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**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
CONTAINS NO ALUM

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**E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED**  
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

**TRUE TO HIS RACE**

"Yes, my lord, I do. And I have come to-day to take leave of your lordship, and to thank you again, and to say that I shall never cease to thank you for all your kindness—much more than kindness to me," said the young man with much emotion.

"Say no more about it, Benjamin. It is enough that it makes me very happy to be of service to you. But we do not part to-day. I go down to Southampton with you," said the young earl pleasantly.

"My lord! you!" exclaimed Benny, pleasure beaming in his eyes.

"Yes, my little queen in Park Lane goes down to present the colors to your company, and has accepted my escort for herself and her companion, Mrs. Brown. So we will make up a party and take a compartment together. What do you say?"

"I am delighted, my lord."

"I have another motive in going down with you. I wish to introduce you to some of the officers of your regiment, especially to the senior surgeon, Dr. Christopher Kinlock. He is a very good man, indeed. And he has a sort of claim upon us. He comes from Scotland, from my mother's neighborhood, from her estate, indeed, being a native of the village of Seton. He was the adopted son and the heir of old Sir Seton, a distant kinsman or clansman of the Seton-Lindithgows, and so, as I said, has a sort of claim on us. My father procured him a commission in the same regiment you are about to join and he goes out with it of course. I think that in him you will find a valuable friend, and the young earl, very far from dreaming of the important discoveries that would result from the meeting of Ensign Douglas and Dr. Kinlock.

Early the next morning the traveling party of four, namely, Lord Wellrose, Benny, Suzy, and Mrs. Brown, with his baggage, met at the railway station and secured a compartment to themselves in a first-class carriage.

The train was the express, and soon steamed down to the seaport upon which the eyes of the world were now fixed, for there were gathered the vast British army about to set sail for the east.

In due time the train reached Southampton.

Lord Wellrose and his party went to a hotel, where they took a handsome suite of apartments, and established the two ladies comfortably.

It was yet early in the afternoon, so after a refreshing toilet and lunch, Lord Wellrose proposed to take Ensign Douglas to the quarters of his regiment to report for duty.

"They set out, and in due time reached the quarters of the colonel commanding, where Ensign Douglas was introduced, and where he formally reported.

The ceremony being over, Lord Wellrose took his protégé to the quarters of the senior surgeon and introduced him to Dr. Kinlock.

The Scotch surgeon was a man of about forty-five years of age, prematurely bald and gray, but with an erect form, clear eyes and a resolute countenance.

He received Lord Wellrose with much deference, and welcomed the young ensign with kindness.

"Ensign—Douglas, my lord, did you say? Oh, ay, a kinsman of the family, I presume?" said the surgeon, looking from one to the other of his two visitors, and then answering his own question by adding, "Oh, ay, certainly. The likeness shows, that, my lord, I never saw two brothers so much alike in person as your lordship and this young gentleman."

Lord Wellrose did not contradict Dr. Kinlock. He felt that he could not. And then and there the surgeon received an impression that he afterward transferred to all the officers of his regiment—namely, that the new ensign was a near kinsman of the Earl of Wellrose.

It was the hour of the grand parade when the colors were presented. Lord Wellrose, who presented them "in the name of the fair donee," made a short speech, full of patriotism.

Ensign Douglas, who received them on behalf of his company, also made in reply a short speech, eloquent with deep emotion, in which he said in effect that he was prepared to die in defence of these colors. If necessary, that they should never be taken by the enemy except from his dead hand. Finally, the highest ambition of his life was this—that that would permit him to plant these colors on the walls of the imperial palace of St. Petersburg.

There was an absurd burst of youthful enthusiasm and extravagance, and yet it was highly applauded.

And so the ceremony of the presentation of the colors ended.

A few days after this the army, consisting in all of thirty thousand men, embarked and set sail for the east.

Lord Wellrose and Suzy, after having taken the most affectionate leave of Benjamin and given and received promises touching a frequent correspondence, returned to London.

Suzy's next business was to give up her little palace in Park Lane, and take lodgings, while waiting for the sailing of the ship that was to carry her to the Antipodes.

It was just three weeks after the sailing of the English forces for the east that Suzy took leave of Lord Wellrose and all her London friends, and, accompanied by her companion, Mrs. Brown, and her maid, Jenny Smith, embarked on board the East Indianman Wendover bound for Sydney.

Lord Wellrose felt her loss severely, but he was not the sort of man to yield to despondency. He devoted himself to the interests of his great bill for the "Reform of Prison Discipline and the Reclamation of Criminals," and in good works soon recovered his good spirits.

**CHAPTER XXIX.**

The Earl of Wellrose occupied himself with the humane cause to which he had consecrated his life. And he found in his work an antidote to that depression of spirits consequent upon his separation from his betrothed, and from his protégé, whom he had grown to love with more than the love of a brother.

At length Parliament was prorogued and the London season closed. And he found in his work an antidote to that depression of spirits consequent upon his separation from his betrothed, and from his protégé, whom he had grown to love with more than the love of a brother.

The Earl of Wellrose, released from official duties, would have gone on a yachting excursion to the Mediterranean, but his mother, the Duchess of Cheviot, made it a point that he should join her autumn party at Seton Court, Scotland.

His married sisters, with their husbands and children, were all to join the party. The Earl and Countess of Ornoch and Lady Hinda Moray were also coming. And the venerable General and Mrs. Chimboza were expected. But the gathering would not be complete, or at all satisfactory, if her son Wellrose was absent from it.

Now, Lord Wellrose cared very little for blackcock shooting or red deer stalking; but, being social and affectionate, like all his brave and tender race, he cared a great deal for the dear friends and relatives who would be gathered at Seton Court, and he cared a great deal more for his mother's wishes; so he promptly gave up his expedition to the Mediterranean, and placed his yacht, the Arielle, at the disposal of the duchess and her friends, if her grace should please to go to Scotland by sea. He also proposed to keep the Arielle at anchor at the little port of Kilmory during the autumn, in the event that the duchess and her visitors should please to diversify their inland amusements by a sea voyage up the wild and picturesque coast of Scotland.

The duchess was delighted with the plan, and thanked her thoughtful and affectionate son, and accepted the offer of his yacht, which was then at Portsmouth, quite ready for sea.

An agreeable family party was immediately made up for the voyage. It consisted of the Duke and Duchess of Cheviot, their son, the Earl of Wellrose, and their sons-in-law and married daughters, as follows: The Viscount and Viscountess Moray, Mr. Albert and Lady Clemence Elphinstone; and their young unmarried daughters, the Ladies Hester and Eva Douglas, and, lastly, their cousins, the Earl and Countess of Ornoch, and Lady Hinda Moray.

There were no others.

"I prefer that for the voyage this should be exclusively a family party. Our visitors will join us at the appropriate time at Seton Court," said the duchess, who ordered all the arrangements.

It was agreed that the whole family party should meet at Cheviot House on the evening of a certain day, and that they should take a special train for Portsmouth the next morning.

Consequently on the evening of the twentieth of August a pleasant circle was assembled in the drawing room of Cheviot House. This circle included all the individuals named for the party; among them, of course, the lovely Lady Hinda Moray—the most beautiful girl in Europe, as all the clubs declared. She was, perhaps, the most beautiful brunette in the world; with a perfect form and perfect features; with a stately little head adorned with a profusion of bright, soft, purple-black ringlets; with large, brilliant, tender, purple-black eyes, arched with long black eyelashes, and with a rich complexion deepening into vivid crimson upon the delicate oval cheeks and plump, ripe lips.

All the men in London were in love with her, except the Earl of Wellrose. He had not even seen her for some months.

That now, as he looked upon her this last evening, seated in the draw-

ing-room of Cheviot House, and with her beauty enhanced by a toilet that was perfectly tasteful and becoming, he thought that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen in his life, and he wondered why he had never thought so before.

Then he repented, and hoped that he had not, in thinking this, committed treason against his betrothed.

That night, after he had retired to his own apartments, he had found upon his dressing table a letter from Suzy, the first he had received from her since her departure. He seized it with eager joy. It bore two postmarks—"Corvette Revenon" and "Havre."

It had been brought them by a Frenchman homeward bound, that had been spoken to by the Wendover, and it had come by the way of Havre.

The letter disappointed and depressed him by what he considered its coldness, and formality.

Suzy had indeed written to her lover in a very matter-of-fact, though friendly sort of way. She dated her letter: "On board the ship Wendover, Atlantic Ocean." And she commenced it with "Dear Lord Wellrose." She told him all the incidents of the voyage; what sort of man the captain was; who her fellow-passengers were; what kind of weather they had had; what ships they had spoken; what fish and water fowl they had seen; who was seasick, and who were seaworthy. But not one word about her own feelings.

She ended her letter by a paragraph written some days later than the first date, in which she told him that they had just spoken the French ship Revenon, homeward bound, and that they would send a boat out to her to take out letters, and bring hers. And she signed herself, "Yours affectionately, Susan Juniper."

"She might as well have sent me a leaf from the ship's log book," said the lover, impatiently, as he refolded the formal little letter, and thought how earnest, fervent, ardent, his letters to her had been.

It was true he remembered that she had not received them yet, and could not receive them until her arrival at Sydney.

And then he went to bed, and fell to dreaming of the brilliant, tender, flashing, melting eyes of the Lady Hinda Moray.

Very early in the morning the yacht-party assembled in the breakfast room, already dressed in their travelling suits.

In due time they reached the railway station, where, in a few moments, they found themselves comfortably seated in the capacious double compartment that had been secured for the party.

Lord Wellrose to his complete satisfaction, found himself seated by his beautiful cousin, the Lady Hinda Moray.

And they were all scarcely settled in their places before the train began to move out of the station, and in a few moments, with accelerating speed, to steam swiftly toward Portsmouth.

Lord Wellrose talked with his cousin of the past season in London, with all its trials, triumphs and defeats, artistic, social and political. And he found Lady Hinda as brilliant, witty, and attractive in conversation as she was in person.

He afterward remembered that railway ride to Portsmouth as one of the shortest and pleasantest he had ever enjoyed.

It was but a little past noon when they reached the seaport.

They did not go to a hotel, but took a private carriage to the station, where the water side, where the beautiful yacht was waiting to receive them.

It was fitted up with every comfort, convenience and luxury that wealth, taste and skill could command.

As soon as the tide served the yacht sailed.

The voyagers were blessed with beautiful weather, with long, clear, mild days, and with soft, mild, moonlight nights.

It was the evening of the fourth day of the voyage that the yacht ran into the little harbor of Kilmory and dropped anchor.

They found the little steamer Sorvie waiting to take them through the straits that connected the harbor of Kilmory with the loch.

They steamed up this beautiful loch, and landed at the stairs leading up into Seton Chas.

**Stiff, Enlarged Joints Limber Up! Every Trace of Rheumatism Goes!**

**Even Chronic Bedridden Cases Are Quickly Cured.**

**Rub On Magic "Nerviline"**

Nothing on earth can beat good old "Nerviline" when it comes to curing rheumatism.

The blessed relief you get from Nerviline comes mighty quick, and you don't have to wait a month for some sign of improvement.

You see, Nerviline is a direct application. It is rubbed right into the sore joints, thoroughly rubbed over the twitching muscles that perhaps for years has kept you on the jump. It is this way you get to the real source of the trouble. After you have used Nerviline just once you'll say it's amazing, a marvel, a perfect wonder of efficacy.

"Hitherto," wrote Surgeon Kinlock to Lord Wellrose, "Ensign Douglas has escaped the plague; but he devotes himself with unflagging zeal to the welfare of the devoted young officer, but that it must fall a victim to his own labors."

On reading this, the Earl of Wellrose was filled with the most painful anxiety on Benny's account.

He wrote to Benny, imploring him to take care of himself, and not to throw his life away.

He wrote also to Dr. Kinlock, urging him to use every means in his power to prevent the young ensign from sacrificing himself.

And he wrote to the colonel of the regiment, much to the same effect, adding with emphasis:

"He is my kinsman and adopted brother. If he were my own brother, he could not seem nearer or dearer to me; I could not feel a warmer and deeper interest in his life and well-being."

These letters, and especially the one addressed to the colonel, probably saved the life of the devoted young officer, for shortly after their receipt at Varna, Ensign Douglas was detailed to duty that took him far from the possibility of sacrificing his life for the cholera patients.

More news came from the Orient—very important news now. The allied forces had met with general success. They had been met by the Russians on the banks of the Alma, and the great battle had been fought and won, and the allies were in full march for Sebastopol.

A private letter from Surgeon Kinlock to his patron, the Earl of Wellrose, conveyed the additional information that Ensign Douglas had greatly distinguished himself on the field; that he had not only preserved his own colors, but—wounded and bleeding as he was—had rescued the regimental colors and borne them into the English lines, where he fell, fainting from loss of blood.

He had been very severely wounded, but was now doing well, and in a very fair way of recovery. He had also been recommended for promotion.

How the affectionate and generous heart of the young Earl filled and glowed with pride and pleasure at reading of the gallant conduct of the brave young "kinsman!"

"I know he would do honor to the name I gave him," he said to himself.

And then he inclosed the surgeon's letter in a letter of his own to Suzy, in Australia, bidding her read it in closed and see what Benny had already done with his colors, and predicting that he would yet plant them, if not on the walls of St. Petersburg, certainly on those of Sebastopol.

Just as he was about to send these letters off to Suzy he received one from her dated on the day of her arrival at Sydney, where her father met her.

The letter was written in a very friendly style, and was filled with descriptions of the town, the country and the people; as far as Suzy had had the opportunity of observing them.

But there was not one word of love from beginning to end, except, perhaps in the rather formal greeting of "Dear Lord Wellrose," and the formal ending, "Affectionately yours."

And Lord Wellrose would have grieved very much over this "cool friendliness" in his betrothed, if it had not been for his lovely cousin, Hinda, who comforted him.

After this the news from the Crimea came thick and fast.

Balaklava had been taken, and the army of the allies was still, "On to Sebastopol!"

Just think of it, five times stronger and more penetrating than any other known liniment. Soothing, heating, full of pain-destroying power, and yet it will never burn, blister or destroy the tender skin of even a child.

You've never yet tried anything half so good as Nerviline for any sort of pain. It does cure rheumatism, but that's not all. Just test it out for lame back or lumbago. Gee, what a right flaccid cure it is for a bad cold, for chest tightness even for neuralgia headache it is simply finest ever.

For the home, for the hundred and one little ailments that constantly arise, whether earache, toothache, stiff neck, or some other muscular pain—Nerviline will always make you glad you've used it, and because it will cure you, keep handy on the shelf a 50c family size bottle; it keeps the doctor's bill small; trial size, 25c; all dealers, or the Cattarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

**DANGER IN UNCLEAN WOOL.**

**Must Disinfect Product to Destroy Anthrax Bacilli.**

The danger of anthrax will continue to menace certain trades as long as animal products collected under circumstances over which no supervision is maintained, are imported for manufacturing purposes. Unfortunately, there is no sign that the dissemination of knowledge and recognition of the dangers are having any marked effect in lessening the risk; nor have any practical means of disinfecting the goods as yet met with the approval of the trades concerned. In the wool trade there is again evidence of the efforts made to solve this question in the report of the Bradford Anthrax Investigation Board for the year ending October, 1912. The large number of 1,258 samples of wool were examined, and from these anthrax bacilli were cultivated on 84 occasions. In contrast to previous years a proportion of these were samples in which blood clots were not a marked feature, and therefore the opinion before held that danger was confined to this class of goods has had to be abandoned. The report briefly states that no disinfecting process has met with general acceptance. One of the main difficulties appears to be that, while it would seem almost impossible to destroy anthrax spores by any but a "wet" method, all such interfere with the trade process and would be disapproved by the manufacturers. It seems clear that the elimination of blood clots from the fleeces, either in the country of export or in the factory, even if it were practical, would be little more than a palliative measure, especially in view of the recent findings of the board, and that the only solution will be found in a satisfactory process of disinfection. The cases of anthrax that were notified in the wool trade during the past two years have been greater than in all the other trades together, and have also exceeded the average of the previous seven years. The case mortality was especially high in 1911, and yet during this time there has been no increase in the amount of goods imported, great attention has been paid to precautions in connection with the handling of goods scheduled as dangerous and the most recent methods of treatment have been available. There is here undoubtedly a field for research which holds out possibilities of very practical results.—The Lancet.

**DEADLY ANAEMIA**

**Nine Women and Girls Out of Every Ten Are Afflicted With This Trouble.**

It is an unfortunate fact that nine women and girls out of every ten are afflicted with anaemia—which means bloodlessness—in one form or another.

The girl in her teens, the wife, the mother and the matron of middle age all know the misery. To be anaemic means to be pallid, with dark marks under the eyes. You are breathless after slight exertion. You feel worn out and depressed all day. You have no desire for food and often cannot digest what little you do take. Headaches, backaches and sideaches make life miserable. If you sleep at night you do not feel refreshed in the morning and are utterly unfit for the day's duties. If neglected, anaemia almost surely leads to deadly consumption. Renewed health can only be obtained through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the most reliable blood purifier ever discovered. These pills actually make new, rich, red blood; they bring brightness to the eyes, and the glow of health to pale cheeks. They have literally saved thousands of women and growing girls from the grave, and what they have done for others they can do for you if given a fair trial. Here is the proof, Mrs. Wm. Kierman, Wynton, Sask., says: "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. I suffered for upwards of two years with anaemia in a severe form, and was doctoring all the time with no benefit. I was so weak I could scarcely walk. I suffered from severe headaches and at times from backaches that were almost unbearable. The trouble affected my digestion, and this caused additional discomfort. Finally through the persuasions of a friend I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I shall ever be grateful that I did so, as after using nine boxes I was fully restored to health. I would earnestly urge all anaemic women and girls to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for I feel confident from my own experience that they will renew their health."

These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**WARRIORS OF THE AIR.**

(New York Sun)

The gallant and effective flights of Zepelins are as striking as ever in reality, but what was romantic achievement in a past age has become commonplace in the admiring world cherishes reverently the daily record of these heroic warriors of the air, and it is not surprising that a little while ago that nothing so glorious as a military bulletin more fruitful than yesterday's bulletin: "One non-combatant was killed at Nancy, where an explosive missile was dropped in a schoolyard, and a man in a hospital at Remiremont, sixteen miles southeast of Epinal, was slightly damaged."

But Bayard and Sir Philip Sidney are too good for human nature's daily food; and there may even be a slight disappointment that the attack on a fortified position such as a maternity hospital should have been so completely unheroic. There is nothing novel in maiming little boys; it is good enough, but not seasonal work. It is a beautiful field for bomb practice, but if most of the scholars were not injured, the nation's great deeds remains a little cold and unsatisfied.

Why do the Kaiser's lightning daily at these French sportsmen? Do they condense to strike save at England? And even in England, why forget the art practiced so nobly by the land army? Westminster Abbey still lifts its shameless beauty to the skies. Have the heroes of invasion and liberty of the air, to their brother warriors of the ether. To main a child of the middle ages; there is the laureled opportunity.

**GERMAN "WARFARE."**

(New York Sun)

Submarine "warfare" upon the enemy's merchant ships as practiced by the Germans may be as humane as the limitations of the submarine permit, but in heavy weather the crew of the non-combatant ship and any passengers she carries are not going to receive the same protection and security which international law is supposed to afford them. "I hope you will all get picked up before bad weather comes on," said the courteous commander of the submarine which the Irish Sea after her crew took to the boats under orders from the captor. Happy the Irish Sea was in one of its pacific moods and the Ben Cruachan's crew survived. But suppose bad weather had come up. Then in that case the non-combatants would presumably have gone to the bottom. So it amounts to this, that whereas before the day of German submarine "warfare" the captor was responsible for the safety of non-combatants on board the enemy merchant ship, he now disclaims responsibility and turns them adrift in open boats. His defence, of course, is that he is not in his cramped quarters for captured non-combatants. They must shift for themselves.

**AIRSHIP MURDERERS.**

(Pittsburgh Gazette-Times)

It is conceivable that a fleet of airships poised menacingly above a city or town could exact an enormous tribute without the threat of bombardment or could, in the course of enforcing its tribute, either procedure or both would be in accordance with the rules of war. These airships murder do not offend their victims the opportunity of submission. Even the holding of a claim for your money or your life, and the trembling victim is generally glad enough to empty his pockets and save that for which a man will give "all that he hath." The bomb-dropping aviator is in no such respectable class. He must be likened to the professional assassin who steals upon his prey and strikes without warning. It is a hideous blot on our so-called civilization. He is making the present war one of the blackest chapters in human history.

**Women With Weakness Find New Strength**

For all special weakness from which girls and women suffer, no surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills; they maintain that bracing health every woman so earnestly desires, they uproot disease and bring strength that lasts till old age.

The blood is richly nourished by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Appetite increases, weakness and secret ills give way to surplus energy and reserve vigor.

No pale girl, no ailing woman can afford to miss the enormous good that comes from Dr. Hamilton's Pills; get a 25c box to-day.

**UNFAIR.**

(Detroit Free Press)

An automobile hearse ran down and killed two New Yorkers. Even in these hard times it isn't fair to create business in that fashion.

Housewife—Did Mrs. Jiggs give you any references? Applicant—Yes, mum. She said if I could get along with you for 10 minutes I'd be a wonder.—Buffalo Express.

It is not helps, but obstacles; not facilities, but difficulties, that make men —W. Mathews.