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"Flowers of the Valley,"
 OR
MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER IV.
 A FRIEND FROM ITALY.

They were standing near the door as this ceremony was performed, and the signor, as he stepped, with his peculiar sliding step, into the hall, nearly ran against some one.

He pulled up with a bow and a "Pardon!" but the person against whom he had collided uttered a cry of terror and shrank back.

Iris ran toward the door, and was just in time to see Felice crouching against the wall.

"What is the matter, Felice?" she said.

The woman, her eyes fixed upon the signor, tried to answer, but the signor spoke for her.

"The matter, Miss Iris?" he said; "it is my clumsy stupidity! I did knock myself against this young woman, that is all! I beg ten thousand pardons!" and he bestowed an elaborate bow upon Felice.

"Are you hurt, Felice?" asked Iris.

"No, no, Signorina; I am not hurt!" replied the woman; and with lowered eyes she shrank back and disappeared.

CHAPTER V.

Foreigners are generally considered by Englishmen as late risers, or, in other words, "He abba," but if there is any truth in this sweeping condemnation of our continental neighbors, then Signor Ricardo was, for once, a brilliant exception to the rule.

For on the morning after his arrival he was up earlier than the earliest housemaid at the Revels. Perhaps it was the beauty of the morning, the freshness of the air, the singing of the birds, that tempted Signor Ricardo from his virtuous couch, though he showed no great eagerness to get out of doors; indeed, his proceedings were rather staid for a visitor.

In a loose and somewhat rusty, black jacket, and wearing a pair of black, felt slippers, the signor stole softly down the great stairs, with their carved and time-stained oaken railings and finials, and, stopping to examine the old pictures on the walls, descended to the hall. Here he carefully examined the locks of each of the doors, then leisurely surveyed the suits of armor and cases of antique weapons.

He turned into the dining-room next, and, surveying the great carved sideboards, uttered a grunt of dissatisfaction.

"Where is all that solid and massive plate, those silver candlesticks and silver dishes, and centrepieces, I wonder?" he muttered. "That pig of

a butler has them locked up somewhere. I expect, safe under lock and key. Humph! If some friends of mine knew this house and all that it contains, I think my good friend Knighton would lose some of his pretty silver things."

Having made a careful mental inventory of the contents of the dining-room, this interesting visitor, still in search of knowledge, turned into the hall again and tried the library door.

He found this locked, but after searching in his pockets for a minute he produced a skeleton key, and, after a little manipulation, turned the lock.

"One should never forget to carry a few useful tools," he murmured, softly as he looked round. "Books, books, books!" Bah! "My only books are woman's looks, and love is all they teach me! Who cares for books?"

As he spoke he opened the door of one of a series of cupboards, and uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, for inside the cupboard was a small safe. The signor examined this with more care than he had bestowed upon anything else, and apparently his examination was satisfactory, for, he nodded once or twice, and smiled sweetly.

"It is old—fifty, a hundred years, perhaps; and to open the lock is—bah! child's play. But not this morning! No; there is plenty of time, Baptiste! But I would like to know what is in there," he mused, with his head on one side, his white teeth gleaming at the safe as if they, too, were trying to penetrate its iron case. "I would like to know—well, well; all in good time! And now I think we will go and see the dew upon the flowers, and get an appetite for breakfast. Breakfast is the honest man's best meal; and Baptiste, my friend, if you are not honest, who is?"

With this moral self-encouragement the signor, having carefully relocked the library door after him, passed out into the garden. Here, having reached an angle well out of the view of the principal windows, he surveyed the house critically.

"Pest, but it is magnificent!" he murmured, his eyes roving covetously over the pile of gray stone, with its terraces and colonnades; "it is truly magnificent! Godfrey Knighton, my friend, you must be rich—very rich, and doubtless all this land for miles round belongs to you. Yes, you are a great man, rolling in money, in good English sovereigns—whilst poor Baptiste has scarcely a franc. Bah! and they say that there is justice in this world! Phew! what a place it is! It is just like a palace, with its plate, and its rich furniture, and its army of servants. And, doubtless, all to come to this young girl, this Miss Iris. Humph!"

There was a seat near where he was standing, on the edge of the velvety lawn, and Signor Ricardo stretched himself upon it, rolled up a cigarette, and lay looking at the morning sun, and smoking, and still letting his black, covetous eyes roam over the Revels.

Presently he heard a step behind

him, and looking round, saw Felice. Her face was colorless, her eyes hidden under their lids, and when the signor raised his hat and kissed his hand toward her with an elaborate affection of respect, she made no sign, and her face remained still and expressionless as a marble mask.

"Ah, Felice!" murmured the signor, softly, but with a half-concealed sneer under the smile upon his lips, and his teeth gleaming at her as if mocking.

"Like me, then, you are an early riser! Like me, you love to see the flowers with the dew on them! And how is my dear Felice?"

She stood and regarded him in silence for a moment, then she said, slowly, coldly:

"You have come, then?"

The signor stretched out his white hands and shrugged his shoulders.

"It appears like it, does it not? Yes, my dear Felice, here I am. Myself, Baptiste Ricardo, in all my glory! Oh, certainly, yes, as you say, I am come!" and he smiled again.

"Why have you come?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"Bah! you remind me of my good friend Knighton—your master, eh?"

"My master," she assented.

"He did want to know last night why I had come. As if a man could not pay a visit to his friends without causing so much surprise! I have come, because I wanted a change—because I wanted to see England—because, equally of course, I wanted to see you, my dear Felice!"

"You have come for no good, I know that," she said slowly, dully.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"You know nothing, my little Felice," he retorted, puffing at his cigarette, and regarding her evilly from under the brim of his hat. "Did you get up so early to tell me that? If so, I ask you—was it worth while?"

"No," she assented. "Your presence has never crossed my threshold without bringing pain and shame. You have come to bring sorrow and trouble here, but—"

She paused, her hands clasped spasmodically, and a single flash from her eyes, as black as his, darted out toward him.

"Phew!" he murmured softly. "You deal in tragedies, my dear Felice! Why should I bring sorrow here, to this beautiful, this lovely place, to my friend Godfrey Knighton and his most lovely and charming daughter?"

"Do not breathe her name!" said Felice, with sudden, half-suppressed passion.

"And why not?" he retorted. "Bah! she and I are good friends already. We will be greater. She is an angel!" He raised his hat. "An angel! Her voice is superb! She will be a queen, an empress! I offer her my devotion, my adoration!"

All the while he was speaking he kept his eyes fixed on the cold set face above him with the same mocking smile, and at the end of his declamation laughed softly.

The woman stood silent for a moment, then she said in a low voice:

"Baptiste, there is only one thing for which you come—money. You shall have it. I am not rich, but I have saved. I have good wages, you shall have my savings, take them and go!"

He laughed as if with intense enjoyment.

"My dear Felice, you are simply magnificent. You offer me your savings—is it not so?—to go. Tush, child! do you think it were for money I came? They would satisfy me? No! But enough; you do me an injustice, my Felice. I simply wish to enjoy for a while the hospitality of my good friend Knighton; to bask in the sunshine of his prosperity; to enjoy his beautiful place, and its—what do you call it?—its surroundings, for a time, I say. When I am tired, and my Felice I soon tire—I will go, but not before, not before, most certainly.

(To be continued.)

Women of Middle Age

THE critical stage of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 55, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness, irritability, melancholia, heat flashes which produce headache and dizziness, and a sense of suffocation. Guard your health carefully, for if this period be passed over safely, many years of enjoyment.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Its value is proven by many such letters as these:

Regina, Sask.—"I was going through Change of Life and suffered for two years with headache, nervousness, sleepless nights and general weakness. Some days I felt tired and unfit to do my work. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and found good results, and I also find it a very helpful Spring tonic and useful for constipation from which I suffer much. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to several friends, and am willing you should publish this."—Mrs. MARTHA W. LINDSAY, 810 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.

Lacelles, P.Q.—"During the Change of Life I felt so weak and run down I could hardly do my work. The perspiration would pour over my face so that I couldn't see what I was doing. We live on a farm, so there is lots to do, but many who felt as I did would have been in bed. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it did me a world of good. I tried other remedies but I put Vegetable Compound ahead of them all, and I tell every one I know how much good it has done me."—Mrs. DUNCAN BROWN, Lacelles, Prov. Quebec.

Letters like the above do influence women to try

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A New Wonder of Photography.

A new microscopic wonder has just been announced. Mr. J. E. Barnard, who is in charge of the National Institute for Medical Research, has been able to photograph for the first time a living bacillus, and to reveal its structure.

Hitherto it has only been possible to photograph with any detail objects that had been magnified 1,000 diameters or a million times their size or area. Beyond this, while it was possible still further to enlarge objects by the microscope, the greater size did not give any more detail. The microscope began to break up the light itself, so that it was useless for revealing the textures of objects.

Using the X-Rays.

Now, by using violet and ultra-violet rays, which have a shorter wavelength than white light, Mr. Barnard has been able to perform the amazing wonder of photographing the living germs of anthrax, magnifying them 3,500 diameters, or over twelve million times their size, and showing their structure.

He is now experimenting with soft X-rays, a weak kind of X-ray, the wave-lengths of which are ten times shorter than those of the ultra-violet rays.

But while there are great difficulties in the way of magnifying the details of objects beyond a certain point, and photographing them, amazing things have been done in the way of obtaining more size, so that the minutest particles can be detected.

The ordinary microscope will, in favourable circumstances, magnify up to about 2,000 diameters, so as to render visible an object measuring only about one quarter-millionth of an inch across; but with the latest kind of instrument, known as the ultra-microscope, which magnifies up to 30,000 diameters, or 900 million times the size, objects can be distinguished that have a diameter of only one five-millionth of an inch.

Of course, no details of the structure of such minute objects are visible, but when suspended in water they are observed to be in a state of movement. They are so small that they pass through ordinary blotting-paper. For a long time the reason for the movement in water was a mystery, but it is now believed to be due to the fact that the particles in suspension are pushed about by the water molecules round them.

To be moved about in this way the particles must be almost infinitesimal in size, and it is believed that the movements they show are similar to

the movements of the molecules themselves.

Seeing the Infinitely Little.

Shall we ever be able to get a microscope so powerful that it will show us a molecule? Science believes not, while the ultra-microscope enables us to detect an object as small as a five-millionth part of an inch in diameter—that is, the 25 million millionth of a square inch in size—a molecule of hydrogen is only one-thirtieth of this.

The principle of the ultra-microscope is simply that, instead of directing a powerful beam of light into the microscope through the liquid to be examined, it is sent horizontally into the liquid at right angles to the line of vision—from the side. Then, if the liquid is optically empty—if it has no floating particles—there is nothing to reflect the light, and the field of vision appears quite dark.

If, on the other hand, tiny particles are present in the liquid, the light is reflected, and the minute points of light stand out against the dark background, making the particles visible.

have been and are being carried on by the United States Government. We are aware that the desert will be nearly always and everywhere "bliss as the rose" if you can get water into it. But perhaps the most extraordinary reversal of this commendable alchemy has recently gone on the records from Arizona. In continued pursuance of the policy of setting aside large unsettled areas to be future outdoor playgrounds, the Department of the Interior has established "The Panago Saguro National Monument." It is a tract of simonpure desert land, just east of Phoenix along the famous Apache trail; and it was created primarily to conserve types of desert vegetation in a region that is rapidly changing in appearance through increased cultivation of the soil. In other words, reclamation is proceeding at so rapid a pace that soon in the locality the precious giant cactus, sagebrush, rattlesnake, yucca, and gila lizards, shall have passed like the bison. The monument represents a "cross section of the state," a fauna and flora representative of the whole commonwealth, and so is to be preserved to the ages. Truly, a real tribute to nature! Here is a reclamation of the desert, in a new sense: Reclamation from the selfish activities of those who would turn its sand to soil and its sage to celery. Surely this marks an epoch in the passing of the great West!—Christian Science Monitor.

"Snapshot Days."

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