

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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

The Web;
OR,
TRUE LOVE'S PASSION.

CHAPTER XVI.
Eve's Daughter.

"My dear child!" she exclaimed, and held Norah at arm's length, as if to convince herself that the girl was whole and sound. "I couldn't stay away from you another hour, dear," she said, "and so I have brought my friends with me," and she introduced two ladies, who, by the way they greeted Norah, had evidently heard her praises sung by Lady Ferndale.

There were also two other ladies who had come to make their introductory call upon Norah; and the earl, standing with the "reception" smile upon his face, watched Norah beneath his brows closely.

But though her thoughts had been sent scattering by the unexpected visitors, she regained her composure after a minute or two, and presided at the tea-table with the quiet self-possession which Lord Ferndale declared was one of her greatest charms.

"I was in despair when they told me you were out, dear," said Lady Ferndale, who had seated herself on a low chair beside Norah's table, and kept looking at the beautiful face, and glancing with covert triumph at her friends, as much as to say, "Did I exaggerate? Isn't she altogether charming?"

"Where have you been, dear?" she asked.

Norah's face flushed slightly.

"For a walk," she replied.

"In such a heat!" said Lady Ferndale. "Ah, well, I did it when I was your age," and she sighed.

Norah smiled down at her.

"Are you so very old?" she said.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Not too old to enjoy myself, dear; and I've come to ask you to help me. We are going to have—what shall I call it, Mary?" she broke off, address-

ing one of her friends, Lady Mary Marley; "not a harvest home. No, but a kind of tenants' fete."

"In this heat?" said Norah, with a smile.

Lady Ferndale laughed.

"Well, it's my husband's idea. He is never happy unless he has the people eating or dancing, or both, round him. We are going to make it quite a—may I say, jollification, Lord Arrowdale?" and she nodded at the earl mischievously.

"All words assume a grace on Lady Ferndale's lips," he retorted, with a bow.

Lady Ferndale made a little grimace.

"Well, a jollification. Awful word, isn't it, dear? A great big marquee is going to be put up on the lawn, and we—all of us—are to dance in it. I tell my husband that it will be sure to tumble down upon the top of us, but he says that it will make all the more fun. You'll come, won't you, Lord Arrowdale?"

The earl's face was a study.

"Most certainly," he responded; "especially if there be any prospect of rescuing Lady Ferndale."

"I never can get any advantage over him," said Lady Ferndale, under her breath, to Norah. "He is always equal to the occasion. Very well, then," she went on, aloud; "then that's settled. I do hope you'll enjoy yourself, dear."

"I am sure I shall," said Norah.

"Perhaps it would be as well to know the date of the—the jollification," remarked the earl, softly.

"Wednesday week," said Lady Ferndale, promptly; then she bent forward and whispered: "Norah, I have asked your Mr. Cyril Burne."

Norah had resolved that she would not blush at the sound of Cyril's name; but the color came into her face notwithstanding.

"You have asked him?" she said, trying to speak indifferently, and succeeding better than she hoped.

Lady Ferndale nodded.

"Yes, I called at Mrs. Brown's as I came along. I thought somehow that you would like me to call on him even before I reached you, dear."

Norah made a slight gesture of assent.

"He behaved so admirably. I heard it all from Jamieson, the coachman. It was beautifully done! And he was so thoughtful and considerate in sending me that note. I have been telling your father all about it, but, of course, he sees nothing to admire in it. What do you think he said?"

"I don't know."

"That it was what any one of the ploughmen would have done."

Norah sighed.

"And—did you see him?" she asked, rather guiltily.

"Mr. Burne? No. He was out painting, they said; but I left him an invitation, and Ferndale is going to call on him. He says that he is a very lucky young man."

Norah started, but Lady Ferndale ran on:

"And that if he had only insisted upon seeing you home, it would have

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been he who would have rescued you."

"But Lord Ferndale would have been inside the carriage," said Norah smiling. "Still, please tell him that I thank him all the same."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind. I altogether decline to carry soft messages from you to him. He is quite infatuated enough, as it is."

Norah laughed, and the brightness in her face caught Lady Ferndale's attention.

"You seem very happy to-day, my dear," she said; "has anything happened?"

Norah felt the crimson burning her face and neck, and her eyes fell.

"Why, you have come to see me," she said.

Lady Ferndale bent forward and kissed her, making her feel a mass of dissimulation.

"My dear, you are simply irresistible. You got that trick of repartee from him," and she nodded toward the earl, who was talking to the others, who were listening in rapt attention as if to an oracle; "but the pretty speeches sound genuine from your lips. And was Mr. Burne very much hurt, dear?"

Norah arranged the tea cups before her, and kept her eyes down.

"Yes, I am afraid so," she replied. "He is obliged to wear his left arm in a sling."

"Then you've seen him," said Lady Ferndale. "Of course, he called to ask after you this morning."

Norah was silent, her heart beating, and Lady Ferndale got up.

"Come and see us as soon as you can, my child," she said, as she kissed her, "and mind, Wednesday week!"

But even then it seemed as if she could not tear herself away, and half an hour passed before the carriages drove off.

The earl stood with Norah on the step, waving his hand to the departing guests, and Norah thought that he looked, if not pleased, at any rate, a little less cold than usual. As a matter of fact, the self-possession and tact she had shown in the face of so many unexpected visitors had pleased him and flattered his vanity.

Norah arranged the tea-cups before her, and kept her eyes a little too exuberant, but—er—her position gives her great latitude. By the way, Norah, this Mr. Cyril Burne—

Norah stood still and turned pale, but the earl was engaged in admiring his hands, and did not notice her face.

"Lady Ferndale tells me that she is, so to speak, taking him up. She seems to think that he behaved very well in last night's stupid accident."

"Yes, he did, papa," she said, in a low voice.

He looked at her with raised eyebrows, as if he did not need any confirmation of Lady Ferndale's opinion.

"Yes; she seems to be inclined to pay him some attention. I understand that she has asked him to this—this gathering. Under the circumstances, perhaps you had better treat him as a chance acquaintance, and—er—not

completely cut him, as I desired you to do."

Norah's heart beat fast, but she wisely kept silent and merely bowed her head. "Treat Cyril as a chance acquaintance!"

She repeated the words to herself as she ran upstairs, and his name was on her lips as she opened the door of her boudoir.

Then she stopped short, for Becca South was sitting at the table at needlework.

She looked up demurely as Norah entered, then bent over her needle again.

"Why, Becca, you poor girl, have you been working all this time?"

"Yes, my lady," said Becca.

"And this lovely afternoon, too!" exclaimed Norah, pityingly. "Pray run out and get a little fresh air."

Then when Becca, with a gesture as if she were thankful to change her position, got up and left the room, Norah threw herself into a chair beside the window, and gave herself up to the joy, the unspeakable delight of thinking of him.

Cyril walked home upon air. He stopped several times, just as Norah had done, but to ask himself what he had ever done to deserve such happiness.

Norah his! It seemed too good to be true, and to assure himself that he was not dreaming, he took out the faded rose and kissed it. Norah his! The thought was so huge, so overwhelming, that he could scarcely realize it, and he entered the little sitting-room in a kind of blissful dream.

Two letters were lying on the table. One was a pretty-voiced little note of invitation from Lady Ferndale, and his first thought as he read it was: "Will Norah be there?"

Concluding that, at any rate, there was a chance of her being present, he sat down and wrote an acceptance. Then he opened the other letter.

It was from the "true, tried" friend, Jack Wesley.

"Dear Cyril," it ran—"if you have any sanity remaining, come up at once. Business—Jack."

At another time—say yesterday, for instance—Cyril would have decided that he had no sanity left, and would have refused to leave the neighborhood of his goddess; but now things had changed. Norah was his, and he only waited for the big success he spoke of to her to go to the earl and ask for her. Business had suddenly become of novel importance to Master Cyril.

He decided that he would go up at once—that is, to-morrow morning. Then he asked himself how he should let Norah know. He could not write, lest the letter should fall into the earl's hands, and he was not likely to repeat the mistake of sending a message by any third person, as he had done before.

"If I go up by the first train," he mused, "I shall be able to be back by night. Who knows, I may stand a chance of catching a glimpse of my darling! I will neither send a message nor write to her."

(To be continued.)

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The capture by the town of Barskili, on the Macedonian front, officially, Barskili is 15 miles S.E. of Barskili. British captured the offensive along the Macedonian front is being fought in part over ground which the captured several months ago. Greek forts and estates well to the east right flank. After several British forced a passage and have now occupied towns, pushing eastward miles beyond the river.

ENEMY WIN BAU
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During the night the hostile shelling against Eucumant to Germany. Y moon a strong enemy forced us to relinquish ground east of Butte won on Tuesday.

WILL STOP GERMA
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According to a Danish British Consul at A recently notified the unless it cancelled the canning factories who products to Germany. of coal for the city w. The Danish Foreign M asked for a report on

WIRELESS PRES
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