

We unhesitatingly recommend Magic Baking Powder as being the best, purest and most healthful baking powder that it is possible to produce. CONTAINS NO ALUM. All ingredients are plainly printed on the label.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

EMILETT CO. LTD. TORONTO, ONT. WINNIPEG-MONTREAL

TRUE TO HIS RACE

Without reply, the earl arose and walked unsteadily up and down the room, opened a window and then, as if annoyed at having shown even so much disturbance, he returned to the table and resumed his seat, and said quietly:

"Well, my good fellow—for you really are a good fellow—well, what of all this?"

Benjamin Hurst lifted his head and looked at the earl so gravely, earnestly, solemnly, that his lordship's eyelids lowered beneath the steady blue gaze.

"What can it possibly matter," said Lord Wellrose, forcibly keeping down and controlling the extreme sense of annoyance he experienced—"what can it possibly matter whether rumor, which is so often false, so seldom true, should be false or true in this single instance?"

"Nothing whatever, my lord, to the gossip who circulate the report; but little, also, as regards your lordship's name; and not much, even, as regards her; for these are all merely external circumstances. But, my lord, there is more involved in this affair than mere town talk, or even than noble and famous names. There is a whole life's happiness involved in it, Lord Wellrose," said Benjamin, with much emotion.

The earl was beginning to lose some of his cool self-control. He impatiently tapped his slippers with the point of a little cane that he held in his hand, and after a short silence said sullenly:

"For Heaven's sake, man, go on and say your worst!"

"My lord, forgive me that I must say it, but I would willingly avoid it, if there were anyone else to do it."

"I am so conscious of a seeming confidence in my interference that I can only trust to your lordship's goodness for a favorable consideration."

Here Benjamin paused for a moment. Lord Wellrose impatiently waved his hand, and Benjamin resumed:

"Lord Wellrose, you have been for the last three months constantly visiting Mademoiselle Arielle, both at the opera and at the house. You have lavished upon her the zealous attentions of a devoted lover. These constant and pointed attentions, together with her most favorable acceptance of them, has occasioned the talk in the clubs, and in all other places where such matters are likely to be discussed. It is confidently asserted that you will marry her. It is of very little consequence to the world at large whether this assertion be true or false. But it is of vital importance to her."

"Of vital importance to her!" echoed the earl, as if speaking to himself.

"Yes, Lord Wellrose. Her father, my lord, is an humble but honorable man. He is in Australia now. Had he been present here in England he would have politely inquired into your lordship's intention long before this."

The earl's face flushed.

"Does anyone dare to believe that I could have—" he began; but he could not go on. His color deepened as Benny answered the half-formed question.

"No, my lord; no one ventures to impute evil to you—that is, evil intention. But what says the poet sage? More evil is wrought from want of thought than ever from want of heart."

"Explain yourself."

"I will, it is no disparagement to your honor, my lord, to say that your admiration and affection for Mademoiselle Arielle is patent to all observers. No approach to her delicacy to say that your devotion has won her heart."

Lord Wellrose covered his eyes with his hand, and Benjamin continued:

"Your devotion, my lord, has not won her confidence, but has led her to naturally and properly—led her to expect no less than the offer of marriage."

"I have been criminally thoughtless," sighed the earl.

Benjamin, perceiving the effect he produced, went on:

"From day to day she looks for the offer of your hand—naturally and properly looks for it, as I said before."

"I cannot justify my conduct," said the earl.

"And from day to day she wastes and schemes with 'hope deferred,'" continued Benjamin.

"I shall never be able to forgive myself," murmured Lord Wellrose.

"Yes, my lord, you will for you are noble man sans reproche. You will all that honor requires of you. And you will forgive yourself, if indeed you will have anything to forgive."

"Oh, my God, I know how protective and how my words must be," exclaimed Benny, in much distress.

"The earl of Wellrose took his

The present demand certainly was not. Perhaps he knew it, for he hesitated, and cleared his throat before he said:

"Will you let me bring my particular friend, the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy, here this evening?"

"Will you know I do not like that man," said Suzy, deprecatingly.

"Well, upon my sacred word and honor, I think you and I are a pretty pair of a sister and a brother. You do not like my friend, the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy, and I do not like your friend, my Lord Wellrose. But this is the difference between us: I let your friend come to supper two or three times a week; while you never let mine at all. Bless if I don't think, under all the circumstances, that I am the better fellow of the two!" grumbled Mr. William with an injured air.

He spoke quite as if Suzy's little palace in Park Lane was his own house instead of hers.

Put Suzy only smiled at him.

"I think you might let Stuart Fitzroy come here once in a way. He has never once been invited here since you boxed his ears!" growled Mr. William.

"Oh, Will! I never boxed a man's ears in my life!" said Suzy, deeply checked.

"Will you as good as ill it; so there. And he's never been invited here since. I say, can't he come this evening?" persisted the brother.

"Well, yes, if you wish him to come very much," assented Suzy, with a sigh.

"I do wish it very much," said Mr. William.

"Then it is settled," said Suzy, as she arose and left the table.

Benjamin heard the whole discussion, never dreaming, poor, fated fellow! how deep a stake he had in the issue.

Suzy went up to her room to prepare to go to the opera. She soon came down cloaked, hooded, and veiled, and took her seat in the little brougham which was waiting to receive her.

That night it happened that Benjamin's duties permitted him to indulge himself with an evening at the opera.

When the hour came, he went and took his usual modest seat in the crowded parquet.

The opera for the evening was "La Sonnambula," and of course Mademoiselle Arielle took the part of Amina.

The house was, as usual, crowded from parquet to gallery.

Lord Wellrose was not in his usual seat in the front row of orchestra stalls. Benjamin, who noticed his absence, knew the reason of it. He had heard Suzy say that Lord Wellrose must be in his seat in the House of Commons that evening, because his lordship's bill for the improvement of prison discipline for the reclamation of criminals was to be up that night, and it behooved his lordship, of all other members, to be present there.

But his stall at the opera was filled—most uncannily filled, Benjamin thought, for the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy occupied it. And by his side sat Mr. William Juniper.

The curtain rose on the village festival in honor of the betrothal of the heroine to the hero of the play. But though the music and singing were excellent, no one paid much attention to them until the entrance of Mademoiselle Arielle as Amina.

She was received with the usual outburst of most enthusiastic applause.

And she smiled and courted, and coqueted and smiled until the storm subsided, and then she began to sing.

And never, said her worshippers, had her beauty been so divine, or her voice so enrapturing.

They thought she sturred the pathetic songs in the second act. But in the last scene of the third act, the scene of the reconciliation with her lover her song burst forth with such a gush of irrefragable rapture, that all the critics there and there declared that there was not, never had been and never would be, such another celestial songstress on earth.

The curtain fell amid an earthquake of enthusiasm.

And Mademoiselle Arielle left the theatre weary, but very happy, moiselle's little brougham waiting.

Benjamin went out with the crowd. Near the stage door he saw made-up and he saw her come out, leaning on the arm of her brother, closely followed by the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy.

Mr. William handed her into the carriage, and then pausing, with his foot on the step, inquired:

"Can you give myself and Mr. Fitzroy a seat as far as Park Lane, Suzy?"

She looked extremely annoyed, hesitated and then answered:

"No, Will, I really cannot. You must indeed, excuse me."

"Oh, very well. You have accommodated the Earl of Wellrose before now, and even your own house steward, with a seat in your carriage," he growled.

"Will," she whispered, in a very low tone, "if you are not ashamed of yourself, I am ashamed enough for both of us. Bring your friend to supper in a hansom, if you must bring him at all. And now be so good as to shut the door, and order the coachman to drive home."

Mr. William sulkily obeyed. And the little brougham rolled off at a rapid rate.

"And she did not even pick up my bouquet from the stage, though it contained a ruby ring a royal princess might have envied," grumbled the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy in a very injured tone.

"Perhaps she didn't know it was yours," suggested Mr. William.

"Oh, yes, she did, for I didn't throw it until I had caught her eye. Then I threw it, and she saw me throw it, and she knew it was mine, and that was the very reason why she didn't pick it up! I don't know what you call that sort of conduct, but I call it exceedingly ill-bred," growled the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy.

"Oh, come now! none of that, you know, about my sister! She's not ill-bred; but she's capricious! I fancy all girls are so at times, even royal princesses. And a man of the world like yourself should make allowances for the weakness of the sex."

"I say it is not very encouraging," said the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy, with a very injured look.

"What concern it yours when she brings you to supper? Don't come here's a bit, but a faithful part of her."

WHEN RHEUMATISM STRIKES THE HEART IT KILLS—"NERVILLE" THE CURE

Effect of Nerviline on Chronic Cases is Almost Magical.

Exposure to wet or cold is apt to bring on an attack. The muscles stiffen, the joints swell and exertion brings on excruciating twinges. Often the pain shifts from one part to another, and this is dangerous, as the heart is apt to be attacked. Death as a rule follows a heart attack.

The pain of rheumatism is quickly rubbed away with Nerviline.

This is a swift, lasting and safe way to cure rheumatism. You can depend on Nerviline. It has the power, the penetrating force, the control over pain that is so essential to a rheumatic remedy.

William, as he signaled the cabman to draw up on the sidewalk. They entered the cab, and ordered the cabman to take them to Park Lane.

Benjamin Hurst hailed a passing omnibus, got upon the top, and started in the same direction.

He was the last to reach the house, for the omnibus set him down at a corner some streets off from the aristocratic neighborhood of Park Lane.

But he was still in good time to attend to his evening duties.

He went to the rose parlor, where the elegant little supper was laid, and where the light was subdued by rose-ate shades, and the air filled with fragrance from the rose garden beyond.

He saw that all was perfect there. He heard the voices of the Honorable Stuart and William, as they entered the adjoining drawing room.

And soon after he heard the melodious tones of Suzy, as she came in and welcomed them.

The supper hour was eleven. As soon as the *Caviar* struck, Benjamin drew the rose damask satin curtains that divided the rose parlor from the drawing room, and said with his usual formula:

"Mademoiselle is served."

Suzy arose and took the offered arm of Mr. Stuart Fitzroy, and led the way to the table, followed by Mr. William conducting Mrs. Brown.

The four sat down, and the feast began.

Benjamin stood behind Suzy's chair, and as usual waited on her alone—filling her glass, passing her plate, watching and anticipating her wants.

The two young footmen, Smith and Jones, attended to the other members of the supper party.

And the wine was passed, and the Honorable Stuart and Mr. William became very merry.

Before they had been an hour at the table, Benjamin knew, to his disgust, what he had strongly suspected even at the theatre—namely, that both these young men were inebriated, and growing more so every five minutes.

Suzy was slow to perceive this. But she, drawn observed it, and tried to catch Suzy's eye, that she might telegraph her to rise and leave the "gentlemen" at the table. But, as is usual in such a case, she found it impossible to attract the attention of her subject, though she drew upon herself that of the Honorable Stuart, who, after watching her for a few minutes, probably divining her intention, turned to Mr. William and inquired in an audible whisper:

"What the deuce is the matter with the old girl?"

"I'm sure I don't know, unless she's had more champagne than is good for her," replied Mr. William, with a low laugh.

"My love, I think we had better retire," said Mrs. Brown, speaking plainly at last, as she calmly arose from her seat.

"I say, she thinks we're at dinner."

and she's going to leave us over our wine!" hiccoughed the Honorable Stuart.

"Don't go, Suzy," said Mr. William, seeing that his sister was preparing to follow her companion.

"Excuse me, but I must leave the table," replied Suzy, with gentle dignity, as she moved away.

"Oh, by—, this will not do at all! Our guardian angel must not be permitted to take flight in this way!" said Mr. Stuart Fitzroy, rising and following her.

"Return to your seat, sir, if you have any grace at all!" Suzy haughtily commanded, averting her head.

"So I will return, my dear; but you must return with me," he stammered, taking her hand, and attempting to draw her back.

She snatched her hand from his with a flash of scorn and anger.

"Sit down, Suzy, and don't be a fool!" Mr. William advised.

She turned a look of sorrow and reproach upon her brother, and moved toward the door.

(To be Continued.)

Our Precise Artist

I WONDER IF THIS IS A LIVE WIRE!

HE GOT AN ANSWER BY WIRE.

BANISH THE YELLOW PRESS.
(Ottawa Citizen)

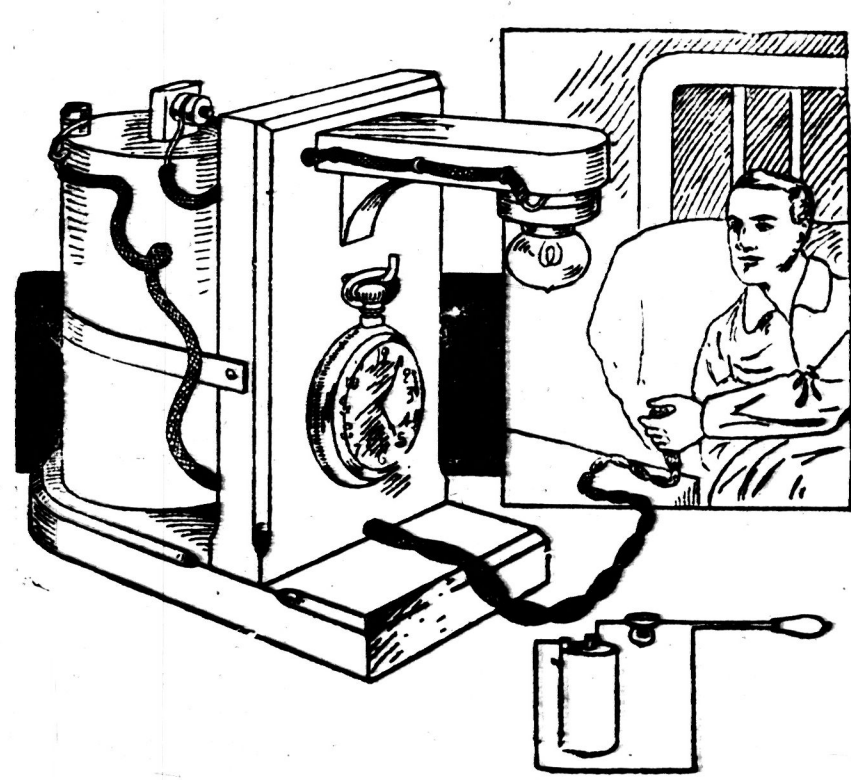
While the war is on there would seem to be little to be gained in discussing certain of the factors leading up to the world's disaster. When the war fever has passed away some of the vicious war factors may pass with it. Certainly all the world is tending so to hope. Not least, on the better day coming, human thought may decide to cast off for ever the reactionary influence of the yellow jingo press.

MURDERERS.
(Stratford Beacon)

The execution of some German naval officers has been suggested as a fitting accompaniment to the termination of the war. There does not seem to be any other way to describe men who would sanction and direct the wanton killing of women, school boys and infants.

A concert will be held in the school house on Friday evening, Dec. 18th, at 8 o'clock. A splendid programme will be given. Admission 15 cents.

BOYS! MAKE AN ELECTRIC FLASH TO LIGHT YOUR WATCH AT NIGHT



Cut shows how watch-lighting device is made. Smaller diagram indicates how wires are connected, one running from the push-button to the lamp receptacle and then back to the other binding post of the push-button, the only gap being at that point.

(By an expert electrician.)

No more shivering jumps out of bed on dark winter mornings to light a match and see whether it's time to get up!

Here's a comfortable little device which will permit you to lie luxuriously in bed until the very last minute. Keep it by your head, and at any time during the night you need only touch a button, beside your pillow to have a bright light cast on your watch face, instantly revealing the hour.

The materials can be purchased at an electrical supply store. Ask for a Small Battery Lamp and Receptacle (40 cents; two sets of W. 15 double).

ductor lamp cord (10 cents); a pear-shaped push button (15 cents); and a dry battery (30 cents).

A piece of board 6x3x3/4-inch, another 6-1/2x3x3/4-inch and a third 3-1/2x1-1/2 inches complete the material. The boards should be shaped and fastened together as indicated in the illustration, common wood screws being used.

Three small staples will serve to secure the wire on each side of the strip to which the lamp is screwed, and a hook bent as used to hang the watch on. A metal strip holds the battery in place. The lamp, battery and push-button are connected as shown in the small diagram.

ROYAL NAVY

The British Board of Trade on November 26 issued a statement showing the state of British and German shipping respectively after sixteen weeks of war. The total number and tonnage of steamships exceeding 100 tons gross owned by the two countries at the outbreak of the war were:

British—10,123 ships, 20,523,706 tons.	German—2,090 ships, 5,134,720 tons.
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Of these the following by Nov. 26 had become unavailable to their owners for various reasons:

To the British—	
Captured	69
Detained in German ports	75
Held up in Black Sea and Baltic ports	71
Total	195
585,551 tons.	

The proportion of ships rendered unavailable was 1.9 per cent. The proportion of tonnage affected was 2.9 per cent.

To the Germans—	
Captured	89
Detained in British or allied ports	162
Seeking refuge in neutral ports	6
in German ports	6
Total	163
4,584,926 tons.	

The proportion of ships rendered available was 58.4 per cent. The portion of tonnage rendered available was 89.3 per cent.

The number of British ships on Nov. 26 was 9,928, or 99.7 per cent. whole. Their tonnage was 19,938,755 gross tons, or 97.1 of the whole.

The statement of German merchant ships either plying or not accounted for is as follows:

Known to be at sea	19
Ships over 500 tons not accounted for	125
Steam trawlers not accounted for	353
Small coasters not accounted for	281
Total	668
549,794 tons.	

The proportion of ships plying or not accounted for is 42.6 per cent.; of tonnage only 10.7 per cent.

Only ten German steamers known to be at sea, as against ten thousand British steamers.

NERVOUS CHILDREN

The Trouble is Often Really St. Vitus Dance—Do Not Neglect It.

Many a child has been called awkward, has been punished in school for not keeping still or for dropping things, when the trouble was really St. Vitus' dance. This disease may appear at any age, but it most commonly comes between the ages of six and fourteen years. It is caused by thin blood, which fails to carry sufficient nourishment to the nerves, and the child becomes restless, and twitching of the muscles and jerking of the limbs and body follow. In severe cases the child is unable to hold anything or feed itself. St. Vitus' dance is cured by building up the blood. The most successful treatment is to reduce the child from all mental excitement, stop school work and give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills renew the blood supply, strengthen the nerves, and restore the child to perfect health. Here is proof of their power to cure. Mrs. Geo. A. MacDonald, Harrington, N. S., says: "My son was a tumbler by St. Vitus' dance; at the outset his muscles would twitch and his step was weak and jerky. We called in a doctor, who treated him, but notwithstanding he continued to grow worse and at last grew so bad that he could not hold a cup in his hand, while his head constantly twitched, and his speech became rather indistinct. At this juncture I saw in a paper the cure of a boy from similar trouble through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We at once sent for a supply, and in a few weeks after he began to improve, and it was not long after this, before he was completely cured, and has never had a symptom of the trouble since. I am convinced that there is no medicine like Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for the cure of St. Vitus' dance."

If your dealer does not keep Dr. Williams' Pink Pills you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A HAPPY LAND.
(Exchange)

Nobody is allowed to go to law in Denmark without first giving the Commission of Conciliation a chance to fix matters up, and the scheme is said to work first rate. In consequence, Denmark has the fewest lawyers, proportionately, of any nation. It must be a delightful country to live in.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST GLORY.
(St. John, N. B. Telegraph)

The late Admiral Mahan, writing to an English friend in October, told about the "vivid interest" with which he followed the movements of the British in the war. And he added this sentence, which is now being widely quoted in the British press:

"But the testimony to the unselfishness and efficiency of her Imperial rule, given by the strong adhesion and support of India and the Dominion, is a glory exceeding that of pitched battle and overwhelming victory."

THE GENTLE KAISER.
(New York Sun)

The report from Berlin that the naval raid on the Yorkshire coast was carried out with the object of "clearing" William II. may have some basis of truth, but the Kaiser is not a monster; it may be assumed that he was shocked by the slaughter of non-combatants in unfortified places.

WATCH JOHN.
(Rochester Herald)

John Bull has seized the left leg of Turkey, but only on paper as yet. The protection of Egypt will give more ingenuity than J. B. has developed recently.

In a moment either comes death or joyful victory.