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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.

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**  
 Contains No Alum  
 Pure Wholesome Economical

**The Old Marquis**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER XXXVII  
 THE SECRET OUT.

"As the heir to the head of the family," he said, slowly, "it is my duty to make the truth known. Miss Drayton has spoken the truth. This young lady is—not my cousin's wife! Lela rose and confronted him.

"You lie!" she breathed. Then, with a swift movement, she turned to the marquis. "My lord, you—you are a man, while he—he—" She pointed her finger at Clifford Revel with a rebuke. "You will protect me? This man who says that I am not Lord Edgar's wife was present at our marriage? He—he arranged it! It was he who suggested it! Oh, my lord, as there is a heaven above us he speaks falsely! He knows that my darling is here helpless and—ah, dying—or he would not dare—My lord—my father—for you are my father—protect me from them!" and she fell swooning on the marquis's breast.

He trembled and his lips moved spasmodically; then he turned to the girl who stood side by side.

Clifford Revel shook his head wearily.

"This is very painful," he said in a tone of emotion. "This young lady thinks that she speaks the truth, but—"

"Go on, sir!" said the marquis, sternly.

"But she has been deceived. Heaven knows that I would remain silent if I could. But she has forced me to speak out. She says that I was present at her marriage with Lord Edgar—that I planned it. My lord, you will understand and appreciate my position when I tell you that the marriage was a mock one."

The marquis started, and Lela raised her head.

"A mock one," said Clifford Revel, with a feigned reluctance. "It was performed by a man procured and bribed to personate a clergyman, and it—deceived her."

There was a low, anguished cry from Lela, and her head fell upon the marquis's breast again.

"You understand, my lord?" said Edith Drayton. "You have heard this tale of villainy—Clifford Revel started—"you have but to hear my share in it. Mr. Clifford Revel, the next Marquis of Farintosh, could explain it better than I can. He could explain how he has succeeded in enfolding me in his specious nets—from those nets I now free myself!" She turned to Clifford Revel. "This man who planned this false marriage did so for two reasons: the first, that there might be no fresh barrier between him and the Farintosh title; the second, because he—loved me!" Her white face twisted into a smile. "I permitted him to think that I was to be won when he had obtained his ambition. I now tell him that, though the prize he has schemed for lies so near his grasp, I loathe and detest him."

Clifford Revel started and moved forward, but she raised her hand.

"That I have hated him from the moment he bared his guilty soul to my view; that, rather than become his wife, I would have left the world he has made almost unendurable.

I tell him this that he may know, once and for all, that though he has succeeded in gaining his end so far, he has not and never had the slightest hold upon my consideration."

With gleaming eyes he stared at her, his lips quivered, his hands, clinched at his side, shook.

"You—you have betrayed me!" he said. "Was not that enough? Why should you stoop to insult me?"

Edith Drayton looked at him steadily.

"Because I love the man whose life you have ruined, have destroyed," she said, calmly.

Clifford Revel seemed bewildered.

for a moment, as if he could not realize the truth; then he drew a long breath, and smiled—and awful smile.

"And I never guessed it," he muttered. "Well, Miss Drayton—and the smile grew into a sneer of triumphant malignity—"for your sake I wish that my unfortunate cousin may recover. I think—and he looked around—"I will withdraw from this scene in which I have played but a poor part. My lord, I wish you good-by. You have paid me the compliment of treating me with great consistency, but I think you will acknowledge that I have returned it, and with full measure."

The marquis said not a word, but met the taunting eyes with a direct gaze of his own fierce and haughty ones; and Clifford Revel left the room.

The marquis stood leaning upon his stick, his head bowed; he had quite forgotten Lela in the moment of his bitter reflection that the man he hated would be the heir to Farintosh after all! that Lord Edgar lay dying—then, he thought of the miserable girl whom this Clifford Revel had destroyed as surely, in a sense, as if he had taken her life, and he turned to her where she stood, her face covered with her hands.

"My girl," he said, not unkindly, though his face was stern, "you have heard what that—that villain said. Liar as he is, I think he has spoken the truth, because the foul deed is just such as he would delight in performing. You see, my prophecy of the misery that would follow your friendship with my son has been fulfilled."

"Then I am not Edgar's wife?" said Lela, in a hollow voice, her hands dropping to her side, her white face turned to him.

"I fear not," he said. "Would to Heaven that I could say otherwise; but I fear not."

She drew a long, quivering breath.

then, with a slow step, moved to the door.

The marquis looked at her with a stern pity. His heart had grown softer during the last few months; it had almost melted in his bosom when she had thrown herself upon his breast and prayed him to protect her, when she had called him her father; it was terrible that she should go out ruined, helpless, penniless and homeless.

"Stay," she said, "where are you going?"

She looked around at him with weary surprise that he should ask the question.

"To Edgar," she said, dully.

Edith Drayton, who had been standing, disregarded by the others, turned crimson.

"Lela!" she said, coldly, "you can not do that. You have been cruelly used; but the world's opinion—"

With a suddenness that startled even the marquis, Lela turned upon her; her slim figure seemed to grow taller and take to itself an imperial dignity.

"How dare you speak to me!" she said, holding out her hand as if to indicate the gulf that yawned between them. "You, who pretended to be my friend, and knew of what had been done to me! You tell me I must not go and watch beside him whom I have deemed my husband, who, even now, deems me his wife; you would hint at shame! You, whose lips have made the shameful avowal of the motive that led you to conspire against me! You, Edith Drayton, would separate us even in death—ah, in death, not because you care for my fate or my reputation, but because you love him! I—who am utterly undone, who have no hope in life left, I, the target at which such as you will be free to shoot the arrow of scorn—am going to the man who in the sight of Heaven was and is my husband. And who shall prevent me?"

And with a gesture that made the marquis's cold blood run with swift admiration and emotion she raised her arms to heaven.

Edith Drayton shrunk back, white with rage and jealousy.

"My lord," she panted.

"Silence," said the marquis. "It's for me to answer that question. Girl, I could prevent you, but I do not! Go!"

Without a word, but with a glance of grateful humility toward him, Lela glided out and entered the next room.

Edith Drayton hesitated for a moment, then the marquis, with a low bow more scathing than any words, limped forward and opened the door, and with bent head she passed out.

The doctor looked up as Lela entered; a nurse had arrived in the interval, and the motionless figure had been put in the bed.

"You have come back, Lady Fane?" he said, in a low voice.

She bowed her head.

"I have come to nurse—my husband," she said, with a quiver of the lips, as she laid her hand, soft as a snow-flake, on Edgar's.

(To be Continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A BECOMING HOUSE DRESS.



2848—For this, striped seersucker, checked or plaid gingham, or percale, could be used. Lawn, linen, drill and cotton gabardine are also desirable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in 3/4 length. The chemise may be omitted. The skirt is a three-piece model and measures about 2 yards at the foot.

The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A DAINTY PROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

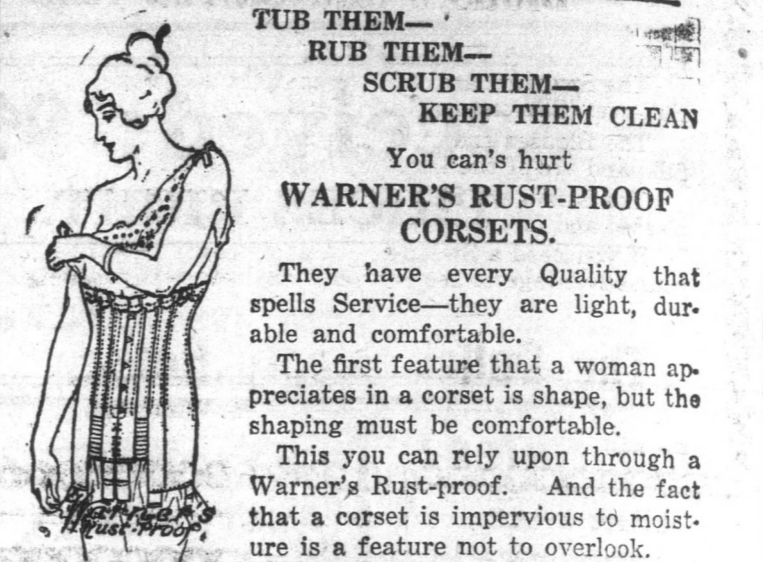


2775—You can have this in challie, dotted Swiss or batiste, with a yoke of tucked lawn. The design is nice also for gingham, voile, albatross, or poplin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

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Misses' Dresses.	Children's Dresses.
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**Deadly Mystery Ship.**

IDENTITY OF THE "VICTORY" OF THE MERCANTILE MARINE.

One of the secrets of the war against the Hun submarines—the identity of the deadly mystery ship Q5—was revealed this week at the ceremony of unveiling a tablet in the saloon of the tramp steamer Lodorer, lying in the Thames off Greenwich, with a cargo of sugar on board. Owned by Holder Middleton, and Co., the Lodorer was, up to October, 1915, an ordinary tramp steamer, but on that date her destiny changed, and onward till the signing of the armistice she was foremost in the most brilliant feats performed by the mercantile marine in the history of the war—feats which hand her down to history as the "Victory" of the mercantile marine. The tablet is a plain brass one recording the vessel's name, the name of her owners, and the fact that she was engaged in anti-submarine work for over two years. Then follows the name of her commander, Gordon Campbell, V.C., and the officers and men who served under him—all of whom gained distinction which are recorded on the brass. Vice-Admiral Sir A. Duff, in unveiling the tablet, said over 180 mystery ships had been employed, and apart from the submarines sunk, their moral effect was very great.

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