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CONTAINS NO ALUM

It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

The perfect leavening qualities of "Magic" combined with its purity and wholesomeness make it the ideal baking powder.

The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.



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

A Terrible Disclosure;

What Fools Men Are!

CHAPTER XV.

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-lit 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 due cause. If he had no heart, why should he be so per-

petually 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, Lela Temple's tear-stained face and anguished eyes continue to 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 hearts he began to fear that he loved 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 him, 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 were 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 Lela, 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 him.

But though Lord Edgar did not come, the marquis heard of him; the sporting columns of the newspapers were full of him, and he had the satisfaction of reading each morning an account of the condition of the horse Assassin, which Lord Edgar was to ride in the Gentlemen's race at Badmore. The papers went into the full-est particulars, not confined to the horse, but extending to Lord Edgar himself. They wrote—newspapers nowadays are not respecters of persons by any means—that Lord Edgar was considered to be in splendid condition, that his well-known courage and nerve, which had been tested and proved before this, were still in his possession, and that if Assassin could be managed Lord Edgar was the man to manage it.

Every morning the marquis turned to the sporting news, and read that carefully before he looked at the other parts of the paper. He read a full description of the horse, in which the writers dilated, with evident gusto, upon its evil temper and irritability, and hinted pretty plainly that whoever rode him, be it Lord Edgar or any one else, rode with his life in his hands, and was as likely to lose as to keep it.

Often the marquis dropped the newspaper with a smothered curse. Was it for this that he had prevented Lord Edgar's marriage with Temple's granddaughter—that he should lose his life, break his neck on a race course?

When he reflected that if anything happened to Edgar, the man he hated, Clifford Revel, would be the next marquis, he grew white-hot and mad with rage.

Why did he not write to Lord Edgar, and beg or command him not to ride?

Simply, because he knew that it would be useless, that, having given his word to ride this evil-tempered beast, Lord Edgar would keep that word, though the gallop would carry him to the grave.

This morning he sat with the Times upon his knee, and one or two other morning papers at his feet, pondering and thinking.

"He will be killed," he murmured; "I feel it—I have a feeling of certainty that he will be killed—he, the last of the Farintoshes, and that whited sepulcher, Clifford Revel, will reign here in his stead. And I, with my worldly wisdom, have brought this to pass! Had I allowed him to marry that pretty little child there would have been a son and heir on the way by this time, and I should have died, if not happy, at least contented. Heaven, what fools men are!"

Then he took up the Times, and read the sporting news through again. It was full of Lord Edgar; for the hundredth time the writer pointed out that if Assassin could be induced to start in a good temper, and could be kept in an amiable frame of mind to the end of the race, that it must win; but that if anything occurred to arouse its evil temper, not only would the race be lost, but its rider would be placed in serious jeopardy. It was pleasant reading for a father; it saddened the marquis with a dull, heavy kind of madness.

"To break his neck on a race course—the last of the Fanes!" he muttered. "And he will do it—I feel it!"

With a smothered oath, he folded the Times and put it on the table. As he did so a sudden resolution was formed in his mind.

All the world—that is, all those favored individuals who think they are the world—intended being at Badmore—why should he not go?

No doubt a great number would go in the hope of snatching a pleasing excitement in witnessing the accident which the sporting world predicted to Lord Edgar; why should he not be there?

Badmore was only an hour's drive, an hour and a half at the most, from Fane Abbey. Why should he not go? He thought a moment, and then rang the bell.

Mr. Palmer entered noiselessly, and with an anxious glance at the papers lying around the chair; for lately the marquis's temper had been more violent than ever.

"What horses are there in the stables?" asked the marquis, shortly.

Mr. Palmer was silent for a moment, and that was all the time the marquis gave him.

"You do not know—you know nothing! You are a monument of stupid ignorance! Be good enough to find out and bring me word."

Mr. Palmer retreated, and was absent half an hour, then returned and made his report.

"Fourteen!" echoed the marquis, not angrily, but with faint surprise.

"Yes, my lord. It's a good many, but some of them are Lord Edgar's. I'll tell them to send them to town, if your lordship wishes it," he added, not having forgotten Lord Edgar's grip on his shoulder.

"You will tell them to—said the marquis, with a terrible frown, and in a voice which made Mr. Palmer tremble. "You will do nothing of the sort, sir! On the contrary, you will take this message to the groom of the stables—that he is to receive any number of horses my Lord Edgar chooses to send down, and that if the stables will not hold them, he is to consult with the architect and build others to receive them."

"Yes, my lord," assented Mr. Palmer, wondering what had happened to work this change in his master's mood.

"At the same time it would be well if you succeeded in realizing the fact that my Lord Edgar will be master here presently, and that if you wish to retain your situation and a whole skin on your body, you will study his wishes and interests!"

"Yes, my lord," murmured Mr. Palmer, humbly.

"Good. Go then and give orders that I shall want four horses to take me to the Badmore races."

(To be Continued.)



Public Notice

I am directed by His Excellency the Governor in Council to issue the following notice under Authority of Minute in Council passed 28th February, 1918.

Augmentation of the Pay of Royal Naval Reservists Newfoundland.

The Government of Newfoundland have decided to augment the pay of Newfoundland Royal Naval Reservists so as to place them on the same footing as men of the Newfoundland Regiment.

Under the provision of the War Measure Act, authority is given to the Minister of Militia to deal with the matter of augmentation of pay of the Royal Naval Reservists, Nfld., in consultation with the Senior Naval Officer, St. John's.

It is ordered that a sum of 33c. per day be placed to the credit of each Naval Reservist from the time of commencement of the war, in cases where men were then serving, or otherwise, from the time when their services began up to the time of discharge, or of death, or to the 30th of September, 1917, inclusive.

As the rate of pay of Naval Reservists was increased from October 1st, 1917, and as the difference between the amount they receive and that allowed the members of The Royal Newfoundland Regiment is 17c. per day, this difference will also be credited them from that date.

The foregoing amounts will not in any case be made a payment from Admiralty sources. The Minister of Militia, St. John's, Nfld., is solely responsible for the issue of any sums due.

Newfoundland Royal Naval Reserve men serving in any of H. M. Ships, including all members of the Trawler Reserve and those in Defensively Armed Merchant Ships etc., are eligible for the pay as set forth, and should be informed of the following alternatives as regards the method of payment:—

(a) Payment will be made on personal application to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(b) Payment will be made to the nominee of any Reserve man, on written application duly witnessed, to the Minister of Militia, St. John's.

(c) Sums due will be placed to the credit of Reserve men who do not desire to avail themselves of the foregoing and can be drawn by them at the expiration of their service.

The following form is to be compiled and forwarded direct to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, Newfoundland, at the earliest possible date:—

NAME AND OFFICIAL NO.	WHAT IS DESIRED DISPOSAL OF AMOUNT DUE UNDER ORDER 1, 2, or 3. (IN CASE OF 2, FULL NAME AND ADDRESS MUST BE GIVEN.)	SIGNATURE AUTHORIZING DISPOSAL.

All communications of any description with regard to these payments are to be made to the Minister of Militia, St. John's, direct.

Payment will commence on 1st May, 1918.

In cases where members of the Royal Naval Reserve (Newfoundland) have been killed in action or died of wounds or sickness, or through any other cause, the amount due as Augmentation Pay will go to the Estate of the deceased. The authority to obtain the Estate of the deceased is, in case of a Will, Letters of Probate; and in case there is not a Will, Letters of Administration. Such letters are issued by the Supreme Court of Newfoundland on the Petition and Proofs of Executor of the Will, or the next of kin. If the Estate does not exceed \$500.00, after the proof of the facts has been obtained the petition can be applied for by the Minister of Justice.

With reference to the foregoing, it is suggested that the next of kin of Reservists who are now serving should communicate with them and request them to send their instructions to the Militia Department. No action can be taken until such instructions are received.

Next of kin of deceased Reservists will be communicated with in due course when their claims have been proved.

J. R. BENNETT,
Minister of Militia.



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is the protection that good paint guarantees. Fire Insurance does not prevent fire—it only partly reimburses you for loss sustained, should fire destroy your property.

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On the other hand, the use of good paint actually prevents a loss from decay which is not just a possibility, but an absolute certainty. The destructive effects of weather, upon buildings that lack proper paint protection, go on every second of the day and night.

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