MAGIC BAKING POWDER

enjoys the largest sale in Canada simply because housewives have found out that it is always reliable. It contains no alum or adulterants of any kind.

Made in Canada

E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO
Winnipeg Montreal

THE PANGS OF REMORSE
— OR —
A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER XVII.

She rang the bell, troubled and perplexed.

Miss Lucas entered, placid and serene. She stopped near the door with an expression of concern.

"Your ladyship has left the fire out."

Lady Melville looked at her keenly.

"Has no one been in the room for the last hour or two?"

"I should think not, my lady, or the fire would have been seen to. Have you been asleep, my lady?"

The tone was so carelessly respectful and so natural that the bewildered woman put her hand to her head.

Miss Lucas looked sympathetic.

"Your head aches, my lady. I will get you the salts and send Mary to light the fire."

Lady Melville sank on the sofa.

"Stay," she said, hesitatingly. "Where have you been this afternoon?"

"In my room, my lady," was the careless reply. "I was on my way downstairs, passing the door, when you rang. I have been writing," she added, and just extended her hand slightly, in which were two letters.

"Your room overlooks the shrubbery?" said Lady Melville.

"Yes," said Miss Lucas.

"Did you see anyone walking in it?"

"No," said Miss Lucas; "no one. Does your ladyship suspect that there is anyone about—any thief?"

"No," said Lady Melville, at last convinced that she must have fallen asleep and been dreaming. "No; get me the salts, please. I have been asleep and have a headache."

Miss Lucas left the room for the salts with a smothered sigh of relief.

"Poor tool!" she muttered. "Nothing betweent the madhouse and the grave. If he will but wait!"

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile the individual who was supposed to be tied by the heels in a French maison was at liberty—but not visible.

The feeling of security had been engendered in his former captor's breast in this manner. The tools, Antoine and Jacques, dreading the consequence of their master's wrath, had sent word to tell him what he knew already, that the prisoner had escaped. And then to appease him and avert his wrath, followed up the message by a message by a second one to the effect that they had recaptured him and had him safe.

Dr. Bromwell, or by whatever other name the reader may choose to call him, after instituting careful search in the metropolis and failing to discover Clarence Clifford, put faith in the message of his tools, and really believed that this assertion of Clarence Clifford's reimprisonment was true.

Now, the unfortunate Clarence's invisibility was to be accounted for in this way:

After his shock on the road he had ridden—fled, rather—away from the spot, had reached London and put up in a small inn situated in one of the suburbs. Here he left the horse, paid his bill, and gone no one knew whither.

For two days he wandered about in the quiet ways of the city—too numbed to care for food or hte future. The third day the sense of his misfortune broke fully upon him and then he made a strange resolution.

"I am supposed to be dead," said he, "and to all purpose I am dead. Clarence Clifford shall be no more."

With this decision he changed his clothes for an insignificant suit of brown, and hired a single room in a small but cleanly house in the East End of the town, and took to living a solitary life, sometimes remaining in his single apartment for days together, sitting over the fire or moodily gazing from the window, or the crowded rooftops, at others wandering about the great thoroughfares, seeing everything yet nothing, hopeless and abjectless, waiting for death.

His great love and its bitter disappointment had chilled his faculties. At one time he would never have been brought to believe that he could take the long string of mysterious circumstances as passively as he did now that he could refrain from hunting out some solution to the enigma of his life, that he could sit still supinely and make no effort to discover the individual who had captured and imprisoned him and follow him to punishment.

But he did sit supinely and he did refrain from the slightest effort to untangle the skein; the image of the woman he had loved and whom he had met on the way to the grave absorbed all his faculties and laid a heavy, restraining hand upon his energies.

Certainly, in a measure, Clarence Clifford was during that term of his existence as good as dead.

Strangely enough, without any ulterior motive, he had fixed upon his hiding place at the East End of the town, without knowing he was within a stone's throw of that quiet, grass-grown square in which stood the house of the strange and terrible tragedy of the bank-note forgeries.

Strangely enough he looked day and night from his small window upon the roof that had covered a certain singular lad, by name of Cli, who had dragged through his boyhood in the atmosphere of mystery and secrecy.

But he was not to remain in ignorance long.

One day, sallying forth, with his pale face looking dreamily vacant, and his well-cut lips tightly compressed, as usual with those wearing away under some ever-present sorrow, he turned to the left of the quiet street and walking on with purposeless feet, found himself in a silent square. Just glancing at the old house, he passed round it, and so entered another.

In this one, something seemed to strike him as familiar. With the air of a man who had fallen asleep for seven years he lifted his low, soft hat and passed his hand heavily across his brow.

He took another look and his heart commenced to beat violently.

It was the place of a surety, and before his mind's eye rose the pale, haggard face of a lad with dark, wistful eyes, and regretful, sorrow-stricken mouth. Himself!

With a low groan he stopped for a moment, undecided whether to hurry from the spot and its baleful memories or linger and recall them.

Still undecided he looked around and proceeded slowly towards one of the corners where he judged the house should be.

Ah! There it was. His heart, from beating violently, seemed almost to stand still.

Oh! hateful place, with vile prison-like aspect and grim-stained stones.

He grew faint at one moment, then impassioned.

He raised his fist and cursed it, brick and beam; cursed it for his wasted, blighted life, for the mystery which shrouded its origin.

"Tomb of my childhood, stain of my youth, you look down and mock at the ruin of my manhood!" he exclaimed, beneath his teeth; then, as was natural, a flood of softer emotions followed the fire of hate, and with a sob he laid his hand upon the railings and went over the past.

When he looked at the grim old house again it was with a new feeling—that of curiosity!

He should like to see the inside, and, more, to go over the rooms which had been his prison cell, to see the room where he had slept, to walk across the room which was stained with double murder, to penetrate to those vaults where, in the glow of the furnace fire, he had played the part of the unconscious coiner and felon.

To dispel that curiosity he left the spot suddenly and quickly.

(To be continued)

A smart collar is one that turns into a tab closing.

Flounces may be plaited, shirred, sectional or circular.

Your favorite desserts will acquire a delicious new flavor if made with Purity. It is economical, too.

H7-24

Borden's PURITY BRAND CONDENSED MILK

For a spicy—snappy delicious candy eat . . .

Cinn-o-mon LIFE-SAVERS

"always good taste"

Look for the red package

GERALD S. DOYLE, Agent.

MAVIS
de Vivaudou
TALCUM POWDER

After your bath always use Mavis Talcum Powder.

On hot days it will keep you so comfortable.

V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
Paris - New York

DRY CLEANERS.

WALT MASON

I do admire the cleaners who spend their useful lives providing pies and wieners for children, aunts and wives. For fair and honest payment they cleanse the panloon, renew our ancient raiment, and rest an hour at noon. But for their earnest labors, but for the work they do, the voter and his neighbors would be a seedy crew. But one thing seems surprising—I often wonder why they're always advertising the fact that they are dry. Since Volstead knocked beer higher than heck we all are drys; and cleaners are not dryer than any other guys. Dry hatters sell us kellys, dry grocers sell us bears, dry bookmen sell us Shelleys and Scotts and Laura Jeans. Dry butchers hew the mutton on which the people feed, dry tailors sew the button on gabardine and tweed. Dry authors tell us stories, and thirsty tenors sing, dry statesmen tell of glories their policies will bring. Dry plumbers fix the piping, and men with parching throats are polishing and wiping the grease marks from our boats. All honour to the cleaners who make our garments shine, their diligent demeanor's a thing that's high and fine. But if they're any dryer than other toiling gents, arithmetic's a liar, and not worthy twenty cents. Dry bankers, clerks and bakers still greet me wth a sigh, and drouthy undertakers will plant me when I die.

RICHARD HUDNUT
THREE FLOWERS
TALCUM

Your choice of the Three Flowers odor presented in a Talcum Powder fine of Quality and Daintily Packaged.

Topical Touches

By TITUS TANGO.

Some husbands have "a den" in their house for themselves. Others growl all over the blessed place.

The Crown Prince of Germany says: "I see the truth." Better late than never!

A spider, said to be 234 years old, has died on the roof of a bucket shop in Ravenna. We wonder if King Bruce saw the little beggar "kick the bucket?"

We understand that "the latest bullet-proof shirt will stop a shot fired at five paces." But really the final test will be made when it is sent to the laundry.

The Bishop of London tells us that when he visited America he thought the young men expected to see a "stout gentlemen" with a long white beard. Or perhaps an "ale and hearty" man?

If the scientists do find out "the origin of life," they will still be up against the problem of what causes the origin of life," they will still be up against the problem of what causes the origin.

When you see a man in these "heat wave" days suffering in a high stiff linen collar you may be certain that he either loves or fears some woman.

Dean Inge is of opinion that people are perishing from the lack of knowledge. He'll have the consolation, however, that he's not to blame for that lack.

Some husbands want to know—"If the printing of crime news makes criminals, why doesn't the printing of recipes make good cooks?"

It is said that dress makes the woman. That's right. A woman does usually owe everything to her dressmaker.

If you want to succeed in these days you must always pay your debts—and compliments.

A Willesden woman explained to the magistrate that "the man caught hold of my wrist and strangled me." Now it's just possible that he didn't get hold of her throat for fear of spraining her wrist. You never know!

Short gloves are worn quite universally with the short-sleeved and sleeveless frocks.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.
The Shoe Men

Mid Summer Footwear Sale

SNEAKERS
SKUFFER
SHOES
WHITE
CANVAS
SHOES
LOW SHOES
FOR STREET
AND DRESS
WEAR.

Buy Now and Save Money on Your

HOLIDAY FOOTWEAR

"SNEAKERS"
for the entire family, in Black, Brown and White. "Hood" brand, superior quality.
Child's, 90c. Misses' $1.00
Youths' $1.00 Boys' $1.15
Women's, $1.15 Men's, $1.25

CHILDREN'S SKUFFER SHOES
All leather, wide extension sole to give comfort. Sizes 6 to 1½
Special Price, $1.35

LADIES' WHITE CANVAS SHOES
Lace and Strap styles, button and buckles, medium and low heels, rubber heels attached. Regular $2.50 values.
Now only $2.00 the pair

MEN'S LOW SHOES
Black and Tan shades, blucher style, rubber heels attached; real good value.
Special Price $4.50
Other styles in medium toe
$4.50 $5.00 $5.50
$6.00 $6.75

LADIES' STREET SHOES
In Dark Mahogany shade, medium heel and toe. Sizes 3 to 6.
Special Price $2.50 the pair

LADIES' BROWN CANVAS SHOES
Leather soles and heels, cool and comfortable; worth $2.50. Special Price now
Only $1.50

MEN'S BOOT VALUES
In Dark Tan and Black shades, Blucher style, wide fitting for comfort, rubber heels. Special Prices
$4.20 $4.50 $4.75

LADIES' PATENT DRESS SHOES
We are showing the very newest in cut-outs and strap effects, with medium and Louis heels. Special Prices at
$3.50 $3.75 $4.00 $4.50

BOYS' BOOT BARGAINS
In Mahogany shade, also Black, Blucher style, rubber heels.
10 to 13½ $2.50
1 to 5½ $2.85

For Bigger Values **PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.** For Lowest Prices

jy22,eod,tf

Fads and Fashions

The simple pump leads in footwear.

Shoulder yokes come to the fore on sports frocks.

Pull-on gloves are worn with the coatless street frock.

Some of the new capelines are quite wide at the back.

Prints, stripes and border effects lead in silks and cottons.

Tie collars bring yet another flutter to the summer mode.

The Russian closing is used for a great many sports frocks.

The lingerie vestee imparts a crispness to the tailored mode.

The coat-dress has made itself dear to the heart of the traveller.

Washable, chamois, pull-on gloves are correct with the sports costumes.

Prints may be of the large, vivid variety or quite small and intricate.

One occasionally sees a lace jabot on the tailored sports dress of silk.

With the sports frock may be carried a quite large bag of reptile skin.

The sports dress may have a wide belt at the front in a two-piece effect.

The box-plaited apron front has been adopted by many of the new frocks.

Snider's
TOMATO CATSUP
CHILI SAUCE, COCKTAIL SAUCE TOMATO SOUP

adds zest

Distributed by
F. M. O'LEARY.

Dear Madam:
Although Snider's is served at the famous hotels, it costs no more than ordinary catsup.

Made in Canada

Painting to protect property gives the opportunity of creating beauty, which adds to value.

For Uniformity, Working Qualities and Wear, Use—

'MATCHLESS'
The Paint of Quality

Save the surface and you save all

jan3,tf

Forty-Six Years in the Service of the Public—The Evening Telegram