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"Magic" is a pure phosphate baking powder, and it is a well known fact that phosphate is a necessary constituent in food, while alum is a dangerous mineral acid.

"Magic" Baking Powder contains no egg albumen or other added ingredient for the purpose of making unfair and deceptive tests which have no value as a constituent of baking powder.

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

The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XVI.

There is no time to argue with her, and argument would be useless, for the orchestra, composed of the county band, strikes up the overture. There is a little flutter of excitement and nervousness; Maud turns pale, Edie laughs, the captain mutters, fearfully, "I shall forget half my part for a certainty," and Sir Archie whispers, "The curtain is up" and pushes the Reverend Barty, attired in gorgeous livery, on to the stage.

The audience is in the best of humors, and Dulcie, from the side, sees the duke lead off the reception by clapping his hands as heartily as a school-boy. But there is not much time for thought or observation.

"Now, Miss Darrimore!" whispers Sir Archie, and Dulcie, with a few bars of a song, catches up her broom and dusting-brush, and enters. For a moment there is an intense silence. Dulcie is beautiful at all times, even the one woman who hates her with an invincible hatred, Lucy Fairfax, would not deny that; but beauty can be heightened by stage artifice, and Dulcie, with her eyes sparkling, her olive cheeks just touched with rouge, looks in the glare of the footlights so surpassingly beautiful that the audience is taken by surprise.

Then, as the clear, crisp, musical

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with infinite amusement, and rises as the curtains close to congratulate them.

Suddenly there is a little cry from some one, and Dulcie, turning, sees Lucy Fairfax seated in a chair, with her head thrown back and her eyes closed.

She is surrounded immediately. Sir Archie rushes forward with a glass of water in his hand and a look of consternation in his face.

"What is the matter?" he asks, anxiously. "Are you faint—ill?" "She has fainted!" says Maud, bending over her so that her own face is hidden. "I—I am afraid she is ill. She complained of a headache this morning."

There is a murmur of sympathy. Then a question rises from Sir Archie's lips:

"Is she very ill, do you think? What—with a horrified accent—"what shall we do?"

There is an ominous silence. The ladies bend over the limp figure; the gentlemen stand staring helplessly; the laughter of the audience comes through the curtains, and mingles with the music.

"What shall we do?" repeats Sir Archie, with all the anxiety of a stage manager. "I am awfully sorry for Miss Fairfax, but it sounds horribly hard-hearted—but do you think she will be well enough to play her part in this last act?"

There is silence for a moment. Then Maud, still with her face hidden murmurs—

"Oh, I am afraid not. It would be cruel to ask her."

Sir Archie groans. "Can't you bring her to?" he asks, with something that is suspiciously like impatience. "This—this act rests entirely up her and me, and—"

Then Maud looks around. There is a strange furtive kind of expression in her thin face.

"It would be quite impossible for her to play," she says. "She must go to her room as soon—as soon as she recovers."

"Send for Lady Falconer," says the captain. "Perhaps there is a doctor in the room?"

Maud looks round quickly—one might almost say with alarm.

"Oh! mamma, will he be so frightened and upset, and there are so many people here. And there isn't a doctor here, I know; I sent out the invitations, you know."

Sir Archie paces the room. "It's a bad job," he says. "I am awfully sorry for Miss Fairfax. I had no idea that she was unwell; she seemed all right this morning."

"She complained of a headache," says Maud. "She is very nervous, and—and it has been too much for her. Oh, she is conscious now. Will you please call her maid?"

Some one fetches the maid, and the green eyes open and look round with dim consciousness.

"Are you better?" asks Sir Archie, anxiously. "You look better. Do you think—it is a shame to ask you—do you think you can play?"

There is something so appalling in the question that the invalid threatens to go off again, and, assisted by her maid and Maud, she is led away.

Sir Archie stands in the center of the group that remains, agast and overwhelmed.

"What is to be done?" he asks in despair.

"The best thing to do," says Lord Hartfield, fumbling with his eyeglasses.

The World's Appetiser

H.P. sauce

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es, "is to go on—you must do it, Archie!—and tell them that there has been an accident, and that the performance has collapsed."

Sir Archie groans audibly. "I never did such a thing in my life," he says, with the air of a professional stage-manager. "Confound—I beg pardon! Is there nothing that can be done? Let me think!"

They wait and watch him in silence. As if in mockery of their dilemma, the band strikes into a lively waltz.

"No, there is nothing else for it," he says; "I must go on and wind it up."

As he speaks, Maud enters. She looks paler than usual, and the furtive, half-frightened expression is still on her face.

"Well?" asks Sir Archie, eagerly. She shakes her head.

"I am so sorry," she says, in her thin voice, "but Miss Fairfax is quite unfit to come down again; it is complete prostration. But—she is so thoughtful!—she has suggested a way out of the difficulty."

Sir Archie stares, helpless and incredulous.

"I should like to hear it," he says, ironically.

Maud pauses a moment, then half lifts her eyes to where Dulcie stands, silent like the rest.

"She says that Miss Darrimore knows her part as well as she does, and that if Miss Darrimore will play it—"

Sir Archie almost jumps. "What an idiot I am!" he exclaims. "The very thing, of course! Miss Fairfax has more brains than all of us! You know her part perfectly, don't you? I heard you say so," and he goes up to Dulcie.

All eyes were turned upon her—she stands silent and perplexed. It is useless to deny it, she does know the part by rote, and she knows that in the last act Julia has to be made love to by Henry—ardent, passionate love. It is this last act which contains the most ardent love-making.

She stands pale in her perplexity and reluctance. "Miss Darrimore knows every word," says Maud, coldly. "If she will play it, the performance need not be stopped."

"You will play it—you cannot refuse?" says Archie, and as he speaks a light comes into his eyes, a flush on his face. He forgets the difficulty of the situation, he only revels in the coming scene.

"Yes, I know it," says Dulcie, barely above a whisper.

"And you will play it?" he says, eagerly, impetuously. "You won't spoil the whole thing for—for a mere whim? Say you will play it! Think of all those people in front!"

They all crowd round her, using persuasion and arguments; and, half-bewildered, she consents, consents though she knows that if Hugh were here—but fortunately he is not.

"Very well," she says, reluctantly; and almost before the words are out of her lips, Sir Archie exclaims:

"Thank you so much! Will you go and change? There is not a moment to lose. Put on anything—any dress you like! How can we all thank you?"

Then he sends word to the band that they are to play until he gives the signal; and, with a face all too joyous, considering the circumstances, bustles to and fro.

"But what's to be done with the scene in which I play with Miss Darrimore?" asks the Reverend Barty, who has been watching this turn of the affair with dismay.

"Cut it out!" says Archie. "It doesn't matter. Look here, Barty, you shall recite 'Eugene Aram' or any other tragic piece you like, after the play is over, to make up for it."

Once she has consented, Dulcie throws herself into the gap with a will. A very few minutes have elapsed before she appears, dressed for her new part and looking, as Sir Archie knows, far more like the Julia than Lucy Fairfax could have done.

There is a murmur of admiration and approval, and Edie elaps her hands.

"What a beautiful Julia you make, Dulcie! And you have dressed so quickly, too!"

(To be Continued.)

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Household Notes.

Some people put a little of the liquor left after vegetables have been boiled, into a child's milk, so as to get it used to eating the vegetables themselves.

from the cob, put through the colander and with very little stock good vegetable soup can be made using the corn as the main flavoring.

The meatless meal needs to be very carefully considered for the reason that an ill-planned group of vege-

tables is as bad as an ill-planned one of anything else.

When the zinc tops of Mason jars are no longer useful, burn them in the kitchen range with a view to clearing the chimney.

KEEP MINARD'S LINIMENT A HANDY REMEDY.



Sting of the Honeybee

About the Most Effective Internal Machine in Existence.

In proportion to its size, the sting of the honeybee is probably the most effective internal machine in existence.

The stinging apparatus is smaller than that of a rattlesnake, yet a single sting has been known to kill a man. When we realize that it is the most invisible and consider what it can do we cannot fail to be astounded. It seems the very quintessence of devilishness.

The honeybee's sting is complicated—so complicated that many words and much ink have been used in discussing its construction and use.

It is generally conceded that the sting consists of a shaft of three parts, the principal one being a sheath within which move two barbed lancets. Like the barbs of a fishhook, the lancets are not easily extracted from the flesh into which they have been driven. The sheath and the lancets combined form a hollow tube through which the poison flows from the poison sac.

Two hairy, soft projections, exceedingly sensitive, in form the best when she is in contact with a stinging object. Popular Science Monthly.

Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious Spasms Brought Sick Headaches—Lost Much Time. But is Now Completely Cured.

Newtown, N. B., October 29th. Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Over-eating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. To lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and downhearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

This reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales. Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N. B., writes: "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often be unable to stop work for a day or two. I had many a night's sleep every month with bilious headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could get nothing on my stomach."

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Weather, Druggist, of Sussex, N. B., and after taking one box I was much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement and says: "This certifies that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every word to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, 25c. a pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all druggists or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes are disappointing. Insist on getting what is asked for.

Fashions and Fads

Originality is found in the openings of dresses. Duvetyn is combined with tulle muffs and neckpieces.

Black satin and smoke cloth lovely combination.

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