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To guard against alum in Baking Powder see that all ingredients are plainly printed on the label. The words "No Alum", without the ingredients is not sufficient. Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. Full weight one pound cans 25c.

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

THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

"That is best, I am sure," said Lady Agatha, and it was decided to follow this. That same evening a man was dispatched with a letter to Preston & Varleigh, explaining their wishes and requesting that they send them some one to attend to it for them. The man returned the next day with a letter, which said:

"We have sent down a good man for the work you desire done, but we would not have recommended it for many reasons. It can work no good to any one to rake up old troubles or tear open old wounds. We were convinced at the time that the nurse told the truth about the death of the child, having no reason for deception in the matter, and being sure had the child lived she would have besought you for money for its support. Before this is ended the old troubles will have become fresh in your minds, thus disturbing your peace, and we see no good results to be expected from it, either by benefiting yourselves or any other. Yours, etc."

"Preston & Varleigh," "Lincoln's Inn."

"It can but make a doubt sure. I do not think I could live now, that this great doubt has crept into my mind. When we have seen and know that the child is dead, we have nothing more to do. Until we know this, a great fear constantly haunts me night and day. It will add to my peace of mind to be sure."

"So it will," acquiesced Lady Priscilla. The detective was to stop at Cliff Towers, which he did. He went to work with a will. He opened the little grave pointed out to them, intending to remove what was left of them to the family vaults near Cliff Towers. He was astonished to find the coffin empty. It had never had an occupant. The detective was sure now that there had been a great deception practised on the Somerville family. He was sanguine of success. He lost no time reporting this fact, and consternation reigned in their minds. They felt they had, by their pride, been guilty of the most cruel injustice; but the solicitors were right, for their peace of mind had gone from them, perhaps, forever.

"It is hard for her, poor, dear child! We utter to take the woman, too, that she may not feel so utterly among strangers!" said Lady Agatha to Lady Priscilla.

"Perfect," said Lady Angelina. The girl and woman were overjoyed. Smiles stole through tears. There would be no separation then for them, and they rode off through glen and dale, a satisfied smile resting on the woman's face. Her two hundred pounds in Bank of England notes rested safely in her bosom.

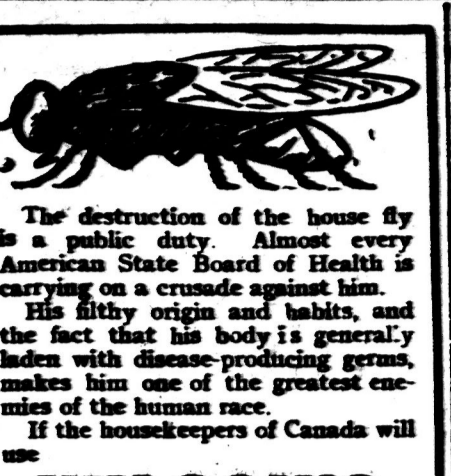
What a joyous time there was at Cliff Towers! Dorothy was as delighted, as were the ladies. Plans and delights were thought of all the time. There was never a moment that there was not three great air castles in process of erection. There was so much to be done, and time flew by so rapidly! Life that had dragged by so wearily before, now flashed on every face. Every vestige of the old cloud and shadows had gone. The birds that sung without for years, without any token of recognition, were now praised and admired, but Angela was a sad-faced girl. She fell at once into the new life, and was as gentle and refined as the ladies could wish, but her face was sad always. It was like a cloudy May morning.

The pictures of Dorothy smiled down from the walls. Half the shame had been removed when her battle had been fought by the little stranger, for it was her hand that drew aside the veil and dared them face her blighted innocence. Her silvery, sweet voice had praised her, and convinced them that the alone, had heard upon her memory the dust of scandal. Angela was not their ideal, but they loved her. They took her to their hearts at once for the sake of their Dorothy, but they felt the deepest and truest love for Dorothy Wynter. There was some visible power that bound them together. They would not admit the fact to themselves, but it was true that they loved her better than any other living soul. If they felt sad, no one could soothe them as could Dorothy. She brought comfort to them, when she did not come they longed for her, but they loved and did their duty by Dorothy's child, but she was said and sorrowful of mind, and time must remedy these things. Dorothy was exceedingly fond of Angela. She believed in her and loved her. It was her greatest happiness to watch the affection bestowed on her by the ladies. Dorothy was happy to have been the means of restoring to their hearts their Dorothy's child that they believed dead years ago. She caused them to atone for their stubborn pride.

The summer days were lengthening into autumn ones. Day after day Angela Somerville, as she was called, could be seen walking about the grounds arm-in-arm with her maid. There was a great devotion between them. One would be happy without the other. "It is really the same love as she would have borne her mother, had she lived," said Lady Agatha.

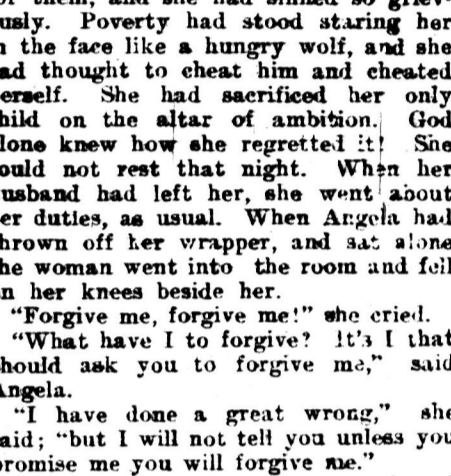
"A most beautiful and touching devotion," said Lady Priscilla. "Indeed it is," said Angela. Angela was very fond of sailing out and floating back with the tide. It was a most dangerous pastime, and the ladies had insisted that she should not go alone, but her life on the shore, and among the rough, brave seamen, had taught her to be fearless. She had no fears on the sea even in stormiest weather. Once she went out, and there came up quickly a small, black cloud that rapidly extended over the heavens, a great gale blew to blow and the waves dashed furiously against the rocky cliffs. "Where is Lady Angela?" asked the ladies of the footman. "Went out for a sail yesterday," he said.

"No more than that?" she asked. "No more than that trust he had at first and there was the same cool, calm reassuring manner." "Perhaps a little more," he said. "Double it then, and I will produce the girl you seek." "What proof have you to offer?" he asked. "None, only the girl herself. When her mother died, she was an infant, and my aunt took her and decided the family, and said she was dead." "You have no proof of what you say but your word, how can I know that this is true?" "You ought to know there's no woman living that would have told you that for any cause but to do justice to the child." There was something peculiar about her voice and manner, something that both attracted and repelled. The detective thought her story a true one, but he thought there was something she did not tell. He felt overjoyed. He called the girl inside the house. She had been crying bitterly. "So there's a prospect of a change in your life!" he said, but she did not reply. "You do not want to go?" he said. "I do not," she said, crying. "That's strange, you will have a grand home, etc." "I do not want it, I do not want it," she cried. "Then your mother thought it justice to you to speak?" he said. "Yes, I thought it justice to her to speak," the woman repeated. "Why did you not speak before?" he asked, and for a moment she seemed ill at ease, and discomfited. "I had learned to love her as my own, and they made no effort to seek out either the mother or child. You do not realize what a struggle I have had to say this." She broke down and sobbed piteously. He felt the truth of what she said. This man that knew every phase of criminal life, was convinced that the woman spoke truthfully. He hastened at once to Cliff Towers, and imparted the glad news. He had accomplished wonders in these few weeks.



WILSON'S FLY PADS

The destruction of the house fly is a public duty. Almost every American State Board of Health is carrying on a crusade against him. His filthy origin and habits, and the fact that his body is generally laden with disease-producing germs, makes him one of the greatest enemies of the human race. If the housekeepers of Canada will use...



lady now. Wait till to-morrow and I will arrange matters," she said, reassuringly. "We only stopped for two days, Madge, you must hurry up and get things ready. The old 'Gull' is lying at anchor, and in two days we start for home. Say you are glad to see me, Madge!" She was glad. He had been the love of her youth, and all these years she had thought him dead. It was like the grave giving back its dead to have him back, and how happy she was! Now that he had grown rich and come for them, and she had sinned so grievously. Poverty had stood staring her in the face like a hungry wolf, and she had thought to cheat him and cheated herself. She had sacrificed her only child on the altar of ambition. God alone knew how she regretted it! She could not rest that night. When her husband had left her, she went about her duties, as usual. When Angela had thrown off her wrapper, and sat alone the woman went into the room and fell on her knees beside her.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she cried. "What have I to forgive?" it's I that should ask you to forgive me," said Angela. "I have done a great wrong," she said; "but I will not tell you unless you promise me you will forgive me." "Then I tell you, my dear mother, I will forgive, no matter what it is." "Repeat those words again," she said, and Angela repeated them. "You remember the old days down in the village, when we starved for days at a time?" "Yes, but they were happy days withal." "Well, I conceived a strange plan. Would you like to go back to the old life, or a better one?" "How can I? You speak in riddles. Tell me how, for I would, God knows, choose the old life, though I have every thing I can wish for, but happiness." "You are my own child, I deceived you and them to better our condition. I wanted you to have a better fate than was before you, and I conquered my own love for your sake, and it was a bitter trial, a bitter trial!" She waived the words out. Her daughter drew her head upon her bosom and caressed her.

"Poor, poor mother! Why have you done this thing? I could have shared poverty with you, better than to have used deception. What can we do? We must not remain here as impostors." Then she told the story of the husband and father's return from India, and the ship awaited them to return, and the next night they stole out unobserved and went direct to the ship that lay at anchor, and when the sun arose the ship was on her way to India, their new home.

The morning Lady Agatha awaited the breakfast, wondering why Angela did not come. The ladies Priscilla and Angelina waited her coming, impatiently, for on one was ever late at the Towers. It was a rule to be punctual that was strictly enforced. Lady Agatha rang the bell and directed the footman to call for the maid and present Lady Agatha's compliments, and ask if Lady Angela was ill. The footman returned with the word "that the maid was not there and there was no evidence that she had been there." A great fear came over the ladies, but they gave no sign of it. Lady Agatha ordered the footman to "go and enquire after the Lady Angela." He came back, bowed low, and laid a note beside her plate. She did not read it then, though she could hardly restrain herself. The meal was finished, and Lady Agatha arose, followed by her sisters. When they entered the drawing-room, they closed the door carefully that no one should hear; then Lady Agatha spoke, "I feel sure we shall have trouble," she said, opening the letter and reading.

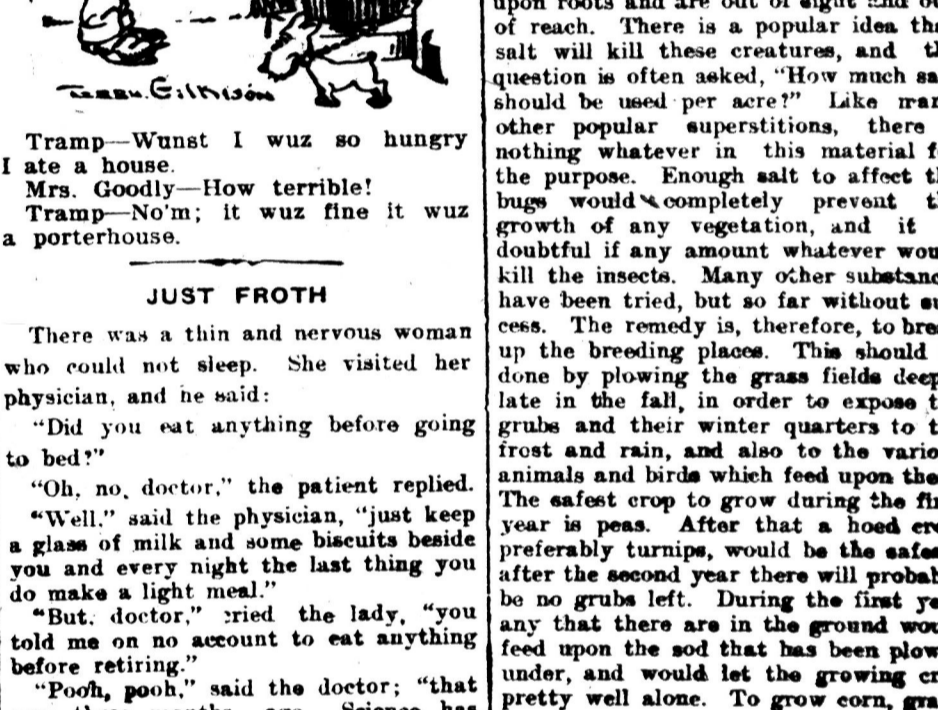
Marvelous New Pain Killer A Wonderful Discovery

BY A PHYSICIAN. A new leaf in the great book of surgery is being turned every day. The alleviation of bodily suffering is a perpetual problem. And every human being has cause to feel the keenest interest in each step of progress made. Could the sense of pain be eliminated from the list of human woes the face of man would grow round with happiness.

If what is claimed for it be true, the new, wonderful discovery of a well-known London surgeon, Dr. F. W. Forbes Ross, M.D., will abolish human pain consequent upon injury or operation. Dr. Ross says he has discovered the wide application of a prolonged local anesthetic which will "kill" pain, following the severest bodily accident, or during and after the severest surgical operation.

Dr. Ross says "The preparation is a 1 per cent. solution of quinine and urea hydrochloride. The method of use is very simple and the preparation is so very cheap that 12 cents covers the cost of an injection of it. In the operation the patient is put under a general anaesthetic—chloroform or ether—in the ordinary way, and then five to ten cubic centimeters of a 1 per cent. solution of quinine and urea hydrochloride are distributed over the nerve supply of the part concerned. The effect of such an injection is to produce a total loss of sensation of pain. Popularity the affected part is 'put to sleep,' messages of pain from the nerves to the brain are 'cut off.' A patient treated thus feels no pain after the operation."

Shroud Dr. Ross' discovery be as practical, cheap and effective as he believes, a new era in surgery and the treatment of all severe pain is no doubt at hand.



Tramp—Wunst I wuz so hungry I ate a house.
Mrs. Goodly—How terrible!
Tramp—No'm; it wuz fine it wuz a porterhouse.

JUST FROTH
There was a thin and nervous woman who could not sleep. She visited her physician, and he said: "Did you eat anything before going to bed?" "Oh, no, doctor," the patient replied. "Well," said the physician, "just keep a glass of milk and some biscuits beside you and every night the last thing you do make a light meal." "But, doctor," cried the lady, "you told me on no account to eat anything before retiring."

"What's the hardest thing about roller skating when you're learning?" asked a hesitating young man of the instructor at the rink. "The floor," answered the attendant. "I don't like your heart action," said the doctor applying his instrument again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris." "You're pasty right, doctor," said the young man sheepishly. "Only that isn't her name."

Doctor—"Well, I hope you profited by my advice."
Patient—"Yes, doctor, by not so much as you did."
Pat was busy on a Hull road working with his coat off. There were two Englishmen laboring on the same road, so they decided to have a joke with the Irishman. They painted a donkey's head on the back of Pat's coat, and watched him put it on. Pat, of course, saw the donkey's head on his coat, and, turning to the Englishmen, said: "Which of yez wiped your face on my coat?" "How do you like being a Fresh-man?" asked the sophomores. "Oh, it's first class," replied Freshie.

THE DREAM-SHIP.
A sweet little ship stole up from the South
With a cargo of baby dreams;
Of dolls and kittens and warm little mittens.
And rose-colored peppermint creams;
A wee wind wafted it on its way,
Or a queer little fish in a silver dish—
Sail away, little boat, and away!
Now used to worship the golden calf.
Man his worships the golden calf.
Truth may be stranger than fiction
but that isn't the fault of the fiction writers.

TRAGEDIES TOLD IN HEADLINES.
"Bouncing Twins Born to Society Leader."
"Toothless Burglar Steals Frozen Mince Pie." Eater Off More Than He Can Chew."
"Dancing Master Tries to Whip His Wife. She Walks Him to Police Station."
"Recipient of Comic Valentine Recognizes Handwriting of Sender, Who is Now in Hospital."

HERE IS A PUN.
Kitty—My brother Cornelius has been calling on Miss Chilleaff for over a year.
Marie—Is he going to marry her?
Kitty—I don't know. I'm afraid she's rather too cold to make Corn pop.—Boston Transcript.

See Open Top Tub
See How the Wringer is Attached
Room to Work
MAXWELL'S HIGH SPEED CHAMPION
The Wringer Band extends from the side out of the way of the cover. This allows practically the whole top of the tub to open up. No other washer has so large an opening. No other washer can be worked with crowd handles so easily as this one.
Do you see Maxwell's Favorite? The charm that makes quality better!
Write us for catalogue if your dealer does not handle them.
MAXWELL & SON, ST. MART'S, Ont.