



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

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It is a pure phosphate baking powder and is guaranteed by us to be the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

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The ingredients are plainly printed on the label and our half century reputation should be sufficient guarantee of the high quality of these ingredients.



MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

E.W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The Die is Cast For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXV.
Back With the "Boys."

She turned, for she knew it would be impossible to avoid him, and Bickers, with a gasp of astonishment and joy, exclaimed:

"It is Miss Kittie! Why—why! I'm so knocked over that I can scarcely speak!" He had got hold of both her hands and was holding them tightly, as if he feared that she might rise from the pavement and float away from him. "It really is you! Where have you been, why did you go away so suddenly? We were all so gut up, we've been so anxious! Has anything happened? You look—different, somehow. As beautiful as ever, though—I beg your pardon, Miss Kittie! But I am in such a state of confusion at seeing you. Come into the square and tell me—Oh, tell me everything!"

With her heart beating with a mixture of anxiety and affectionate gladness at the meeting, Kittie turned with him into the square. He listened intently as she told him guardedly that she had been abroad with a lady, but that she was now back in London trying to earn her living. Of course, Bickers saw that she was keeping something back; but he was too tactful, too faithful, to harass her with questions. Indeed, it was enough for him that she was back.

"I can't tell you how glad I am to see you; of course you know that, and the rest of the boys, they'll be half-crazy with delight! Where are you living? You must let us see you; you must come back to us, really come back to us, and let us look after you and take care of you. Look here, Miss Kittie, we're all going to dine at the Potted Shrimp to-night—you remember the dear old place? Back of

the Empire, you know? You'll come and meet them there? Ah, don't say no! I needn't tell you how we've missed you. There isn't a day that we don't speak of you; we've been so end anxious. And my mother, she's always writing to ask whether we've heard of you. You'll have to go down and see her, Miss Kittie, unless you want to break her heart."

They talked for some time, and at last Kittie promised she would come; it was impossible to refuse. Bickers wrung both her hands at parting and went off humming like a man who has come into a fortune.

The boys had a little room to themselves at the Potted Shrimp. Bickers was the first to arrive, and ordered an extra place to be laid. They all turned up, Teddy Wilson, Percy Villierne, Herbert Mandeville, all of them. Fritz began to bring in the soup; Bickers looked at the clock anxiously; Kittie had not arrived. Was she going to disappoint them? Surely not! That would be unlike Miss Kittie.

"Hello, there's a place too many!" said Mandeville.

"It's—it's for a friend of mine I'm expecting," said Bickers, reddening. "We won't wait, she—she—mayn't turn up."

At that moment the door opened gently, and Kittie entered, and stood looking at them with a faint smile on her pale face. For a moment there was the silence of consternation; then the boys sprang to their feet, and with a wild "Whoop!" rushed at her, overturning Fritz and his soup-tureen, knocking aside the chairs and dragging the cloth half off the table. Calling on her beloved name, they almost fought for her hands, Bickers chuckling and crowing triumphantly as he helped her to take off her jacket.

"Why, where have you been?" some one exclaimed; but Bickers broke in before she could answer.

"She's been abroad, paying visits to some of the other crowned heads of Europe. Don't badger her with questions. We've got her back again, and that's enough."

"So it is!" they chorused happily. They escorted her to the head of the table, as if they were indeed escorting a queen to her throne.

"Fritz, a magnum of our own particular champagne to-night!" cried Mandeville. "Miss Kittie, I give you my word, this is the happiest night of my life; the happiest in all our lives, eh, boys?"

"It is, it is!" they responded, knocking the table with the ends of their knives; and the music was sweet in Kittie's ears. For the moment she almost forgot her great trouble; there is only one salve for sorrow, and the name of this wonderful medicine is Love.

The dinner proceeded in a kind of whirlwind of talk and laughter, in an atmosphere of rejoicing. Their gods had come back to them, their hearts were warm again with the sunshine of her presence. They all talked at once, they all wanted to get her ear at the same time, they told her of their troubles and trials, successes and failures. The champagne went round briskly—Fritz pouring out libations with a smile which stretched his mouth from ear to ear—Kittie was made to drink a glass, the dishes of the simple but admirably cooked menu were delicately pressed upon her, her plate was piled with fruit; they hung on every word, fed on every smile of hers. It was indeed an "evening" like those of old times.

More than half their noise was prompted by loving cunning; for they saw that Kittie had changed, and that she had passed through some trouble. Perhaps she would tell them some day; but meanwhile the thing to do was to lure her on to forgetting the trouble, to realizing that she was safe back among them and that they were all her sworn friends and protectors. The party broke up at last; they all wanted to see her home, but Bickers claimed the privilege.

"You see," he said apologetically. "Miss Kittie's a kind of ward of my mother's, and I feel that I am responsible for her."

"Teddy Wilson groaned. "We've had a rest from 'his mother' while you've been away, Miss Kittie," he said; "but now," with exaggerated apprehension, "I'm afraid he's going to trot her out and crow over us as he used to do. Some of us will have to go down and painlessly kill that old lady, or there will be no living with Bickers."

Bickers walked with her to the little narrow street in which her attic lay, and lingered with her at the door, just as he had done in the square, as if he were afraid of losing her; and even when she had said good-by, and had promised, for the twentieth time, to meet them all again he came running back.

"Oh, Miss Kittie, I had nearly forgotten! It's been such a night that really there is some excuse for me. You remember that old bureau writing-stand of—of your father's? Well, you know, I bought that; and the other day, only a few days ago, I was lugging out a drawer to get at something—you remember now those blessed old drawers always used to stick?—and I came upon a kind of secret place at the back, one of those places they used to put in old-fashioned bureaus. I thought it was empty at first, but I found a packet of papers lying at the bottom. I don't suppose they are of any account, any value, I mean; but I put 'em in an en-

velope and sealed 'em up. They look like old bills and things of that sort; and p'raps they're nothing whatever to do with your father. I'll send them to you. Good night once more. You'll meet me on Tuesday at Hyde Park corner? Right! Good night, and—God bless you, Miss Kittie!"

This meetin with the boys lightened the darkness of Kittie's sorrow, if only for a few hours. Alas! it bore down upon her again before the dawn had come. She met Bickers on Tuesday, and they walked into the park, Bickers with his head erect and proud of his beautiful companion.

"Here is the packet," he said, almost immediately. "I wish it were full of bank-notes, Miss Kittie; but there was nothing but old bills and letters, as far as I could see."

She took the envelope and managed to get it into her pocket; and they talked of old times and old friends.

"Hagnes Hevangeline is married," he said. "Married the baker; red-headed man, with a face like a quatern loaf; you remember?"

"I must go and see her," said Kittie. "Let me see, who else is there? Oh, Mr. Levison?"

"Haven't seen him since you disappeared," replied Bickers. "He has quite vanished; and none of us know what has become of the old gentleman. You see, Miss Kittie, he was never really one of us; I mean, one of the boys. It was you and your father that he was friendly with. Took a tremendous amount of interest in the Dook—I beg your pardon, Miss Kittie; I really do beg your pardon! Forgive me!"

Kittie smiled at him through her tears. "I like you to call him that," she said.

"There was no disrespect in our doing so, I assure you, Miss Kittie. We all know that he was better class than ourselves. And he looked a gentleman, an aristocrat, always. You've the same look, too, Miss Kittie. It's



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As they were leaving the park by the Albert Gate, Kittie stopped and seemed to shrink back. Sir Talbot Lyndhurst was coming toward them. She recognized him in an instant, though he was greatly changed since she had seen him by the stream at Ripley Court. He was bent, thin, and his face was haggard and wan. He looked ten years older and like a man carrying more than the burden of years. His eyes were bent on the ground, but he raised them as he drew near; Kittie, however, had turned and put Bickers between her and Sir Talbot, who passed without noticing her. She lowered her veil with a trembling hand, and told Bickers that she must go home. At parting with her he tried to get her to promise to go down to his mother; but she would not give him the promise, and begged him not to write to the old lady about her until she gave him permission.

The sight of Sir Talbot had awakened a memory of that moonlight night at Deerbrook; and for some time she sat with her hands clasped tightly, going back along the road of the bitter-sweet-past. Presently she remembered the papers Bickers had given her, and she took the envelope from her pocket; but she did not open it that night. Her heart was so sore that the touch of anything connected with her dead father was like the contact of fire with a wound. She put the envelope aside; and it was not until some days had passed that she opened it with a reluctance, with a pain, which were inevitable.

As Bickers had said, the contents appeared to be old bills, plans of literary work, agreements, written on a sheet of note-paper, with publishers and theatre managers. The sight of her father's handwriting brought the tears to her eyes; and she was putting the remainder of the papers, unread, into the envelope, when she caught a name on what looked like a certificate, which startled her and caused her to continue her examination with a sudden eagerness and interest. She read almost breathlessly, her bosom heaving, her eyes dilating; and, at last, when she had got through every paper, she rose with her arms extended, her face flushed, her lips quivering; indeed, she was shaking in every limb.

For before her lay disclosed the secret of her father's life.

(To be Continued.)

Shell Shock 246 Years Ago.

Westminster Gazette: Shell shock is commonly supposed to be a complaint, due to modern heavy artillery; but I have found a case of it as far back as the year 1471. The victim was an elector of Brandenburg, Friedrich of the Iron Teeth; and this is Carlyle's account of his experience: "In that war with Pommern, he sat besieging a Pomeranian town, Ucker-munde the name of it; when, at dinner one day, a cannon-ball plucked down upon the table, with such a crash as we can fancy—which greatly confused the nerves of Friedrich; much injured his hearing, and even his memory thenceforth." The consequence was that the elector abdicated at once, and died soon afterwards. It is an interesting precedent, and not of evil omen.

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Baltimore, April 19.

To the Editor of the New York:

An American who has spent the first two years of the war in England hardly remains silent when Congress hesitates to pass the National Service Bill. During the quiet retirement of the college, I watched Greatly waken.

In the beginning one heard "Conscription is out of the question because we are afraid of the unions, the war will be over in months, and besides, every man will do his duty." So the call for volunteers, Khaki caps and gowns in the Oxford room. Those few undergrads who had returned to begin the trimester drilled most of the Officers' Training Corps, quiet of the evening one heard the meadows the call of the bugle in the morning was wakened slump, slump, slump of march and the swing of a song which

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