

MANY brands of Baking Powder contain alum, which is an injurious acid. The ingredients of alum baking powder are never printed on the label.



Magic Baking Powder contains no alum and is the only baking powder made in Canada that has all the ingredients plainly printed on the label.

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



The DOMINION PIANO

80,000
in use



\$100 or
more saved

A PURE, SWEET TONE That Defies Both Time and Climate

is built solidly into Dominion Pianos by means of its patented metal arch plate frame. This exclusive betterment does away with the use of wooden posts that warp and shrink with time and heat and cold, and so cause the strings to lose their tone and sweetness. Everything about the "Dominion" is built to endure a whole long lifetime. Not only that but it comes to you on easy terms and at factory cost, as we do not include in our price the usual allowances for gift instruments to colleges and great artists for testimonials nor do we maintain expensive city ware-rooms. We give you all the savings.

Send Today for Catalogue and Particulars of
Our Direct-from-Factory Selling Plan

Pick out the instrument you want. We allow you easy terms and save you at least \$100 besides.

DOMINION ORGAN AND PIANO CO. LIMITED,
Makers of Pianos, Organs and Player-Pianos,
BOWMANVILLE, CANADA

GEORGE H. RIFE, Western Representative,
362 Sixth Street, BRANDON

WALL PLASTER

The best will not cost you any more than the inferior article or so-called substitutes.

Ask your dealer for the "Empire" Brands of Wood Fiber, Cement Wall and Finish Plasters—the highest grade wall plasters manufactured.

Shall we tell you something about "Empire" Plaster Board—the fire retardant.

Manitoba Gypsum Co. Limited
WINNIPEG, MAN.

brought this with me," he explained, "in case you required convincin'. It's a picture of your twin-brother Tom, taken in New York a while back. Ain't he as like you as two pins? Notice the fine Dook of Wellington's nose your mother brought into the family. We're proud of it an' it's a fine identification mark. It's got Tom into a sight of trouble though."

As I gazed on the portrait my hopes vanished. There was a coarseness about the features which I hoped was missing from my own, but the face on which I looked was the one that confronted me every morning in my shaving glass.

"Tom an' Teddy, twin-sons of William an' Jane Morgan, born at 5 Chapel Street, 'Oun'sditch. August 21st, 1863," said the old man recitatively. "You'll find 'em entered up in order at Somerset 'Ouse if you'd like to go with me in the mornin'."

"Very thin evidence indeed," I said as I handed him back the photograph. "I refuse to discuss the point any further. You will leave this house at once. Naturally I do not want the world to know how you have fooled me, and for that reason I shall not hand you over to the police. You may be thankful you get off so easily. Now put those things back on the sideboard, and be off."

He laughed.

"Teddy, my boy," he said. "You don't think we're goin' to part that way—me an' my long-lost boy. Why, you're the rich man of the family, an' Mr. John Jude of the Hemporium is goin' to sup-

past and a still more brilliant future in prospect, should be publicly charged with being the son of a notorious criminal was unbearable. Better far be blackmailed for £4 a week. £200 a year was a mere fleabite if it enabled me to hold up my head as before. Anyway, I must end this infamous interview.

"I agree," I said.

"I knew you would, Teddy," Bolland replied.

"But only on the condition that you and your son lead respectable lives in future, and never breathe a word of what you allege to a single soul," I continued. "If you figure in the criminal news, or a hint reaches me that you have spoken of your supposed relationship to me, your pensions cease."

"Right you are, Teddy," he replied. "We've sufficient family pride to back you up. I allus buys my high-class grocery an' my billy-cocks at Jude's Hemporium, an' I shall continny my patronage. Cash down over the counter, an' never a word about Berkeley Square. You'll let us have twelve months' pay in advance?"

"I will pay you quarterly," I replied. "I'll send you £50 in bank-notes to-morrow, and you can rely on the same each quarter."

"Don't you forget it, Teddy," said Bolland. "If that fifty quid don't come on Thursday there'll be a national sensation in the papers. Night night, sonny. Too proud to shake 'ands, are ye? Blowed if you don't think you're a dook after all."



Collie Puppies

port us, which is me an' your brother Tom, who's jest broke his leg for you an' risked his life in the Australian Bush." Here he stopped to snigger. Then he went on "Tom writes from Melbourne he's much obliged for the pleasant trip you've given him. His leg 'as mended nicely, an' he thinks of startin' life afresh as a squatter or a bush-ranger, n' he sends his love an' dooty, an' says that livin's expensive in Australia." Then the old man leaned forward and said menacingly, "It's two quid a week for life you're goin' to give us apiece, Teddy. If not, ring the bell, an' have me arrested. I shan't move for less. You can choose for yourself."

Was there ever such a situation in the world? A man to be blackmailed by his depraved father on behalf of himself and an equally depraved brother, for that they were really my father and my brother I could scarcely doubt. The obvious security in which the old ruffian felt himself was evidence enough. Once I remember the idea of my father being a member of the criminal class had crossed my mind, but I had promptly suppressed it. And now I learnt that my father was a burglar, and that at the age of twelve I, myself, was assisting at a burglary, as I had probably assisted at others. Happily all memory of this had disappeared with the concussion of my brain, but now I had been told of it in a particularly hideous fashion.

"Which is it to be, Teddy?" said Bolland. "Two quid a week apiece for both of us for life, or public exposure?"

He had calculated his words well. The thought that I, John Jude, proprietor of Jude's Emporium, one of the captains of industry of the country, with a brilliant

He empties the bag on the table, replaced the things on the side-board, and then got out of the window. I watched him as in a dream. Then I went upstairs to bed, but not to sleep.

Mary comes back to-morrow. Perhaps it is as well that she takes all the credit for that advertisement.

In Favor of Silence.

"Farmer Giles," said the Suffragette, sweetly, "won't you sign our petition?" The old man eyed the document suspiciously, and asked, after a while, "What is it for?"

The lady, noticing his look of semi-hostility, dared not say that it was in favor of female suffrage, so she replied, after some hesitation, "Oh, it's an address in favor of the women's movement!"

"Then I'm agin it!" answered Farmer Giles, with a firmness that suggested some domestic infelicity. "A woman who's allus a-movin' is allus a-gettin' into trouble! If you've got anything to keep her still, though," he added, "I'll sign it an' welcome!"

Impurities of the Blood Counteracted.—Impurities in the blood come from defects in the action of the liver. They are revealed by pimples and unsightly blotches on the skin. They must be treated inwardly, and for this purpose there is no more effective compound to be used than Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They act directly on the liver and by setting up healthy processes have a beneficial effect upon the blood, so that impurities are eliminated.