

BEWARE OF DECEPTION

Statistics show that when egg albumen is used as a constituent of baking powder, the amount so used is too small (usually 15/100 of 1%) to affect the quality or effectiveness of the baking powder containing it, and when so used, is plainly for the purpose of fraud. Intelligent buyers will not permit themselves to be deceived by the water glass test.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

contains no alum or egg albumen and is guaranteed to be composed of the ingredients printed on the label—and none other.

Made in Canada By Canadians
For Canadians

“Love in the Wilds”

—OR—

The Romance of a South African Trading Station.

CHAPTER LXV.
THE UNMASKING.

“No,” he said; “I can not feel that it is mine yet, and I will break no bread in it until I do. I will go to the inn directly—now,” he added, wearily, and with a certain tone of disappointment.

The lawyer rose; he was still mystified and puzzled.

“It would be better, if you have so determined. Perhaps, though, you would rather wait—”

“For my appointment?” concluded Hugh. “No, I have given up hoping; the hour is too late.”

Mr. Reeves took up his hat and Sir Charles did the same.

They all seemed acting and speaking in dream-land, and scarce knew what they were about.

Hugh lifted his cap from the floor and put his arm within Sir Charles's with a touch of his old, frank manner.

“We shall be friends, Sir Charles,” he said. “I have to thank you yet in words; I have done so already in heart. Come, we will go to the inn.”

For Sir Charles had declared his intention of accompanying Hugh.

The steward, sleepy-eyed and bewildered, opened the hall door and the three passed out.

Before they had reached the gate, however, a horseman shouted to them to stand aside, and pulling up his steed



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Lucille was a woman, and with all her present sternness of determination and bulwark of pride, a gentle one at heart.

She sat in her own boudoir, trembling and almost weeping, her trunk packed and lying beside her in a recess.

The hour was approaching when Reginald Dartmouth would come for her; there wanted but a day—one day only—to-morrow would be the last of her freedom; before its sun had set she would be another's—no longer her own mistress, no longer free to indulge her old dreamy disposition, no longer able to fly to solitude as a solace and consolation.

No! To-morrow was the last day of her liberty.

She sighed, but it was rather the sigh of desperation than sadness.

Now that it was so near she dreaded the step she was forced to take, forced by her uncle's treachery; on his head be the sin, the blame, and the consequences.

To-night, the last night beneath the count's roof and protection, she shrank from retiring to rest; a dim presentiment of coming ill kept her eyelids aching awake, her heart throbbingly restless.

Her maid—one she could trust—sat sewing in an adjoining room.

The count was out, attending a meeting of the secret society.

She was to have been with him, but she feared to leave the house lest Reginald Dartmouth should have some last message or direction and she be not there to receive it.

Sitting alone, and filled with morbid apprehension, she almost wished she had accompanied the count, and with a sudden impulse rose to order her carriage, intending to follow him, but as her hand touched the jeweled bell a slight tap at the door stopped her, and she sank into the chair again, saying:

“Come in.”

Madam Campani entered, serene and placid as usual.

“Your ladyship not at rest yet?” she said, with surprise. “I understood that you intended retiring early?”

“Did I say so?” said Lucille, with a weary but kind smile. “Well, it was but to get rid of thee, madam. What now?”

“What is your business with me at this unreasonable hour?” asked Lucille, as if scolding to bandy words with him.

“Most important business, my lady,” replied the man, in his sleek whisper—“most important, or I would not have dared to ask for an interview.”

Lucille inclined her head impatiently and sank upon a fauteuil.

“I will hear it, sir,” she said; “that is, if you are brief, and the matter concerns me.”

“It concerns your ladyship most nearly,” replied Vignes, watching her from under his half-closed eyes as a cat does a mouse—“most nearly, or this notice is meaningless.”

And he held up one of the bills, which had been printed, offering a reward for the recovery of the locket.

“Ah!” exclaimed the countess, her whole manner changing in an instant. “You have found my locket?”

“I have, my lady,” he whispered, behind his hand.

“Give it to me,” she cried, with a profound sigh. “You shall have more than the stipulated sum if it is unrecovered.”

“It is unrecovered,” he replied, with a glint of hidden sarcasm in his viperish eyes.

And taking a small packet from his pocket he held it out with a profound bow.

The countess almost snatched it and, removing the wrapper, clasped the trinket to her breast.

“Where—where did you find it?” she asked, her face flushed with delight.

“On the terrace of the new Hall, my lady,” he replied.

And a certain expression of his small eyes told her that he had been an unseen listener to her confession.

“On—the terrace?” she repeated, slowly, growing paler at every word; “then, sir, you heard—”

“All, my lady,” interrupted the man, with quiet composure.

The countess sprang to her feet, but sank down again, her eyes bent upon the floor, her lips writhing with mortification.

“I heard all, my lady, and so I doubt not did another—for there were two unseen spies that night—myself and Captain Dartmouth's other servant”—it would be impossible to describe the venomous tone with which he whispered the ignominious words—“the other servant, John Stanfield.”

“Two?” breathed the countess, with a look of alarm.

“Ay, two, my lady,” replied Vignes. “He not only listened but played the thief. He it was who first picked up or purloined the locket. I found it where, in his hurry to escape, he let it fall, at the bottom of the steps.”

The countess remained silent, but her flashing eyes and tightly-closed lips told of the storm within.

“Well, sir,” she said, “you are vile enough to confess, unblushingly, your infamy; what other purpose save that of claiming the reward—which is here on the table before you—have you still in waiting?”

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER LXVI.
“TRAITOR, AS WELL AS FRIEND!”

Sweet is revenge—especially to women.—BYRON.

Thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.—SHAKESPEARE.

Leaving Hugh Darrell hurrying to obey Rebecca's summons, and Reginald Dartmouth unmasked and plainly revealed in all his naked villainy, we will now transport the reader to the Countess Vitarelli.

“More terrible than all things terrible is a woman scorned,” says a poet. He might, had he known the beautiful and stately Lucille, have put “betrayed” in place of “scorned,” and been as truthful.

She fancied herself betrayed and by the person in whom she had placed the fullest confidence—by her uncle, the white-haired Italian count.

No doubt of the truth of Reginald's statement, backed as it was by the forged dispatch and draft, ever entered her mind.

Infamous and improbable as it seemed, she felt assured that the count had sold her to her enemies, and had betrayed her as a sacrifice to and ratification of this dishonorable treaty, and with that assurance burning like vitriol in her proud bosom she was resolved to foil and punish him to the uttermost.

She would foil and punish him, though the means might be hard and unpalatable to herself. She did not shrink a hair's-breadth, but the instant the count communicated to her his intention of returning to Rome she informed Reginald Dartmouth that she was ready to fulfil her promise and follow out his directions.

What they were we know already. She was to hold herself in perfect readiness to accompany him at a moment's notice; first, to a priest; secondly, to some foreign port, where they could wait and life over the breaking of the storm.

Reginald Dartmouth was all prepared, had leisure even on his hands, when the fatal discovery of the will was made and Mr. Reeves's summons reached him.

Now, striving by threats and bribes, alternated each hour. He was dashed back to London to keep his appointment with the woman for whom he had conceived a passion—we will not say loved—and fly the country whose justice would demand the squire's life and wealth at his hands.

“Was Captain Dartmouth's servant,” interrupted Mr. Vignes, with a gesture of profound humility and respect.

“What is your business with me at this unreasonable hour?” asked Lucille, as if scolding to bandy words with him.

“Most important business, my lady,” replied the man, in his sleek whisper—“most important, or I would not have dared to ask for an interview.”

Lucille inclined her head impatiently and sank upon a fauteuil.

“I will hear it, sir,” she said; “that is, if you are brief, and the matter concerns me.”

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(To be continued.)

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COLDS, ETC.

Madam Campani hesitated.

“Had I guessed you had not retired I would not have knocked,” she said.

“A man, a servant of Captain Dartmouth's, is waiting in the lobby. He is anxious to see you. He is the bearer of some message to your ladyship, I imagine, though he will not communicate its purport or say aught but that an interview is imperative.”

The countess, with an impatient “Tut, tut!” at her chaperon's precise and formal tone, said, almost eagerly:

“From Captain Dartmouth, madam? I will see him.”

“But,” ventured the ceremonious old lady, “the hour is late.”

“But me no buts, my good madam,” interrupted Lucille with the air of an empress. “I will see him.”

Madam Campani withdrew, and after the lapse of a few minutes the door opened again and admitted a thin, cadaverous figure, with a white face and a pair of snailish eyes.

Lucille raised her eyebrows with an air of displeased astonishment.

“I understood,” she said, with cold haughtiness, “that Captain Dartmouth's servant wished to see me. You—”

“Was Captain Dartmouth's servant,” interrupted Mr. Vignes, with a gesture of profound humility and respect.

“What is your business with me at this unreasonable hour?” asked Lucille, as if scolding to bandy words with him.

“Most important business, my lady,” replied the man, in his sleek whisper—“most important, or I would not have dared to ask for an interview.”

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(To be continued.)

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Pattern 3306 is portrayed in this model. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 2 yards with plaits extended.

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