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"Magic" Baking Powder contains no egg albumen or other added ingredient for the purpose of making unfair and deceptive tests which have no value as a constituent of baking powder.

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

The Die is Cast

For Better or For Worse.

CHAPTER XXXI.
The Crisis.

"Weren't you surprised when you heard of the change in my fortunes, Coke?" asked Lashmore, after the two had had a long talk in the smoking-room that night.

"Well, a little, but not over much," Coke replied, with his shrewd smile. "I always had a suspicion that you were a genuine swell and high up somewhere among the nobility. I've seen a good deal of the world, you know, Lashmore—I beg your pardon, Lord Herndale."

"None of that!" said Lashmore threateningly. "I'm Harry Lashmore to you always; and don't you forget it. And how are things going at Quirapata?"

"Very well," said Mr. Coke. "So well that I think now is just about the time to realise. You see, I'm going to lose my partner—he's jumped into a far better thing—and I shall miss him. I should feel a bit lonesome now, out there by myself; so, as I've made a bit of money, I fancy I'll come back to the old country, buy a bit of land, and do a little farming to pass away the time."

"Bravo!" cried Lashmore, patting him on the back. "That's good news! We'll find that bit of land, and I'll take precious good care it's near your old partner. Why, the thought of losing you was just the fly in the amber for me. And to think that we shall have you as a neighbor—it knocks me over! Here, have some more whisky! We'll go round and look for a place to-morrow; and, mind! it's not to be more than two miles off."

Osborne had gone back to town; he seemed as if he could not rest, as if he must be near Eva, though he should not be allowed to see her. He wondered about Gordon Gardens, until the policeman on his beat grew suspicious; so Osborne went home. But he was there again next morning; and somewhat to his surprise met Mr. Levison, accompanied by a gentleman evidently of his own nationality. Mr. Levison greeted Osborne as impassively as usual and introduced his friend, Mr. MacDonald.

"We are going to call on Sir Talbot on a little matter of business," said Mr. Levison. "Perhaps, as I have

been so fortunate as to meet you, you will accompany us, Mr. Osborne? We are going to give Sir Talbot a little information."

"Yes," said Mr. MacDonald; "we are going to open his eyes."

"And we shall be glad if you will be present at the operation," said Mr. Levison.

Osborne, after a moment of hesitation, consented; they were shown into the library, and presently Sir Talbot came to them. He was looking very old and careworn, and was evidently nervous and alarmed at the sight of his visitors, especially when he heard the name of Mr. MacDonald.

"You have doubtless come to see me about my account, Mr. MacDonald," he said, as he begged them to be seated.

"That is so, sir," said the stockbroker; "but not to press you."

"Mr. MacDonald has come to make a little explanation, Sir Talbot," said Levison; "and being rather a shy man, has asked me to accompany him, as I know something of the business. I am his partner, though it's not generally known. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Osborne outside, and I asked him to be good enough to come with us, because he knows something of the gentleman we shall have to speak about. You are rather heavily indebted to Mr. MacDonald, Sir Talbot; but I do not think you are fully aware how you came to be so."

Poor Sir Talbot shook his head and sighed. "I fear it is only too plain," he said sadly. "I have been engaged in operations on the Stock Exchange, in matters of which I was quite ignorant and with which I was quite incapable of dealing. I have acted on the advice of my future son-in-law, Lord Herndale—I should say—you are doubtless aware of his changed position; and I am sorry to say that he is like myself, a heavy loser."

"Oh, no, he isn't, Sir Talbot," said Mr. MacDonald. "That's what we've come to tell you, what we've come to explain."

At this moment the door opened, and Eva came in. She had thought that her father was alone; and she drew back at the sight of the visitors, a blush rising to her face as Osborne went to her and took her hand.

"I will go," she murmured.

But Mr. Levison said: "I think it would be better if Miss Lyndhurst remained, Sir Talbot. I think you will find that she ought to be informed of the truth."

Osborne placed a chair for her next his own, and his hand stole down till it touched her dress, so near her hand

that he could hold it, if the chance offered. He saw, with a pang, how pale and thin she was, and that the little hand was trembling.

"Oh, no, Lord Herndale hasn't lost anything, Sir Talbot," said Mr. MacDonald. "In all these operations you've been carrying on with him, he squared himself. When the deal went wrong he scored it against you, when it went right he put it to his own credit. See?" As simply as he could, Mr. MacDonald explained the ingenious modus operandi by which Herndale had embezzled the confiding Sir Talbot. "I guessed there was something wrong when he always asked for blank contract notes. He could fill in the names as he liked; and he did."

Sir Talbot's face flushed, and with an Irishman's hot indignation he sprang to his feet; but sank down with a heavy sigh.

"This is terrible news!" he said hoarsely. "A man who is capable of such perfidy must be a hardened villain. What motive—?" He looked suddenly at Eva, and his face grew white as she evaded his eyes. "I have been entrapped," he said.

"Swindled is the word I should use," said Mr. MacDonald.

Sir Talbot waved his hand with a gesture of resignation and despair. "I am ruined!" he said. "But the knowledge of Lord Herndale's treachery is harder to bear than my heavy loss." He looked at Eva again.

"Oh, as to that," said Mr. MacDonald, with a cheerfulness that sounded rather heartless under the circumstances; "things ain't as bad as they look. The fact is, my honored partner, Mr. Levison, who is one of the sharpest men in the city, and an honor to it, spotted his lordship's little game at the beginning and checkmated him, at least, so far as your risk was concerned, Sir Talbot. He and me put our heads together and took the liberty of opening a little account in your name. We've been pretty fortunate—Mr. Levison always is!—and we're about wiped out your losses."

Sir Talbot reddened and looked from one to the other with a gratitude he was quite incapable of expressing.

"What can I say, gentlemen?"

"Oh, that's all right, Sir Talbot," said Mr. MacDonald; "it's a mere matter of business. Of course, you owe us our commission. We shouldn't presume to do anything in your name except on regular business terms."

"Where is Lord Herndale?" asked Sir Talbot, in a low voice.

Mr. MacDonald shrugged his shoulders and looked at Mr. Levison, who looked at Osborne.

"He has left the country, Sir Talbot," said Osborne, quietly. "He no doubt knew that he had good reason for doing so. And I do not think he will return. I suppose Mr. Levison wished me to accompany him here because I could tell you this." His hand stole down the fold of Eva's dress, and seeking her hand, held it in a loving, encouraging pressure. "Having performed my task, I will leave you, Sir Talbot, to finish your business with these gentlemen."

"Not before you have heard me thank them with all my heartfelt gratitude," said Sir Talbot. "They have saved me from ruin; by their disclosures, they have unmasked a villain and saved my daughter."

At the door Osborne signed to Eva, and she rose and went out with him as if it were her duty to obey his beck and call. They went into the drawing-room, and he took her hands from before her face and held them.

"You have heard all that there is any need for you to hear, Eva," he said. "You are free. And you are free from my importunity—for the present. Ah, Eva, my love, do you think I don't know what you are suffering, that my heart doesn't ache with yours? But I've promised I will not speak of myself or my love now. But you must not expect me to wait too long. When you have got over the shock, the trouble, then I will speak, tell you what you know already. But you must let me see you very often; I will be very careful; I will set a guard on my lips—but I must see you. You will get better, grow stronger, for my sake? You will go down to Ripley—but not just yet. There is still something to be done."

(To be Continued.)

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CHAPTER I.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER I.

"I wonder where linen-draper's assistants go to when they die?—no, I don't wonder: I know. The lordly youth who served me at Smith & Pollinson's with languid grace declared that this was washing silk, and that its usual price was four-and-elevenpence a yard, but that they were sacrificing it for two-and-fivepence three farthings because they were selling off. I tried a piece just now and the color flew, absolutely flew, like a carrier-pigeon, or the week's housekeeping-money; and as to its original price being what that young prince with the pomatumed locks declared—well, David said in his haste that all men were liars; if he'd known that assistant at Smith & Pollinson's he might have said it at his leisure. But, all the same, Maids, you will see that I shall, by sheer genius, turn you out such a blouse as will make the spectators sit up and howl. Oh, I beg your pardon, Maids!"

The girl to whom this characteristic speech had been addressed turned from the piano and looked dreadfully at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon, Carrie," she said, absently. "What did you say?"

Carrie nodded with an air of relief. "Nothing, dearest—nothing. I was merely offering a few remarks upon the mendacity of the drapers' assistant, and I was apologising for some of Ricky's slang; but, as you didn't hear it, the apology is wasted: score it up to me against the next time. Go on, Maids; I won't interrupt again; but if you should hear me murmur under my breath, as the novel-writers are so fond of putting it, don't mind; for it only means that I am wrestling with this paper pattern which the Royal Novelties, that gave it away, blandly describes as easy. Easy! No, it is not only the pattern that is given away. Never mind! You wait till I've got as far as trying on, and then if you're not as surprised as Robinson Crusoe when he first saw the human foot-print—Oh, I really beg your pardon, dear! There, I won't say another word. See! I'll stuff my mouth with pins and—see!"

Carrie, with a toss of her head, threw her long hair out of the way—she was a little over sixteen, and, as she put it, her hair was still "down," and her skirts were "up"—set her full, girlish lips tightly, and bent over the silk blouse resolutely.

Maids Carrington turned to the piano again and touched the notes softly. It was an accompaniment, and not a "piece," that she was playing, and though her lips moved every now and then, she was not singing, but speaking to herself, as it were; reciting in a monotone, as if she were committing inaudible accompaniment of the old and rickety instrument. To an unenlightened observer the performance would have appeared weird and inexplicable; but in all probability he would have been too absorbed in gazing at the player's face to speculate as to her proceedings at the piano.

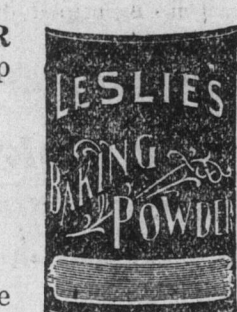
(To be Continued.)

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WEEK-

THE TURNING OF THE

HAIL HARBOR GRACE GRATULATIONS TO ITS SUCCESS TO ITS NEW PRIZE.

And so the tide has turned affairs of our second city and of industry is again to be heard. This is indeed good news it will mean a great deal for Grace itself and for Conception also. That such a splendid and such a beautiful site should be so forsaken as it was is regrettable.

Fifty years ago Harbour Grace in its glory, and a clipper fleet from its port and did business in foreign waters. Such merchants as Ridley, Munn, Donohoe, erford and Maddock were in the of their career, and a thriving tion dwelt within its borders. those firms, and the employ which attended their enterprise really built up the town of Harbour Grace, and all the best associates of the place were identified with the period. In trade and commerce in religion and education Harbour Grace stood well to the front, a worthy peer of St. John's.

Up to that time and for a few afterwards emigration was not at Harbour Grace, nor was it a cause, because there was an abundance of work for all the people, and trade and class of industry was mented by expert workers—carpenters, wrights, joiners, blacksmiths, and animakers, all had a share and the best proof of the skill of those craftsmen was found

A Tailor

U. S. Picture

Gent's Furni