

The Wonderful convenience of EGG-O Baking Powder

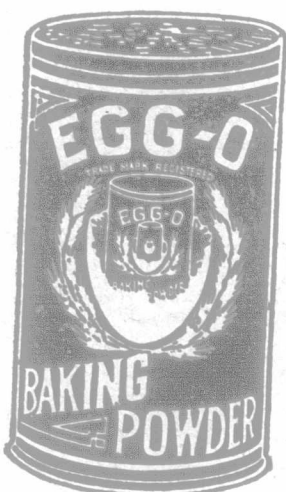
Have you ever wanted tea biscuits for supper, but felt that you couldn't have them because you were going out for the afternoon and wouldn't have time to mix the dough after you returned?

Why not use Egg-O Baking Powder and mix the dough before you go, putting the dough in a cool place until you return? Then put into the oven and you'll have beautiful, light biscuits. Try it.

When Egg-O is used, it improves your biscuits and cakes to allow the dough to stand. And it is a wonderful convenience!

Egg-O is a different and better baking powder

Egg-O Baking Powder Co., Limited
Hamilton, Canada



Sydney Basic Slag

THE BEST FERTILIZER FOR FALL WHEAT

PRODUCED BY

THE CROSS FERTILIZER CO., LTD.

SYDNEY, NOVA SCOTIA

WITH the war over labor conditions have improved considerably, and we were able to fill our Spring orders promptly. For the Fall wheat crop we can guarantee ample supplies for every Ontario farmer who books his requirements early.

We want agents in unrepresented districts, but early application is necessary to enable our sales-agent to see you in good time and fix up matters.

Don't delay. Just sit down and send him your name and address, and he will call on you in due course.

GENERAL SALES AGENT FOR ONTARIO:

A. L. SMITH, 220 Alfred Street, Kingston, Ont.

When writing advertisers kindly mention Advocate.

"I know it," I muttered, "but she did not think so."

"I want to tell you, Alan," went on Meg, disregarding me, "that I saw the two of you here one day such as this. I didn't mean to. I came on you unawares, and neither of you saw or heard me. You sat here, on this very log. She sat there, closer to the water, and the two of you were looking into each other's faces and talking. 'Bless their hearts!' I said to myself, 'There they sit with the wall of their own innocence between them, but the day will come when the draw of the Universe will drive the wall away like the mists of the morning, and the lips will meet that—'"

"Why go on with all this?" I interrupted, savagely enough. "Can you find no better work to do to-day than come here to twit me?"

If she had laughed in her tantalizing way I should have wanted to throw her into the creek, but she did not. Instead, she looked at me with a great seriousness and continued almost as though I had not spoken.

"After all," she said, following on with her thought, "there's nothing more sacred in all this world than when two who are made for each other meet so, —nor nothing more tragic than when two become bound together who never should have crossed the same threshold, and that happens sometimes too."

After that she seemed to become conscious of what I had said, for a smile passed over her face, and so great a tenderness came into her eyes as I have seldom seen.

"And why should I not come to you, machree," she said, using my mother's own term of endearment, "for, boy, take this from me, some day what I have said will come to pass. Some day you two will meet again in this place.—It is written," and she laughed lightly but not mockingly.

I was not sure that I wanted my heart-history thus discussed, and yet the woman fascinated me, so that I could not leave off.

"But how can that be, Meg?" I said. "Don't you know—"

"Yes, I know everything about Barry," she replied, quickly, "and I know, too, that one day she will come back to you in these woods."

"But how do you know?" I insisted. "Have you heard from her?"

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I haven't," she replied, bringing her air of levity back to her. "Can't you take me for the diviner that I may be, Alan?—Or would you if I wore my hat in a peak?"

After that she turned to me very suddenly, and began searching my face, evidently considering what she should say.

"Don't ask me how or why I know," she said, presently, "but let me tell you this, that Barry is discovering that her marriage was no true marriage. She is learning what I learned long ago, that it takes even more than a few words uttered by a parson to join two souls. She is learning that it takes more than a strange ceremony in a forest, as the dusk falls, to join two souls. She is learning that true marriage does not come of the infatuation of a day, or a month, or a year, yet, moreover, that there is a soul's union that transcends space, and time, and is unto Eternity itself. Those who are so united, know; no one can tell them.—And," breaking into a laugh that had something of bitterness in it, "—those who have not been so united, but have been bound together by a foolish attraction and the words of a parson, also know; no one can tell them. Of course the parson isn't to blame. But, Alan, Nature sometimes plays strange pranks with us mortals."

"And yet—" I began.

She caught me up. "I know," she said. "You want to tell me that the law is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.—Perhaps it is well that it is so. I don't pretend to arbitrate for such a mottled and tangled world.—But, Alan, I just want to leave this one word with you.—Wait. It's a sore word for hot-headed youth, I know.—But, wait. What is coming to you will come to you."

It seemed to me then that her insight was borne upon me. As in a flash of light it came to me that she knew whereof she spoke, and for a moment the forest drifted away from me to give way to a

land of dream. Then I came to myself again and saw her sitting there, very quietly. —Old Meg, with her brown face, and her blue-black hair, and her rusty black shawl lying on the green moss beside her.

"I just wanted to tell you this," she said, presently. "I have known your loneliness, Alan.—You are one of the world's constant ones, and few enough they are, and fewest of all among men.—Now," arising and taking up her stick and shawl, "I must go, machree, and I hope I've put a more golden edge on the sunlight for you this day."

In a burst of gratitude I took her brown hand and pressed the warmth of my heart into it.

"No, don't come," she said. "I don't want you. Sit down and go on with your writing."

—And so I watched her as she went off through the woods, still carrying her broad hat, with Blucher chivalrously trotting along at her side.—A strange weird woman,—one of the many who have come to this land bearing with them a history that will never be told.

And then I sat down and went over every word that she had said. What did she mean by "the strange ceremony in the forest as the dusk fell?" Did she speak, then, of Barry?—I can see nothing, understand nothing.

Nevertheless Old Meg has left me in a fever of anticipation and bewildered happiness. I must wait—but while hope shines I can wait. In the meantime I shall say nothing of all this—not even to my mother. The secret shall be between me and the mysterious lame woman who lives among her looms in the little house at the outermost fringe of the Corners.

CHAPTER XXXV. Startling Tidings.

Sept. 30th, 1838.

ONCE more I am sitting by the waterfall in the Golden Winged woods. Indeed the spot has come to be my sanctuary, so that it is not strange that I should bring my journal here to write in it.

Through the canopy of thick green of the mid-autumn, a bough reaches out, here and there, in flaming red, and beyond the rivulet there is a maple that has turned to pale gold. Closer to the floor of the forest the berries of the papoose root are becoming misted with blue, and the drops of the bittersweet are turned to coral.

But it is not of this I would write to-day, for the wonderful thing has happened for me.

It was when we were in the very thick of the harvest, when the wheat was standing heavy about my father and me, with just a few bays cut into it with the sickle.

"It's a fine crop," said my father, standing to whet his blade: "We must hurry with it for the oats are beginning to whiten."

"Yes, we mustn't lose an ear of it if we can avoid it," I said. "One can't trust to the weather these days; there were sun-dogs last night."

With that I stood up to straighten my back for a moment, and saw Tom Johnson making way to us, with his horse tied at the road. He had gone down to the Corners two or more hours since.

"It's a letter," he shouted, waving a bit of white above his head, and when he came near he tossed it to me and stopped to talk with father.

Carelessly I broke open the seal, not recognizing the handwriting of the address, then the throb of a great and joyous surprise, albeit mingled with anxiety, came to me.

The note was from none other than Jock's Elizabeth.

"Will you come as soon as you can to Toronto?" it said. "Barry is here, ill in bed."

Tom was already taking his departure, and I handed the note to my father.

"It's too bad I have to leave you just now," I said. "There's less help since the Rebellion."

"You'll not let that worry you," he replied. "The lassie's more ill than it says, I doubt, or Mistress McPherson wouldn't have sent for you.—Don't worry; I'll find someone from the Village to keep on with the harvest."—My father was game, as he always is.

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