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

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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

IN THE TOILS;
But Happiness
Comes at Last.

CHAPTER XXIII
ON THE HEIGHTS.

"I don't know whether Lady Heatherdene hunts," said the earl, in his quiet way, "but in case she should, Thompson, you had better look out for a hunter. Get the best in the market, and be careful about everything concerning the animal, excepting the price."

The castle ballroom was famous throughout the county, although it had not been used for the last twenty years.

When Olive first entered it, she was startled and surprised by its dimensions.

"What a theater it would make!" she exclaimed involuntarily.

"Theater!" said the earl, who was hobbling by her side. "Theater, do you say, my dear? Would you like to have it made into a theater? Can easily be done, you know," he said.

But Olive had laughingly put the question aside; she was almost afraid to express an opinion on any subject, for the earl was always on the watch for some expression of a desire on her part, that he might gratify it.

She was half in terror lest he should take her careless remark in earnest, and have an army of carpenters down to transform the noble salon into a theater.

"It wants redecorating," said the earl. "Call Foster."

Foster was called, and carte blanche given.

"Have it done well, Foster," said the earl. "Style? Ask Lady Heatherdene. Tell him what you would like, child!" and he hobbled away.

Everything was referred to Olive. As Charlie laughingly declared, if she had existed in the old times, and demanded all their heads, the earl would have brought them to the block to please her.

When the invitations were being issued, Olive was bewildered and aghast.

"We shall have all the world here," she exclaimed.

"All the better," said the earl. "The more the merrier. Don't leave anybody out."

Then he looked up suddenly.

"Is there anybody whom you would specially like to ask? Don't hesitate, child."

For Olive had looked at Charlie—Charlie lounging in an easy-chair with his Saturday Review in hand.

"There is one whom I should like to have," she said. "One who has been more than sister to me."

"Then ask her," said the earl. "Who is it?"

"Kathrine Haldine," said Olive.

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The earl nodded.

"Haldine—Haldine. Don't remember the name. A friend of yours?"

"More than a friend, my lord."

"Then ask her, of course—of course," said the earl.

When it was known that a grand gathering was to take place at the castle, the interest that arose was intense. Those who had not received invitations waxed desperate, and all sorts of intrigues were prosecuted to obtain a card.

Forty rooms had been prepared within the castle; but there was many hundreds of persons who would have been glad to sleep in an attic or at the village inn, if they could only obtain an entree to what promised to be the most important gathering the country had known for years.

"It is a pity Florence is not in England," said the earl one morning. "You have never seen Florence Rivers, have you?" he asked, turning to Olive.

Olive was caressing a favorite greyhound that had stolen in at the window, and she bent low over the dog as she answered, with a fast-beating heart:

"Yes, I have seen her."

"You'll like her, I think," said the earl, with a rather curious smile. "But you seem to take to every one. Why don't you write and ask them to come over? What do they want wandering over the Continent—England is the place for people who have a stake in it. It is time Ellinton was back."

"I don't think they would care to cross the channel yet," said Charlie, and the subject dropped.

Mr. Fisher executed the earl's commands in a liberal spirit. Huge marquees rose like mushrooms on the lawn; an army of decorators fell upon the ballroom as if they meant to tear it to pieces, and transformed its gloomy and faded aspect into a fairy palace.

Strings of horses filled into the stable, and rows of carriages fresh from Long Acre filled the coach houses.

The earl's bankers must have stared at the checks they were called upon to cash; but the earl had given carte blanche, and Mr. Fisher, though of a niggardly nature, dared not hold his hand.

So vast were the preparations that Olive grew quite alarmed.

"Suppose," she suggested, with a little blush, "that I should break down, my lord, before all this crowd of people?"

The earl looked at her with a haughty and proud smile.

"You will not break down," he said, and Charlie laughed confidently.

He was thinking how she had stood, a slim girl before a roaring crowd, worked to a pitch of excitement by her beauty and genius.

Lord Heatherdene's belief in his beautiful young wife's power of intellect and genius was illimitable. His love seemed to grow more intense with every day; and the earl and he strove amply which should minister to her little whims and fancies.

They had now been at the castle a month—a month which all three of them looked upon as perhaps the happiest in their lives. They lived at the castle, surrounded by their people, like a king, and prince, and princess.

Already the tenants and servants had grown attached to Olive's beautiful face and gentle, unassuming ways, and her appearance among them was always the signal for an outburst of smiling and affectionate, respectful greeting.

"It's a happy day for Livermore that ever the young countess came! God bless her!" said the tenants.

"She have changed everything, and brightened up the old earl himself w' the rest o' us!"

The old farmers would look out for her as she rode down the lanes on the grey which the earl had purchased for her, with her husband by her side, and raise their hats, and nod, smile, and chuckle with glowing satisfaction at the pleasant, friendly smile which they were sure to get from her in return.

Here was the secret of Olive's popularity. Many a young woman who had risen from such obscurity as hers to such a dazzling height as that in which she now stood would have deemed it wise to assume a proud and haughty demeanor, and would have been always condescending, if gracious.

But there was nothing of that hateful mannerism about Olive.

To young and old she had the same pleasant, friendly smile, the same naturally musical voice, unrestrained by pride or hauteur. She spent a great deal of her time among the people on the estate, not worrying and harassing them with the impertinent tract and alms-giving blanket; she would drive about in her little basket chaise and stop for half an hour at some outlying farm to be made much of by all the family, to be surrounded by the children and also by the dogs, her natural allies; from thence she would look in at the cottages clustering about the homestead, and with a word from one and a word with the other, the morning would slip away.

It was wonderful how quickly she won the confidence of the people; they were afraid of her at first—awed by the dark splendor of her beauty; but no one of them could resist the charm of the smile that broke almost sadly over the lovely face, the witchery of the soft, musical voice, and the gentle gleam of the dark eyes.

"It seems to me," said Charlie, "that you know all the secrets of the whole place, Ad. Do you really like going about among 'em as you do, or is it because you think it your duty?"

He put this question as they were riding through the village a few mornings before the great gathering. Olive had kept him waiting a few minutes while she had gone in to see a sick girl at one of the cottages on

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their road, and Charlie had, no doubt, been pondering the matter over his cigar. He was not a genius, as we know, and the many-sidedness of Olive's character puzzled him. Here was a woman who had been the idol, not of a dike, but of a whole town; one whose every word and look had been valued and made much of; and here she was transplanted suddenly in an out-of-the-way village, and yet as happy as a queen, spending her mornings, among the simple, laboring people about her.

"She's an angel," he concluded, puffing at his cigar, and pulling at his tawny mustache. "That's what she is. People seem to know it, too; high and low fall in love with her. There isn't one person in the place that isn't glad to see her and have her near 'em, from the earl to the poor, sick girl she is comforting now. God bless my darling!"

Charlie was not a religious man as the term is understood; but that benediction came straight from his simple, many heart, and there was a suspicious moisture in his blue eyes. He helped Olive into the saddle, and trotted off by her side again. "Is it because you like it, Ad, or because it is your duty?"

And Olive looked thoughtful for a moment, then answered, with that little wistful smile of hers:

"A little of both, Charlie, I think. I am so happy myself, so much happier than I deserve to be, that I have a hankering, restless wish—don't smile, Charlie!—to show my gratitude. Then I like the people; they are all so humble and contented and grateful for a kind word. Oh, Charlie, I know something of their lives from experience—"

He looked at her with surprise, but Olive did not notice it, and in her warmth was absorbed by her own thoughts.

"I know how hard and sad a life they lead, and how cruel the difference seems and really is between them and those above them—all scarcity and labor on one side, all wealth and luxury, and, too often, coldness, on the other! It is not right, Charlie; and if we cannot alter it altogether we can do something to lessen the evil."

Charlie stared with admiring gravity.

"What an intellect yours is, Ad!" he said; "you'd make an excellent member of the Lower House. And it's because you are so happy that you like gadding about among them. I like to hear you say that, my darling. Happy, eh?"

"I am happy," said Olive, stretching out her little gannetted hand, and laying it on his—"perfectly happy, too happy," she murmured looking up into his face with swimming eyes; then as if a sudden fear had startled her, her face changed, and a shamed look came into her eyes, while her hand grew tightly on his.

"Oh, Charlie," she breathed, "you are happy, too—you do not regret what you have done—you are not sorry that you have trusted me?"

"My darling," he remonstrated anxiously; "what are you talking about? Happy! why, a blind man can see how happy I am. Trusted you!—I would trust you with my life."

"Your life, yes," she breathed; "but your honor, Charlie—your honor?"

"And my honor, Adrienne," he said, gravely and confidently.

She drew a long breath, and let her hand slide from his.

He looked at her suddenly for a moment, then drawing his horse closer, put his hand around her waist.

"Addy," he said, "I thought we were to let the past alone—that was the understanding. I am not curious, or suspicious, or anxious. Let the past bury the past."

"Yes," murmured Olive, "that is what Kathrine said; but," her face paled, "bury it deeply as one may, the ghost of it will rise to haunt and terrify one. Oh, Charlie, love me still—love me and trust me, whatever happens!"

"I could do no other than love and trust you, my darling—it is impossible," he answered.

(To be continued.)

Everyday Etiquette.

"I have occasion to make several business calls each year upon men. It is proper for me to send in my card when visiting an office," asked Jane.

"No, a woman does not send in her card to a man's business office. A better way is to give your name verbally to the clerk in the outer office," replied her aunt.

PRIZES!

MEN--Buy BUDDY BOOTS for yourself and the boys, and see if you will not be one of the Prize Winners this year.

WOMEN--Buy BEAR BRAND RUBBERS for yourself and the Children, and see if you will not be one of the Prize Winners this year.

Send us your name as often as you make a purchase of Buddy Boots and Bear Brand Rubbers, or have your dealer register your name.

We will give away free, this year, to those who purchase Buddy Boots and Bear Brand Rubbers, the following prizes, viz:

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ONE FIFTY DOLLAR GRAMAPHONE.
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TWELVE PAIRS MEN'S BUDDY HIP BOOTS.
TWELVE PAIRS MEN'S BUDDY LONG BOOTS.
TWELVE PAIRS BOYS' BUDDY LONG BOOTS.
TWELVE PRS. YOUTHS' BUDDY LONG BOOTS.
TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS WO'S LONG BOOTS.
TWENTY-FOUR PRS. MISSES' LONG BOOTS.
TWENTY-FOUR PAIRS CHILD'S LONG BOOTS.
FIFTY PAIRS WO'S BEAR BRAND RUBBERS.

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THE WAR.

It is still the prelude. The last tremendous act of the great drama has not yet opened in earnest. Those who know in their hearts what it will contain, how terrible, because it must be final, it will be, each day of waiting is a dreadful suspense. The hosts—I can hardly call them armies—facing one another in a great line, unbroken, from the Atlantic to the Adriatic, seem to hesitate, conscious each of the other's strength before coming to grips in the last deadly encounter, from which one will emerge the victor, the other vanquished beyond hope of recovery. But any day may see the end of the waiting. Either side is trying out the other's strength in raids which are frequently of considerable magnitude, carried out at widely separated parts of the front. Nothing has yet occurred to indicate which side will take the initiative, or offensive, or where or whether the Allies may attack at one point and Germany at another, a possibility which the evenly balanced forces make by no means remote. It shall be surprised, however, if Verdun does not become the scene of another German effort, where the desire to restore lost prestige is likely to be added to strategic advantages which a big victory in that part of the line would give the enemy. If the surmise is correct, it is likely that our new Allies will not have to wait long to prove their mettle, for the Americans seem definitely to have been posted at the eastern wing of the Allies' line in France. In the eastern theatre the situation in Russia is for the moment less interesting and probably less important than that in Siberia. If Japan once takes a hand in, earnestly, at Vladivostok—and it seems now inevitable—the consequences are not likely to stop there, and the German press already betrays apprehension. One thing seems certain—the rule of the Bolsheviks will not last much longer, and though Germany reaps so great a present advantage from the seeds of anarchy which she has sown in Russia, she may have to reckon before the end with a harvest from the same sowing not so much to her liking.

THE FLORIZEL INQUIRY.

While the general public are being well served by the very full and, on the whole, accurate reports of the evidence given on this inquiry, as indeed they are entitled to be by its great importance, it is as well to bear in mind the necessary reservations with which these reports must be accepted. Everyone will, consciously or unconsciously, form his own theories from reading them, and it is not all who have the wisdom to keep them to themselves until judgment has been delivered by the very competent court which is hearing the evidence. While many of the explanations and ideas that are being circulated on the foundation of the published reports are natural enough and none of them can do any positive harm, it should be remembered that the reports themselves are of necessity incomplete, and so misleading. Such a consequence is inevitable when, as in this case, the answers of witnesses are alone reported, and the questions

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