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Love in the Abbey

Lady Ethel's Rival

CHAPTER XX
A RUSTIC REPAST.

"Delightful! I didn't bargain for the cleverest as well as the most beautiful girl in the world!"

"One word more like those and you get no luncheon!" says Kitty, her eyes sparkling nevertheless. "Well, I'll go—meanwhile will you pick the strawberries?"

He goes down on his knees, they are out in the garden again by this time, and falls to work on the spot.

"Hi, Kitty!" he calls. "What can I put them in?"

Kitty looks back mischievously.

"I didn't bargain for the stupidest as well as the ugliest man in the world," she says, showing all her teeth with her own particular smile. "Behind nature's crockery," pointing to some large cabbages, "help yourself to a plate!" and away she bounds.

Lord Sterne stands adjured, laughing. He selects one of the largest cabbages and picks as if he had to earn his kincheon by producing a bushel of strawberries in a given time.

"Assuredly if any of his great political and fashionable friends could see him now, they would either be incredulous of their eyes or his sanity. The great Lord Sterne kneeling at a strawberry bed, with that happy, light-hearted, youthful face! Impossible! Certainly love is a great miracle worker.

"Before very long—just as my lord's back begins to ache, he hears the light footfall, and Kitty appears like Ceres, loaded with a basket.

"Why!" she exclaims, looking down at him with loving, mischievous eyes, "how many guesses have you asked? There are quite enough there for at least a dozen people."

"Are there?" she says meekly. "I should have gone on picking and picking until you had come back, while the strawberries held out," and taking up the leaf holds it to him, and follows her gingerly and with eyes bent upon the fruit of his labor.

"Now," says Kitty, plumping on her knees under an old oak in the little paddock, within sight of the trough upon which she, the tomboy, had stood when first she had seen him.

"Now, there's the cloth, there is a cold pie, contents unknown. (I wonder whether it was made for papa, or the still more awful Tapley!) Cold bread and butter pudding, as fore-shadowed, best fresh butter, made by these hands, my lord—stretching out her hands—"a bottle of claret, salt, pepper, two plates, knife and fork, and, ahem, one spoon!"

"That's enough," he says, "you may use it first."

"Two glasses, et cetera, et cetera. Place the dessert in the middle, if you please, and sit down."

Lord Sterne obeys to the letter.

"You need not sit quite so close," says Kitty, with a little arch smile, as he throws himself at her feet.

"I may as well sit here at first as at last. I should be sure to at last. Can I give you some pie?"

"You cannot," she says, with bewitching imperiousness. "The robber who provides the feast has ever enjoyed the honor of distributing; you will please sit still and take what is given you with meek gratitude. Mysterious pie!" brandishing a knife—"yield up thy mystery! It is—no! it is real and ham! Rejoice! it might have been hard and bullety steak!" and, rattling on in this vein, she cuts him his piece and hands it to him, and Lord Sterne falls to, taking a mouthful of her sweet face with his eye, between every mouthful that he takes of the pie. For him her bright, unforced gaiety, her quick humor, has a charm which bewitches and electrifies him. Never, in all his life, full of experience as it has been, has he met with her like, and every quick, eloquent look, every swift, bright smile comes upon him like a delicious gleam of sunshine; silent, but greedily watchful of her, he simply basks in the delight and joy of her presence. He felt as a man might feel who had spent all his days, from his youth up, in the arctic regions, and was suddenly transported into the warmth and sunlight of the glowing South. Elliot Sterne, the once cold, impassable politician and man of the world, basking and warming himself in the rays that spread from the gay, joyous, innocent heart of a loving girl, feels that he is still young, very young, and that life is a great boon worthy of a god.

"Splendid pie," he says, leaning against the tree, and turning to the strawberries with lazy content, and peaceful, perfect happiness. "Glorious bread, appetizing butter, and most luscious of strawberries—a feast for the gods. The castle is celebrated

for its strawberries; but I've never tasted any to touch these."

"The castle? Windsor Castle?" queries Kitty, leaning back also, and letting her eyes rest upon his handsome face with serene delight which a girl takes in merely looking at the man she loves.

"Windsor Castle!" he laughs. "No, Wardale Castle."

"Ah, yes; your place?" says Kitty, with a curious interested look. "Your place is it not? I have never heard of it."

"No!" he says carelessly, selecting a ripe strawberry and eyeing it approvingly. "Yes, I was born there."

"Is it a nice place?" asks Kitty musingly.

"It is considered so, I believe," he says, as carelessly as before. "I am fond of it, naturally—some might think it dull. I hope, looking at her fondly, 'you will like it.'"

"Yes," says Kitty, with her arms round her knees, and her eyes looking dreamily beyond him. "Tell me what it is like."

"Like any other castle," he replies indolently. "There's a guide to it, I believe, published in the town."

"A castle!" says Kitty, meditatively.

"Very old?"

"Built by Rufus Sterne, descendant of Gascoigne Sterne, who came over with William the Conqueror—of course!" he replies, with a smile. "The guide book will tell you all that better than I can."

"Very old—very large—very grand!" says Kitty, "larger than the Hall?"

"Larger than the Hall!" he echoes, amused by her persistency; "yes, I suppose so. It is a nice old place, which my father made decent inside. I hope you will like it." The color rises to Kitty's face, but she is still lost in dreams. "There is a capital croquet lawn, and a park extending for five miles—plenty of room for a gallop—and the stables are tolerable. Tolerable in his modest way of describing the best-appointed equine palace in the kingdom. "Yes, Kitty, I can't help hoping that you may like it! But it doesn't matter if you should not," he adds quietly.

"You mean," says Kitty, "that you would buy another place?" a thrill of gratification running through her.

"Yes—if the place in Warwickshire didn't please you, or the rest of them," he replies—"as a matter of course."

"The rest of them?" says Kitty. Tell me—I'm a horrible mercenary girl, as you will discover—the laughs as a low, happy laugh of unbelief—"tell me how many more you have?" she says softly.

He hesitates. He is so utterly indifferent to his great wealth and high rank—they are both, and have been since he can remember, matters of course, that the attendant circumstances, the very particulars seem uninteresting and he is amused at her question. But he makes haste to humor her, as he would make haste to stand upon his head or balance a strawberry on his nose, if it were her wish that he should perform either of those eccentric feats.

"Let me see—there is the castle, and the Holme, and the Houghlin, in Scotland—if it hasn't disappeared, I haven't seen it for years—and the Lea, in Essex, also probably dissolved into dust."

"Is that all?"

"Oh—oh, there's the house in town—Grosvenor Square. Do you like that? Park Lane is prettier—perhaps you'd like Park Lane better?—there are some pretty little places there."

"Hem!" says Kitty, as if she were weighing the relative merits of the situation with extreme nicety. "Of course you would buy a house there if I did prefer it?"

He nods a ready "Of course."

"Thank you! Go on—are there those all?"

"Yes—oh, there's a place—a villa—they call it a palace—on the Arno, pretty enough for a few months in the summer. Ah! what a glorious time we will have, my darling, in Italy!"

"And the palace on the Arno," says Kitty—"that is all!"

"That is all," he rejoins, laughing up at her; then he grows serious and anxious. "You don't like any of them!" he says. "Confess you fancy some particular spot! Kitty, you will not keep any wish, however slight—however apparently trivial—from me! You know that, from this moment, my happiness will consist in gratifying every desire you may have!"

She gives him one swift glance of love and gratitude, too great for

Ends Stubborn Coughs in a Hurry

For real effectiveness, this old home-made remedy has no equal. Easily and cheaply prepared.

You'll never know how quickly a bad cough can be conquered, until you try this famous old home-made remedy. Any one who has coughed all day and all night, will say that the immediate relief given is almost like magic. It takes but a moment to prepare, and really there is nothing better for coughs.

Into a 16-oz. bottle, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth); then add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Either way this mixture saves about four-fifths of the money usually spent for cough preparations, and gives you a more positive, effective remedy. It keeps perfectly and tastes pleasant—children like it.

You can feel this take hold instantly, soothing and healing the membranes in all the air passages. It promptly loosens a dry, tight cough, and soon you will notice the phlegm thin out and then disappear altogether. A dry use will usually break up an ordinary throat or chest cold, and it is also splendid for bronchitis, whooping cough, and bronchial asthma.

Place in a neat, valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known as the most reliable remedy for throat and cough ailments.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Commandments of Matrimony.

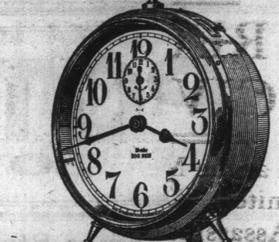
What "Newly Weds" Should And Should Not Do.

1. You shall not give your husband "beans" other than kidney and haricot, for "straining" is the bane of matrimony, and the wife who gives back-talk is seeking trouble.
2. You shall not "pop down to breakfast" camouflaged in curl-papers, pins, or patent frizzers.
3. You shall by no means ask your husband what he would like for dinner, as there is nothing he likes better than a guess in the evening; and a good wife knows her husband's likes better than he does himself.
4. Remember that your husband is a man and not an archangel; and that blessed is she who expects little, for she may haply get more.
5. You shall not wish (aloud) that your husband were such a one as Mrs. Somebody Else's paragon of all the virtues, but shall, if you be wise, occasionally tell the man you took for better or worse that he is not half a bad sort.

For Husbands.

6. You shall not bring home any other fellow than yourself to take "pot luck" without two days' notice at least.
7. You shall not expect your wife to be sweet and amiable morning, noon, and night; for if you do, you are going to be badly disappointed.
8. You shall not tell your wife, when you find her "tired to death," that the house was clean enough and that to go and turn every room out was a piece of blithering tomfoletry. There is no surer road to strife and bitter tears.
9. Remember to bring your wife chocolates like you used to, for a few shillings thus spent—a pound of the best—brings a week of content; for where thoughtfulness is concerned a little goes a long way.
10. You shall not covet the "last word," but shall let your wife have it for her own, shutting your mouth like a rat-trap lest a worse thing befall.

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Big BEN is a household word because he's a clock of his word. He runs on time, he rings on time, he helps folks live on time.

These are family traits. All Westclox Alarms run true and ring true. They're all good-looking, too. You can tell them by the family name, Westclox, on the face.

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That's why they say, "Westclox are best clocks." And you will, too; so look for that family name, Westclox, on the dial of the alarm you buy.

Your dealer has them. Big Ben is \$4.00.

Western Clock Co.—makers of Westclox
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- 300 Cases 2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH.

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How Townsend Was Released.

The London Daily Express has received from Lemnos the story of how General Townsend, of Kut, took a most important part in the negotiations which led up to the Turkish armistice.

It seems that after the flight of Enver Pasha and his fellow Young Turk conspirators the Government fell in to the more stable hands of Izzet Pasha, who realized at once how necessary it was for Turkey to have peace without any delay. There was Townsend, the prisoner, on the Bosphorus. Why not send for him and ask him what to do? In every interview with the Turk leaders had with the hero of Kut for the past three months he had urged them to surrender. He lost no opportunity of impressing on both the Enver party and their successors the dangers in store for Turkey if they hesitated.

The Offer of Freedom.

The Germans under the notorious Count John Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, were keenly conscious of Townsend's growing influence and popularity, and they made it extremely difficult for him to see the Turk leaders in private. Eventually, when Izzet Pasha, after Enver's flight, sent for him, the British General, dressed in mufti, went into the Sublime Porte through a side entrance and there had a secret talk with the new head of the Government.

Izzet was extremely anxious to preserve the Government, and he offered General Townsend his freedom if he would proceed to Lemnos and arrange matters.

The General declared himself ready to go. Accompanied by a Turkish officer and the British A. D. C., who had been left with him in his captivity, he crossed over to Asia, and was taken by special train to Smyrna. Here he was received with almost royal honours by the Turkish Government, who gave a luncheon for him and made highly complimentary speeches, in which the defence of Kut was compared to Osman's defence of Ilevna, which means a lot in Turkey.

Outside the General noticed a British officer prisoner accompanied by a Turk. The officer had come in to see his dentist, but the General beckoned to him and asked him to come along with him; to which the Turk made no objection, and the office is now a free man in England.

Two Great Secrets.

New York World: The mystery that during the war was concealed in the phrase "an Atlantic port" has been cleared up by the discovery that New York is the port referred to. This discovery is now followed and paralleled by the discovery that when American soldiers landed at "a French port" they in fact landed at Brest. It is difficult even for news censors long to keep such secrets.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE



THE DOCTOR, "As you realize and I fear, give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS
Contain No Poison

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

"Insist" on getting "Salada"
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Black - Green } Sealed Air-tight packets to preserve
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Montreal at the the United Fears Assassination

WILSON ARRIVES.

BREST, Dec. 13. The steamer George Washington, carrying President Wilson on board, entered the Harbor of Brest after a long voyage from New York, after noon to-day. The President's ship moved into the harbor through lines formed by battleships, which dropped anchor about a mile off shore in a simultaneous demonstration. Mayor Goude, of Brest, greeted President Wilson on his arrival. "Our hearts are unanimous in saluting you as the messenger of justice and peace," he said. "To-morrow it will be our nation which will acclaim you, and our whole people will thrill with enthusiasm over the eminent statesman who is the champion of their aspirations towards justice and liberty."

CHAMBERLAIN PESSIMISTIC.

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., Dec. 13. While expressing his earnest desire to see the League of Nations established, J. Austen Chamberlain, member of the War Cabinet, in an address here last night, warned his hearers of the difficulties of the task set the nations of the world. It could not be achieved in a long time, he declared, and probably would only come as the result of a slow growth of many years.

U.S. NAVY WILL RETURN HOME.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13. Every capital ship of the American navy now in Europe, including the dreadnought squadrons which have been operating with the British since the start of the war, will return to home waters this month, Secretary Daniels announced to-day. They may be expected to reach New York about Dec. 23, and a naval review will take place there to celebrate the home coming.

MONTREAL POLICELESS.

MONTREAL, Dec. 13. This city this morning was without police and fire protection as a result of the strike of the employees of these departments of the city since the start of the strike. The Montreal Trades and Labor Council has offered to act as a mediator between the city and the strikers. The Unions affected considered this offer at a meeting held this morning.

At a meeting of the Aldermen this afternoon, it was resolved on a majority of 17, or what practically amounted to a two-thirds vote as a requirement by the city by-law to be of effect, that the salaries of Director of Public Safety, Joseph Tremblay, and his assistant, Arthur Mann, be struck from the city's budget. These are the heads of the police force for whose dismissal the strikers are calling. If the Aldermen can control a similar majority at the meeting of the City Council on Monday, the motion will go into effect. Following the advice of the Director of Public Safety that citizens take steps to protect their property, a committee of public safety has been appointed at the meeting of the members of the Board of Trade held this morning. It is composed of leading business men, financiers and industrialists of the city.

WILHELM REFUSED REFUGE.

THE HAGUE, Dec. 13. Switzerland refused to admit the former German Emperor when he fled from Germany, and Holland ought to have followed the example of the Swiss, declared M. Ravenstein, a revolutionary Socialist, in the Lower House of the Dutch Parliament to-day. The former emperor, he continued, should not be handed over to the Allies but should be sent to Germany to be tried by the people's tribunal. The Dutch workers will oppose every attempt to drag Holland into a war of the question of the former Emperor.

ON THE WAY TO PARIS.

BREST, Dec. 13. President Wilson left Brest for Paris at four o'clock this afternoon. His progress from the pier to his train was amidst a vociferous welcome from thousands in the streets.

MORE EVIDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 13. The German Government in July, 1918, informed about 130 German civil employees at a conference in Berlin that a world war would be started