

NO ALUM

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MADE IN CANADA

Stella Mordant;

—OR—

The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XII.

"The more I see of him, the more I like him," he said. "I never knew a young fellow so—so unassuming and modest, and so ready to take advice. We've been over the stables—they wanted overhauling badly—and I've ventured to give him some tips, which he was very grateful for. I should have stayed to lunch, but—in the nicest way possible—he did not press me, because, as he said, you would be alone. Why, Molly, you pale you look, and—you haven't been crying, dear, have you? What is the matter?"

Mary turned away to hide her face. "I—I have a headache," she faltered.

"The effects of the fright yesterday," he said, tenderly. "You must go and lie down, dear!"

She kissed him before she went, and as she bent over him her eyes overran with tears; for her sweet-heart was leaving her, and, for the first time in her life, she was concealing something from her father who loved her so dearly.

CHAPTER XIV.

The story of Lord Ratton's "gallant rescue," as the Gazette continued to call it in paragraphs and leaders for several weeks, spread round the county, and raised Ralph to a position and popularity which he would not have reached in the ordinary course for years. People made haste to call upon him, he was flooded with invitations; and wherever he went he won golden opinions; for he was quick to observe and learn, and he saw that his line was "to sit tight and say nothing" or little. "Being an actor, he was also quick to imitate, and in an incredibly short time he managed to acquire at least the outward veneer of breeding. He learnt to ad-

The Hundred Ways Which Don't End Corns

Perhaps you say—"I've tried and tried, but found nothing that ends a corn."

You might keep trying for years, Madam. There are a hundred ways which don't. Most of them are very much alike.

But remember this: There is one way which has removed 70 million corns. It is now removing half the corns that grow.

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When you merely pare corns—When you use some folderol—Beware in your mind. There are folks all around you—users of Blue-jay—who never suffer corns. You are wronging yourself when you fail to do what they do.

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dress the men without their titles, and to salute the ladies with that air of deference which surprised him when he had first seen it; for hitherto he had regarded women as inferior creatures, to be petted or bullied as the mood dictated. He began to feel less ashamed and self-conscious when he entered a room full of people or met two or three men unexpectedly. He got a quiet horse and learnt to ride—in the early morning when there was no one about.

Nearly everyone called him "a good fellow," and even those few who regarded him with a kind of doubt, admitted that he was "doing his best," and all agreed that he was liberal with his money. He subscribed to everything—the cricket and football clubs, the hounds, the county races, the new steeple for Market Ratton church; and even the Wesleyan minister came away from the Hall with a cheque for the fund of the rebuilding of the chapel, and had nothing but good to say of his lordship. When Ralph rode or drove into Market Ratton, the trades-people came out to their doors with bows and smiles to receive his orders, and everywhere men touched their hats to him with eager respect and desire to win his good-will.

He spent money freely, and not selfishly. New cottages were put in hand for the labourers on the estate, and the tenants had only to ask for repairs and improvements to obtain them.

"It's well we have plenty of money," Greyfold, the steward, remarked to Mr. Bulpit, "for we're spending it right and left. His lordship will be the most popular landlord in England, if he goes on like this. Giles went to him yesterday, and got him to promise a new homestead—or very nearly a new one; and only a few days ago he told me that he had decided to pull down that row of cottages in Golden Lane and rebuild them. Yes, he'll be the model landlord, Mr. Bulpit!"

Mr. Bulpit grunted and coughed.

"Yes," he said; "but it makes it rather hard for the other landlords who have no money to spend, and whose tenants are drawing comparisons between them and Lord Ratton."

"You'd better drop him a hint, then," said Mr. Greyfold, "or he'll get himself disliked by his own class, and that won't counterbalance his popularity with the lower. You know that there is to be a grand dinner-party at the Hall on the sixth; it will be the biggest affair the old Hall has seen for many a day. I've ordered the Hungarian band, and a chef is coming from London. It will only want one thing—a mistress! But I suppose we sha'n't have to wait long for that. Lord Ratton is far and away the best match in the county."

Mr. Bulpit nodded, but made no response. He had been watching the career of the new earl with keen interest and some surprise; for he had expected that the young man who had only a few weeks ago presented himself mud and dust-stained at the Hall would "make a mess of it." And now here he was high in county and public favour, and bidding fair to be the most popular man in the county!

He drove over to the Hall on the afternoon of the day he and Mr. Greyfold had held the above conversation, and found Lord Ratton just returned from a ride on his quiet horse, and as his lordship greeted him pleasantly with a "Hallo, Mr. Bulpit; glad to see you," the old lawyer could not help remarking the change in the young man. The old restless, self-conscious air had disappeared—or nearly—and a newly acquired confidence and ease had taken its place. Only occasionally was that twist of the under-lip, the half-suspicious glance from the corners of the eyes, noticeable.

"Want to see me? Come in! Hot, isn't it? Bring some soda and whiskey," he added to the footman. "I'm glad you've come. I wanted to ask your advice. Shall I put the Hungarian band in the gallery on the sixth, or shall I keep that for a cozy place for sitting out in, and stick the band somewhere else? There is sure to be some dancing—in quite an informal way, you know."

But Mr. Bulpit had no opinion to offer.

"I should think one of the ladies would be better able to advise you,

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Lord Ratton," he said in his dry, legal way.

Ralph nodded quickly and absently. "Yes, I'll ask Lady Mary. No soda and whiskey—sure?" he said as Mr. Bulpit declined, and he mixed a glass for himself.

"I came for the signatures to these leases," said Mr. Bulpit. "By the way, Mr. Greyfold tells me that you have consented to rebuild Giles's homestead."

Ralph nodded as he hit the end of a cigar, and seated himself on the arm of one of the old oak chairs.

"Yes; that's all right, isn't it? The man bothered about it, and I consented, to save any further trouble. It doesn't matter, does it?"

"Not to you, Lord Ratton," said Mr. Bulpit, with a grim smile; "but you are setting a rather painful standard, which your fellow landlords will find it difficult to reach. For instance, one of Lord Hatherley's tenants came to me yesterday wanting something done, and when I refused, he said he wished he was a Ratton tenant. You see?"

At the mention of Lord Hatherley's name Ralph's careless demeanour changed, and all in a moment came the watchful sidelong glance.

"How do you mean?" he asked.

"That Lord Hatherley and a number of your neighbouring landlords are not so well off as you, Lord Ratton."

"I didn't know that Lord Hatherley was poor," said Ralph, with affected indifference.

Mr. Bulpit grunted.

"The Hatherley estate is entailed. It goes to a boy nephew, as no doubt you know; and Lord Hatherley is anxious to make some provision for his daughter, Lady Mary. All his savings are invested with that object; but if he were to administer the estate on your liberal scale, there would be no savings to invest."

Ralph nodded, and smoked thoughtfully.

"I see," he said. "Now, what does he invest in?" he asked, so casually that Mr. Bulpit was taken off his guard, so to speak.

"In railways generally; but lately he has been buying mining shares—very much against my advice," he added, grumpily, as he spread out the leases for his lordship's signature.

"Some mines pay very well, don't they?" said Ralph, as casually as before.

"Hem!—yes; but I'm not sure that the New Golconda will. Sign here, please, my lord. I hope you bear in

mind the hint that I have presumed to give you."

Ralph looked up with a laugh. "I always bear your hints in mind, and act upon them, Bulpit. And you will admit that things have worked out pretty well, eh?" he said, with a covert air of triumph, and just a suspicion of the twist of the under-lip.

"Very well, indeed, my lord, and I congratulate you," said Mr. Bulpit.

Ralph straightened his shoulders, and looked round with an air of self-satisfaction.

"You'll be here on the sixth, Bulpit?"

"I'm afraid not, my lord," said the old lawyer, quietly but firmly.

"Oh, but you must!" insisted Ralph.

"I must ask your lordship to excuse me," said Mr. Bulpit, as he gathered his deeds together. "I seldom go into society, and I know that your lordship will have no lack of guests."

Ralph laughed as he flung himself into the arm-chair.

"What a dry old stick you are, Bulpit! Ton my word, I sometimes think you'll never forgive me for being who and what I am!"

The old man coloured.

"You do me an injustice, my lord," he said, gravely, and with perfect self-possession. "In my profession we have no room or use for prejudices."

Ralph looked after him as he drove off in his old-fashioned phaeton.

"The old devil hates me—for some reason," he muttered. "I wonder why? Not that it matters;" and he turned away with a laugh of contempt and conscious power.

The "Times" lay on the table, and he picked it up and turned to the morning news in the money article. New Golcondas were "firm" at present.

"If anything should go wrong with them; and it might," he muttered. Then he flung the paper from him with an oath. "What does it matter to me? I'm tied hand and foot. But if I were free!"

A little later he walked over to the Manor.

Scarcely a day passed without a visit from him, and Lord Hatherley was always glad to see him, and greeted him, as on this occasion, with:

"Oh, is that you, Ratton? Come in, my dear fellow. Mary, here is Lord Ratton."

And Mary would come forward with a smile, but a grave and, as it seemed to Ralph, a sad and cold one.

"I've come to ask Lady Mary's advice," he said this afternoon. "Where shall I put the band, in the gallery or in the hall?"

They discussed the question for some time, until, in sheer weariness, Mary decided in favor of the hall, and then, on some pretext or other, left her father and Ralph together.

(To be continued.)

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PHOTOGRAPH

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War

Allies Making Good Progress Against Turks

London, April 30.—Although the Anglo-French land forces in the Dardanelles sphere of operations are progressing steadily, diving Turks before them. The British are operating on the Gallipoli Peninsula and the French, under D'Amade, on the mainland of Minor, are reported to have advanced from three to ten miles, capturing 10,000 Turks.

The Anglo-French fleet has effected its bombardment of the inner of the Dardanelles with greater despatches from Athens and the said that between forty and fifty ships lying in the Gulf of Saros, the Dardanelles Strait have been engaged in an incessant storm of fire against the Turkish works, detaching the southern end of the Narrows Chanak and Kild Bahr.

At least five landings have been effected by the Allies. It is reported that Athens despatches, and the British believed to have been successful in throwing a line across the peninsula from a point near Kaba Tepe, to the Aegean Sea side, to a point near dos. Unofficial claims are made that the British and their French allies have occupied both Maidos and poli.

Cutting Off Turk Forces.

The Peninsula is only five miles between Kaba Tepe and Maidos, being its narrowest point. The forces that effected a landing at Enos, on the Aegean Sea, at a point where the Turkish line approaches Bulgarian frontier, are moving southeasterly direction in an attempt to throw a line of positions across the eastern end of the Gallipoli Peninsula and thus cut off all the Turkish forces on that tongue of land. They are reported to have advanced 20 miles in the past five days.

A mighty armada, lying from western entrance of the Dardanelles to Kephiz, ten miles up the Straits, has been bombarding the inner Turkish works with such violence that

By Stephan To-Day!

- N. Y. Chicken.
- N. Y. Turkeys.
- N. Y. Corned Beef.
- Bananas.
- Grape Fruit.
- Pineapples.
- Table Apples.
- California Oranges.
- California Lemons.
- 30 crates New Cabbage.
- 5 bris. Parsnips.
- 200 half bags P. E. I. Blue Potatoes.
- 10 bags Onions.
- Celery.
- Fresh Tomatoes.
- Cucumbers.

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- 1 lb. prints.
- 23 cts. and 27 cts. 1/2
- Whole Wheat Biscuits, 16c. pk.
- Knox's Gelatine—Plain and Acidulated.
- Pure Gold Quick Gelatine.
- Val. Oranges, large sweet, 20c. doz.
- Evaporated Milk, large tin, 1/2
- Price's Night Lights, 15c. pkg.
- Force, 14c. package.
- Cranberries, 30c. gallon.
- Fresh Hailbut.
- Fresh Country Eggs, 25c. doz.
- Kipperd Herring.
- Finnan Haddies.

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