

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

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

A Millionaire's; Countess Westerleigh

CHAPTER XXXI.
"Quite so. You have conducted this inquiry very well, Mr. Some."

The clerk looked gratified.
"Thank you, sir. You put me on the right track, and the rest wasn't difficult. Good-evening, Miss Milly,"

good-evening, Miss," and with a respectful bow to both girls, he left the room.

Nora rose, trembling in every limb her face pale, a strange, intent look in her eyes, which seemed to see nothing—not even Mr. Lester, who approached her and took her hand.

"Is it as I expected?" he asked, in a low, kindly voice. "You are Nora Trevanton—that is, Nora Vale—are you not?"

Nora's silence was answer enough. Milly uttered a cry of amazement and something like disappointment and alarm.

"Oh, no, no!" she exclaimed, holding out her arms.
The cry, the appealing gesture, broke up Nora's unnatural stupor, and, with an answering cry, she turned and gathered the girl to her bosom, and hid her face on her shoulder.

Mr. Lester soothed them both.
"Come, come!" he said, with a smile. "That is a singular mode of congratulating a friend on her acquisition of vast wealth, my dear."

"Vast wealth!" sobbed Milly, almost indignantly. "She doesn't want it, do you dear? And—and you forget that I shall lose her now! Oh, it was perfectly cruel of you, papa."

Nora opened her lips.
"Yes," she said, but a sigh followed the words.

"You say 'yes,' but your eyes say 'no,'" persisted Milly. "Why—why, Nora?"

"Must I tell you?" replied Nora with a smile that was more sorrowful than a flood of tears—"must I, Milly? It is because it has come too late!"

"Too late!" The words echoed in her heart as she lay awake through the long night, thinking of her "good fortune." Ah, yes! It would have been good fortune, indeed, if it had come when first she knew Vane Tempest, and before the fatal step which had put her beyond the pale of society had made her, as Senley Tyers had put it, a leper. Of what use or value was this immense wealth to her, now that she had lost him forever? All the gold, all the land in the world, was not deep enough to bury the remembrance of "Ernest Mortimer."

She rose, pale and listless, with a strange look in her eyes, and went down to breakfast to find Milly awaiting her in a state of suppressed excitement.

"You haven't slept a wink, I can see," she said, "and neither have I and I rather think papa hasn't, either. He has gone off to see Mr. Vale's London lawyer. He says—papa says, I mean—that there may be a fight for it—that the next heir may dispute your identity. Papa did tell me his name—a Mr.—Mr.—but I've forgotten it. Perhaps I sha'n't

ferret all this out! We were, so happy; and now you and that wretched Mr. Some have spoiled it all! And how did you know—when did you first come to think that Nora was this grand personage?" she added, with pretty petulance.

Mr. Lester gently patted Nora's shoulder.
"Mr. Vale's lawyer, for whom I do some work sometimes, told me the story of Mr. Vale's death and the purport of his will. The name 'Nora Trevanton' lingered in my memory, and when Nora here told us her name the other day, it flashed upon me that she might be the missing heiress. I said nothing then, but set Milly

Somes to work. I ought to have spoken at once; but—but—well, Milly, I was as loath to lose her as you are."

"I should think so," said Milly. "How clever you are, papa! But—but I wish you hadn't quite such good memory, or poor Nora had given another name."

"Poor Nora!" said Mr. Lester, with a smile.
"Yes, poor, dear girl!" retorted Milly, pressing Nora to her. "Don't you see how terribly upset she is! Oh, do you go away, papa, and leave us alone!"

Mr. Lester took this broad hint and left them, and Milly raised Nora's face and looked into her dark eyes.
Nora could find no words, not even the commonplace ones Mr. Lester expected, and soon after stole to the room.

H.P. Sauce
One Quality One Size One Price

H.P. is so nice, and so different from any other sauce, that people who previously never used sauces now enjoy H.P. every meal—every day.

Not so helpless as the poor homeless girl you fed and took as a friend a little while ago, Milly," said Nora in a low voice. "No, dear, you and I won't part, even if all this money should prove to be mine. Why—her face worked, and she threatened tears for a moment, but she conquered them bravely—"why, Milly, excepting for you and your father, I haven't a friend in this wide, wide world! and so, you see, but for you, I should still be very poor instead of very rich."

They were not kept long in suspense, for two days later Mr. Lester came in to dinner with a tranquil smile on his face, which had been rather grave and anxious for the last forty-eight hours.

"It is all settled, Nora," he said.
She raised her eyes calmly.

"Yes," she said, as if, as Milly declared, a five-pound note were at stake, instead of a million sterling.
Mr. Lester nodded.

"Yes, I have just come from an interview with the late Mr. Vale's lawyer, and the legal adviser of the next of kin, the gentleman who would get all the money if Mr. Vale had not willed it to you. They were quite satisfied with our evidence, and gave in at once—well, almost at once. I dare say Mr. Brown, that is Mr. Tempest's lawyer—"

Nora started and turned pale.
"Mr. Tempest?" she echoed.

Neither Mr. Lester nor Milly, who was intently listening to her father, noticed the start, the sudden pallor, and the strained voice.

"Yes, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Vane Tempest. He is the next of kin on his mother's side. She was Mr. Vale's sister. But I needn't confuse you with all that. The point is, that his lawyer sent him a full account of our claims, and asked him to confer with him, at the same time telling him that he had a strong case. This Mr. Tempest must be a strange young gentleman, for he wrote a line, a pencilled line on a half sheet of note-paper, to the effect that the lawyer was to take no step to resist our claim; in fact, yielding the whole estate to us without even a protest."

Nora sat pale and silent.
"You don't seem very gratified, my dear," remarked Mr. Lester, with a smile. "He might have kept us on of the estate for years, and—well the law is gloriously uncertain—perhaps forever."

Reuben Vale had kept his word, and left him—Vane—nothing, and he was neither disappointed nor envious. Good luck go with this newly found daughter, whoever she was. Some day, perhaps, he would see her, but at present he had no desire to do so; he only longed he had was to find Nora Trevanton, the one woman in the world for him—the girl he had loved and lost.

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

H.P. Sauce
One Quality One Size One Price

H.P. is so nice, and so different from any other sauce, that people who previously never used sauces now enjoy H.P. every meal—every day.

Not so helpless as the poor homeless girl you fed and took as a friend a little while ago, Milly," said Nora in a low voice. "No, dear, you and I won't part, even if all this money should prove to be mine. Why—her face worked, and she threatened tears for a moment, but she conquered them bravely—"why, Milly, excepting for you and your father, I haven't a friend in this wide, wide world! and so, you see, but for you, I should still be very poor instead of very rich."

They were not kept long in suspense, for two days later Mr. Lester came in to dinner with a tranquil smile on his face, which had been rather grave and anxious for the last forty-eight hours.

"It is all settled, Nora," he said.
She raised her eyes calmly.

"Yes," she said, as if, as Milly declared, a five-pound note were at stake, instead of a million sterling.
Mr. Lester nodded.

"Yes, I have just come from an interview with the late Mr. Vale's lawyer, and the legal adviser of the next of kin, the gentleman who would get all the money if Mr. Vale had not willed it to you. They were quite satisfied with our evidence, and gave in at once—well, almost at once. I dare say Mr. Brown, that is Mr. Tempest's lawyer—"

Nora started and turned pale.
"Mr. Tempest?" she echoed.

Neither Mr. Lester nor Milly, who was intently listening to her father, noticed the start, the sudden pallor, and the strained voice.

"Yes, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Vane Tempest. He is the next of kin on his mother's side. She was Mr. Vale's sister. But I needn't confuse you with all that. The point is, that his lawyer sent him a full account of our claims, and asked him to confer with him, at the same time telling him that he had a strong case. This Mr. Tempest must be a strange young gentleman, for he wrote a line, a pencilled line on a half sheet of note-paper, to the effect that the lawyer was to take no step to resist our claim; in fact, yielding the whole estate to us without even a protest."

Nora sat pale and silent.
"You don't seem very gratified, my dear," remarked Mr. Lester, with a smile. "He might have kept us on of the estate for years, and—well the law is gloriously uncertain—perhaps forever."

Reuben Vale had kept his word, and left him—Vane—nothing, and he was neither disappointed nor envious. Good luck go with this newly found daughter, whoever she was. Some day, perhaps, he would see her, but at present he had no desire to do so; he only longed he had was to find Nora Trevanton, the one woman in the world for him—the girl he had loved and lost.

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

H.P. Sauce
One Quality One Size One Price

H.P. is so nice, and so different from any other sauce, that people who previously never used sauces now enjoy H.P. every meal—every day.

Not so helpless as the poor homeless girl you fed and took as a friend a little while ago, Milly," said Nora in a low voice. "No, dear, you and I won't part, even if all this money should prove to be mine. Why—her face worked, and she threatened tears for a moment, but she conquered them bravely—"why, Milly, excepting for you and your father, I haven't a friend in this wide, wide world! and so, you see, but for you, I should still be very poor instead of very rich."

They were not kept long in suspense, for two days later Mr. Lester came in to dinner with a tranquil smile on his face, which had been rather grave and anxious for the last forty-eight hours.

"It is all settled, Nora," he said.
She raised her eyes calmly.

"Yes," she said, as if, as Milly declared, a five-pound note were at stake, instead of a million sterling.
Mr. Lester nodded.

"Yes, I have just come from an interview with the late Mr. Vale's lawyer, and the legal adviser of the next of kin, the gentleman who would get all the money if Mr. Vale had not willed it to you. They were quite satisfied with our evidence, and gave in at once—well, almost at once. I dare say Mr. Brown, that is Mr. Tempest's lawyer—"

Nora started and turned pale.
"Mr. Tempest?" she echoed.

Neither Mr. Lester nor Milly, who was intently listening to her father, noticed the start, the sudden pallor, and the strained voice.

"Yes, Mr. Tempest, Mr. Vane Tempest. He is the next of kin on his mother's side. She was Mr. Vale's sister. But I needn't confuse you with all that. The point is, that his lawyer sent him a full account of our claims, and asked him to confer with him, at the same time telling him that he had a strong case. This Mr. Tempest must be a strange young gentleman, for he wrote a line, a pencilled line on a half sheet of note-paper, to the effect that the lawyer was to take no step to resist our claim; in fact, yielding the whole estate to us without even a protest."

Nora sat pale and silent.
"You don't seem very gratified, my dear," remarked Mr. Lester, with a smile. "He might have kept us on of the estate for years, and—well the law is gloriously uncertain—perhaps forever."

Reuben Vale had kept his word, and left him—Vane—nothing, and he was neither disappointed nor envious. Good luck go with this newly found daughter, whoever she was. Some day, perhaps, he would see her, but at present he had no desire to do so; he only longed he had was to find Nora Trevanton, the one woman in the world for him—the girl he had loved and lost.

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

As he smoked and stared at the fire, he recalled his visit to Vale Hall, and the scene in the lumber room, but he did not dwell on it, for the remembrance of the Witches' Caidon and Nora Trevanton wiped all their memories away.

(To be Continued.)

P. O. BOX 667.
Cable Address: "Retrac, Saintjohns."
E. LEO CARTER,
Solicitor.
Law Offices:
Renouf Building,
Duckworth Street,
St. John's.
oct15.w.f.m.1m

Massatta
A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance identifiable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Lush's famous specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, deodorized Toilet Waters, superb Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.
At all Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

Can't be Beaten
The Best Twelve Whiskies on the market.

- Premier.
- Roderick Dhu.
- Gaelic Old Smuggler.
- White Seal.
- Johnnie Walker.
- White & Mackay's Special.
- Stewart Royal.
- Teachers' Highland Cream.
- Black & White.
- House of Commons.
- Clan Alpine.
- Jameson's 3 Star Irish.

Goods shipped on the same day as order received.

P. J. SHEA,
Grocer & Wine Merchant,
Phone 342, 314 Water St.

JAMESON'S FINEST IRISH WHISKY,
23 Years Old.
Guaranteed to be finest Pot Still, distilled in Dublin in 1838.
\$1.40 per bottle.
J. C. BAIRD,
WATER STREET.

LONDON DIRECTORY
(Published Annually)
Enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and its suburbs, the directory contains lists of:
EXPORT MERCHANTS with the Goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply;
STEAMSHIP LINES arranged under the Ports to which they sail, and indicating the approximate Sailing;
PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal provincial towns and industrial centres of the United Kingdom.
A copy of the current edition will be forwarded, freight paid, on receipt of Postal Order for \$5.
Dealers seeking Agencies can advertise their trade cards for \$5, or larger advertisements from \$15.

Per S S. "Stephano,"
From New York:
Bananas, California Grapes, Dessert Apples, California Pears, Plums, California Oranges, New York Corned Beef, Blue Point Oysters, Celery, New York Chicken, New York Turkeys, FRESH EGGS.

JAMES STOTT,
MINARD'S LINIMENT LUMBER-MAN'S FRIEND.

The London Director Co., Ltd.
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C.

Portable FORGES,
Smith's Bellows,
Anvils, Vises,
Drill Steel,
Horse Shoes.
BOWRING BROS.,
LIMITED.
HARDWARE Department.
'Phone 332.
oct22.f

BUY Windsor Patent FLOUR
Made by the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., by special appointment Millers to His Majesty the King.
HARVEY & CO.,
Wholesale Agents.

Headquarters!
Just Arrived Large Shipment
Apples, Onions, Grapes.
GEORGE NEAL.

Alliance Assurance Co., Ltd.
The Right Hon. Lord Rothschild, G.C.V.O., Chairman.
Robert Lewis, General Manager.
TOTAL ASSETS EXCEED \$120,000,000.
Fire Insurance of Every Description Effected.
LEONARD ASH, CARBONEAR, Sub-Agent for Carbonear District.
BAIN JOHNSTON & Co.,
Agents for Newfoundland.

Telegram Ads. Pay

W. The
We
DEL
Peaches, R
George Ke
Sultana, C
25 case
Best for I
PRIZE
GOLDEN

FE
Just recei
SHOT—In
GRINDST
GUNS—1
Muzzle Lo
STAR H
\$10.0
NEY

40
Rubber
We have
the leading m
They were bou
a quantity, wh
tomers at extr
The stock
"Maltese Cross

Parke

J.
We have
about to day
IR
And v
J.