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E. W. Gillett Co. Ltd.
TORONTO, CANADA.
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The Sound of Wedding Bells

Won After Great Perseverance!

CHAPTER XIII.
"It is quite a new game Sir Archibald is teaching us, Lady Falconer."
"Indeed," solemnly. "A new game at cards is always welcome. Pay attention, my dear Edie. You must teach it to me."
This is too much for Dulcie, and she rises with a laugh.
"You will get us all into trouble, and yourself in disgrace," she says.
"I don't care," he says, looking down at his flower. "I'd do much for such a prize."
She turns away with an impatient pout.
"It is only in fun," she says. "You had no right to keep it."
"Why not?" he says, half shyly, half boldly.
She does not answer; but she crosses to the fireplace where Hugh is standing, his hands in his pockets, the grimmest expression on his face. He looks up.
"I hope you have had a pleasant evening, Miss Dorrimore," he says, sardonically.
"Charming!" she retorts, her eyes flashing defiantly. "And you, Sir Hugh?"
He makes an impatient gesture with

his hand, and draws nearer to her.
"Dulcie, have you forgotten your promise?"
"What promise?" she answers, blandly.
He glances at Sir Archie, leaning back on the sofa, his blue eyes upturned, his handsome face looking like an Italian's dream of an Adonis.
"The promise you made me this evening," he says, sternly.
She screws up her eyes, as if trying to remember.
"It is so long ago," she says, sweetly.
He turns from her. A gentle word will win her, and bring her to remorseful tenderness, but he does not say it, and there is a general movement to the candlesticks in the hall.
He opens the door, lights the candles, and so manages to keep her back to the last; then, as he gives it to her, he says, in a low voice:
"Do you want to drive me out of my mind? You have nearly done so tonight."
"Have I?" she says, with a turn of the head. "I didn't think you went any further than the fernery," and with a cool "good-night" she leaves him, angry, jealous, and grimly fuming.
"Dulcie, my dear!" exclaims Aunt Fernor, awaking from her beauty-sleep an hour later. "Dulcie! Is that you? You—surely are not crying?"
"Crying?—oh, no!" comes the too instant reply, with a suspicious sob, from the next room. "It—must be the wind in the trees."
CHAPTER XIV.
The wind in the trees certainly has a most depressing effect upon some persons. It has apparently worked

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



had havoc with Dulcie. She comes down to breakfast with pale cheeks, and with her eyes adorned by two dark rings; comes down looking, if not repentant, intensely miserable, which her effort to appear gay and unconcerned only renders more glaringly palpable.
"She looks miserable, but still beautiful; it will take more than one sleepless, tearful night to rob Dulcie of the gift the gods have given her, and the dark rings round her eyes but serve to indicate their size, and bring out their great depths of feeling and expression."
To make it more trying for her, they are all seated at breakfast, excepting Lady Falconer, who does not show up so early, and the women folk eye her with that merciless yet smiling scrutiny which is peculiar to them; but Lucy Fairfax is the only one who condoles with her.
"I'm afraid you've the headache, Miss Dorrimore," she says, in her soft, sympathetic voice.
"I have," says Dulcie, frankly; "a terrible headache; if I were a man I should imagine that I had smoked too many cigars, or—" she was about to add, "drank too much," but stops herself in time. There is a murmur of sympathy from the ladies, an outspoken one from Sir Archie, and silence from Sir Hugh; but he looks at her with infinite yearning pity.
"Try some anchovy toast, and a cup of tea," urges Sir Archie, in almost broken tones, his blue eyes anxious and troubled, "or some sal volatile—if you haven't got any, I'll borrow Hugh's nag and ride over to the chemist's—"
"No, no!" she says, almost angrily. "I shall be all right directly; I am never ill for more than ten minutes. I am not, indeed, I wish—with a piteous little smile—"you wouldn't all look at me!" Sir Archie immediately stares at his plate.
"Nor avoid me as if I had the measles," she adds; whereupon he looks up and fixes his eyes upon her with the former intense anxiety.
"It seems to me," says Hugh, in his grave way, "that we don't get enough air in this place." And he looks around. "A good walk would be the thing if you are equal to it, Miss Dorrimore."
"Yes," says Dulcie, meekly, scarcely looking at him.
"You must be quite fit for to-night," says Sir Archie, with dismay. "Haden't you better rest, Miss Dorrimore—lie down and sleep it off—"
"I hate lying down in the middle of the day," she says, abruptly, and turns to talk with Edie and Maud with feverish restlessness.
It is not an altogether comfortable meal; there is a general impression that there is something wrong, and that the pale face and rueful eyes have been caused by mental rather than bodily distress; and but for Lucy Fairfax it would be still more uncomfortable; but she takes up the conversation when it flags, and starts new topics, and so manages to keep the thing going until the meal is over. Then she runs up to Dulcie and puts her tiny paw on the shiny round arm, and smiles up at her.
"You are quite right, Miss Dorrimore," she says; "lying down is of no use. Take the walk—"
"That's what I say," says Hugh; "or a drive—"
"No, I'd rather walk," says Dulcie. She dreads that it may happen here and Lucy Fairfax should get in the same dog-cart or phaeton together.
In half an hour they are in the hall, Maud, however, begging off—"There is so much to do, you know!"—and they start across the park, the two men walking together for a time. But presently, with some excuse or other, Sir Archie hurries Hugh on, and gets beside Dulcie.
"Are you better?" he murmurs anxiously.
"I am quite well," she says, out loud.
There shall be no murmuring to-day—never any more; it makes Hugh jealous, and he makes her miserable. No, there shall be no more flirting!
"Wouldn't you like to rest?" he asks, hesitatingly.
"No, I shouldn't," she retorts, almost brusquely; "I am not in the habit of sitting down on a gravel path five minutes after I have left the

AT 60 ENJOYING PERFECT HEALTH

By the time a man or woman is 60, the kidneys and bladder need a little help to keep them in good working order.

Rheumatism and backache so often accompany the later years of life, most people have an idea health and vigor cannot be expected much after the fiftieth year.

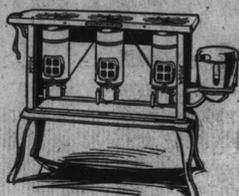
As a matter of fact there is no basis in fact for this. A number of letters proving our contention that if GIN PILLS are taken to keep the urine normal, prevent colds settling on the kidneys or bladder, and ward off rheumatic attacks, almost everyone can enjoy perfect health at this late period.

To quote from a letter received from a prominent Consulting Engineer of New York City—"Your remedy I find, at 60 years of age, to give perfect relief from the Kidney and Bladder troubles incident to one of my age."

Perhaps you know a man or woman whose life is made a torment by Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, or Swollen Joints. Don't let it continue, for GIN PILLS will surely bring that longed-for relief. You don't have to buy GIN PILLS to try them. Write for a free sample. Address the National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Toronto; or if you live in the United States write to Na-Dru-Co Inc., 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

house. What bud is that?" and she turns to Edie.
Poor Sir Archie, puzzled and downcast, falls back a little, to try and think over what mischief he has committed since last night, to deserve his treatment; and Dulcie, having got Edie by her side, lags behind.
Presently Hugh stops, leaving the others to go on.
"Edie," he says, "Sir Archie wants to botanize; you are the florist of the party—go and instruct him."
"For him to make fun of every word I say!" she says, with a laugh, but she goes, and the two are left alone.
Dulcie feels her heart beating fast, and her cheek paling. Is he going to scold her? She looks up. The handsome face is very grave, but somewhere about it, in the eyes or about the face, is a world of gentleness, which, woman-like, she is glad to detect, and take advantage of, for suddenly she says, with a pout, and a side-glance from the dark eyes:
"Aren't you going to speak to me, Hugh?"
He looks down at her.
"I didn't know whether speech from me would be welcomed," he says; "it wasn't last night."
"Last night isn't this morning," she murmurs, hastily.
"I'm glad of it," he says; "for last night wasn't a particularly pleasant one for me."
(To be Continued.)

See them in our Window. Come in and we will show you how they are worked.



Householders! Patrons!

Lend us your ears. We come to bury the old-fashioned Coal Burner Cooking Stove and not to praise it. The evil it has done will live after it has gone.

But the story of the noble Oil Cooker has not yet half been told.

Yesterday the word "Oil Cooker" might not have moved the world, but to-day it stands a foremost factor in the homes of the earth and an economic household necessity.

Ask the host of Oil Cooker users about it, and they will with one united voice proclaim "It is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Let the whole community hear this testimony and buy now.

It saves time and fuel. It is clean and easily operated. It requires no kindling wood and there is no ash, cinder or broken stones to be removed. It's a Perfection.

Ayre & Sons, Limited.

SAMPLES of Special Worth

This Week in

Ladies' Silk Knitted Scarves, assorted shades, 65c. and \$1.20 each.

Real Genuine Quality in a Special Line of Dress Tweeds, at \$1.20 per yard. Special sizes in Cotton Blankets, \$1.70, \$1.90, \$2.20 pair.

Latest in Gents' Hard Felt Hats, for \$1.00, 1.20, 1.50, 1.80, 2.00 each.

A. & S. RODGER'S

She Went Days Without Food.

When Hospital Treatment Failed an Operation Was Advised—But Cure Was Effected Without The Use of the Knife.

Glouce Bay, N. S., October 13th.—Here is a case which sorely puzzled the hospital doctors. It was evident that the great suffering from pain under the left shoulder-blade was due to torpidity of the liver, but no medical treatment seemed to do any good. In fact medicines failed, and the doctors said an operation was the only hope. But Mrs. Watkins hesitated before the enormous risk of an operation and decided to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills first.

The result was that she was perfectly cured three years ago, and feels now that she can report the cure as thorough and lasting. This is not an isolated case, but proves that this great medicine cures when ordinary prescriptions fail.

Mrs. Annie Watkins, Glouce Bay, New Harbor, N.S., writes: "I think it is time for me to give my experience with your wonderful Kidney-Liver Pills. For seven months I suffered with what the doctor called indigestion; but whatever it was, I suffered terribly. The pain would start under my left shoulder and pass down my side until it reached the pit of my stomach. It just seemed as if the flesh were being torn from the bone. At times I used to go without food from one morning until the next. I had no energy left for work at all. At last our doctor sent me to the hospital for a month. For four days and nights I never broke my fast except for a drink of water. After four weeks' treatment there I returned home, and was back only four days when the pain came back worse than ever. Then I was told I would have to undergo an operation, but I would not consent to that. At last I read about Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and started to take them. At first I did not notice much difference, but still I kept on using them, and by the time four boxes were used I was perfectly well again. That was in 1914, so you see I can safely say that I was cured. I shall always be grateful to Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, as they did more for me than four doctors."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., & Limited, Toronto. Refuse substitutes, for they only disappoint.

ASK FOR MINARD'S LINIMENT AND TAKE NO OTHER.

Prison Statistics.

A recent report of the Superintendent of the Penitentiary showed that 49 persons convicted of various forms of crime, whose terms of imprisonment extend from 6 days to 14 years, were then confined in the institution. Out of the total number of persons, 5 are women. The crime most prevalent is larceny; the greater number of persons coming under this heading are young but hardened criminals.

There are several cases of rape and one of manslaughter. Twenty-eight of the prisoners cannot read or write. Despite the fact that there is not one case of drunkenness on the list, the report shows a slight increase in the total over the corresponding period of last year.

C. C. C. CHURCH PARADE.—The lads of the C. C. C. will meet at their Armoury to-morrow morning for the purpose of attending last Mass at St. Patrick's Church.

MARK FISH PACKAGES.—Under the United States Customs regulations, every barrel of fish must now be marked to show its net weight in pounds; also the country of origin—Canada or Newfoundland. Shippers here have been notified according.

FISH CARGOES ARRIVE.—A number of schooners fish laden from the West Coast, which were obliged to harbour along the Southern Shore owing to the recent storm, reached port yesterday afternoon.

MODERN S OF THE

The day of the Don Quixote of the air is past.
Air fighting to-day has been developed until each plane has its appointed task, just as definitely assigned as that of a unit of a naval fleet.
There are still fighting airplanes of course, in fact, the fighting plane is now perhaps the most important branch of the service, because its duty is, by keeping the heavens clear of enemy craft, to leave the reconnaissance and scouting planes free to perform their work, as the eyes of the army, thus retaining the control of the air, the sine qua non of victory in modern warfare.
The division of labor in the air fleet is well exemplified by the disposition of the Allied airplanes which made possible the victory of the British over the Germans in the battle of Messines. From 15,000 to 20,000 feet in the air deployed the battle-planes ready instantly to engage any hostile flyer who dared venture toward the Allied lines. Far below, at an elevation of 5,000 feet, floated the photographers and observers' machines, the eyes of the general staff. Five thousand feet high were the spotters, the eyes of the artillery; and flying low over the enemy's trenches the scouts and bombers, the eyes of the infantry.
Such is the general plan of aerial

Look in the

And see how some room looks gleaming on pictures and friends you at you in the glass.

Then—see how some room of error or Overmantel.

Then—go to the U. S. Picture the large selection rors and Overmantel make your choice up right away.

Then—you'll were so slow at improvement in

U. S. Picture ST. J.