

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



The Snake Scotched AND Justice Done.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
(Continued.)

The old man's heart was full of bitterness towards the man—the Denby—who had stooped to rifle a safe and destroy a will; but he kept silence. The act had wrought its own punishment, as Talbot would discover later.

As the great barouche was passing the Roebuck, Veronica chanced to be coming out. She stopped and the colour rose to her face then left it pale, and she looked sadly at the frail figure lying back in the carriage. He saw her and she started, as if he had forgotten her—indeed, there was little room in his mind for anyone but the son whom he had so strangely found—then he stopped the carriage and signed to her.

She flew to him with outstretched hands, and he took them and gazed at her sadly, remorsefully.

"Will you get in? I am going—" he said in a low voice.

She entered and sat beside him, and they were both silent for a minute; then he said:

"You were wiser than I, Veronica—and yet they say that blood will speak that the voice of Nature will make itself heard: but I was deaf and blind! And yet, the first time I saw him there was something in his face, in his manner of speech that struck me."

"I remember, my lord," she said, her heart full of pity and sympathy. "I remember how keenly you looked at him."

"Yes; and on other occasions something in his face raised haunting memories; every time I saw him I was oppressed by the vague resemblance to—"

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Mahoningtown, Pa.—"For three years I suffered untold misery every month, and had to stay in bed the first two or three days. I also had a displacement and other ailments peculiar to women. I became so weak and run down I could scarcely walk across the floor.

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"He has your voice, is like you: I see it now," murmured Veronica.

"You think so?" he responded eagerly. "Yes—yes, he is! And to think that I sent my son away from me! But you were true to him, Veronica! I am grateful to you for that. You—you love him!"

"With all my heart and soul!" she responded, her eyes glowing. "Oh, my lord, you do not know how brave, how good, how noble he is!"

"He saved the child," he murmured.

"At the risk of his life. I was there; I saw it." Her voice was low, but rang with pride and love. "He nearly died—"

"And you nursed him?"

She bowed her head.

"Yes; God was good to me and spared him to me."

"I must see the child," he said.

"She is at the hotel staying with us."

"You must all come to the Court, Veronica!"

She was silent; then shook her head.

"No, my lord, not until—until—"

He started.

"You don't think—there cannot be any doubt of his innocence in the minds of anyone. He is my son, my son, Veronica. How could my son be guilty of—of murder?"

"He is not guilty!" she said, very gently, "but—but we must find the one who is."

He began to tremble.

"There cannot be any difficulty! Veronica, no stone must be left unturned, no expense spared—"

"No expense is being spared, my lord," she said.

He winced, though she implied no rebuke.

"Bolton shall see to it," he said. "I—ah, what can I do?"

They had reached the prison by this time, and he looked up at the building. My son is in there!" he muttered.

Veronica left him at the gloomy portal.

"I—I will see him later," she murmured.

He ordered the coachman to take her back to the hotel, and she was alighting when Talbot drove up in a dog cart. He could not rest at the Court and had driven in on the chance of hearing something further of the "case." He came forward with outstretched hands.

"Veronica. I am glad to meet you! What a terrible business this is!"

She just touched his hand and stood silent and downcast.

"Terrible! To all of us, but more than all to you!" he murmured, significantly. "I need not assure you of my sympathy, Veronica, or that I wish you ever happiness. Of course, Mr. Farrington's—Ralph Denby, as we must know him now—his lips twisted with a grave smile—"Innocence must soon be proved. Everything is being done, and the truth will soon be discovered."

"Yes," said Veronica, raising her eyes to his falsely smiling ones. "Truth will prevail, and murder will out, Talbot. True sayings, but they console and encourage us."

"Yes, yes!" he assented. "The evidence—"

She caught him up quickly.

"There may be, there will be, further evidence. Someone may have been out that night and seen and heard something that may lead to the discovery of the man who did this deed."

He met her eyes unflinchingly.

"Let us hope so!" he said, devoutly.

"It is very strange. On that night I had intended going for a stroll, and in the direction of the woods; indeed I went down the steps of the terrace but I changed my mind and returned to the house. If I had only gone on!"

Veronica did not start, but her eyes dwelt on his face with the woman's penetrating acuteness. But he did not move a muscle.

"Why are you staying here? Why will you not come to the Court?" he said.

She shook her head as she had shaken it to the earl's invitation.

"When—Ralph is proved innocent."

"Until then I shall remain here and near him."

Without another word she went into the hotel and up to her room and, sinking into a chair, covered her face with her hands and thought hard.

Why had Talbot Denby told her a

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He? Why had he said that he had not been out that night? She had seen him in the spinney. Was he lying because he did not wish to be a witness, to be connected with the trial?

A vague suspicion, too vague, indeed, to be a suspicion, crept into her mind for a moment, to be dismissed the next. The chief evidence in Ralph's favour was the absence of motive; and what motive could Talbot Denby have for murdering this vagrant and tramp? Yes; he had lied because he feared that he might have to appear in the case. It was cowardly; but since the day she had seen Ralph break Talbot's stick almost across his back she had known that Talbot was a coward.

The prison officials received the great earl with befitting respect, and the governor himself assisted him to alight, escorted him into the corridor, and led him to Ralph's cell. The proud old man looked straight before him, his wizen face set hard, his lips drawn tightly. "My son—here!" was the dominant thought in his mind.

The door was unlocked and the governor, stepping aside to permit the earl to enter, said:

"A visitor for you. Lord Lynborough."

Ralph was sitting on his pallet, his head resting on his hand, his eyes fixed on the floor. He was thinking, not of the awful charge under which he was lying, but of the miniature, the portrait of his mother, of her dying words and the missing certificates.

His mother was Janet Burchett, Burchett's sister. Burchett, Mr. Whetstone, all thought that she had been betrayed, and the certificates were missing and there was a cloud over his birth. In the eyes of the world he must figure as nameless, dishonoured; or how could he prove the marriage, his legal birth? And Veronica—Veronica, who was of noble birth—how could he permit her to unite herself to a—the terrible word made him shudder. Yes, he must give her up!

He was wording his letter to her in his mind when the earl was admitted. He rose and the two men regarded each other in silence. Ralph was surprised but not embarrassed; for he conjectured that Lord Lynborough had come to ask him some questions; but as the earl continued to gaze at him with a sad and earnest scrutiny, he said:

"Will you not sit down, my lord? I am sorry—there is only the pallet."

The earl sank onto it, then motioned to Ralph to seat himself beside him, and Ralph did so. Still there was a silence, as if the earl could not find his voice; then at last he said in faltering accents with a quiver of his lips:

"Can—can you not guess why I have come?"

"No, my lord," said Ralph. "Is it to ask me some questions?"

The earl seized upon the words.

"Yes, yes!" he said. "Turn your face to the light! Ah!" He drew a long breath and his face worked. "I—I want to ask you about your early life, about—your mother."

"My mother?" said Ralph, with a sigh and a contraction of his brows which made his face still more like the aged one beside him. "What is it you wish to know, my lord?" he went on, rather bitterly. "She was a good mother, a good woman—the old man winced—"she had a hard life, a life of hard work and sorrow. I do not remember ever seeing her smile." He was silent a moment. "We lived together till she died. What more do you wish to know?"

The earl bowed his head on his hands clasped tightly on his stick.

"Your father?" he said.

Ralph's face darkened.

"I know nothing of him, my lord," he said. "He died when I was a child. The night my mother died she wished to tell me about him, but—it was too late." His voice broke, and he turned his face away. "She said that there was a story to tell me, but she possessed certificates that would prove her marriage and my birth; but when I went to find them, at her request, I discovered that they were gone."

"So—you know nothing of him, who r what he was?" asked the earl, almost inaudibly.

"No," assented Ralph, gravely and till rather bitterly; "but since I have been here I have heard the story of Burchett's sister, and yesterday—" his voice broke—"I saw my mother's portrait. I had seen it before, in Mr. Whetstone's hand. She was Janet Burchett, I am sure; but my father—"

The earl looked at him with a world of yearning in his sunken eyes.

To be continued.

Evening 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.

9337—AN UP TO DATE AND PLEASING DRESS MODEL.



Dress with Poplin Blouse for Misses and Small Women. (In Raised Waistline).

White linen with bands of "macramé" was used for this neat design. It is effective in cotton corduroy, linen, gingham, chambray, percale, and other seasonable fabrics. The poplin may be omitted. The skirt is made with habit back, and is most stylish though simple. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 4 3/4 yards of 44 inch material for a 16 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 12c. in silver or stamps.

Suitable materials for any of these patterns can be procured from AYRE & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail orders promptly attended to.

9338—A PRETTY SUMMER OR PARTY FROCK FOR MOTHERS' GIRL.



Girls' Dress (In High or Low Neck) and Long or Short Sleeve.

Embroidered batiste was used for this model. White linen embroidered in blue or pink or in self color would be equally effective. The design is also adapted to all wash fabrics, to cashmere, henrietta, silk, voile or albatross. The Pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 c. in silver or stamps.

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Always in cooking vegetables, start them in boiling water. A teaspoonful of salt to each two quarts of water is the allowance.

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Nearer Home.

One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er; I'm nearer my home to-day Than I have been before:

Nearer my Father's house, Where the many mansions be; Nearer the great white throne Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life, Where we lay our burdens down, Nearer losing the cross, Nearer gaining the crown!

But the waves of that silent sea Roll dark before my sight, That brightly the other side Break on the shore of light.

O, if my mortal feet Have almost gained the brink; If it be I am nearer home Ever to-day than I think;

Father, perfect my trust; Let my spirit feel in death That my feet are perfectly set, On the rock of a living faith!

How Submarines are Tested.

Through the inventive genius of an Italian marine engineer, a long forward stride seems to have been made recently in the construction of submarine boats. He has made it possible to do away with a large part of the hazard incident to the submergence of these under-water war vessels. Hitherto one of the greatest stumbling blocks to submarine constructors. This inventor is Major C. Laurenti, formerly of the Royal Navy, and designer of the famous Laurenti submersibles. His latest invention is a type of testing dock for submarine boats which will overcome most of the perils and vexations attendant upon the deep-sea submergence trials necessary for all such crafts. Major Laurenti's testing dock is a modified floating device of steel, which can be hermetically sealed after a submarine has entered it at one end. The dock is brought to the right floating condition, the end gate or door is swung out of the way, and the submarine under trial placed within the proper way. The gate is then closed, and the entire space in the dock and around the vessel flooded.

Before this submergence, however, the examining officers enter the submarine and remain until the test is completed and the proper observations taken. By means of a telephonic arrangement they are kept in constant communication with the engineer in charge of the dock. Gauges are placed at fixed points inside of the craft which record pressures and the slightest change of form due to external stresses. When all is ready the water in the testing dock is subjected to pressure generally until the hydrostatic force acting upon the hull of the submarine at every external point is an exact equivalent of the pressure that would be exerted by the sea if the boat were down 200 ft., or more, as the case may be. The beauty of this whole arrangement is that the submarine does not have to be taken off shore to be tested and does not have to depend upon favorable weather conditions. There is no risk involved, and those inside the vessel can observe the conditions at every stage of pressure, the exact counterpart of submergence in the open sea.

Cleansing the Panama

In a recent issue of the American Medical Association journal he found an article on the cleansing of the Isthmus of Panama. The wonderful work accomplished by the army and navy was summarized by Colonel Gerdas, wherein the conditions are contrasted as at present under American regime, and what existed under French occupancy. The French, with an average force of 10,200 men, lost in nine years on the isthmus 22,189 men. The United States, with an average working force of 33,000 men during practically the same length of time, has lost only 4,000. The annual death rate amongst the French employees reached the gigantic figure of 240 per thousand. The maximum death rate amongst employees since United States occupancy, and during the early days of the work before the sanitary plans were completed, was 40 per thousand. The present annual death rate is only 7.50 per thousand, or lower than the death rate in an American city. Yellow fever has entirely disappeared. Malaria has been curbed so that there are less than one-quarter as many cases now as there were during the early days.

Mr. Fairbanks of Indiana, differs from the other great men who say this is the best governed country in the world in the respect that he doesn't pretend he is responsible for it.

St. Joseph, Lewis, July 14, 1903. Minard's Liniment Co., Limited. Gentlemen—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES, Commercial Traveler.

If Constipated or Biliouss-Cascarets.

No Bilioussness, Headache, Sick, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Coated Tongue or Constipation.

Furred Tongue, Bad Taste, Indigestion, Sallow Skin and Miserable Headaches come from a torpid liver and clogged bowels, which cause your stomach to become filled with undigested food, which sours and ferments like garbage in a swill barrel. That's the first step to untold misery—indigestion, foul gasses, bad breath, yellow skin, mental fogs, everything that is horrible and nauseating. A Cascaret to-night will give your constipated bowels a thorough cleansing and straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep—a 10-cent box from your druggist will keep you feeling good for months. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then to keep their stomach, liver and bowels regulated, and never know a miserable moment. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, general cleansing, too.

Mr. Balfour at Leisure

"Mr. Balfour at Leisure," is the title of a racy sketch by Harold Spender in The Pall Mall Gazette. As a lover of golf the ex-Premier is well known. Few, however, are aware that he is accomplished in music. "As a musician, indeed," says the article, "Mr. Balfour is not a mere amateur, but a musician among musicians. Everyone who attends concerts in London is familiar with his presence; and some of his oldest Private friends—and Mr. Balfour has many friends—are the musicians. Men like Sir Hubert Parry, Sir Villiers Stanford and Mr. Fuller Maitland—all friends of his—do not attract Mr. Balfour because of their political views. They attract him because they give him some relief from politics, and because they take him far away from that hard, arid strife into the mystic world of melody and harmony.

Side by side with this love of music, and doubtless connected with it, is Mr. Balfour's passion for Philosophy. There, again, Mr. Balfour is no amateur. He is distinguished as a philosopher among the philosophers. He could have argued with Plato, and would not have been silenced by Socrates. I wonder how many of Mr. Balfour's followers have read his essay on "Philosophic Doubt." They certainly ought to read it. Both in thought and style it is a remarkable book, well within the first rank of contributions to human speculation. Its only fault is that it is giddily sceptical. The aim is to found faith on doubt. One closes the book perhaps feeling rather vague about the faith, but very sure about the doubt.

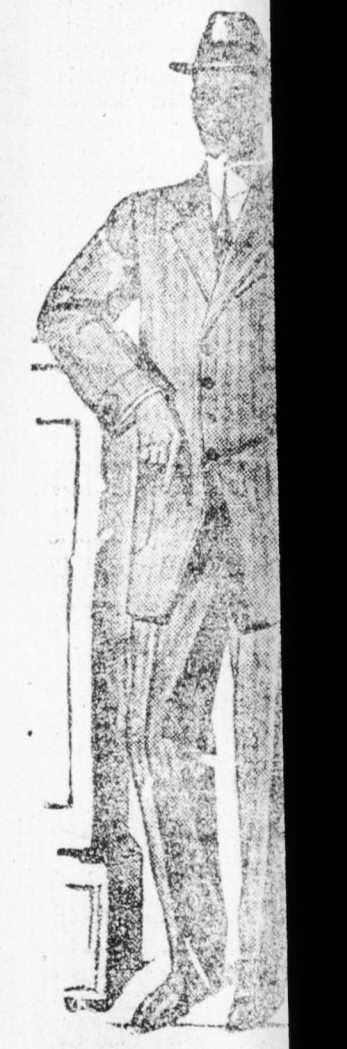
He is always ready to escape from all this variety to his quiet home at Whittinghame, far from the crowd, among a people that loves him. Mr. Balfour is a very good landlord. I remember once meeting a Radical canvasser who had been canvassing in Mr. Balfour's own village. "I am bound to say I was deeply impressed," he said. "I found that Mr. Balfour had left his people complete freedom. He brings no influence to bear. He lets them vote as they like." Perhaps in his own village he likes to escape. It used to be one of the vexations of the wirepullers that Mr. Balfour could always get away from them to Whittinghame. Once there, he settled down to an easy scheme of family life, almost always with his sister or his brother Gerald Balfour and Lady Betty Balfour and their children staying in the house—reading, golfing, walking, talking. At those times Mr. Balfour threw aside the partisan, and seemed to open his mind to new impressions. For that is what always prevents Mr. Balfour from being a narrow man—the openness to new impressions.

Mr. Balfour has, for instance, always taken a profound interest in the new developments of science and engineering, especially motoring and flying. We all remember his flight in an aeroplane at Hendon. There you come across the scientific interest which he inherits from his uncle, and has made him the intimate friend of so many eminent men of science. It is the other side of his philosophic interest. As a philosopher he denies the premises of all science. As a scientist he accepts the premises and loves to extend the conclusions.

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