

MAGIC BAKING POWDER
E.W. GILLETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

Grand Alliance;
OR
Love That Knew No Bounds.
CHAPTER IX.

Done, but not by any means done with!

Curious is it that now and then in one's history a certain hour stands forth distinct, as gleaming crystal on some common earthy track, and in it lie the germs of likings, loves, or plans that are to guide us for good or ill to ends as yet undreamed of. But Lady Comyngham's "at home" was ordained to be one of these bright particular spots, little as such was suspected by Richard Drayton, who returned to St. Clair's rectory prodigiously amused by this first renewal of English society; by Mary Dacie, who, apart from enjoyment of the pretty sight, was no sorry to get away from a crowd where she had felt herself a veritable Jenny Wren; by Sydney, though an undertone of presage ran through that constantly recurring "hopeless and helpless!" or last, not least, by Mrs. Alwyn, who left Oakleigh Place most opportunely supplied with fresh means of attachment to the family with whom she so keenly desired an alliance.

It was the morning after the fact. To her surprise Sydney found herself alone at the breakfast table. "Miss Leonora had a headache," Phillip said, "a tray was to be sent up to her and mistress in the boudoir." So the tray was duly dispatched, and Sydney unceremoniously made her own meal by the open window, with no voice about her save those of feathered songsters.

But, while the fleecy cloudlet speeding over the blue sky, she speculated on questions insolvable as the great mysteries of an ever vanishing by and by; minutes were fleeting. Phillip came in, saying "Please, if Miss Sydney had finished would she go upstairs, her mamma wanted her;" and hastily finishing her cold coffee, she obeyed the summons.

It was a small south-east room which Mrs. Alwyn had honored by selection for her boudoir; one of the quaintest, quite the prettiest, in the whole old-fashioned house. Part of it, with a deep bay-window, was over the porch. Another window looked over the rich swaying crops of the Suffolk acres to the billowy green of Oakleigh Woods beyond. Each way the view was charming, and all with in matched everything without.

On the walls hung a few choice paintings, oval-framed, small but

excellent; on the China-tiled hearth stood a great pink flowering oleander, that reached its rose-like blossoms up to the satin draperies of the mantle-piece above. There rested a dainty time-piece, with a Puck-faced Cupid swinging for a pendulum, and over the glass which shaded this smiling love-god at his labor a shepherd and shepherdess in purest Dresden politely offered to each other fruits and garlands. There were Sevres cups, too, and choice bits of Benares brass upon the shelf; mirrors, whose deep-cut edges gleamed and scintillated like gems in the morning light, with flowers cunningly arranged to admire their beautiful selves therein; a soft square of deepest crimson Axminster on the polished floor; a rug of restless rich-tinted ostrich feathers in the bay, just meeting one small couch, which, with three most languor-begetting easy chairs, formed the only seats the small apartment could well contain. There was no article, no ornament, which was not choice of its kind, for the entire establishment, as Mrs. Alwyn was fully aware, owed much of its prestige to this boudoir of hers, a feminine sanctum, as entirely different from the slipper-betworn dressing-rooms of well-to-do halls and manors round about it was from the stiff, much "antimacassered" state of the ordinary rural drawing-room.

To this elegant and inner privacy of the Dale most of its mistress's circle had on one pretext or another been introduced, and had gone away more or less impressed with the importance of a lady who counted such a room among her daily needs. Here this morning, some visitor was evidently expected, for Leonora, not in the usual cambric wrapper of her first uprising, but in a long dressing gown of blue cashmere and ecru trimmings, was lying, carefully posed like some lazy young queen, upon the sofa; her mother, in an admirable, careful morning toilet of claret silk and serge, was putting some finishing sprays of acacia in the wall baskets; and on the octagon table light and ebony, the breakfast equipage was replaced by sundry cedar-boxes containing coil after coil of lace.

Often as Sydney had entered the room at the same hour, it struck her now—in contrast, perchance, to her

Antikanna Tablets
For Headache, Neuralgia, La Grippe, Rheumatism, Nerve Pain.
ASK FOR A.K. TABLETS
P. S.—Our A.K. Sales for Skin Troubles

late fit of musing—with a sense of it abundant luxuriant ease, and with her foot upon the threshold she stopped, saying, frankly, "Mamma, how pretty! Your bouloir grows always nicer and nicer!" "If you hold the door open and let the wind blow half the bracket down, Sydney, I fear it will not improve very fast," returned Mrs. Alwyn, never ready to be pleased by Sydney, even with a compliment. "But now," mollifying as her daughter, promptly amending the momentary neglect, came forward, appreciation in each glance hither and thither, "I want you, my dear, to help me with something for a few minutes, if you are not too much engaged."

Sydney blushed furiously. Oh could her mother only have let old wounds heal, how much more easily they could have jogged on together!

"I am free enough to do anything you want till noon," she said, "and after then, if you will only say you want me, mamma."

"Which I shall not, thank you. All you have to do now is just to look through that box of lace. Carefully, please. The more valuable, the more fragile it is. I want some Mechlin which I am certain is there somewhere—Leonora thinks in the square box. She would have hunted it up; but the sun made her eyes ache yesterday, so she is better resting."

"Poor Norah!" commiserated Sydney, smiling sympathetically at her sister, who, for all her malady, looked very well at ease in her becoming dishabille; "I'll do it instead of her,

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that discharge or otherwise, perhaps surrounded with inflammation and swelling, that when you press your finger on the inflamed part it leaves a purple mark under the skin you which defies all the best medical treatment. Perhaps the joints are swollen, the skin may be discolored, or there may be wounds which are allowed to fester. You may have been told your case is hopeless, or that you must be amputated. Don't say so, but I will send to the Drug Stores for a Box of

GRASSHOPPER

ointment and pills, which is a certain cure for Bad Legs, Poisoned Hands, Ulcerated Joints, Hemorrhoids, Knees, Carbuncles, Sores and Insect Bites, &c. &c. English Price, 1/6 and 2/6 each. See Trade Mark of a Grasshopper on Green Label. Prepared by ALBER, 71, Liberty Street, London, England.

but I don't know half so much about lace as she does, I'm not very positive about Mechlin."

"Then take this for your guide," and Mrs. Alwyn spread on the black table a splendid handkerchief; "but the piece I want is not nearly so deep as this. Still, I fancy Lady Avena Massey is not furnished with too much even of that, if one may judge by her chagrin yesterday."

"Lady Avena! Why, what has she to do with it, mamma?" cried Sydney searching diligently among pieces of all lengths and breadths, from "baby" Valenciennes to Brussels point; duchess might have envied.

"Only what you would have heard if you had not hurried off from the dinner-table last evening to go and gather strawberries for those Dacies!" ("It rained in the night, though, mamma, as I expected, and the fruit would have all been spoiled," apologized Sydney.) "Merely that Lady Avena was rising from her chair where she had been talking most agreeably with me, and a wretched clumsy young woman's sunshade on the other side caught the lace on the beautiful little fichu (one her mother gave her, I've no doubt), and not only tore but absolutely jagged it off fully a yard. Poor Lady Avena looked so vexed, and the young woman all but cried. Of course, Lady Avena got round in a minute, and declared it was no consequence; but, as she said ruefully to me as she and I walked away, 'We know that old Mechlin is not to be had every day, do we not, Mrs. Alwyn?' So then of course made haste to tell her I had absolute plenty of it, and I believed exactly the same pattern, and she must permit me the great pleasure of repairing this damage. She wouldn't hear of it at first, not till she saw I should be hurt at refusal, then she yielded and her maid brings the torn piece this morning for us to match; Lady Avena would have come herself, but she leaves to-day."

Here was the mainspring, then, of her mother's great complacency this morning—here the cause of the projected audience in the boudoir. No being admitted to her mother's confidence, Sydney could only dimly suspect the cause of her great anxiety to promote their intimacy with the Comynghams, but she could easily see how this courtesy—this really valuable gift—could be made helpful to such an end. Whether the garments were worth the candle was not for her to calculate. Upon herself she seemed to have more direct bearing than the temporarily pleasant one of putting Mrs. Alwyn in excellent humor—a mood she further promoted by genuine, if indiscriminate, praise of the beautiful fabrics she was fingering.

Then, ensconcing herself in the yielding depths of the very easiest chair, she mounted her eyeglasses, cast a rapid and thoroughly satisfied glance around, saw that the coming scene was "mounted" to perfection, and hastened to be rid of just one figure which she intuitively felt might prove embarrassing.

(To be Continued.)

"How lovely this Valenciennes is, mamma! It looks so innocent with the lovely little dots all over it. It's as fine as cobwebs. I should be almost afraid to wear it. I like it better than this," unfolding a superb stretch of different make. "This is not Mechlin, is it?"

"No—gentle, child—it is Alencon point. I don't imagine the countess herself could match it. Be careful!"

"It is so tender, mamma; I had best put that which we don't want straight back into the boxes, had I not?" questioned Sydney, prudently anxious to put these treasures safe out of reach of pins and buttons; but—

"No; just lay them across that chair," her mother answered. "I can replace them afterward. If we are not quick the maid will be here before we are ready."

So squares and flounces, collars and kerchiefs, were spread in fine array over the satin cushions. A filmy heap of Mechlin was collected, the pieces likeliest to match laid aside on Leonora's dark robe; and—

"What a quantity!" cried Sydney. "I never saw it all out before. Why, mamma, it must be worth tens or scores of pounds."

"If you said hundreds," returned her mother, suavely, "you would be more correct. Lace was a weakness of mine when I could afford to have weaknesses, Sydney, which, however, is not since you can remember. There are relics of times when I was not doomed to think twice over every pound I spent."

This was a dangerous reminiscence. Sydney became confusedly silent. Her mother sighed. The moment's retrospect pained both, though differently. A tap at the door was welcomed with relief, and Phillips entering to announce that Lady Avena Massey's maid was below with a note, drove the impending gloom from her mistress's countenance.

With her blandest aspect to the fore again,

"She may come up here," said Mrs. Alwyn.

Then, ensconcing herself in the yielding depths of the very easiest chair, she mounted her eyeglasses,

cast a rapid and thoroughly satisfied glance around, saw that the coming scene was "mounted" to perfection,

and hastened to be rid of just one figure which she intuitively felt might prove embarrassing.

(To be Continued.)

Then, ensconcing herself in the yielding depths of the very easiest chair, she mounted her eyeglasses,

cast a rapid and thoroughly satisfied glance around, saw that the coming scene was "mounted" to perfection,

and hastened to be rid of just one figure which she intuitively felt might prove embarrassing.

(To be Continued.)

Luzell's MASSATTA

A NEW AND TOTALLY DIFFERENT TALCUM POWDER

Not only softer, smoother, more satisfying than any other, but distinguished by the "True Oriental Odor," a fragrance inimitable in its subtlety and charm.

In addition to Massatta, we carry a complete line of Luzell's Famous Specialties, including the most exquisite Perfumes, delightful Toilet Waters, superlative Creams, and Powders of unquestionable excellence.

At all Drugists, St. John's, N.B.

Boys and Girls, for 25c.

You can get your choice of over one thousand volumes of the best stories ever written, and we have five hundred more of them coming next week. All good wholesome clean stories. All the Tom Swift Series. All the New Alger Series. All the Rover Boy Series. All the Motion Picture Series. All the Outdoor Chums Series. All the Bobsey Twin Series. All the Columbia High School Series. All the L. T. Meade Series.

We have never seen so many good juvenile stories on our shelves before; they represent the pick of the American publication.

They make a splendid line for a Sunday School Library. Special prices in quantity.

Boys and Girls, why not start a library of your own now. Come, get your parents to come and see the wonderful range of juveniles we are showing at 25c. per book.

DICKS & COMPANY, Limited

WINNERS' LITERATURE CUBES CAN BE SEEN AT OUR STORE.

IF YOU WANT INSURANCE

Insure with the **CALEDONIAN INSURANCE COMPANY**

(The Oldest Scottish Fire Office).

J. A. CLIFT, Agent.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

9367. — A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.

Ladies' House or Home Dress. Dainty and serviceable is this model. The revers and band trimming, together with the cuffs and belt are of contrasting material. The skirt is a five gore model. Dotted percale was used to make this simple design. The Pattern, suitable for any of this season's dress fabrics, is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 45 inch material for a 36 inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9434. — A PRACTICAL MODEL FOR A PETTICOAT.

Ladies' One Piece Gored Petticoat, with Straight Lower Edge, in Raised or Normal Waistline. Suitable for founcing, for flannel, flannellette, silk, cambric, nainsook, crossbar muslin or crepe. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for an edium size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

9434

Matting Time

is now here and in full swing in many homes, but if you have not yet started, or if you wish another Pretty Stamped Mat, it will certainly please us to be able to show you our large range of sizes and patterns.

We are also showing a large assortment of Matting Pieces in 5c. and 10c. bundles, and also by the pound.

We also have a very large stock of Dyes on hand, and can supply you with any color you desire.

Give us a call and let us show you our goods.

G. T. HUDSON,
367 and 148 Duckworth Streets
Where Goods and Prices are both right.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Ltd. Grocery.

Phone—332. Phone—332.

ENGLISH MEATS AND SOUPS,
In 1 and 2 lb. tins.
Heinz Tomato, Cream of Celery and Green Pea Soups, Soup Squares.

VEGETABLES in Tins.
Carrots, Parsnips, Turnips, Beet, Asparagus, Corn, Early June Peas, Tomatoes, String Beans. In Glass: Maccodones, Mushrooms, Haricot Verts, Petit Pois.

BUTTER.
Irish in 25lb. boxes. New Zealand in 28 lb. boxes. Enniskean in 1 lb. slabs. Sussex in 2 lb. slabs.

MOIR CAKES.
Sultana, Plain, Pound, Bourville Chocolate Biscuits, Manbu Diabetic Biscuits. APPLE BUTTER (Jars), 45c. Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate. Makes a cup of Chocolate instantly.

California Pears, California Oranges, Grape Fruit, Grapes, Table Apples, Tomatoes, Pineapple.

FRESH EGGS.
Gorgonzola Cheese, Real Irish Ham, English Bacon, English Cheddar Cheese.

Just to Remind You

that if you are trying to make the old OVERCOAT do for the winter, you may have a long time of it yet. Why not try a

"MAUNDER MAKE?"

We can show you something snappy in Overcating and Suitings and can give style with ease and comfort.

John Maunder
TAILOR AND CLOTHIER
St. JOHN'S, N.F.

YOU MUST NOT THINK

this illustrates the style of our New Spring Hats. It's a back number, but if it will serve to draw your attention to the fact that we are offering Special Value in

Mill Ends of Fine Nainsook,

36 inches wide, Price 10 cents, worth in ordinary way 15 to 22c. yard, it will have done you a good turn; and if you allow good judgment to guide you, our Mill Ends will soon be all sold.

Dear Madam

Robert Templeton

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note, or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

DRY SACK Sherry
From Spain's richest Wine Province. Matured in wood for over fifteen years — most stimulating and nourishing of all the products of the vine.
In bottles only — of all good dealers.
D. O. ROBLIN, Canadian Agent, Toronto.
JOHN JACKSON, Resident Agent.