

There are, no doubt, several brands of Baking powder on the market that apparently give satisfactory results. But when the thoughtful woman comes to the point of giving consideration to the important question of pure food, she naturally becomes discriminating, and chooses a baking powder that she knows is free from alum and other injurious ingredients.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder has set a standard of purity and excellence, and the name and reputation of the manufacturers stand back of their guarantee that it is the best and purest baking powder possible to produce.

Made in Canada

"Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER II. LIFE'S FEBRUARY.

MEANTIME, while Sydney—or to give the full baptismal title, bestowed in remembrance of her father's mother, "Sydney Grey"—Alwyn was growing out of the vagueness of infancy into the more definite shape of six or seven years old, the home-life of Guywick Hall, if altered in any respect, had altered for the worse. Master and mistress were wise as the poets saunter in their tastes. Practically, as well as metaphorically, Beethoven was shelved, and Offenbach ruled in his place. Mrs. Alwyn's brilliant little dinners, or gay evening assemblies, were arranged without regard to her husband's wishes or engagements. If he appeared at them, so much the better for the look of the thing. If he kept away she had always some ready excuse for his absence, and shinning most herself when he was not by, so exercised her powers of entertainment that the elderly host was very little missed.

Splendidly dressed, lavish at all points, tactfulness of every amusement in the neighborhood, quite clear now of the common professional set to which her marriage had first introduced her, the lady made a point of enjoying life most thoroughly. Her ponies, her brougham, her lace and her furs, her orchids and ferns, her pug-dogs, and all the other fancies, were food for gossiping amusement to the neighborhood, and the only share her husband had in these increasing luxuries was to find the funds for their purchase.

Over this part of the business he had of late demurred more than once, the last time with serious retraction, but with no better success than to bring down upon himself a prolonged dose of sullen indignation and a heavy purchase of costly "Satura" for the drawing-room shelves. And possibly this state of things troubled the lawyer more than he cared to confess, or in fact had any one to confess to. But it seems to Sydney that, just at this time when recollection of her father begins, he grew older and graver very fast indeed.

Other people were of the same opinion. "You're not looking yourself, Alwyn," the rector of St. Clement's

I SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Paris, Oct.—"For five years I suffered from pains caused by displacement of my organs and in my back. All of this time I was unable to do any work and was taking different medicines that I thought were good. I saw the advertisement in the papers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and took it faithfully. I am now in perfect health and do all my own work. I recommend it to others, and give you permission to publish this letter in your little books and in the newspapers as a testimonial."—Mrs. D. CASBARY, Box 461, Paris, Ont. Why women will continue to suffer so long is more than we can understand, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

said, advancing from his garden gate one morning as the lawyer drove by to his office, Sydney perched by his side according to frequent customs. "I don't believe, after all, Guywick suits you half as well as 'Stuarts' did." "Half? no, not a hundredth part," answered John Alwyn, hastily; "though," pulling himself up short, too proud to parade his troubles, "the place is well enough in its way. Why don't you come and see it often?" "Oh, you know," evasively returned the clergyman, "I'm busy. My boy is back from Oxford, I'm coaching him through the 'long.' But I do want a chat with you about"—dropping his voice and leaning forward—"that investment of mine. I'll come round to your office soon—this week, if it will suit you."

"Next will do better," said the lawyer, gathering up the slackened reins, his forehead contracting, though he was not given to signs of impatience. "Then next be it. And well, little maid," smiling at Sydney's gravely attentive face, "what did you mean by not being a boy, eh? A lad could have been helping his father by now, couldn't he?"

"So can a girl! So can I; so I will!" returned Sydney, her great, dark eyes, sometimes hazel, sometimes deepest blue, dilating with a most unchildlike anxiety. ("Why did every one keep telling her father he looked ill?") "Papa, may I stay with you to-day, and sit by you and stamp your letters? You like that sometimes, don't you?" "Little goose," he answered, fondly, "don't I like it always? We'll indulge in that treat soon, when we're not so full of work."

"Nor so full of cares," thought the rector, as he stepped back and let them drive on. "It strikes me, John Alwyn, that marriage of yours was about the worst venture you ever made in your life!" which was very nearly, but unfortunately not quite, the truth.

Two scenes of that first summer registered in Sydney's memory abide to a much decorated dressing-room to say formal good-night to her mother, who, very darning and superb, is arrayed for some evening visit. Her father stands by the window. "It is the third time," Mrs. Alwyn says, in tones of annoyance that she does not soften as the child enters, "the third time I have accepted for you to the Wynnes, and you have always called off going. It is most ungracious and provoking of you. They may take offense. Lady Wynne always looks incredulous when I say you are unwell or something of the sort."

"The need not be incredulous tonight," returns Mr. Alwyn, wearily, "there will be no pretense about your apology for once."

Mrs. Alwyn flashes at him a doubtful glance.

"If you are not well, why did you stay at your office so late?" "Expecting letters."

"And never gave a thought, of course, to my convenience! You knew I should wait till you came back, to see whether you were going with me or no."

"I assured you I should not before I left this morning. They are people out of our range. The effort of an evening there, now when I'm harassed in all directions, would have crazed me."

His tone is so broken, so dejected, that Sydney's eyes fill suddenly with tears as, with a furtive side look at her mother, she steals behind the dressing-table to her father's elbow. But Mrs. Alwyn's pity is reserved for her own grievances. The Wynnes were particular as to the proprieties, and she was bent on dragging her husband to their dinner.

"Or else you must give up some of your engagements and stay at home with the old man you've tied yourself to! Well, is that such a hard fate? Helen"—he used the name so seldom she started to hear it, and drew a little back as he advanced—"I'm worried now, and—am anxious. Could you not forego this dinner? Could you not stay with me this evening?" She gathers up the long train of her beautiful gleaming dress with a gesture of irritation at such an inconsiderate suggestion.

"You know the St. Heliers are to be there!" she says, with an emphasis which seems to express that such society would draw her from any duty on earth; "I am alive to the obligation of being asked to meet them. Mr. Alwyn, if you are not! Don't come down with me if you are not well. Let me put my cloak on, thank you. Good-night. And, Sydney, just stopping to let the child touch her cheek, 'you may well be pale. You ought to be in bed!'"

The carriage wheels sound down the sweep and past the chestnut drive by the courteous women at the lodge; and quite sure the house-mistress is gone, Sydney crosses her father's listless hand, as he sighs heavily, and asks: "Shall we go down, papa, to your dinner? And need I go to bed?" He wants no dinner, he says, and she may stay with him a little while; so they skedaddle together to a small west-facing room, opening on a delicious piece of lawn spangled with beds of blue forget-me-nots, sheltered from the setting sun by wide boughs of a glorious emerald-tinted beech.

The red light flickers through the leaves, and sets the shadows dancing on the walls. Chamfrons by dozens keep cheep-cheep-chee-ping outside. Sydney tells her father the doings of the day; how her white rose is out at last; he is to have the first bud for his button-hole to-morrow; and how she can ride round the Croft without a guiding-rein, and Havers, her coachman-tutor, says she will be a credit to him. Mr. Alwyn listens very silently, ready with a smile when Sydney looks at him, not smiling when released from her gaze. She sees his thoughts are far away, and presently ceases talking.

The shadows from the beech are gone now. Twilight fills the room as they still sit up, and Leonard's evening practice flings on up-stairs unceasingly. The child is half asleep when a strange step on the gravel sets the dogs barking, then the butler brings in a lamp and something in a pink envelope.

Sydney thinks she has tired her father leaning so long upon his arm, for his hand trembles as he opens his missive. She would read it too, but he puts her aside, kisses her slowly once—twice—and bids her go to bed.

Then he comes up for another good-night, with a leather bag in his hand, another coat upon his arm, and Sydney, in a spasm of wakefulness, stifles her lamentations over his going a journey because he looks so troubled, bids him be quick to watch over the banisters for the last glimpse of him as he leaves thus, in unexplained haste, his splendid home at Guywick.

(To be continued)

Windsor Table Salt. Deals them All. THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED.

Proposal to Rebuild Solomon's Temple.

Now that Palestine has passed under the mandate of Great Britain, it has been seriously suggested by Freemasons and others, that a Christian edifice fashioned like that built by Solomon, should be erected upon the Temple area.

It is stated in London that the various Christian denominations are to be approached in regard to the matter, and some reference to the possibility of the scheme is therefore appropriate.

But the fact is, few realize the magnitude of the proposition. The Temple built was one of the grandest structures ever raised by man. No other building of ancient or modern times can compare with it. As to the bulk of the work and materials, we have only the figures given in the Bible and other sacred writings.

Solomon built his temple on a ridge east of the city of Jerusalem, known as Mount Moriah. This is supposed to be the spot where Abraham offered his son Isaac. In David's day this was open country, with a farm and threshing floor, owned by a Jebusite, one Ornan, from whom David bought it. Solomon commenced his momentous task in the fourth year of his reign, 502 years after Exodus from Egypt, and 3,102 years according to biblical history, from the creation of Adam. It was finished in the eleventh year of Solomon's reign.

In Chronicles we read of 150,000 men being employed by Solomon in quarrying and carrying stones, many of which must have been of gigantic proportions. Close to the Damascus Gate, at the north end of modern Jerusalem, may be seen an old subterranean quarry, called Solomon's Quarries. This was discovered a decade or two ago, and it is supposed that the stone used in the erection of the Temple came from these underground chambers. Engineers have stated that sufficient material has been removed from these vaults to build the city of Jerusalem, as it now stands within the walls, three times over. Every evidence would reveal that the stone used by Solomon actually came from these quarries.

Timber for Mount Lebanon. Research would go to show that this army of 150,000 men did not represent the total number of men called into requisition to erect the first permanent worshiping-place of the Israelites. We read in Scripture how Solomon approached his father's old friend, Hiram, of Tyre, to lend him men to cut down timber on Mount Lebanon. "For Sidonians are more skillful than our people in cutting of wood."

Hiram, we know, also sent many skilled Phoenician workmen, and it is interesting to note, as a confirmation of the Bible story, that the agents of the Palestine Exploration Fund discovered, some months ago, Phoenician masons' marks on one of the foundation stones of the Temple wall, some eighty feet below the present surface. It is thought by some scholars that the total number of men engaged by Solomon was no less than 128,000.

These men worked constantly for a period of three years. The food, housing and salaries of such an army must have amounted to many millions of pounds sterling. To raise such an army to-day in the Holy Land, house and feed them, and pay their wages would, it is computed, cost no less than sixty million pounds, (\$200,000,000). But here we have to remember that with modern methods of construction and up-to-date labor-saving devices, this army could be considerably reduced in number.

Then apart from the cost of labor, stone, and iron, it is evident that if the Temple is to be a duplicate of the original, its designers must be lavish in the use of gold and precious stones.

Treasures of the Temple. The historical writer, Josephus, who has, perhaps, left the best description of this wonderful sacred edifice, tells us that the Temple was overlaid with gold. Then the gold ornaments were almost without number, there being 100,000 vessels of gold, 200,000 of silver, 80,000 golden dishes for offering fine flour, 160,000 silver dishes for the same purpose, 60,000 large gold basins for flour and oil, 120,000 similar basins of silver, 20,000 measures of gold, 40,000 measures of silver, 20,000 golden censers. The great candlestick was also of gold, beside the table for the show-bread and the Ark.

The gorgeous vestments of the priests, the garments of the singers, the musical instruments of the finest brass, the precious stones, hangings and embroidery work, gilding, engraving and other artistic workmanship must have represented a huge value, which has been computed at several billions of dollars.

After standing for 410 years, Solomon's Temple was completely destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar. The site has, in turn, been occupied by Christian and heathen buildings.

To-day it is adorned with that marvellous structure, the Mosque of Omar, the dome of which is built in a rock from which Moslems believe Mohammed ascended into heaven, and which by legend is associated with the spots where Abraham offered Isaac.

Notes for Women!

When you buy Lantic Sugar in 2 pound or 5 pound packages, you get the best pure cane granulated white sugar.

You get sugar which comes straight from the Refinery to your table without coming into contact with any person's dirty or sweaty hands.

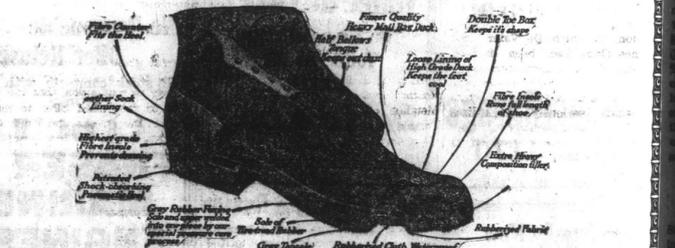
You get sugar in a package which is dust proof and fly proof; you get your full weight of clean, pure cane Granulated White Sugar.

Your Grocer has LANTIC; he paid a little more for it than the price of sugar in barrels and he is now waiting to see if you prefer sugar which is guaranteed to be clean instead of sugar which may not be so clean.

What About It?

The "Work Shu,"

Introducing ECONOMY FOOTWEAR For Men and Boys.



The "Work-Shu" illustrated above is a Brown Canvas Boot with heavy mail-bag uppers; solid tire tread outsoles, fibre insoles and leather sock lining. Keeps feet cool and easy. Ideal Summer Footwear at moderate prices.

Sizes 11 to 2, for Boys, \$2.40 to \$3.30. Sizes 8 to 6, for Boys, \$2.60 to \$3.75. Sizes 6 1/2 to 9, for Men, at \$3.60.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd., The Shoe Men.

NEW Ex "Manola" and "Sable I" ARRIVALS. FAT BACK PORK. MORRIS FAMILY PORK. MORRIS'S SPARE RIBS. ROLLED OATS. OATMEAL. CHOICE HAM BUTT. WHITE OATS. AM. TRIMMED BACKS. AM. TRIMMED SPECIAL. "WINDSOR PATENT" -14's.

Our Prices are Lower. HARVEY & CO., Limited.

POPULARITY. I have a lot of ardent friends who greet me every day, and genuine affection leads me to h warmth to things they say. They meet me on the heaton track whenever I go out, and clap me gaily on the back, and call me small; I've never promised, with my face, to make the taxes fall; I've never cried that I would save the voters' pincushions, or volunteered to all a grave to save our Precious Hoons. I've never pledged myself to ease the burdens that men bear, or banded out the cheesy wheeze where millionaires paw the air. I sit beneath my tree and vine and pen my rhapsodies; I've never asked a friend of mine to help me at the polls. So there is nothing that states the love man have for me; for they are tired of candidates and talk of Liberty. Our Sacred Bulwarks man require some other theme to keep them safe and sane. And when they see me lead my gun along the village street, they know I will not ask a vote from any girl I meet. "It is a comfort," people say, "that there's one man in town who never has the wish to try to hold an office down." They look on me with loving lamps, with lamps that shine like stars, and borrow two-cent postage stamps, and touch me for cigars.

Women At Women Women Women We Boys' The bes S

Smuts Favorable ment-- public HISH OUTLOOK Prime Minister In the Common understood General Island on Tuesday tion of Eamonn whether he had ents before the la ed the Premier if he was seeing constantly. In answ try, Lord George the Dominion P and the propos London, to whic James Craig ha ere was official of the statement th neful and that n red which seri e prospects of a al Sania was to dience by the Kin SMUTS WILL L The question nts would attend Dublin between and the South ed in the nega en it was annou nts would not nrow. PROPAGANDA BACKWA L Sharp criticisms nness of commu p, airplane and release between G Dominions, wer e session of t ence, at which ed to appointi order the devel mication throug

There is a... I have a lot of ardent friends who greet me every day, and genuine affection leads me to h warmth to things they say. They meet me on the heaton track whenever I go out, and clap me gaily on the back, and call me small; I've never promised, with my face, to make the taxes fall; I've never cried that I would save the voters' pincushions, or volunteered to all a grave to save our Precious Hoons. I've never pledged myself to ease the burdens that men bear, or banded out the cheesy wheeze where millionaires paw the air. I sit beneath my tree and vine and pen my rhapsodies; I've never asked a friend of mine to help me at the polls. So there is nothing that states the love man have for me; for they are tired of candidates and talk of Liberty. Our Sacred Bulwarks man require some other theme to keep them safe and sane. And when they see me lead my gun along the village street, they know I will not ask a vote from any girl I meet. "It is a comfort," people say, "that there's one man in town who never has the wish to try to hold an office down." They look on me with loving lamps, with lamps that shine like stars, and borrow two-cent postage stamps, and touch me for cigars.