

PURITY - QUALITY - ECONOMY

With the increased cost of labor and materials due to war conditions, it is not reasonable to suppose that a really first class baking powder can be made and sold at the old prices. Rather than sacrifice the quality of

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

we found it necessary to make slight increases in price during the war period. Even though Magic Baking Powder may cost a few cents more than the ordinary kinds it is still by far the most economical baking powder on the market to-day when purity, strength and leavening qualities are taken into consideration.

Contains No Alum Made in Canada.

"Love in the Wilds"

—OR—

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER LXVI.
A CHANGE OF PLANS.

The secretary, as was only natural in so quiet and thoughtful a young gentleman, was fond of reading, at least, so it was presumed, and he had taken charge of the library and its contents.

Only a few days back he had spent some hours in arranging the shelves, putting the backs of the books level and classifying them.

So thoroughly had he done it that on completion of his task he had nodded with self-approval and asserted to himself that he should know if a volume had been taken down or misplaced.

That assertion he was now putting to proof.

Carefully and keenly he scrutinized each shelf, through poetry, the drama, history, medicine. No. No volume had been taken down, or, if it had, it had been so replaced that it was impossible to distinguish it.

Stop! There, among the law volumes, was one slightly projecting.

Very carefully he took it down and as carefully let it fall open, thinking that the chances were greatly in favor of its opening at the page last read.

He was right, for, stooping down and examining the leaves, he discovered—what? No finger-marks, no pencil jottings, not even a slip of paper as book-marker, but a few fragments of cigar-ash.

In a moment he remembered that Reginald Dartmouth had struck a light; he had heard it in the next room—may more, there was the odor of a newly-lighted cigar hanging about the library now.

That was the page.

With a fast-beating heart he ran his eyes over the headings of the paragraphs.

One caught his attention.

"Relating to the laws of marriage between the Catholic and Protestant subject."

That was enough.

Replacing the volume, he returned to his own room.

"So!" he murmured. "The countess is a Catholic; Reginald Dartmouth professes—and disgraces—Protestantism. I see it all. He is going to marry her, and clandestinely, too, or it

would be announced. Good Heaven! If it be not stopped she will be sacrificed to him before a fortnight; for there is no doubt that the journey will be a runaway marriage. Well, she does not deserve it!" he murmured, with a scorn that was wondrously woman-like, "for a woman that would be cajoled by Reginald Dartmouth's fair speeches and false face would give her hand to the evil one were he but dressed in broadcloth. But she must be saved. There is no time to be lost. I must rouse Rebecca and her ally, Sir Charles, to their work!"

With this he sat down and penned a short note, signing himself as before, "A Well-Wisher."

"There is no time to lose. Search the well. If villainy can be unmasked, H. D. may be found."

"There, that will spur them on, or nothing else will, he said."

CHAPTER LXVII.
"THE TIME HAS COME!"

Truth will come to light; murder can not be hid long—SHAKESPEARE.

It is rather startling to suddenly discovered by an anonymous communication that a matter which you have been hugging to your heart for some time past, with the most profound assurance of its being your own particular secret, is no secret at all, or at least that another person shares it with you.

It is still more startling and embarrassing to be placed in the position of utter ignorance as to the identity of the unwelcome partner of your bosom mystery, and to be perpetually in a state of expectation and excitement thereto.

All this Rebecca experienced.

To say that she was astonished at the contents of John Stanfield's first note is to employ but a weak word for her utter amazement.

She sank upon a chair and sat staring at the short epistle with eyes wide open, and, we must confess, lips also.

Here was she congratulating herself upon her particularly clever and inscrutable mode of unveiling Reginald Dartmouth's secret, and suddenly, without a moment's warning, comes the knowledge that she has simply been boring a hole like a mole within a few yards of mole number two.

On the first reflection she had almost concluded that Reginald Dartmouth had written the note himself; but a second consideration showed her that the supposition was scarcely likely.

She thought of it a great deal, and at last—did as she was told. That is to say, she gave directions that no further advertisements were to be inserted.

Then she locked the mysterious communication within her neat little desk and gave herself up to pondering over it and trying to decide what to do.

The anonymous correspondent did not leave long for quiet reasoning.

Very quickly, and quite as startlingly, came the second note.

That was the feather which broke the back of Rebecca's reserve.

Within half an hour of its receipt she had dispatched a special messenger for Sir Charles Anderson, and during the lapsing of the time necessary for his journey was in a state of ferment.

He arrived, cool and prepared, as usual, for anything that might turn up, but greatly wondering what had occurred, and devoutly wishing that soon he should be allowed to have it out with Dartmouth after his own fashion.

Rebecca was in her own room when the sound of his horse's hoofs rattled over the gravel drive, and with a dash of color in her cheeks came out into the hall to meet him.

Sir Charles flushed a little and his eyes sparkled with something more intense than mere friendship as he almost sprang forward and clasped her hand.

"Well, Rebecca, here I am," he said, in his deep, manly tones. "You're looking well, awfully well."

Rebecca blushed again, and dropping her hand very slowly, Sir Charles, before following her into the dining-room, turned and saw his horse led to the stables.

"Give him a careful wipe-down before his feed, please, will you?" he said, and then returned to Rebecca.

She had seated herself at one end of the large, old-fashioned—but, oh, how comfortable!—couch, and made room for him beside her.

"You have not been long coming," she said, looking at him with a kindly light in her clear, pure eyes; "and you are looking quite well again, Charlie; quite well again."

"This kind of you saying that I haven't been long, Rebecca," he said, looking pleased. "Well, I really have put it on. The old bay flew along; left your man a score of miles away. You must excuse my tweeds. The fact is I was just coming down the steps of the club when your man rode by. I fancied, I was sure, rather, that I remembered him and stopped him. He gave me your note. I read it, walked off to the stables and had the hunter saddled, and away I came."

"Without food or any preparation!" said Rebecca, the kindly light deepening in her eyes.

"Well, you know, Rebecca, I'd start for South Africa or the islands of the moon without my dinner and in a cotton shirt—that is to say, without a change of pocket handkerchiefs, if you merely held up your little finger. So it wasn't much to do, you know."

"It was," she said, in a low voice;

"and I wish I could thank you as you deserve, Charlie, but—"

"All right," replied the open-hearted Charlie; "you've thanked me more than I deserve, worthless scamp that I am. Only tell me what you want, Rebecca, and I am ready for it."

"I want you to go and rest while Mary sets the luncheon," said Rebecca, determined not to open up the Dale affair until the generous-hearted fellow had somewhat recovered from the fatigue of the journey. "There, you know how firm I can be. You must go," she said, as he tried to remonstrate; and so he went, very reluctantly, declaring that he didn't feel tired.

In half an hour he was sitting beside his cousin, attacking a cold ham, hurrying, as he said, because of Rebecca's obstinacy in refusing to tell him anything "until he had eaten."

After luncheon they went into the garden and, seated in one of the small arbors, secure from interruption, Rebecca, without a word of preface, placed the first note before him.

The reader will by this time have discovered for himself—and we humbly trust, herself—that, although Sir Charles Anderson was no fool, nor anything approaching one, he possessed more heart than brains—that he was scarcely the man, true-souled, generous-minded though he was, to follow out and track through such a complicated maze as that which Reginald Dartmouth's villainy had created. He could have met a dozen men in hand-to-hand conflict with nature's weapons—the fists, or with the revolvers and rapiers of art, cheerfully and with a certain amount of pleasure; but to the unravelling of such a knotted skein as Rebecca had held out for his inspection he was unequal.

Like Rebecca, he stared at the note and, in addition, stroked his mustache fiercely.

Then he looked up, and, meeting her eye, returned to the note again. "Well," she said, in a low voice, "what do you make of it, Charlie?"

"I—I don't know what to make of it," he replied. "You see, the fellow doesn't sign his name. It is anonymous. Now, everybody says you ought to burn anonymous letters, and if ever you find the fellow who wrote them kick him. But this is very extraordinary! You told me that no one knew anything of the Dale affairs but yourself and me."

"That is it!" responded Rebecca, eagerly; "that is the mysterious part of it. I can not conceive from whom this warning comes."

"The writing?"

Rebecca shook her head.

"It is so well disguised that it would be impossible to trace it. No, Charlie, trust me for thinking over every possible chance of a clew. There is not a single one. I can not even conjecture from whom it came."

"Not Dartmouth himself?"

(To be Continued.)

Pattern 3296 is portrayed in this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 4 3/4 yards of 36 inch material.

Figured percale is here shown, with bindings of white cambric. Chambray, gingham, lawn, drill, sateen and alpaca could be used for this style.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



A SIMPLE SET OF HAT AND APRON.



Pattern 3295 is portrayed in this attractive model. It is cut in 5 Sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. A 4 year size will require 2 3/4 yards of 27 inch material for the Apron and 1 yard for the Hat.

Apron and Hat may be made of the same material. Cretonne, linen, drill, gingham, chambray, percale and shantung could be used. The apron may serve as a dress, and be worn with bloomers.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.



Will Morning Never Come

DOES this illustration picture your experience?

What is more distressing than being unable to sleep?

Sleeplessness is one of the first and most certain symptoms of exhausted nerves.

This is the warning that you need the assistance of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to restore vigor to the nerve cells and thereby avoid the development of serious nervous trouble.

By improving the quality of the blood and building up the nervous system this food cure brings new energy and strength to the whole body.

50 cents a box, 4 for \$2.75. All dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

GERALD S. DOYLE,
Water St., St. John's,
Distributing Agent.

EAS'EM

will quickly relieve those Tired, Aching Feet.

"Dust it in your shoes."

Price 30c. tin.

PETER O'MARA,
The Druggist.

"In business for your health."

EMPIRE HALL (formerly Blue Puttee Hall), cor. Gower Street and King's Road, may be hired for small dances or meetings. Rates: Evenings \$18 up. Afternoons \$8. Apply W. F. POWER, Manager. Jan. 17.

A SURE RELIEF FOR WOMEN'S DISORDERS.

10 Days' Treatment Free.

Orange Lily is a certain relief for all disorders of women. It is applied locally and is absorbed into the suffering tissue. The dead waste matter in the congested region is expelled, giving immediate mental and physical relief; the blood vessels and nerves are toned and strengthened, and the circulation is rendered normal. As this treatment is based on strictly scientific principles, and acts on the actual location of the disease, it cannot help but do good in all forms of female troubles, including delayed and painful menstruation, leucorrhoea, falling of the womb, etc. Price \$2.00 per box, which is sufficient for one month's treatment. A Free Trial Treatment, enough for 10 days, worth 75c., will be sent Free to any suffering woman who will send me her address.

Include 3 stamps and address Mrs. Lydia W. Ladd, Windsor, Ont.

SOLD BY LEADING DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

A SALE

That will not disappoint.

The reason of this Sale is the turning of a lot of this season's goods of passing fashion, some of which we have an overstock into

Hard Cash.

YOU WANT GOODS AT LOW PRICES WE WANT HARD CASH. THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

We are not going to give you a line of talk that as philanthropists we are not mere to reduce the height of the H. C. of L. and going to cut prices in halves; we figure you are too intelligent to believe stuff like that, or would think we had certainly been juggling you on previous prices. First we start with

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S STRAW HATS.

Off these we are taking

25 Per Cent. Discount.

Our prices for Hats are notoriously low, and with this discount and the styles considered we know greatly increased buying will make a busy department busier.

We next consider

LADIES' BLOUSES.

We find a very classy lot of Ladies' Canadian made White Voile Blouses have not moved fast enough. They range in price from \$5.50 to \$7.50. Though the market was high and we did not like buying at these prices, we thought style and cut worth consideration. Now we think you will find them most tempting by our allowance of

25 Per Cent. Discount

from the above.

We have also picked upon a lot of

LADIES' GEORGETTE CREPE BLOUSES

in beautiful designs and shades, and have marked them down from \$17.50 to \$12.50 each. This represents less than cost price.

LADIES' SILK DRESSES.

We have some priced very reasonably at \$30.00, \$33.00 and \$35.00 each, but we are making a reduction in these prices of

25 Per Cent.

We do this as we are informed that with some of them the skirts are a bit tight.

LADIES' WHITE COSTUME SKIRTS.

Canadian styles, English materials. Sale Prices only

\$3.00, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00.

This summer is certainly a fine one, so you had better secure a couple of these beautiful Washable Skirts and get in accord with it.

LADIES' ENVELOPE CHEMISES (or TEDDIES).

We have quite a stock of these in White and Pink Lawns and Imitation Silks. These are big sellers in America but have not yet started to sell so largely here. We think taking

25 Per Cent. off may help.

In order to make things more interesting we are making

A Reduction of Ten Per Cent. on Some Staple Lines of Ladies' Ready-to-wear.

This includes all our large and cheaply priced stocks of

Ladies' Cambric and Lawn Underskirts, Knickers, Camisoles and Nightdresses.

Ladies' Costumes and Costume Skirts.

Ladies' Raglans, Shower Coats and Navy Spring Coats

Ladies' Cotton, Poplin and Serge, etc., Dresses.

Ladies' Kimonos, Wrappers and Cotton House Dresses.

Ladies' Blouses of all kinds—not previously mentioned.

Ladies' Silk and Wool Sweater Coats.

LADIES' COTTON and LISLE SUMMER GLOVES.

We are in a position to offer these at prices no higher than those of 1918-1919. We quote Ladies' White and Grey Gloves, with dome fasteners, at price only 40c. pair.

LADIES' WHITE and BLACK COTTON HOSE, only 29c. pair.

You will also find we have some other extra good values in Ladies' White and Black Cotton and Lisle Hose, while they last.

We Know Our Prices on Goods Advertised Are the Lowest You Can Procure

as they are below the cost of doing business, but our desire to change goods into cash

IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY.

N.B.—Sale Discounts are for Cash Purchases only.

HENRY BLAIR