

**AVOID ALUM  
IN FOOD**

**Baking Powder is one of the most important food ingredients. Alum or other injurious acids are frequently used by some concerns to lower the cost of production.**

**MAGIC  
BAKING POWDER**  
Contains No Alum

**It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed to be the best, purest and most healthful baking powder possible to produce.**

**W. Matthew Williams, in "Chemistry of Cooking," says: "Phosphates are the bone-making material of food and have something to do with building up of brain and nervous matter."**

**Made in Canada.**

## "Love in the Wilds"

—OR—  
The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER XXVI  
THE HOME OF WEALTH.

She walks in beauty like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes.—  
BYRON.

Carnarvon House was one blaze of light. The windows were like so many stipes to a lantern, all startlingly, dazzlingly brilliant against the dark sky and dun trees of Hyde Park.

It was eleven o'clock, and the crackle of the fire was performing at the Countess's that evening had commenced Mozart's Sixth as Reginald Dartmouth entered the first saloon.

He was alone. Sir Charles, having waited at his chambers for him two hours beyond the appointed time, then started without him, concluding that the languid captain had not felt in the cue for the soiree, or else that something had happened to prevent his coming.

As Reginald Dartmouth paced slowly up the stairs he had leisure to note the wealth of costly Turkish tapestries that lined the marble steps and the above-price statuettes which gleamed from the rose-tinted niches of the frescoed corridor.

Priceless exotics were grouped at every available corner, which added their perfume to the subtle scent that pervaded the atmosphere.

Reception saloons opened out from the right, glistening with crimson satin and gold, black ebony and silver, and lighted up by carefully shaded, soft-tinted lights, cunningly up and arranged among groups of delicate statuary—the masterpiece of the dead and gone Roman sculptors, Brasini, Flator, and Perroni.

On the left of the softly-lighted corridor hung a wealth of pictures, old and new—here a Rubens, red and glowing; there a stately Van Dyck, and farther on a Carlo Dolci, soft, melting and ethereal.

With a keen glance of his quick eyes, Captain Dartmouth took in these evidences of extraordinary wealth and smiled.

"Princely, indeed, must be the Countess Vitzarelli's fortune," he muttered.

Then he passed through the arched entrance, draped with lace and hangings of crimson and gold, into the brilliantly-lighted saloon.

It was crowded, and Reginald Dartmouth saw that the crowd consisted of the best and choicest of the upper tier.

Here was the Duke of Tynsel, there the Marquis of Clifden, and, talking with a pleasant voice to the beautiful hostess, the Prince of Flamingo, covered with orders, that sparkled upon his breast as the dew glistens on the morning blue-bells.

Reginald Dartmouth was a well-known man, and nods and becks and smiles welcomed his tall, lithe figure as he made his way to the countess.

The prince walked away as he came up, and Madam Campani, to whom the countess was speaking, said, loud enough for him to hear:

"Captain Dartmouth approaches, Lucille."

Then she turned and held out her hand.

"It is good of you," she murmured, musically. "I had given you up. Sir Charles assured me that you were detained. I felt disappointed, for I like to count upon my friends."

Reginald Dartmouth inclined his head.

## Making Better Cakes

There is nothing better for making cakes than Freeman's Egg Powder, which is not merely a substitute for eggs but actually an improvement upon them—being lighter and more digestible. It is also much more economical in use than are eggs.

**Freeman's Egg Powder,**  
One of Freeman's English Foods.

"The Countess Vitzarelli may always count on me as her most devoted slave."

"Slave!" repeated the beautiful woman. "We have no slaves now, Signor Captain, or if there be slaves it is we—the women."

"Then to what depth must we descend as we, perforce, must be so infinitely the lower?" he replied, with his rare smile. "If you are slaves we—"

"Are the chains that bind us!" she put in, with a low ripple of laughter. "Come, Captain Dartmouth, I will not argue—in mercy—for I never knew man or woman that could match me for perversity or stubbornness. What say you, madam?"

"That I agree with you, Lucille, and advise Captain Dartmouth to take the warning," was the response.

"It comes as a command," said Reginald, "and I obey. If the countess should be pleased to say the moon's the sun I'll move to its shadow and grumble at its heat."

The countess laughed.

"Come, sir, that is slavery indeed," she said; "most abject and complete. I will not be so exacting. You shall keep your moon cold and irreproachable. And now give me your escort to the balcony, if you will. I have promised to decide between two chess-players who have thrown the responsibility of a judgment on my shoulders, for the best of all reasons: that I know nothing at all about the rules of the game."

"Then the judgment will go as usual, for most decisions are fixed and given on the same delicious principle. Allow me!"

And with the beautiful countess on his arm he made his way to the chess-players.

Leaving her at the table, where she was immediately surrounded by an eager crowd of courtiers, Reginald Dartmouth went in search of Sir Charles Anderson.

He found him seated in a recess talking with a little, white-haired old gentleman with a decided Roman cast of face and two restless gray eyes that flashed here, there, and everywhere, settling, with a questioning gaze, upon the captain's face.

"Hello!" said Sir Charles; "here you are at last! I gave you up. Count, allow me to introduce you. Captain Dartmouth, Count Vitzarelli."

Reginald Dartmouth scanned the wrinkled face beneath his brows. There was not the slightest resemblance to the beautiful countess. Could he be her father?

They got into conversation. The old count was a republican, bound heart and soul to his dear "Italia."

He commenced talking politics immediately, and Captain Dartmouth, much to Sir Charles's astonishment, listened attentively, carrying on the discussion with energy and displaying a slumbering volcano. Presently there lit.

The young baronet, lounging against one of the carved pillars of the recess, was filled with wonder, and with a sigh concluded that his friend, Captain Reginald Dartmouth, was one of those individuals no fellow could understand.

"Who'd have thought Regy would have known, much less cared, anything for this sort of thing?" he muttered, as the captain said, with emphatic distinctness, in reply to an observation of the old count's: "Italy is reposing on the crater of a slumbering volcano. Presently there will come the explosion, and in the flame and fire the coming man will be revealed."

The republican count was delighted.

"Sir," he exclaimed, "you speak the sentiments and belief of my own heart."

And he held out his long, thin hand, which Reginald Dartmouth pressed with respectful eagerness.

The next moment the prince came up, and the count, stopping to express a sincere wish that he might meet with "Capitaine Dartmouth" again, went off on his highness's arm.

Sir Charles threw himself down on the seat with a comical groan.

"Heavens, Dartmouth, you are as good as a play! One continual surprise! By Jove, you talked like an Italian politician. Surprised me and the old boy, too!"

"To command the surprise of the first is not a difficult task," retorted Reginald Dartmouth, with the sarcastic inflection of his voice that made men's hearts writhe and grow hot.



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of many kinds quickly remedied with  
**DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT**  
The best all-round liniment for the stable as well as for household use. Cures thrush, bruis, STOPS BLEEDING INSTANTLY AND PREVENTS BLOOD POISONING. Keep it handy.

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Sir Charles's face flushed, but he only said:

"You're not in good temper, old fellow, although you made an easy conquest of the count. Come, let us have a hand at cards; Dalton and some of the other fellows are at it in one of the card-rooms."

"I am with you with all my heart," said the captain, and arm in arm the two made their way to the card-room, a small saloon tapestried with purple velvet and furnished in buhl and or-molu.

It was well into the small hours before they rose. The captain had had bad luck—some said he had shown bad play, throwing chances away with a careless indifference that was strange in him.

Perhaps his thoughts were not confined to the cards. In any case, it was with a wearied and bored look that he rose and, still accompanied by Sir Charles, returned to the principal saloon.

It was nearly empty, only half a dozen or so remaining chatting in corners.

As they were descending the stairs Sir Charles pulled up short.

"By Jove, Dartmouth," he exclaimed, looking annoyed, "I forgot to give you a card. Look here; you go on and I'll run back and find him. Confoundedly stupid of me! I will not be a minute. Meet you at the other door."

He had gone before Reginald Dartmouth could remind him that he was a stranger to the place and did not know where to find the other door.

And the captain, with a shrug of contempt at the baronet's forgetfulness, sauntered slowly down the board staircase.

His mind was hard at work as he trod the marble hall, and he was wondering what nameless charm the Countess Vitzarelli possessed which kept her face and form, her smile and liquid voice haunting his mind and heart.

He had seen many beautiful women—some more beautiful than she—but none had possessed the power to hold his thoughts in bondage as this woman—this countess had done.

"Which and where is the other entrance?" he asked of one of the officials, a footman, decked out in the most resplendent of liveries and blissing with gold lace and plush.

(To be Continued.)

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That Lydia E. Pinkham's  
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Me a Well Woman.

Los Angeles, Cal.—"I suffered with female troubles for years, was sick most of the time, was not able to do my own housework, and I could not get help from doctors. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the newspapers, and took six bottles, and am a well woman. You can use my name to tell the world the good your medicine has done me as I shall praise it always."—Mrs. A. L. DeVane, 647 St. Paul Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Women who suffer from any form of weakness, as indicated by displacement, indigestion, ulceration, irregularities, backache, headaches, nervousness or "the blues," should do as Mrs. DeVane did, and give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a thorough trial.

For over forty years this famous remedy, which contains the curative, strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, has been correcting just such ailments. If you have mysterious complications write for advice to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

## Fashion Plates.

A BECOMING FROCK FOR SCHOOL OR PLAY.



Pattern 3154 is here shown. It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years. Size 6 will require 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. As here illustrated, striped seersucker and chambray were used. Serge and plaid suiting would be a good combination. Silk, velvet, linen, voile and other lingerie materials also, are suitable for this style. Braid, veining, stitching or embroidery, forms a suitable trimming.

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

## A SIMPLE STYLE.



Pattern 3150, cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8, and 10 years, is here illustrated. Pongee in a natural shade with embroidery in bright colors; gingham, lawn, voile, poplin, repp and challie are good for this model. An 8 year size will require 3 3/4 yards of 27 inch material.

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No. ....

Size .....

Address in full: .....

Name .....

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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The values speak for themselves, but you must see the styles to fully appreciate them. We show:—

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Ladies of Fashion should be "in the Pink." Pink Lingerie is being worn very extensively this year. Our buying of Lingerie includes some very dainty styles

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Black and Navy Serge Skirts @ \$9.50, \$10.80 and \$12.90 each

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Fancy Plaid and Check Silk Skirts at various prices.

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Many other makes and styles in Skirts also on show.

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One very special lot, worth \$40.00, only \$28.00 each.

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