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 before purchasing a baking powder that may possibly contain injurious ingredients. Many food scientists claim that baking powder containing alum is unsafe for use in food. The mere fact that some brands of baking powder have the words "No Alum" on the label is not sufficient proof that they are what they are represented to be. Our chemists find a good many have "No Alum" on the outside but large quantities of it inside.

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For Love of a Woman;
 OR,
New Romeo and Juliet.
 CHAPTER XVI.
 THE PART OF A HYPOCRITE.

"Of course, of course!" said the manager, rather blankly. "Poor Jeffrey! An admirable man, sir; admirable! Might have been a great actor himself, but contented himself with presenting an ornament to the stage in his adopted daughter. A great genius Miss Marlowe, Mr. Churchill, splendid! Magnificent! A wonderful career before her! Of course she can't be expected to act at present—certainly not; but in time—ahem!—in time—"

"We shall see," said Spenser Churchill. "In time, perhaps; but I cannot say. I am not authorized to speak for Miss Marlowe; but this I will say; that if she should resume her professional career, you—you will have the first claim upon her!"

And he shook the manager's hand in so emphatic and impressive a manner that the manager was quite touched.

Two hours afterwards all Barton was placarded with the announcement that in consequence of sudden domestic bereavement, Miss Doris Marlowe would not appear that evening, and that, in place of "Romeo and Juliet," would be performed the famous drama "The Coreican Brothers."

Mr. Spenser Churchill was as good as his word. If he had been a near and dear relative of the bereaved girl

he could not more completely have taken the whole arrangements into his own hands. He saw to the funeral, examined the dead man's papers and effects; even carried his thoughtful consideration so far as to ask Mrs. Jelf to order mourning for Miss Marlowe and herself. In fact he did all that was necessary on such mournful occasions—all except one thing. By a strange oversight, Mr. Spenser Churchill omitted to send notice of the death to the newspapers, so that there was nothing to tell Lord Cecil Neville, away in Ireland, that the girl he loved had suddenly been left alone in the world.

CHAPTER XVII.
 A CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

Alone in the world! Lying back in a chair by the open window of the woodman's cottage—for she could not bring herself to go back to the lodgings in Barton, where every inanimate object would remind her of the father-like friend she had lost—Doris kept repeating the ominous words to herself. Although a week had passed since the funeral she had not yet recovered from the terrible blow, and as she lay back with half-closed eyes and white, wan face she still looked "like one wandering in other worlds than this."

The dead man had been so much to her. Mother, father, brother—indeed her only friend and companion—that the sense of helplessness which follows all bereavement was intensified in her case. She was indeed utterly alone; drifting on the stream of life like a rudderless vessel, to be blown hither and thither by the cruel caprice of every wind. Since the day of Jeffrey's death she had seen no one excepting the kind-hearted woman of the cottage—Mrs. Jelf—and had done

nothing but commune in silence with the great sorrow that had fallen upon her.

In one day, in one hour, she had lost her lover and the man who had been as a father to her.

"She tried to put all thought of Lord Cecil Neville away from her, and to think of Jeffrey alone; but with an agony of remorse she found that the loss of her lover seemed almost as great a grief as the death of poor Jeffrey."

All day long she dwelt upon the joy and happiness of those few short days while he had been here; recalling every word he had spoken, every tone of the musical voice that seemed to have spoken of nothing but love—deep, true, passionate love to her. She remembered how many times he had kissed her; the fond, endearing names by which he had called her; and now it was all over! So completely a thing of the past, and gone from her life, that it appeared more like a dream than a reality. Were it not for the aching void in her heart, and the letter that lay crushed and hidden against her bosom—she could almost have believed that no such person as Cecil Neville existed.

Where was he now? she wondered. Did he still think of her? or had he never really loved her?

"Who am I that I should have won the love of such as he?" asked herself over and over again. "No, he never loved me. He never loved me; while I—"

Then she would cover her face with her hands and wish that she could find relief in the unshed tears that seemed to scorch her heart.

This morning, as she sat by the window, her hands folded listlessly in her lap, thinking and thinking till her head ached, and wishing that she lay in the quiet church-yard beside Jeffrey, Mrs. Jelf came into the room, and, speaking in the subdued voice which is perhaps the most irritating and trying to one in Doris's condition, said:

"How do you find yourself this morning, miss?"

"I am quite well," said Doris, rousing herself.

"I am glad to hear it, miss," responded Mrs. Jelf, gently arranging the pillow which she had insisted upon placing in the arm-chair. "Do you think you are well enough to see anyone this morning?"

"To see anyone?" said Doris, with a start, and a sudden thrill of the heart—for a wild, mad hope arose within her breast that it might be Cecil Neville.

"Yes, miss. You are not to unless you quite like, he says; but if you do feel strong enough—"

"He? Who?" asked Doris.

"Mr. Spenser Churchill—the gentleman who has been so kind all through your trouble, miss."

The colour ebbed from Doris's face, and she sank back.

"Mr. Spenser Churchill," she said, vacantly; then a vague sense of dread fell upon her, and she recalled Jeffrey's warning.

"Yes, miss. The kindest-hearted gentleman as ever I knew. I'm sure, if he'd been your own father or brother he couldn't have done more. Why, he's seen to everything, you know."

Doris thrilled with an indefinable alarm and remorse.

"Why—why did you tell me? Why should he do all this?" she asked.

"Well, miss, because it's his nature, I suppose," replied Mrs. Jelf. "You see, he's what they call a philanthropist; always ready to do a kind action, and—Lor! come to that, who wouldn't be glad to do anything for a sweet young creature like yourself, left so friendless and helpless? There he is now, just coming up the path. He can wait, he says—"

"Will you please tell Mr. Churchill that I will see him," said Doris; and Mrs. Jelf, after another pat or two to the pillow, went out.

Doris tried to brace herself to the coming interview. Her mind had been so clouded that she had not until this moment realised all that this strange gentleman—against whom poor Jeffrey had warned her as her greatest foe—had done for her, and she scarcely knew how to receive him.

The door opened and Spenser Churchill entered. He was dressed in black, and his face was almost seraphic with its expression of reverent sympathy.

"Do not rise, my dear young lady," he murmured softly. "Mrs. Jelf assured me that you felt equal to seeing me—indeed, wished me to do so, or I should not have intruded upon the sacred solitude of your grief."

Notwithstanding the honeyed accents, the words seemed to sound artificial to Doris's acute sense, and she turned her large, dark eyes upon him with an unconscious scrutiny.

"I am quite well, and I did wish to see you, sir," she said. "I wish to thank you for all you have done for me. I scarcely know yet the extent of your kindness—her voice faltered—"

"I think I must have been ill, for I seem to have forgotten"—she put her hand to her brow for a moment, then with an effort recovered herself.

"What I have done, my dear Miss Marlowe, does not deserve a word of thanks. It has been a sad satisfaction to me to have been of some slight service to you."

"But you have done everything," persisted Doris, in a low voice—"everything, why—"

"She stopped abruptly; the question sounded a cold and ungrateful one. But Mr. Spenser Churchill filled up the pause.

"You would—and not unnaturally—ask why I have taken upon myself to interfere in your affairs, my dear young lady?"

"Well, we will not say interfere," he murmured, softly; "we will use the word 'interested.' The question is very easily answered. For one thing, I happened to be on the spot when your poor guardian—But we will not recall the sad scene," he broke off as Doris winced and her face grew paler.

"And the second reason is that I was once a friend of poor Mr. Jeffrey's."

"A friend?" Doris could not help saying.

He shot a sharp glance at her, unseen by her, and sighed.

"I understand your surprise," he said, mournfully. "You will observe that I said that I was once a friend. Some time ago, I regret to say, a difference arose between us. I do not know whether you know the circumstances—whether he ever told you?"

Doris shook her head, and he emitted a suppressed and inaudible sigh of relief.

(To be Continued.)

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