

**READ THE LABEL**

FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE CONSUMER THE INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL. IT IS THE ONLY WELL-KNOWN MEDIUM-PRICED BAKING POWDER MADE IN CANADA THAT DOES NOT CONTAIN ALUM AND WHICH HAS ALL THE INGREDIENTS PLAINLY STATED ON THE LABEL.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM

ALUM IS SOMETIMES REFERRED TO AS SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIUM ALUMINIC SULPHATE. THE PUBLIC SHOULD NOT BE MISLED BY THESE TECHNICAL NAMES.

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

**Plot That Failed;  
OR,  
Love That Would  
Not Be Denied.**

CHAPTER XXIV.

Ethel rose, intoxicated with her new born happiness, to meet Lady Lacksland, who was seen approaching.

"Ah, Mr. Fairfax," said the countess, eying him suspiciously with a cold smile. "How good of you to take care of Lady Boisdale. I suppose you have been cooling yourselves. Ethel, my dear, the carriage is waiting: I don't know where your papa is."

There was a crush in the street, and while Bertie, bare-headed, was placing the ladies in the carriage the earl and Lord Fitz came up.

Mr. Murpoint was with them, serene and self-composed as usual, though the crush and confusion were bewildering.

"Here you are!" said the earl. "We were just going to look for you. Fitz has been seeing the Mildmay to their brougham."

Howard Murpoint closed the door as the two gentlemen entered the carriage and stood with his dark eyes, half closed, fixed upon Ethel.

Then the carriage, was on the move, and Bertie and Howard Murpoint stood looking after it.

Howard Murpoint regarded Bertie with a smile.

"You do not fear influenza," he said, nodding at the other's bare head.

"Eh? Oh, no," said Bertie. "I'll get my hat now, though."

And with a cool nod he strode into the hall again.

Howard Murpoint turned to make his way to his own brougham, and in doing so nearly knocked down a gentleman who was standing near him.

"Ha, Smythe," he exclaimed, "you here?"

"Eh? Yes," said the man, a short, nervous-looking creature, with fair, insipid face and timid, restless eyes. "Yes, just passing on my way to the club—and stopped to look in."

"Club!" said Howard Murpoint. "Better come home and coffee with me."

And he linked his arm within that of his acquaintance.

Wilhelm Smythe, for that was the name, or rather improved name—it had been William Smith—of the

stranger, was the son of a retired tea merchant.

His father had left him an enormous amount of property and a very small amount of brains.

The captain—or rather Howard Murpoint, as he preferred to be called, had met him at a club some few months previously and had found out all about him.

He had won the good opinion of the half-cunning simpleton, who thought Howard Murpoint the nicest and most disinterested of friends.

All the way home Howard Murpoint gave a glowing description of the ball, to which, of course, Wilhelm Smythe had received no invitation, and the poor fellow was in agonies of envy.

"Delightful!" he exclaimed. "And she was there, for I saw her."

"Whom?" asked the captain.

"Can you ask me?" sighed Mr. Smythe, "when you know that I am madly in love with her."

The captain smiled.

"Pon my word, I've heard nothing," he said, encouragingly.

"Why, all the fellows have been chaffing me," said the simpleton.

"And who is the lady?" asked the captain.

"They were ascending the stairs to the smoking-room as the question was asked, and Mr. Smythe flung himself into the most comfortable lounge of the great man's luxurious sanctum where he answered.

"Don't you know? Can't you guess?"

"Not an idea," said the captain, handing him the cigars. "Come, who is she?"

The little fellow sighed, and replied, with due solemnity:

"Lady Boisdale!"

The captain's eyes flashed. He had wanted a too! Here was one, ready made to his hand.

"Come," said the captain, pushing the bottle, and eying his dupe keenly. "If you have set your heart upon marrying Lady Ethel Boisdale, I think I can help you."

"You can!" exclaimed the young fellow.

"I can, and I will," said the captain, quietly, "on the condition—that you will never mention that you are indebted to me for your success."

"I promise that," said Mr. Smythe, eagerly; "and you really will—"

"Do my best to recommend you to the earl and his peerless daughter, and, what is more, I will venture to bet you something, that I succeed."

"Eh?" said Mr. Smythe, scarcely catching the idea.

Then suddenly he saw what Mr. Howard Murpoint meant.

"I see!" he said. "I'll bet you— you a—five thousand."

The captain raised his eyebrows.

"I never bet," he said, "unless the stake is worth something. If I am to enter it in my book it must be twenty thousand."

Mr. Smythe hesitated—only for a moment.

"Twenty thousand be it," he said.

"If I marry Lady Ethel I pay you twenty thousand, and if I don't—"

"I pay you," said Mr. Murpoint, softly. "It's a wager."

And he held out his claw-like white hand.

Mr. Smythe rose, clasped it eagerly, and, after a fervent and excited "Good night," took his departure.

It was morning, bright, beaming morning, that time, and Mr. Murpoint had too many great matters on hand to allow of his retiring to rest.

Instead he stepped into a cold bath which was ready for him in an adjoining room, and, dressing himself in his business suit of dark Oxford mixture with an imposing white waistcoat, made his way to his office in Pall Mall.

Seating himself in his chair in his own private room he touched a small bell.

In answer to the summons there entered a tall, thin and cadaverous-looking man with a small dispatch case.

"Good-morning, Ridgett," said Mr. Murpoint.

The man bowed, and took from his portfolio a number of papers.

The captain went over them with a quick scrutiny and issued his instructions.

"You will proceed in this case, Mr. Ridgett," he said, throwing one letter over.

"Yes, sir. The woman is a widow, and very poor, and suffers from an incurable complaint."

"The office has nothing to do with that," said Mr. Murpoint. "We did not kill the husband, and we did not undertake to cure her complaint. She came into our hands of her own accord, and we simply demand the fees due us. You will proceed without delay. Have you bought up the L. debts yet?"

"Not all, sir," was the reply. "You instructed me to wait further commands."

"And as he concluded with the momentous question, he laughed with the keenest enjoyment and insolence.

"Wait no longer," said Mr. Murpoint, "but get as many of the Lacksland bills together as you can. You understand?"

"Certainly," said Mr. Ridgett.

And, dismissed by a nod, he took his departure.

Scarcely had he gone when the small and weather-beaten face of the smuggler entered the room.

Job, who had often paid visits to the captain at various places, but never at the office, was awed for a moment by the grand furniture and piles of papers and documents.

"Mornin', captain—"

"Have you brought the account?" said Mr. Murpoint.

Job nodded, and produced a greasy bag, which he placed on the polished table.

The captain turned out the contents of the bag, and commenced counting the heap of gold and silver.

Then he examined an account which was made out on a dirty piece of paper Job had handed to him, looking up at last with a dark frown.

"How is this?" he said, in a low, stern voice. "There is some mistake. Here is only a third of the profits—there should be a half."

"There bein' no mistake, capt—sir," said Job, with an emphatic nod.

"They've sent all they means to send, and a hard job I had to get that. The boys say that they don't see the Justice like of one man—gentleman or no gentleman—taking half the swag when they've worked for the whole of it."

"Oh, they don't!" said Mr. Murpoint, with a soft smile. "Tell them that unless I have the remainder of the money by this time next week, and a fair half for the future, paid to the very day, I will peech upon the lot of them. Not a man shall escape me. The police shall know how the great smuggling trade is done and who does it. You tell them, will you, with my compliments?"

"I'll tell them," said Job, quietly.

**"How Shall I Know I Have Kidney Trouble?"**

Do just as every doctor does when he suspects that a patient has Kidney Trouble—EXAMINE YOUR URINE.

In the morning, see if the urine is highly colored—either reddish or deep orange. (Natural urine is a light straw color). Notice if the odor is strong or foul. If highly colored or offensive in odor, your kidneys are certainly in need of attention—and AT ONCE.

Get a box of GIN PILLS now, and take them regularly.

If you have a Pain In The Back—if the hands and feet swell—if you suffer with Rheumatism, Sciatica or Lumbago—if you have deposits of reddish matter like brick dust or mucus in the urine in the morning, you may be sure that your kidneys are not as strong as they should be, and need the help of GIN PILLS to well.



Gin Pills are sold at all dealers—50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Gin Pills are "Made in Canada". Sold in U.S. under the name "GINO" Pills. Trial Treatment free if you write

**National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto**

**German Naval Casualties Heavy.**

Copenhagen, Feb. 6.—Approximately 15,000 German sailors and marines have been lost since the war broke out. Two naval casualty lists issued to-day contain respectively 1,178 and 1,089 names. Previous reports contained more than 12,000 names.

**Fads and Fashions.**

The new petticoats are specimens of soft transparent chiffons, voiles and lace.

Make a last season's lace blouse new by adding a vest and collar of charmeuse.

The dark high stocks have brought back the dainty little turnover collars.

Lingerie dresses are wonders of beauty with quantities of lace and embroidery.

White waists of Georgette crepe are embroidered in pretty fan and Dutch blue.

Collars which encircle the throat are seen on the smart street and afternoon gowns.

The newest vest gowns are fashioned in one, but they look like corsage and skirt.

There are small hats with crowns of straw and the close-fitting brim is entirely of flowers.

New semi-tailored waists fit smoothly over the bust and are then drawn snugly into the belt.

Little hatpins are especially designed for mourning millinery; they are short and a charming combination of small pearls and a dull jet.

The small fur necktie, worn with a small toque, is quite as correct and chic as the superb stoles of expensive skins.

Dainty muslin collars, berthas and ruffles, recalling the mid-Victorian days, are among novel neckwear for spring.

New crocheted scarfs are being done with irregular patterns which suggest the art nouveau designs from Vienna.

The flowered frock is with us with all its freshness. Combined with a plain material it is a frock of style and beauty.

It looks as though there might be a return to the quaint, simple gowns which were worn when luxury was considered bad taste.

The Parisian woman of good taste prefers fine linen batiste and nainsook for her undergarments, rather than any silks or crepes.

The war in Europe is responsible for the large amount of jet shown in jewelry. Other favorites are pearls, onyx, crystal and rhinestones.

**Falling Hair Means Dandruff Is Active**

Save your hair! Get a 25 cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine to-night—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness, but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use, when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—now—growing all over the scalp.

**CATARRH NEVER STOPS IN SAME PLACE REACHES THE LUNGS—DEVELOPES CONSUMPTION**

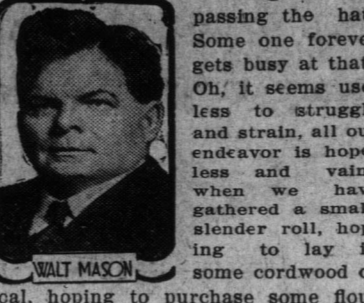
Right to where the living germ of Catarrh is working will the healing fumes of Cataarhose go in ten seconds.

No liquid medicine can penetrate to the deep recesses that Catarrhose bathes with its soothing vapor—what's just why it proves so wonderfully effective.

The health-laden vapor of Cataarhose cures the worst of coughs and hoarseness. The uttermost parts of the bronchial tubes are reached. Bronchitis is cured—every cell in the head, throat and nose is treated by Cataarhose's wonderful fumes.

You can't beat Cataarhose for huskiness, weak throat, sore nostrils, catarrhal and bronchial trouble of any kind. Get the complete \$1.00 outfit. Smaller size 50c. Trial size 25c., at dealers everywhere.

**Passing the Hat.**



Passing the hat, passing the hat! Some one forever sets busy at that! Oh, it seems useless to struggle and strain, all our endeavor is hopeless and vain; when we have gathered a small, slender roll, hoping to lay in some cordwood or coal, hoping to purchase some flour and some spuds. Hoping to pay for the ready made duds, hoping to purchase a bone for the cat, some one comes chertfully passing the hat! Passing the hat that the bums may be warm, passing the hat for some noble reform, passing the hat for the fellows who fail, passing the hat to remodel the jail, passing the bonnet for this or for that, some one forever is passing the hat! Dig up your bundle and hand out your roll—if you don't give you are lacking a soul! What if the feet of your children are bare? What if your wife has no corset to wear? What if your granny is weeping for shoes? What if the grocer's demanding his dues? Some one will laugh at such logic as that, some one who's merrily passing the hat! Passing the hat for the pink lemonade, passing the hat for a moral crusade, passing the hat to extinguish the rat—some one forever is passing the hat!

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**COMPLETE ANARCHY REIGNS IN ALBANIA.**

London, Feb. 7.—The following note has been issued by the Montenegrin consul-general here:

"Complete anarchy reigns in Albania, which is continually assailed by the intrigues of the Austrians and Young Turks. Albanian bands kill and pillage all Montenegrin subjects who are obliged to traverse Albanian territory. All the merchandise transported along the River Bona is confiscated and held at enormous ransom, despite the inconceivable right of Montenegrin navigation of this river.

"The consular cabinet at Scutari is without authority over the Albanians, whose misdeeds against Montenegrin commerce grow daily."

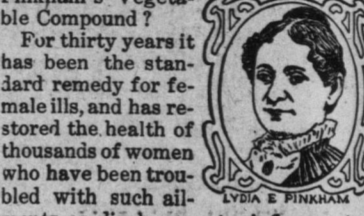
**DOCTORS DID NOT HELP HER**

But Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Mrs. Bradley's Health—Her Own Statement.

Winnipeg, Canada.—"Eleven years ago I went to the Victoria Hospital, Montreal, suffering with a growth. The doctors said it was a tumor and could not be removed as it would cause instant death. They found that my organs were affected, and said I could not live more than six months in the condition I was in.

"After I came home I saw your advertisement in the paper, and commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it constantly for two years, and still take it at times, and both my husband and myself claim that it was the means of saving my life. I highly recommend it to suffering women."

—MRS. ORILLA BRADLEY, 284 Johnson Ave., Winnipeg, Manitoba, Can.



For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has restored the health of thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, etc.

If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

**Fear Germans Got Lunenburg Vessel.**

Lunenburg, Feb. 8.—The schooner W. Cortada, Captain Edwin Backman, left here on the 11th of January for Ponce, Porto Rico, with a cargo of dry and pickled fish from Zwicker and Co. The passage generally takes about fourteen days, and although the weather was fine and conditions were favorable, no word has been heard from the vessel since leaving the port and grave fears are ascertained by her safety.

The W. C. McKay, Captain Deal, left here on the 26th, and arrived at Ponce in nine days, which shows that the Cortada should have arrived, or if blown off reported before this time.

Although going to a neutral port and carrying a cargo from a British port, it is the opinion of ship owners that she has become a prey to a German cruiser. The vessel as two years old, and the Captain is one of the youngest and most progressive commanders best of this port.

**Best Laxative For Bowels—"Cascarets"**

They clean Liver; sweeten Stomach; end Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Indigestion, Constipation.

Get a 10-cent box.

Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets; or merely forcing a passageway every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gasses, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep, never grip, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your druggist. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Bloatingness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipated Bowels. Cascarets belong in every household. Children just love to take them.

**Use "Tiz" if Feet Ache, Burn, Puff Up**

"Ah! Nothing like 'TIZ' for sore, tired, sweaty, calloused feet and corns—It's Grand!"

"Sure! I use 'TIZ' every time for any foot trouble."

You can be happy-footed, just like me. Use "TIZ" and never suffer with tender, raw, burning, blistered, swollen, tired, smelly feet. "TIZ" and only "TIZ" takes the pain and soreness out of corns, callouses and bunions.

As soon as you put your feet in a "TIZ" bath, you just feel the happiest, most soothing in. How good your poor, old feet feel. They want to dance for joy. "TIZ" is grand. "TIZ" instantly draws out all the poisonous excretions which puff up your feet and cause sore, inflamed, aching, sweaty, smelly feet.

Get a 25 cent box of "TIZ" at any drug store or department store. Get instant foot relief. Laugh at foot ailments, who complain. Because your feet are never, never going to bother or make you limp any more.

**TROUBLE BREWING IN BOHEMIAN CAPITAL.**

The Hague, via London, Feb. 8.—Additional disorders are reported from Prague where the arrest of Czech students and journalists is said to have irritated the population. Five attempts to kill prominent politicians in Bohemia with dynamite bombs are reported to have been made since February 1.

**THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY, THERAPION NO. 1**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 2**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 3**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 4**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 5**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 6**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 7**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 8**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 9**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**THERAPION NO. 10**

CURE FOR ALL THE MOST DIFFICULT DISEASES

**Are you Run-down**

When your system is undermined by worry or over-work—when your vitality is lowered—when you feel "anyhow"—when your nerves are "on edge"—when the least exertion tires you—you are in a "Run-down" condition. Your system is like a drooping flower—so weak of water. And just as water revives a drooping flower—so Wincarnis gives new life to a "run-down" constitution. From even the first wineglassful you can feel it stimulating and invigorating you, and as you continue, you can feel it surcharging your whole system with new health—new strength—new vigour and new life. Will you try it?

**Begin to get well FREE.**

"Wincarnis" is made in England, and you can obtain a liberal one trial bottle—just a penny trial, but enough to do you good, by sending 6 cents stamps (no pay postage) to C. H. MARSHALL, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, 100 Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

**WINCARNIS**

Agents for Newfoundland: Messrs. MARSHALL BROS., Water Street, St. John's, Newfoundland.

**21**

We have an Individual...  
Phone 768.

**War News.**

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Feb. 12.

The Governor, Newfoundland:

The French Government reports violent fighting in the Argonne near Bagatelle. The German attack was broken by artillery and infantry fire, with heavy losses on both sides.

The Russian Government reports four new German Army Corps concentrated in East Prussia. The Russians are retiring, holding the enemy in the Carpathians, the enemy's attacks were repulsed and more prisoners were captured.

HARCOURT.

**ST. PIERRE BULLETIN.**

PARIS, via St. Pierre, Feb. 12.

Between the sea and the Somme artillery contests. South of Boiselle the enemy exploded a mine at the extremity of one of our trenches, but we held on. Bombardment by the enemy of Tracy le Mont, and our artillery busy in Rheims and Soissons sections. In Woëvre rather sharp cannonading opposite Lambscourt and Hazelle Wood. We bombarded Thiancourt and Arville.

During an attack on Feb. 3rd, delivered by the Turkish army against the Suez Canal, two French ships contributed successfully in the defence of the Canal. The coastguard cutter Requien silenced the Turkish heavy guns, and the cruiser Entrecasteaux dispersed an important Turkish grouping. These ships were unscathed, and suffered no loss whatever.

Petrograd.—German attacks in Poland are completely broken, and the losses inflicted by the Russians on the enemy are 40,000. North of Poland, minor engagements. In the centre the situation is quiet for the present. The Germans had considerable losses in their attacks at Borzhonov, Gymn, Wola, and Sydlowiskie.

In the Carpathian Mountains the Russians are strongly compressing the enemy in the Dukla, Lapykovec and Uzzow Passes, where they made several thousand prisoners. In one day the Russians captured 89 officers, 5,220 men and 18 maxims. On the 7th the Germans crossed Tucholka Pass and delivered twenty-two attacks to take the Russian positions on Koziova heights. An irresistible German advance in closely packed formation managed to reach the heights twice, but they were thrown back each time by a bayonet charge without precedent. On the front of one battalion, one thousand Germans were killed. On the 10th they renewed an attack, but were repulsed, and the Russians, pushing forward, took

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