

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



"KYRA,"

The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER V. The Beauty of the Hour.

"Is Charlie right?" he thought; "and am I indeed so favored as to be looked upon as a dangerous rival?"

Then, as he turned his glance to the lovely face beside him, and met her grand eyes examining his face, his heart beat fast.

"How crowded, is it not?" she said, as they passed along one of the corridors. "I thought you would not come to-night," she said, in that low voice which a woman uses for the man she is desirous of making her lord and master. "It is so hot and you looked so tired last night; and I thought of the clear Highland skies and the blue lakes, knowing that you would be thinking of them too, and I said, 'Mr. Chester will have gone to-day.'"

"And I am here," he said, looking down at her. "Don't you think I must be an insatiable drum flogger?—that I must be irrevocably wedded to the follies and the gayereties of the life fashionable?"

She looked up at him. "Why should I think about you at all?" she said, with an arch smile. "Why, indeed?" he assented, fixing his dark eyes upon her. "Only because I think so much about you."

"Do you?" she retorted, softly; "and that is so little to think of."

And she sighed.

"You do not know how small, how pitifully mean and insignificant most women's lives are. Now, a man has so many objects in life—so many ambitions—"

She was stopped by the strange smile on his handsome face.

"Your words seem like a reproach," he said. "I have no objects, no ambitions, beyond winning the Derby and—yes, you are right, I have one great ambition!"

By this time they had strolled into the ballroom again, and were in the midst of a waltz.

"How I should like to know it," she breathed, her face, almost touching his shoulder, turned up to his face with an expression of such serene innocence that would have fitted any child and deceived any man.

"How I wish that I dared tell you," he answered, his deep tones low and suppressed.

She sighed so softly, that it was like the rustle of the feathers on a dove's breast.

Cure the Skin Through the Skin

It is now thoroughly established among skin specialists that eczema is purely a skin disease, due to a germ beneath the skin and curable only through the skin. Thousands of people suffer with skin disease who are perfectly healthy otherwise, which shows that their blood is not diseased. Ugly-tasting stomach remedies are therefore as worthless for skin diseases as they are for a tooth-ache.

Eczema germs must be WASHED AWAY. Sineary salves do no good for they cannot penetrate the skin. They merely clog the pores and aid

"Some day I may find my courage up to the requisite point—I may dare to whisper what the object and ambition of my life is. Now—"

The waltz ended, and they stood for a moment underneath the gallery, her hand upon his arm, her eyes bent wistfully upon the bouquet in her hand. As he paused, hesitating as any man who is not a coxcomb will hesitate, the thin figure of Count Hudspiel came behind and then in front of them.

"Miss Devigne, this next is mine, I think? How do you do, Chester? Fearfully hot, isn't it? Ah, if you had but a mosquito I would forget that this is not my beloved Spain."

And with a smile that showed all his teeth, he held out his arm for Lillian Devigne.

Percy had received the count with his usual grim reserve and iron composure, and had spoken some cold words of greeting; but the count's civil smile and display of teeth were lost on him, for he had kept his eyes on Lillian Devigne's face. But there was no terror or pallor to reward his scrutiny and make him uncomfortable this time; Lillian Devigne met the count's looks pleasantly; with a faint smile exchanged Percy's strong muscular arm for the count's thin one without a word. As she did so, however, a glance, swift and sweet shot from her violet eyes to Percy's, and sent him to the anteroom with that swift heartbeat which always follows in a man's heart such a woman's shaft.

The anteroom was dimly lighted; the ballroom was intensely hot, and contained no attraction for him, for certainly the sight of Lillian Devigne dancing with Count Hudspiel was anything but an attraction; and Lillian Devigne alone had power to draw him to the hot and crowded assemblies which he contemned and disliked, and with a restless, unsatisfied sigh he picked out a dark corner and threw himself into a settee. Then, instantly, as was his wont, he plunged into abstracted thought, and for all consciousness of the place and scene, the ballroom and its whirling contents might have been a hundred miles away—all that, is, saving one human being of the many, and that one—Lillian Devigne!

"Here am I," he mused, "the freest man in England head over heels in love with the most lovely woman not only in England, but the world. Well, that is the simple statement of an acknowledged fact, and the deduction is—that I lose my liberty and gain a prize for which there are already a hundred competitors. Shall I gain it?—that is the question. Suppose I am ready to give up the drag, the whistles—the everything, will she be willing to crown the sacrifice and transform this useless, purposeless life of mine to an existence of blissful content? I love her as I shall never love another woman," he continued, stroking his mustache, "that is, if I know what love is," and he stretched out his hands and clasped his knee. "Yes, I know what love is—I love Lillian Devigne; and if I know what is a woman, she is as true as steel, and worthy of any man's love! Now let me think. Is there anything against me being myself?" and he pursed up his mouth. "What would Lady Devigne say? She's pleasant enough now, but— After all, I hear nothing of the estate, it may be rich, it may be poor. Ah!" he muttered, with a grim smile, "and my lord, the earl, may marry again, and so—" and with a nod he emitted a low whistle, "and then all your heritage goes to the four corners of heaven with a whiff!"

As he mused there, no trembling by any means at the reverse of his temporal future, he was dimly aware of the entrance of two figures. They were, in fact, two old dowagers in search of the wine table, and, having filled themselves a glass each, they fell back, with a sigh of content, into the corner next that which held the soliloquizing Percy. The hum and and music of the ballroom broke in upon the gossip of the old ladies for a time, and Percy, who at the best of times possessed the greatest indifference to other people's concerns, sat, or rather lounged, in his dark corner, deaf to the voices beside him, until, with a suddenness that brought his hand from his mustache to his knee, he heard Lillian Devigne's name floating on the torrent of their talk.

"That she is the beauty of the season no one can deny," murmured the one; "but, my dear countess, think of the mystery enveloping them. Lady Devigne married—a horror—oh, quite, and no end of strange stories have been whispered."

"Still the girl will do well," put in the other, "I have no doubt Percy Chester will have her, and he is not a bad match."

A doubtful purr responded to this, and Percy, paralyzed for the moment, sat and listened.

"I should not be too sure of that, nor too certain of her getting him. You know what that dreadful man, Captain Warner, said at Lady Brabazon's—"

"No, my dear; I was not there, I am sorry to say. What was it?"

"That he would wager a thousand pounds to one that she would be the Countess of Hudspiel."

"Ah! the thin, dark man! But, my dear countess, who is he?"

"Just what I said, and then Lady Brabazon reminded me of several little things we had both noticed. Now, my dear, the Brabazon's house overlooks Lady Devigne's, and Lady Brabazon tells me that the count is there nearly every day, and that the Devignes are always at home, too; and for another thing, no one has ever seen her refuse him a dance, or treat him in that cool, contemptuous way which she has with most of them. She is dancing with him now, my dear—and look—"

The speaker broke off to divert the attention of the other old lady to the ballroom, and Percy Chester, roused from his half-unconscious eavesdropping, started to his feet, and drew aside the heavy curtains to look also.

What he saw was the beauty of the season standing beside the same pillar near which he had stood with her not half an hour ago, listening to the count, her face pale and set, her whole attitude significant of a strong effort to suppress all signs of emotion. The count's face wore a dark and sinister smile, and was as significant of an effort at coercion.

Percy watched them for a moment,

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Gin Pills

FOR THE KIDNEYS

Victoria, January 18th.

For several years I have been troubled with Kidney and Bladder Trouble, caused by uric acid, and the pains caused by the intermittent stoppage of urine was very severe. For this I was taking something or other continually with but little or no relief. At last a friend handed me a sample package of your Gin Pills. The contents of a sample gave me relief that I had not experienced in a long time. Since then I have been taking Gin Pills occasionally and have had no return of my former trouble. I am very gratified for the benefit derived, and feel sure that any one ailing as I was will find your Gin Pills will give the desired results.

This letter is from a well-known traveller of high standing in the City of Victoria. His name will be furnished to anyone desiring to obtain further information direct from him.

If you have any difficulty in getting Gin Pills from your dealers, order direct from us, enclosing 50 cents for 1 box, or \$2.50 for 6 boxes. A sample box will be sent free upon request. (Mention this paper.)

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She rose, and put her hand on his arm.

"For a little while I may perhaps, mamma?"

Lady Devigne nodded amiably, and Percy steered carefully through the throng.

"Ah," she breathed, as they entered the conservatory, "this is a delightful change! Oh, I am so tired!" and, with a little laugh, she slid her hand from his arm, and sank into a seat, half hidden by some overhanging ferns.

Percy stood beside her, looking down at her as she leaned back with peaceful languor, her small head, with its wealth of tightly bound hair, half drooping meditatively.

"Tired!" he said, "and yet they would have us believe that women can never weary of the scene of their triumph."

"Do not believe that," she said, raising her eyes, "if by triumph you mean the shallow admiration which men—women never admire one of themselves—yield us; do not be deceived, we know what it is worth, and we tire of it before it is expected."

"And there is no higher triumph?" he asked incredulously, taking in the beauty of her face, or its attitude of thoughtful repose.

"There may be," she sighed; "I know not. At least," with a smile, "I have not tasted of the sweetness yet, and so I am incredulous."

"Be mine the task to lead you forth in something higher than the empty flattery of the men," said Percy, bending over her with his earnest gaze.

"At least one man yields you no shallow, cold-hearted admiration; at least one man knows how to value your loveliness and your sweet worth. Miss Devigne! Lillian! I love you! Will you, can you bring yourself to be my wife?"

She started, trembled, and raised her eyes for one moment to his face, and then abashed by the fire of the usually impassive eyes, by the simple truth and innate nobleness of the handsome face, she hid her face in her hands.

(To be Continued.)

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YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS

The clothing of the boy is the problem that confronts most home dress-makers. From the time the wee baby starts to creep, mother begins to think: "What shall I do to make his clothes look different from sister's?" There are several ways of changing the first short dresses and here, too, might be mentioned, it is the wise mother who makes the very first dresses with armholes sufficiently large to fit a year-old baby and the neck bands in like proportion, for these dresses may be shortened. With the addition of cuffs and a turn down collar, these dresses are not only fit for several months' wear, but have quite a boyish air. Make the cuffs very long and turn them up; the little arms will all too soon outgrow them.

Vinegar will keep the hands white and smooth and prevent chapping when exposed to the cold air. Rub the vinegar on the hands after washing them and before they are quite dry.

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"Besides, severe nervousness is a cross and in noise would I did not seem strength, and would use me."

"Then a benefit she of Chase's Nerve give it a trial, found that I"

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Dr. Chase's Nerve

Back From the Front

Mr. and Mrs. John New Mullock Street, are just a letter from their son, left here with D Company, Land Regiment, He writes "Somewhere in France" on April 8th, as follows:—

Dear Mother,— Just a tell you that I am very we are back from the rest. I came out without thank God. Keep on praying soldier boy. I must say hard out here to your and water. Well, mother, tell you much about the we our letters are read over ed before you get them, father, I wish I could see you something of this life, both to be brave for my downhearted? No! My lot Esther and Albert, uncles I am with you all in spirit er, though not in body, wrote two letters while I firing line. I am hoping answer soon. Do not fail, it is all the Company I do do not wait for a letter fr write often. Ask Lena to write every Sunday and about the services of Rev. I do love dear old St. Church. I shall see it again please God. Cheer up, fat

Aching Bone All Rheumatism

Away Go the Crutches, Ever Made Well Quickly

Old age is usually full of rheumatism. Very few people escape its tortures. Many it bends and deforms the countenances of others the effects of its awful sut villine will cure rheumatism the pain out of throbbing and swollen joints. It unt ed knuckles. It does the and surely.

Nerviline is not used. You just rub it on—lots of ting is required for a mild and then you feel Nerv