

**BEWARE OF DECEPTION**

Statistics show that when egg albumen is used as a constituent of baking powder, the amount so used is too small (usually 15/100 of 1%) to affect the quality or effectiveness of the baking powder containing it, and when so used, is plainly for the purpose of fraud. Intelligent buyers will not permit themselves to be deceived by the water glass test.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

contains no alum or egg albumen and is guaranteed to be composed of the ingredients printed on the label—and none other.

Made in Canada By Canadians  
For Canadians

**The Old Marquis**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER XXXII.  
IN THE DOCTOR'S CARE.

Lela laughed, and shook her head. "I am not. I am quite content. I only wish that we could always live in those dear, little rooms at the Albany, and never be great people."

"You are a strange girl," said Edith. "You always were a strange girl at school. And do you not mind what people think or say?"

"People think or say?" said Lela, her brows knitting. "I don't understand!" and she did not.

Edith Drayton colored with a momentary shame. Lela's innocence was a shield against any arrows of that sort.

"I mean that—But it does not matter. And you are very happy?"

"Most perfectly," responded Lela. She laughed. "You remind me of Edith! It is what he asks me so often."

"Ah!" with a spasm of jealousy.

"Yes; to-day he asked me, as usual, the old, old question and wanted to know whether I should be happier if I were like you—a great and fashionable lady—"

"He mentioned me?" said Edith, almost inaudibly.

Lela nodded, and turned round the bracelet which clasped Edith Drayton's wrist.

"Yes, he often talks about you. He says that he should have gone out of his mind—that's nonsense, of course!—that time he was searching for me, but for you. I think he looks upon you as a sort of sister—"

Edith Drayton sat up and pushed the mass of hair from her white brow with a desperate air.

"A sister!" she echoed, with hidden bitterness.

"Yes," said Lela, all unconscious of the storm that was raging in her heart.

er's bosom. "Yes, and he says that when we go to Hemsforth—that is a place which belongs to him—he hopes that you will come and stay with us. You will, will you not?"

With a long-drawn sigh that was almost a sob, Edith Drayton rose and stretched out her white arms. She could not bear any more. All unconsciously and innocently, Lela had been stabbing her to the heart; every word of the sweet, gentle voice had been like dagger thrusts, and she could bear no more.

"Come and stay with you!" she said, with a low laugh. "Come—and—stay with you, and see for myself how happy you are! Thanks, thanks, very much!—It is very kind! It is too kind! But—with a laugh of bitter sarcasm, only thinly veiled—"should I not be in the way, don't you think?"

"No, no, no," said Lela. "He would be delighted, and so should I! But ought you to get up, Edith, dear? I am afraid I have disturbed and excited you!"

"Then do not fear!" she retorted, gathering up her hair. "You have done me good! Look, don't I look much better?" and she swung round.

Lela looked at the beautiful face flushed, full of energy, and smiled.

"Don't you think so? I am, then! Your visit has done me more good than all the doctor's medicines, which I didn't take, by the way. Come and stay with you! Oh, yes, I shall be delighted! When you go to Hemsforth!"

"Edgar will be so pleased!" said Lela, simply. "Of course, Mr. Clifford Revel must come, too!" and she smiled.

Edith swung round again with a passionate fire in her eyes.

"And why Mr. Clifford Revel?" she demanded, almost fiercely.

"Because—oh, Edith, I am so sorry if I have angered you—I thought, and so did Edgar, that—that—"

"Then think what you have thought no longer!" retorted Edith.

Lela rose, pale and grave and remorseful.

"Yes," said Lela, all unconscious of the storm that was raging in her heart.

mean to annoy you. It is just as if we were at school together! I was always saying something that made you angry."

"We are at school no longer," said Edith Drayton, drawn to her full height, and gleaming at the pure, sweet face darkly. "We are in the world, woman against woman! You have won, or think you have won"—she stopped short, brought to a standstill by the sudden pallor of astonishment and pain on Lela's face.

"I—I beg your pardon," she said, with a strained laugh. "I am talking wildly! You must remember that I have had fever, and am at times rather wild and delirious. This—with a harsh laugh—"must be one of my times! Forgive me! There!" and she held out her hand. "I—I beg your pardon."

Lela took the outstretched hand, and drawing nearer, kissed the now flushed face.

"I forgive, if I have anything to forgive," she said, in her sweet, grave voice. "But I didn't understand; I never did understand you at school, you know. I will go now. May I come again?"

"Yes," said Edith, shortly; then she looked down; "at least, I think I will take your advice, and go away for a time. You see, I am better," and she laughed constrainedly.

"Good-bye! Go and be happy—while you may," she added, as Lela closed the door after her.

A minute or two afterward Mrs. Drayton stole into the room, and started, for Edith was dressing with feverish haste.

"My dear child," she said, "what are you doing? Doctor Wilkes said that you were not to get up—"

"Doctor Wilkes and I disagree, mother, and when doctor and patient disagree, who shall decide?" retorted Edith, with a brusque laugh.

"But—" faltered the poor mother.

"But for me no buts, mother. I am better. Edith's herself again and eager for the fray! Look at me! Do I not look better? Mother, that was an excellent idea of yours, sending my old school-fellow to see me! She has acted like a tonic! No more lying on the sofa for me!"

"My dear Edith!"

"Don't expostulate. You are an excellent mother, but a poor logician. I am better! Can you not see that? There, I'll give you proof. You have been badgering me to go out of town; hitherto I have declined. I am ready to accede to your views now. We will go out of town. We will go to some place near Badmore."

"Near Badmore?" repeated Mrs. Drayton, with a bewildered air.

"Yes. I want to be at the Badmore races, mother. I feel that they will complete the cure which that 'sweet young thing' has commenced. Send to the agents at once and take a small house near Badmore. Don't look at me as if I were mad."

"Sometimes I think you are," whined the poor woman.

"Sometimes I, too, think I am; but I am clothed," touching the costly dress, "and in my right mind now. Yes, mother, you and I will go to the Badmore races, and see the end of the comedy."

**And the Worst is Yet to Come—**



CHAPTER XXXIII.  
"WHAT FOOLS ARE MEN."

The marquis sat in his darkened

room at Fane Abbey, his head drooping on his breast, his white hands lying on the Times spread open on his knee. A certain change had come over the great and powerful marquis since we last saw him. He looked thinner, and less stern and cold; at times, in the dimly lighted room, he would sigh heavily and, when the gout was not too rampant, would get up from his chair and pace the room with his head drooped on his chest and his white hands clasped behind. At such times he looked remarkably like Lord Edgar.

The reason of this change was not far to seek. The fact is, the marquis had been thinking. He had plenty of time to do it in, and a vast amount of opportunity, seeing that life went on at Fane Abbey pretty nearly with the monotony which distinguished existence in the Castle of the Sleeping Beauty! So he sat in his silent room and thought, and his thoughts, try as he would, would go in the direction of Lord Edgar.

The marquis had flattered himself for years past that he had got rid of that awkward and troublesome piece of human mechanism, the heart; but he began to fear that he had flattered himself without cause. If he had no heart, why should he be so perpetually thinking of those hours when Lord Edgar sat beside his bed and ministered to him? Why should his son's handsome face be continually rising before him? Why should that girl's, Lella Temple's, tear-stained face and anguished eyes continually haunt him and put him into a vague disquietude and unrest?

"I suppose I am getting old and weak, and driveling!" he would mutter to himself, with self-scorn and reproach. "I acted for the best. I saved both him and her. They'll both live to thank me for it! I'd do it again if it needed doing!"

But he could not quiet his conscience or harden his heart with this courageous assertion. He knew that he had acted cruelly; that he had tortured the pretty, trusting, innocent girl—that he had sent his son from him, never, perhaps, to see him again.

That was the rub! In his heart of him and put him into a vague of dis- his son. He regarded it as a weakness, but he was compelled to recognize it! In the few days Lord Edgar had spent at the Abbey, he had gained a hold upon the marquis' affections. Whether it was his handsome face, or his frank open-mindedness, or the spirited way in which he had confronted the marquis and defied, he, the marquis, could not tell. But there was the fact that he actually missed Lord Edgar, that he ardently desired to see him, and that in the darkened room he fretted and fumed for him.

And yet his pride would not permit him to acknowledge it to himself, much less admit it to Lord Edgar.

Though he was dying, he assured himself, he would not send for him. But though he would not send for him, he took care that Lord Edgar should be supplied with plenty of money, and had written to him about Lella, as we know. He had hoped that his letter might have brought Lord Edgar down to the Abbey, but he had not come; only a cold, formal note had answered his.

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A COMFORTABLE PLAY GARMENT.



2769—Galates, gingham, seersucker, percale, flannel, drill, repp and poplin are good for this design. Front of waist and bloomers are cut in one, but the back is in two pieces. The sleeve may be finished at wrist length with a band cuff, or short, in loose style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 3 yards of 36 inch material.

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

A POPULAR SUIT FOR THE SMALL BOY.



2787—This style may be developed in gingham, drill, khaki, linen, flannel, galates, 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 3/4 yards for the trousers.

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**RESUMPTION OF HOSTILITIES**

**Trouble in Mexico Austria---A foreign**

CONSIDERING MATTERS.

PARIS, June 12.

Field Marshal Foch and General Weygand had two conferences with Premier Clemenceau yesterday at which the resumption of hostilities and a concerted advance by the Allies was discussed, says the Echo de Paris.

COMMUNIST GOVERNMENT FOR AUSTRIA.

LONDON, June 12.

A Communist Govt. will be proclaimed in Austria on Sunday, with the promise of immediate success, according to information received in Govt. circles.

BRITISH TROOPS OPERATING.

STOCKHOLM, June 12.

Part of the British troops which recently arrived at Murmansk are participating in the operations against Petrograd, according to a report from Archangel.

NEW ZEALAND'S DEBT.

WELLINGTON, New Zealand, June 12.—The war has added £81,000,000 to the national debt of New Zealand which approximately amounts to \$850 per head of the population. The national wealth of New Zealand is equal to £400 per head, and the bank deposits to \$72 per head. Savings Bank deposits increased from £19,000,000 in 1914 to £23,000,000 in 1918. The Acting Minister of Finance is optimistic regarding the future, providing the people realize their responsibilities towards solving industrial problems. He regards the present industrial unrest as merely an outward sign of a great world struggle for improvement.

UKRAINIAN MISSION IN LONDON.

LONDON, June 12.

A Ukrainian diplomatic mission has arrived in London and another is going to Washington. The mission submitted its case to the Government and is satisfied with the sympathetic reception accorded to it at the Foreign Office. The head of the mission informed Ruter's that the great success

"If I know enough treatment I think I have used tablets and wafers and provided at the drug store."

"And what is the result? I find more headaches are worse than ever."

"Of course, they help me a little suffering, but I have never had one so often that my nervous system has collapsed."

"The doctor says my food that I do not get the nourishment my food that is required to keep cells and keep up the vital system."

"I have been reading about Nerve Food, and this letter from G. Simmons, 42 Curtis Street, Ont., seems to about describe me."

"I am tired of taking temporary relief, and I will buy Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and try it up and make a complete cure."