

# GRAPES

Rich, ripe, healthful grapes, grown in the famous vineyards of Southern Europe—produce the cream of tartar from which Royal Baking Powder is made.

The most eminent authorities in the world say cream of tartar makes the best and most healthful baking powder.

## ROYAL Baking Powder

MADE IN CANADA

Contains No Alum—Leaves No Bitter Taste

### Lady Wyvernes' Daughter.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Then the reading of that sad letter alarmed her. What was coming on the day which had already dawned? What did she mean by speaking of death and dying?

A dreadful thought flashed across her for a moment, and rendered her helpless, and she fell back, unable to move. What might be happening while she delayed? Still, true to her promise, she destroyed the letter before she quitted her room. She was hurrying along the corridor when she met Stephanie, her sister's maid. The girl looked pale and frightened.

"Miss Lynne," she said, "I was just coming to fetch you. I have knocked twenty times at my lady's door, and she has never answered me."

Agatha's heart almost stood still with fear; she knocked, and called Inez, but no answer came. Then she opened the door gently and entered the room. All that was mortal of Lady Lynne lay upon the bed before her, the beautiful face white and still, the lips forever silent and cold.

"Fetch Lord Lynne!" cried Agatha, with a low cry, as she fell upon her knees. It seemed but a moment and the terrified husband stood beside her. "Great Heaven!" he cried, in a voice they never forgot, "she is dead!"

Yes, dead and at rest, with a look upon the exquisite face that awed them by its peaceful solemnity.

Doctors were summoned, the terrified servants, with loud cries, seeking aid, but it was all in vain. She had been dead for hours.

"I will not believe it," cried Lord Lynne; "she was not ill last night—not ill enough to die. I am mad or dreaming—I cannot believe it."

They could not persuade him to leave the room where she lay; he would not, could not believe that she was dead.

It was not until the first bewilderment of this surprise had passed away that they thought of asking how she had died. Alas, the question was soon answered. There lay the little phial empty, and marked, "Laudanum—poison," and the odor of it still lingered upon the white cold lips.

Then the weeping, frightened Stephanie told how her lady suffered agonies with neuralgia, and how she took opium to lull the pain.

"Last night," said the poor girl, "my lady was ill with it; she must have intended to take enough to quiet the pain, and have taken too much."

So every one believed; there was no reason to doubt it. The wretched and unhappy commit suicide; but no care or trouble, they said, had ever come to the brilliant and beautiful young Lady Lynne.

The news gradually spread, and a crowd of people assembled around the Palazzo Giorni. They spoke in whispers of the terrible accident, of the wealth and loveliness of the lady who lay dead, of the grief of her husband and the sorrow of her friends. But amongst that vast crowd no one whispered that the lady upon whom Nature lavished their fairest gifts had by her own hand cut short the life that her own folly had blighted.

Agatha and Lady Florence were bewildered by the dreadful shock. Lord Lynne was incapable of attending to anything. His valet fetched Sir Allan Leigh, thinking his master's friend would best take his master's place.

The young baronet's horror at hearing of the tragedy was unbounded.

"Can it be really true, Holland?" he asked of the trembling servant. "When we left Lady Lynne last evening, she looked well and happy."

"It is true, Sir Allan," said the man, "and my master is half mad. There is no one to superintend the arrangements. Will you come to the Palazzo, for I do not know what is best to be done? Lord Lynne seems as though he could neither hear nor speak."

Tears rose to Sir Allan's eyes as he remembered the look upon his friend's face last evening, and how he had smiled when he had bidden him call at three to-morrow. As soon as he arrived at Lord Lynne's, he asked to see Agatha. Years of bitter sorrow seemed to have passed over that sweet face since he saw it last. It was white, and dark shadows were beneath the large sad eyes.

"Agatha," he said, "my dear one, you must not grieve so much. You will be ill yourself."

But he could give no comfort. Agatha Lynne sorrowed as one who has no hope. Others grieved for what they considered the consequences of a sad accident; she alone knew the truth, and it weighed her down nearly to the grave. Every word of that letter seemed burned upon her heart. She could not forget it; she could not forget the last despairing clasp of her sister's arms, or the look she had seen upon her face. It was a fearful secret for one so young to keep, but she guarded it well.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

To this day, in the great cemetery of San Lorenzo, at Rome, people show the grave of the beautiful lady who died at the Palazzo Giorni, and whose husband sorrowed so deeply that he became ill, and nearly lost his life. There is a fair white marble monument, and it tells the age and name of the ill-fated lady who sleeps beneath. Years afterward, when the sad story was fading in men's minds, there came one day to the grave a

young English officer. He had travelled from Canada, he said; and the guide who took him to the cemetery saw him lay his head down upon the marble, while deep, bitter sobs shook his frame.

Bertie Bohun never forgot Lady Lynne; no other woman's face ever charmed him. He never spoke of love again; his heart was buried in the grave of the beautiful, brilliant girl, who had remembered his love in the last and most bitter hour of her life.

Never had any event caused a greater sensation than the sudden death of Lord Lynne's young wife. The Palazzo Giorni was thronged with visitors, callers, and friends. Agatha Lynne saw but one, and that was the Count Rinaldo. She gave orders that, if he called, she wished to see him; and he was shown into the darkened room where she sat. He was pale and agitated.

"Miss Lynne," he said, in a low voice, "I dare scarcely ask can this sad news be true?"

"It is true, Count Montalti," she replied. "Who should know it better than yourself? You hunted her to death. I will give her last message to you, and then never let me see you any more. For your own base and cowardly sake, you will keep my poor sister's secret. Its betrayal will harm no one but yourself. She is safe out of the reach of all the harm your slanderous words can do her."

He listened while she repeated the words Inez had written. The power of speech seemed to have left him. He had, in his mercenary schemes, pushed his cruelty and persecution too far, and they had recoiled upon himself.

Agatha Lynne spoke but few words to him; they were what a good spirit might have used, but they were spoken in vain.

His schemes and plans were over; the fate of the wicked was upon him. Go where he would, do what he might, the face of the girl he had deceived and hunted to death haunted him. He tried everything,—he plunged into mad scenes of the wildest dissipation,—he sought refuge in the haunts of the gay and worldly; but all in vain. Sleeping or waking, by night or day, he saw that face. There was no oblivion for him. He left Rome before the funeral of Lady Lynne took place.

Three years afterward Agatha read in one of the French daily journals a short paragraph, which told of the death of Count Ronald Montalti. He died in a quarrel which took place in a Parisian gambling-house, and Lady Lynne was avenged.

After her interview with him was ended, and he had left her presence frightened and subdued, Agatha went to the room where her sister lay. She knelt by her side, and kissed the cold lips, murmuring the while that she had done her bidding, and would keep her secret well. Agatha never gazed upon that beautiful face again; it was soon hidden from all eyes.

It was on a bright sunny day that Lady Lynne was laid to rest in the cemetery of San Lorenzo. Those who saw Lord Lynne then barely recognized him; he could not recover from the shock. He could not endure the sight or the name of the place where he had lost her. Two days after the funeral he left Rome, and went, he hardly knew whither.

Society had received a shock in the death of its most brilliant ornament. But no stranger perhaps felt more sympathy with the bereaved household than did good Mrs. Cadwell. She discussed the event in all its bearings with Mrs. Godwin, who had changed places with her, and was now patronized instead of patronizing.

(To be continued.)



**For Biliousness, Headache and Constipation**  
**Dr. Chases' K & L Pills**  
At all Dealers.  
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June 29, 1923.

### KILL THE FLY!

The most practical and useful instrument and liquid SAN-O-SPRAY now on the market.

**ELLIS & CO., Limited.**  
203 WATER STREET.

SAN-O-SPRAY will knock flies off the wall, and not harm paint or paper. Will keep the Kitchen, Bedroom or Verandah clear of Flies, Mosquitos, etc., for several hours after a few sprays.

### NO INSECT CAN LIVE

where SAN-O-SPRAY is used. Yet SAN-O-SPRAY is non-poisonous to human beings and can be used with perfect safety in Pantry, Kitchen, Dining Room and Cellar.

In addition, SAN-O-SPRAY is a disinfectant and germicide.

Keeps the home sanitary and free from infectious diseases. SAN-O-SPRAY.

**ELLIS & CO.'Y. Limited.**  
203 WATER STREET.  
June 6, 1923.

### The Hyack Anvil Battery

By P. W. LUCE.

The Royal, Ancient, and Honorable Hyack Anvil Battery, of New Westminster, B.C., fired its fifty-third annual salute on May 24th, in the presence of a large crowd assembled to witness the curious ceremony.

Away back in 1870, when the town was very young, the pioneers desired to express their loyalty to Queen Victoria by the firing of a royal salute on her birthday, according to the traditional British custom. There was no cannon on the mainland of British Columbia, but the ingenuity of the settlers overcame this handicap.

Two anvils were borrowed from Tom Owens, the village blacksmith. One was turned upside down, and powder poured in a small cavity in the base. The other anvil was then lashed on top of its fellow, and the powder "touched off" with a long stick from a safe distance.

With a report that was a very fair imitation of a cannon, the top anvil was blown high in the air. The performance, repeated twenty-one times, furnished the Royal Salute.

Ever since that memorable day, the old timers of New Westminster have assembled in front of Tom Owens' blacksmith shop, and fired off the Anvil Salute. All the members of the original battery are dead, with the exception of Mr. Owens, who still runs his blacksmith shop. He is an ex-mayor of New Westminster.

Most of the present members of the brigade are sons of the Old Originals, though newcomers are not barred. Some of the duties are onerous. The Right Hoister and Left Hoister, who have to place the heavy anvil in position after every shot, have no sneaker, while the Toucher-Off has a job which calls for steadiness of hand. The Swapper, the Blower-Up, The Powder Monkey, the Official Observer, and the Timer, have an easier time, but the Medical Officer is faced with the tremendous responsibility of keeping up the health, strength and courage of the members of the Battery until the twenty-one guns are fired. How he does this is not for outsiders to know, but there is no record of collapse since 1870, though signs of faintness are observed every year, and have to be given immediate attention.

The Medical Officer is never a practicing physician. He is always a brewer or a retired hotel-keeper.

Big values. Boys' Rubber Sole Canvas Shoes, Brown, 90c. pair; Black, 85c. pair; sizes 1 to 5. F. SMALLWOOD, Water Street. June 29, 1923.

## Pipe, Pipe Fittings and Sheet Metals.

Black Galvanized and Brass Pipe, Valves, Elbows, Tees, Unions, Pipe Tongs, Stillson Wrenches.

--ALSO--

Sheet Brass, from 1-16 to 1-2 thick, Sheet Zinc, Copper, Lead, Iron, Bar Copper, Bronze Bars, Bar Iron, Ingot Tin, Lead etc.

## JOB'S STORES, Limited

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## MILKMAID MILK IS THE BEST MILK MADE

**ELEGANCE** **EASE** **ECONOMY**



**The Newest Foot-fashions**  
**The Greatest Comfort**  
**The Lowest Price**

## Archibald Bros., Ltd., Harbor Grace.

### When Indian Maids Wed

The modern "society" fapper, with her coming out party, has nothing on the American Indian maiden, whose marriage announcement party has been among the tribal customs from time immemorial.

Among the Washoe Indians of Nevada there is a dance or ceremony known as "The Girl's Dance." In honor of the young girl who becomes eligible for marriage. Her white cousin, however, would hardly care to be the star of such a feast, for the guest of honor is allowed to eat nothing at all for four days previous.

On the fourth night, the dance starts at about eight o'clock, and continues until sunrise the following morning. The Indians form a circle, joining hands, and move by short side-steps in a ring, humming a sort of chant without words or meaning. The girl, accompanied by an elder woman as a sort of chaperone, and carrying a long staff to support her because of the weakness induced by her long fast, weaves in and out of the dance, joining in the step.

As the dance proceeds late into the night the girls family gives money and other possessions to the dancers to keep them moving and to induce others to join in. The greater the

number of dancers, the greater the popularity of the family. Shortly after midnight a feast is given by the girl's relatives, and all participate. The ceremony closes at sunrise when the girl is taken to her tepee and attired in bunches of sagebrush, in which money is concealed. She appears before the assembled dancers and throws the money to them, amid a wild scramble. A can of water is then dashed over her head as the concluding ceremony, after which she is ready to receive a proposal of marriage.

Men's Black Shoes only \$4.50 SMALLWOOD'S—June 29, 1923.

### Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY SUMMER FROCK.



4410 White voile embroidered in green and finished with bindings of green organza, is here portrayed. This model is nice for the new summer silk; also for crepe, tissue gingham and linen.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. The width at the foot is 2 1/4 yards. Pattern mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

A SMART SUIT STYLE.



4393-4418. This style owes its originality to the smart Eton packet and the equally attractive wrap skirt. The vest may be omitted. Sports crepe was used in this instance. Linen, pongee, ratine or tulle would also be attractive.

The Jacket Pattern 4393, is cut in 4 Sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The Skirt 4418 in 7 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years for Misses, and 31, 33, 35 and 37 inches waist measure for Ladies. To make this suit for an 18 year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. To make vest and sleeve facings of contracting material requires 3/4 yard. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

Two separate patterns mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

No. 4393-4418  
Size .....  
Name .....  
Address in full: .....

### THE LAST TOUCH TO THE FINISHED TOILETTE—TALCUM.

Prominent amongst the big variety which we always carry are:

**SIX BEST SELLERS:**  
Three Flowers, Eclat, Cashmere Bouquet, Florient, Royal Rose, Palm Olive.

Each peculiar unto itself, as to its odor and daintiness. May we add to our pleasure and yours in showing them to you.  
**PETER O'MARA,**  
THE DRUGGIST,  
THE REGALL STORE.

### Mine

Approximate

Although

scheduled for the miners started to work this afternoon.

Sydney force withdrawn Provincial troops.

Four shifts in morning for duty continue here were to-morrow expected to be south with would be joined north side of immediately eight and dis-

miners' strike thousand population goal and effected by approximately it is not expected the mainland and Counties Breton men from Halifax hundred and stationed at since Saturday by the and fifty most Seventy-four

FURTHER

Three hundred troops and the night

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LABOR DEE

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MACMILLAN

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EDMONTON Headed by J. Hershel Island eleven Eskimo charges of season on tried for murder all previous "outside."

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