

MAG had patronized her for so many years, and to be able to look down from a giddy height on Maud and Edie. It is very tempting! On the other hand, would it not be better to take Sir Hugh, the famous soldier, young and handsome, and-well, whom she CONTAINS NO ALUM oved? Yes, she assured herself with little smile, as she sat in her own Users of this well known article have the assurance that food is made more wholesome and nutritious by its use. "Magic" is a pure phosphate baking powder, and it is a well BAKIN known fact that phosphate is a

"Good-bye, Lucy!

back into her chair with a low, sof

"In a week," she murmurs. "It

not long. But it will serve my pur

murmurs. "Which will it he, I won-

CHAPTER XXIX.

which

laud!"

for 't."

der? Well, a week will show!"

You shall have time

eral acid. INS NO AL "Magic" Baking Powder contains no egg albumen or otherladded ingredient for the purpose of making unfair and deceptive tests which have no value as a constituent of baking powder."

necessary constituent in food,

while alum is a dangerous min-

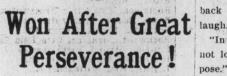
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YOWDER

Wedding Bells



- OR --

Then she takes the red camellia CHAPTER XXVIII. rom her bosom and holds it up s "Have I, who have sinned against that she can see every leaf of th deeply, any right to be plossom angry?" he says, with self-reproach. "A baronetcy or a dukedom,", sh

"Then Hugh, give me a week, one little week to consider," she says. He frowns, his old grim frown 'See, Hugh," she says, putting her

hand on his arm, "it is for your sake.

Between the Duke of Gretnam and not mine. Give me a week: come to Sir Hugh Falconer! This was Lucy me then-do not come to me before-Fairfax's choice, for with her natura and repeat your offer and I will give you an answer. Will that satisfy keenness, added to the wit of her sex, you? Is it too much to ask? Think, Miss Fairfax had discerned the, at portant for both of least.

room after Hugh had gone, sat looking at the duke's rose in her hand she had loved him, and did love him as well as it was in her nature to love any one except herself. Such natures as Lucy Fairfax's arincapable of pure, disinterested love but as far as was given to her to love at all, she loved Hugh; and as she sits, rose in hand, and ponders, with the little sympathetic smile on he face, these two pictures rise befor The one that of an old man with grizzled hair, and with a gait tha was on the verge of tottering, the other, the tall, manly form of Hugh

famed: to hold a position in society

econd only to royalty itself; to take

precedence of old Lady Falconer, who

with the grave, handsome face. But the grizzled hair belongs to luke, and Sir Hugh is only a baronet It, is difficult to decide, and at ength she rises with a little soft sigh. "After all," she murmurs, as she laces her little red rose in water luke has not spoken and Hugh lear.'

nas; a bird in hand is worth two in the bush. If I were quite sure the luke would speak-well, then," with sigh, "poor Hugh would have to go Dukes are not so plentiful that on an snap one's finger at them."

As she speaks, the door opens and laud comes in, her thin form clad in kiss me, Hugh, if yo the lightest of riding habits. ike," and he stoops and kisses her "Are you alone, dear Lucy?" sh word, he goes out. the door closes, she sinks

Lucy Fairfax turns and looks a er, and quickly drops a piece of lace ver the rose "Yes, dear; come in. Have you

een for your ride?" Then she looks at her or there is a bright flush on Maud's heeks, and an unwonted light in her

eyes, and as she drops into a chair bark beside a young lady unless he she puts her hand up to take off her neans hat, and keeps her hand shading her Maud, at least you will have one who vishes you every happiness, and who Lucy Fairfax watches her keenly.

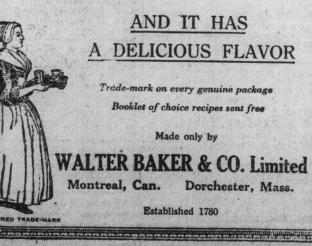
vill not envy you." but with the sympathetic smile all "Dear Lucy," purrs Maud. ready if it should be needed. "Enjoyed it, dear?" she says, en ouragingly. "You look particularly happy. Whom did you see?" Maud simpers bashfully. "Oh, lots of people, dear

"And you must not forget your poor ittle friend when you have become great lady in the land," goes on "the poor little friend" from behind the hair, with an unusual light in the

Only a week; it is not long, and was surely growing into love within if, at the end of that time, you still the bosom of his grace. wish me to be your wife-" Duchess of Gretnam! Mistress of She stops and looks up at him. Gretnam Park, of Glengowrie in Scot-Hugh stands, with the frown upon land, of the Abbey near Windermere, his face. of the huge mansion in Queen's Gate. "Very well, Lucy. You have the to say nothing of the many chalets right to ask that much of me. I will and palatial "cottages" in sunny Italy come again in a week." and smiling France. s very attentive. I think." "In a week, dear Hugh," she mur- To wear a ducal coronet, and b murs. "May I go now?" addressed as "your grace;" to own "No," he says, with his usual chiv- the magnificent Gretnam diamonds, alry. "I will go," and he takes her whose spinedor and quality are world



Purity in cocoa means carefully selected, scrupulously cleaned cocoa beans, scientifically blended, skilfully roasted, and with the excess of fat removed, reduced to an extremely fine powder by a strictly mechanical process, no chemicals being used, the finished product containing no added mineral matter.



ould scarcely get away. The duke o Gretnam now and then----' said we had quite a reception."

"Oh," said Lucy, with a fine smile, vill always be welcome."

'So you had the duke with you dear?' "Yes," says Maud; then she blushes wo in Queen's Gate! It will be well and simpers again, inviting questions. to know a duchess so intimately. But "You seem to have the duke a great perhaps the duke will not caredeal with you, dear," says Lucy. "He and she sighs softly.

"That's what mamma says," re

ponds Maud, eagerly. "But-but tell her it is all nonsense" Lucy Fairfax goes behind her chair,

nd leans over to pat her cheek. "What a simple, unsuspecting child is," she murmurs. "Quite uncon cious and innocent! Yes, Maud, our mamma is right: the duke is ery, very attentive. Oh, Maud,

Maud flushes and attempts to look round at the sympathetic face bu ucy Fairfax keeps well behind her. "Do you really think there'shere's anything in it, Lucy?" sh

asks, with poorly-concealed anxiety. He-he was always kind and polite, ou know." "But not so much as lately, my icar, was he?" suggests Lucy, gently

No, Maud, Lady Falconer is quite right. The duke has spent a great cal of his valuable time on us-no

in one of us, young ladies, Maud ou know which of us is answerable Maud laughs softly and conscious

"Do you know, Lucy," she replies I thought at one time that-that you vere the attraction?"

The false laugh comes rippling rom behind the chair. "I. my dear Maud? How absurd!

!" And she gently pats the flushed cheek chidingly. "I am the last per

son the great duke would be attracted by, dear-little, insignificant body, with red hair and a plain face!