilla and Angelina waited her coming, impatiently, for on one was ever late at the Towers. It was a rule to be punctual that was strictly enforced. Lady Agatha rang the bell and directed the footman to call for the maid and present Lady Agatha's compliments, and ask if the Lady Angela was ill.

The footman returned with the word "that the maid was not there and there was no evidence that she had been there." A great fear came over the ladies, but they gave no sign of it. Lady Agatha ordered the footman to "go and enquire after the Lady Angela." He came back, bowed low, and laid a note beside her plate. She did not read it then, though she could hardly restrain herself. The meal was finished, and Lady Agatha arose, followed by her sisters. When they entered the drawing-room, they closed the door carefully so that no one should hear; then Lady Agatha spoke. "I feel sure we shall have trouble," she said, opening the letter and reading.

(To be Continued.)

A BOY I KNOW.

The glimmering falls, and the shadows grow.

And a boy steps out of the long ago.

A boy I knew with a whistle shrill

And a careless cap on his tumbled hair—

A boy who was one with the woods and hills.

To whom the earth was a poem rare.

He knew where the arbutus loved to hide.

Where the berries lavished their fullest yield.

Where the wild rose gladdened the gully-side,

Where the chestnuts littered the autumn field.

And to him the bobolink fluted clear

In an azure marvel of summer sky,

And the mad brook sang to his loving ear.

Full well do I know, for the lad was I.

Ah me, the sorrowful shadows grow,

I would I were back in the long ago!

—Walter G. Doty, in National Magazine.

Marvellous New Pain Killer

BY A PHYSICIAN.

A new leaf in the great book of surgery is being turned every day. The alleviation of bodily suffering is a perpetual problem. And every human being has cause to feel the keenest interest in each step of progress made. Could the sense of pain be eliminated from the list of human woes, the face of man would grow round with happiness.

If what is claimed for it be true, the new, wonderful discovery of a well-known London surgeon, Dr. F. W. Forbes Ross, M.D., will abolish human pain consequent upon injury or operation.

Dr. Ross says he has discovered the wide application of a prolonged local anesthetic which will "kill" pain, following the severest bodily accident, or during and after the severest surgical operation.

Dr. Ross says the preparation is a 1 per cent. solution of quinine and urea hydrochloride. The method of use is very simple and the preparation is so very cheap that 12 cents covers the cost of an injection of it.

The operation the patient is put under a general anesthetic—chloroform or ether—in the ordinary way, and then five to ten cubic centimeters of a 1 per cent. solution of quinine and urea hydrochloride are distributed over the nerve supply of the part concerned.

The effect of such an injection is to produce a total loss of sensation of pain. Popularly the affected part is "put to sleep," messages of pain from the nerves to the brain are "cut off." A patient treated thus feels no pain after the operation.

Should Dr. Ross's discovery be as practical, cheap and effective as he believes, a new era in surgery and the treatment of all severe pain is no doubt at hand.

Only the other day Mr. Marsh, of 101 Delorimier Ave., Montreal, called upon the Zam-Buk Co. and told them that for over twenty-five years he had been a martyr to eczema. His hands were at one time so covered with sores that he had to sleep in gloves. Four years ago Zam-Buk was introduced to him, and in a few months it cured him. To-day—over three years after his cure of a disease he had for twenty-five years—he is still cured, and has had no trace of any return of the eczema!

All druggists sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box, or we will send free trial box if you send this advertisement and a 1c. stamp (to pay return postage). Address Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.

BREAK UP THE OLD PASTURES.

This is a bit of advice which farmers in general will do well to follow. Some of our most troublesome pests find their breeding-places in land that has been left for some years under grass. Wire worms and white grubs, which are oftentimes very destructive to crops of all kinds, increase and multiply in such places, where they feed upon the roots of the grass. Wire worms in their adult age are known as click beetles, oblong, dull-colored creatures. White grubs turn into what are commonly called June bugs or May beetles. These worms take from two to three years to grow to maturity, and during that long period they feed upon roots and are out of sight and out of reach. There is a popular idea that salt will kill these creatures, and the question is often asked, "How much salt should be used per acre?" Like many other popular superstitions, there is nothing whatever in this material for the purpose. Enough salt to affect the growth of any vegetation, and it is doubtful if any amount whatever would kill the insects. Many other substances have been tried, but so far without success. The remedy is, therefore, to break up the breeding places. This should be done by plowing the grass fields deeply late in the fall, in order to expose the grubs and their winter quarters to the frost and rain, and also to the various animals and birds which feed upon them. The safest crop to grow during the first year is peas. After that a good crop, preferably turnips, would be the safest; after the second year there will probably be no grubs left. During the first year that there are in the ground would feed upon the roots of the peas, and would let the growing crop, potatoes or mangels at the outset would be very risky indeed. Besides these insects, old pasture lands, especially where the soil is dry, are productive breeding places for grasshoppers, which spread from these fields to the crops. In the southern counties of Ontario, bordering on Lake Erie, there is another serious pest, which also breeds in old pastures, where the soil is light and sandy. This is known as the rose chaffer. The beetle appears usually in great swarms about the time the roses come into bloom, and devours not only these flowers but all sorts of others that may be growing in the garden. The worst damage it does is to the blossoms and young fruit of grape vines, of which it is particularly fond. These four serious pests, which are extremely difficult to control, may be greatly reduced in numbers, if not got rid of altogether, by a short rotation of crops, and especially by keeping pastures not more than three years under grass.—C. J. S. Bethune, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph.

THE DREAM-SHIP.

A sweet little ship stole up from the South.

With a cargo of baby dreams;

Of dolls and kittens and warm little mittens.

And rose-colored peppermint creams;—

A wee wind waited for it on its way.

And it sailed along at the end of day,

Down the sleepy streets where the lights were lit.

To leave each child some wonderful bit.

"Oh, hush, little child, if you want a dream,

You must close your eyes—ah, yes! For the dream-ship carries a dream for you."

More lovely than you could guess; Perhaps a moon will shine all day,

Perhaps a gown of color gay, Or a queer little fairy tale.

In a silver dish—

Sail away, little boat, and away—

Now he worships the golden calf.

Truth may be stranger than fiction, but that isn't the fault of the fiction writers.

TRAGEDIES TOLD IN HEADLINES.

"Bringing Twins Born to Society Leader."

"Toothless Burglar Steals Frozen Mince Pie: Bites Off More Than He Can Chew."

"Dancing Master Tries to Whip His Wife: She Waitress Him to Police Station."

"Recipient of Comic Valentine Recognizes Handwriting of Sender, Who is Now in Hospital."

HERE IS A PUN.

Kitty—My brother Cornelius has been calling on Miss Chiffleigh for over a year.

Marie—Is he going to marry her?

Kitty—I don't know. I'm afraid she's rather too cold to make Corn pop.—Boston Transcript.

See Open Top Tub

Room to Work

See How the Wringer is Attached

MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION

The Wringer Board extends from the side, out of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to open up, making it easy to put in and take out clothes.

Heavier weather can be worked with most handles at sides as well as top lever.

Do you use Maxwell's "Favorite"—the clean that makes quality house linen?

Write us for catalogue if your dealer does not handle them.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARTIN'S, Ont.