

MAGIC BAKING POWDER



'Margaret,' The GIRL ARTIST, OR, The Countess of Ferrers Court.

CHAPTER XXV.
A month later, the sun, which in England was shining with a sickly affection of geniality, was pouring a flood of warmth and light on every house and street in Naples. Color, warmth, brightness were all there, not in niggardly patches, but in lavish profusion, and in no spot of the enchanted city more profuse than in the palace in which resided the Earl and Countess of Ferrers; for to Naples they had come, and, needless to say, Mr. Austin with them.

But though he had prophesied that Violet should be happier there than she had ever been, his prophecy had not yet fulfilled itself, for even the Naples sun could not thaw Blair's heart, and, as in England, there was still that weary, absent expression in his face which proclaims the man to whom life has become joyless and hopeless.

Of all the noble palaces which the Neapolitans so cheerfully let to the English visitors, the palace Austin Ambrose had chosen was the most sumptuous; and if rooms which emperors might have dwelt in, and surroundings which would have inspired a poet, could have made a woman happy, then Violet, Countess of Ferrers, should have been the most beautified of her sex. But on this glorious evening in spring, she was lying on her couch on the balcony overlooking the bay with the same restless fire in her eyes, the old red fever spots on her cheeks. Leaning over the balcony was Mr. Austin Ambrose, attired in a spotless linen suit, with a cigar between his lips, and his eyes keenly noting the passers by in the street beneath him.

"What are you staring at? Have you become suddenly dumb?" exclaimed Lady Violet, with irritability. "I was looking at the beggars," he said, with a patience in marked contrast to her impatience. "Naples is the paradise of the mendicant. Shall I wheel you nearer the balcony?—you would find them very amusing."

She looked over listlessly. "They are not amusing," she complained, shrugging her shoulders. "At any rate they are a study," he said. "There are beggars of every nationality under the sun, I should think. Strange how easy it is to distinguish them, even through their rags. There is the Neapolitan, for instance, that old man there with the boy; and there is a Spaniard, and there are two Frenchmen, and there

is an English girl—" He stopped suddenly, and let his cigar fall to the ground.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "The matter?" he said, turning with a smile, though his face wore a strange expression. "What do you mean?"

"Why did you start as if you had seen a ghost?"

"Oh, come; you are fanciful this evening," he retorted, laughing.

"But you did start!" she persisted, listlessly.

"I never contradict a lady," he said lightly. "But, believe me, the movement was unconscious," and he took out his cigar-case, and languidly chose a fresh cigar, but as he did so, he leaned over the balcony, and keenly scrutinized the crowd beneath; for that which had caused him to start, and drop his cigar, was the form of some one who bore a strange likeness to Lottie Belvoir.

Mr. Austin Ambrose looked in the direction the girl had taken, but she had disappeared, probably up one of the narrow streets, and smiling at the fancied resemblance, he smoked on and devoted his attention to the crowd. Presently a servant came from the room behind them, and handed a card on a salver.

The countess took it languidly. "What a nuisance people are! Did you say that we were not at home?" "Yes, my lady," said the footman; "but his highness wrote on the card, my lady."

"His highness!" exclaimed Violet contemptuously. "Every second man one meets in Italy is a count or a prince! What is it he has written, Austin? Your Italian is better than mine."

Austin Ambrose took the card. "This is not Italian, it is English," he said. "Prince Rivani begs the honor of the Earl of Ferrers' presence at a conversazione, Palace Augustus, this evening at ten o'clock."

"I thought it was understood that we did not visit," said Violet languidly. "Why do people bother us? Prince Rivani! This is the second time he has left his card."

"His highness is very attentive, at any rate," said Austin, Ambrose. "Shall you go?"

"Seeing that I am not asked," said Violet, "it is not very probable."

"Oh, I expect it is one of those gatherings which the Italians delight in; a little music, a little weak lemonade, and mild tobacco. Blair might like to go."

"Here is Blair to answer for himself," said Violet, as Blair strode on to the balcony.

"What is it?" he said, looking from one to the other.

"Only an invitation," replied Austin Ambrose. "I don't suppose you would care for it. You will be bored to death."

"Prince Rivani! He called the other day," said Blair thoughtfully, as he leant over the balcony. "Would you care to go, Violet?"

"I am not invited," she said impatiently. "Don't you see it mentions you only."

"Ah, yes, a bachelor's party," said Blair. "I may go; it is a lovely day. I have been on the hills, and—Ah!" he exclaimed, and he leant over the balcony.

"What is the matter? Is it anything wonderful?" said the countess, and she rose from the couch and looked over.

Blair bit his lip.

"It is nothing," he said. "I thought I saw someone I knew."

"You are like Austin," she said, colling herself on the couch again; "he started and dropped his cigar just now."

Blair walked out of her hearing, and beckoned Austin Ambrose.

"Do you know whom it was I saw just now?" he said.

"Couldn't guess," replied Austin.

AFTER MEALS

When digestion fails, whether from loss of tone, climatic changes, overwork, or errors of diet, nothing so soon restores tone and healthy activity to the digestive system as the root and herb extract—Mother Seigel's Syrup. It tones and regulates the liver and bowels, and clears the system of the decayed products of indigestion—the fruitful cause of headaches.

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"It was Lottie Belvoir," said Blair. "Oh, nonsense; it's impossible!" said Austin Ambrose, lightly. "I tell you she is on an English tour at this present moment. How on earth could she be here?"

"I do not know, but I am certain it was she," said Blair, gravely.

"I'll soon convince you," said Austin Ambrose, and he disappeared. He mingled with the crowd for five minutes, then he was back again. "As I thought," he said, with a smile. "She is a Neapolitan girl with a face rather like Lottie's."

"Rather like!" said Blair, with a sigh of relief. "It was an astonishing resemblance, but if you saw the girl closely it is all right."

But the resemblance to Lottie of the girl in rags in the streets of Naples haunted him several times that evening, and on his way to Prince Rivani's rooms, he found himself unconsciously scanning the faces of the women who passed, as if he feared to see the girl.

Of Prince Rivani he had of course heard, but he had not seen him yet, and it was with a languid kind of curiosity that he followed the footman into the salon.

There were about fifteen or twenty gentlemen present, most of them smoking cigarettes, and from their midst a tall, patrician-looking figure came to meet him.

Blair, though he had heard of the prince's popularity and his good looks, was not prepared for so handsome a face; and he was looking at him with interest when he was struck by the expression of the prince's eye. It seemed as if he were regarding Blair with a scrutiny far and away beyond that usual on the part of a host greeting a guest for the first time. The prince's face, too, was pale, and his lips compressed as if by some suppressed emotion. But his courtesy was perfection.

"I am honored, Lord Ferrers," he said, bowing, as he just touched Blair's hand. "Let me introduce you to some friends of mine," and he led Blair round the room, making him known to one and another. There were some Englishmen there—one meets them everywhere, from Kamschatka to the plains of Loos!—and he got into conversation with one and another.

Presently, just as he was thinking of taking his leave, the prince came up to him.

"Are you fond of art, Lord Ferrers?" he inquired, in a grave voice.

Blair shook his head.

"I like a good picture, but I don't know anything about it," he said. "You have a very fine collection, have you not?"

The prince shrugged his shoulders. "Not so fine as that at Leyton Court, Lord Ferrers," he said, with a bow. "But I possess one picture which I value above all the others. I am so attached to it that it travels about with me; it is here, in my writing room. Would you like to see it? I think it will repay you for your trouble."

Blair rose at once.

"I should like to very much," he said.

The prince led the way to a small room on the same floor, and stood before a picture, closely curtained.

"You will want plenty of light," he said, turning up the gas as he spoke, "and if you will sit just there, Lord Ferrers, you will be in the most favorable position."

At the same time he himself took up his stand by the curtain, with his eyes fixed piercingly upon Blair's face.

"Now," he said, "I want you to tell me exactly how this picture strikes you at first sight. You shall examine it closely and criticize it afterward. I ought to tell you that it has made the artist famous."

Opening Announcement!

We announce the opening on Monday next, in the store lately occupied by Mrs. Ed. Kiely, Rawlins' Cross, of an up-to-date

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The Store will be under the direction of Mr. Peter G. Ryan, of Roxbury, Mass., who will feature the latest American notions in

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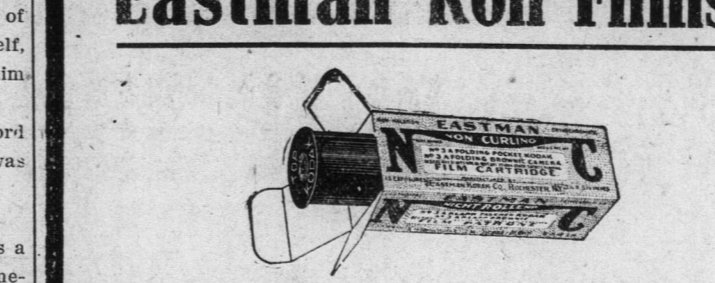
The Store, which is entirely separate and distinct from our Military Road Branch adjoining, will remain open every night till 11 o'clock.

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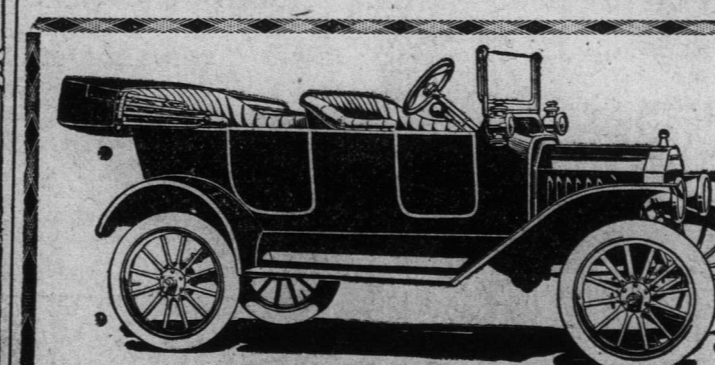
The proprietor of one of the best known multiple shopping systems is credited with saying, "Give me any old shop, in any old street, and I'll guarantee to make it in twelve months the most widely known and best frequented shop in the district." He was asked to explain. Holding up three fingers he said, "I believe in the trinity of LIGHT, WARMTH, COMFORT. I should dazzle the moths until the candle drew them. I should bring them into a warm, comfortable shop, filled with a soft, pleasing radiance, and the rest is—well, mere child's play."

Mixed metaphors, perhaps, but expressive. Now we can more than imagine the kind of shop this well-known individual would open, for we pass it in almost every town—always a landmark to the street. No one fails to notice it. There is an indefinable air of welcome and invitation as one stands for a moment on the pathway and lets one's gaze travel inside it. The subdued, restful lighting effect that so charms because of its very unobtrusiveness, the absence of dark corners, the intangible feeling that if one would step inside one would be sure of experiencing a delicious sense of warmth and comfort and cheerfulness—all these are part of its appeal. Truly a shop with an individuality.

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LONDON

LONDON, April 3rd, 1916
BRITISH REPRESENTATIVES PARIS.

Sir Edward Grey was the only British Minister at the momentous Paris Conference this week who did not take with him his private secretary. Asquith had his son-in-law, Douglas-Carter, on whom he always largely depends. Lord Kitchener had Colonel Fitzgerald, who was with him in India and Egypt, and who must not be confused with British Fitzgerald, the well-known stock broker, who was Lord French's secretary at the front. Sir Edward's chief assistant was O'Beirne, who was officially present as head of the War Department of the Foreign Office. The room in which the conference was held must be familiar to him, for he had been there as British representative in 1904 on the Dogger Bank inquiry about Russians firing on our trawlers. Asquith had had two long interviews with O'Beirne, who speaks French fluently, and whose evening hours have been devoted to diplomatic conversations as important as the most ostentatious discussions at the Conference.

RE-BUILDING AFTER THE WAR

One of the highly-important questions touched upon at the conference of representatives of the Allied Governments at Paris was, I learn, the rebuilding of the devastated areas of Belgium and France after the war. A problem which will come also before the Economic Conference shortly to be held in the French capital. The population of the war-swept area in Northern France is 7,000,000, while an equal number in Belgium have suffered the wholesale destruction of their buildings, and the effect that reconstruction on such a colossal scale may be expected to produce on the building resources of Europe can only be surmised. Rebuilding on such a scale would at any time tax the resources of the forests of Europe, which do not suffice in normal periods to meet the maintenance requirements of the Continent. There are two reasons why after the war European forests will not meet the demand. During the war timber outside of Russia has been cut and destroyed at a rate hitherto unknown in Europe, while elsewhere on the Continent war has obliterated forests. The timber requirements, therefore, will be enormous, and the present is the time to arrange for the supply; but it is probable that, in order to keep prices down and to systematise the work of reconstruction, the purchases will be made through Government channels.

THE KIND LADY AND THE SOLDIERS.

Some of the incidents at the parties given to the wounded soldiers at Buckingham Palace last week are about the town. One is of a Royal page asking the soldiers from one hospital and why isn't Miss So-and-So here with you? referring to a lady who had been rather conspicuously zealous at that hospital. "She got the sack," was the unexpected reply, given shyly yet with an unmistakable twinkle. "She used to take Tommies motor rides in cars lent to us for the purpose, and the rides were her choosing a hat or calling on her lady friends while we waited outside!"

THE STEEL HELMET.

The steel headpieces for protection against shrapnel, which were demanded so dramatically by the officers who jumped from the Strangers' Gallery to the floor of the House of Commons on March 29th, have been very slow in coming to our troops, although the French reported, as the result of their experiences in the Champagne battles, that they have made reduction in the casualties of almost 10 per cent. Every officer and every soldier in the Champagne offensive wore the steel helmet. In the Verdun fighting General Petain is never seen without his helmet. Colonel Churchill has his own helmet, and has been seen wearing it out of as well as in the trenches. One cause of the delay in providing the British helmet has been the number of types with which we have been experimenting. The complaint about the present one is that it is heavy and is worn. It is, however, without a proper leather lining. The French helmet is not only serviceable but is also very handsome. Many of the young men at the French front look like statues of Mercury. The Germans have been even slower than ourselves in this matter of helmets.

M. Maurice Farjot, whose death in America is announced, was something more than a singer of ditties, for he accomplished a big sartorial development. He it was who, in conjunction with his original colleague and school fellow, Mr. Fisher, introduced on the stage black silk knee-breeches in

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