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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
 OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXIX.
 A NYMPH OF THE WOOD.

"Perhaps I may," she said, smiling still. "But surely Lord Fane doesn't know the character of this horse!"

Lord Claxtone laughed aloud, then blushed.

"Why, it's his own horse! He has ridden him scores of times. The brute broke his leg and arm once, but Fane swore that he would master him, and when he got well he did!"

"It"—said Edith, and her pale face flushed slightly—"if I were a friend of Lord Fane—I mean a close friend—I should try and persuade him to give up the idea of riding the horse, and I would not rest until I had also got him to kill it!"

Lord Claxtone laughed.

"You don't know Fane as well as I do, Miss Drayton, that's evident. At any rate, nothing on earth would dissuade him from riding it now. He knows that all of us have or will back him and the horse, and it would be a point of honor with him to ride the ree!"

"Quite so," asserted Lord Combermere. "Fane's the soul of honor. Look at his conduct over that Flyaway! He must have lost thousands over that. Refused to make himself safe even for a penny. Oh, he'll ride the brute, now he's promised to do so, if it costs him his life!"

Edith Drayton shuddered behind her sunshade. Like a flash of lightning she saw Clifford Revel's motive. "If it cost him his life!" Could there be any doubt that Clifford Revel hoped that the horse would vindicate its name and prove the assassin of the man who stood between Clifford Revel and the marquise?

Yet, what could she do? As she sat there, shuddering and burning by turns, she knew that they had spoken truly; that no man nor woman could turn him from his promise, from his word of honor. If ever she had hated Clifford Revel, she hated him at this moment.

A storm of dread and doubt and perplexity raged in her heart as they galloped through the beautiful shady lanes, now touching the banks of the silvery Thames, now winding through pine woods, and then climbing some steep and tree-crested hill.

They stopped at a small village to change horses, and while the grooms did their work with swift, deft movements, Lord Combermere mixed a champagne cup and insisted upon the ladies partaking of it.

Then they were off again, with the

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excitement of a fresh team and the refreshing cup. Lady Debenham woke up and grew talkative, Lord Combermere tried his hand at the horn, and all were enjoying themselves immensely, excepting the general, who found his work cut out for him by the fresh and skittish horses, and Edith, upon whose soul sat darkly the vision of Lord Edgar riding the horse named Assassin.

With several squeaks, with his reins in a fearful jumble, with the perspiration standing in huge drops, and with an inaudible thanksgiving, the general drove the coach into Pangley, and pulled up, safe and sound, at the door of the ivy-colored inn.

"Here we are!" exclaimed Lord Combermere, cheerily. "Now, ladies, I hope you're prepared to rough it. It will be quite the truly rural, you know! Claxtone, will you give Mrs. Drayton a hand? And poor Claxtone, who had been fondly hoping that he might be permitted to assist Edith, turned obediently and as cheerfully as he could to her mamma.

Chatting and laughing they entered The Moorhen, and were met by the anxious and smiling landlady who, with a snow-white cap and apron, dropped innumerable courtesies, and led them into the best room.

"You got my telegram, I suppose?" said Lord Combermere.

"Yes, my lord," she said, "and I've done my best. I'm sorry—leastways for your sake, my lord—that some of my rooms are occupied. A young gentleman and his wife it is—"

"Oh, never mind!" cried Lord Combermere, pleasantly. "We shall do. Do not disturb yourself, Mrs. Jones, and I hope we sha'n't disturb them. Newly married, eh?"

"Yes, my lord," assented the landlady; and you won't disturb them at all. They are out nearly all day, and won't come home till dinner-time."

"When we shall all be gone. All right. Now, ladies, follow Mrs. Jones, and by the time you have got your bonnets off we will have luncheon ready; eh, general?"

The hampers and wine cases were carried from the coach into the parlor, and the cloth was soon laid. Lord Combermere was a capital caterer, and in addition to the dishes which are beloved by men, he had brought some sweets and an iced pudding for the ladies' delectation, and he and the general assisted—or imagined they did—in the arrangement of the table.

"Now, I call this a sensible way of doing things," said Lady Debenham. "I must say—to speak candidly—that if there is one thing I hate more than another, it is an ordinary picnic."

"Quite right," assented the general. "So do I. Had too many of 'em in service. I've picnicked on roast camel and moidy biscuits in Africa, and bear's hams and grasshoppers in America, also on stewed boot leather—that was in the Crimea—and I'm satiated with picnics. No, give me something decent to eat on a table, and a chair to sit on while I eat it, and I'm content."

"Now, you are to make yourselves comfortable, and we gentlemen are to wait on you," said Lord Combermere. "Clax, I'll get you to open that bottled beer, and give the general a glass to begin with. We must keep him in good form, or he won't be able to drive us back. Miss Drayton, will you sit here? Lady Debenham, you

are expected to carve that ham."

It was very enjoyable; Edith would have been happy but for that carking care which never left her heart for a moment. But she could smile and laugh with the rest, and no one guessed how far her thoughts were from the scene—certainly not the young marquise, who enjoyed the felicity of sitting beside her, and who waited upon her with the devotion of a devotee for his goddess.

"This is one of the jolliest days I ever had in my life," he ventured to confide to her.

"It isn't over yet, Clax," said the general, who had overheard him.

"There is plenty of time for you to fall into the river. You've ordered some boats, haven't you Combermere?"

"Yes," said his lordship. "And there's plenty of time to be pitched off the coach! Eh, general?"

There was always a certain amount of amiable chaffing between these two, the general affirming that Lord Combermere, who considered himself quite an up-river man, knew nothing about a boat; and Lord Combermere retorting by declining to believe that the general would ever learn to drive a four-in-hand properly.

Amid much laughter at the mutual good-tempered raillery the party left The Moorhen and strolled toward the River. They found some boats all prepared, and the usual verbal confusion arose on the question of who should brave the watery element and who should remain on dry land.

Most of the ladies, though they declared their ardent love for the water, remarked that they should only be in the way in the boats; and in the end Edith and one or two of the other girls got into a skiff, and the marquise and Lord Combermere took the oars.

"We'll row up the river to the island—it's an awfully jolly place. Clax, just see if they have put some champagne in, will you?"

It was a lovely afternoon, and the river looked at its best; from either bank the golden poplars and dark-robed yew trees towered toward the skies. Soon they reached a lock, with

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"I'll take care of Miss Drayton. You may depend upon it!" retorted the lad, boldly.

"I am depriving you of your well-earned rest, Lord Claxtone," said Edith as they made their way through the irregular avenue of trees.

"I wish I could say how very much I prefer to—accompany you than sitting idly there," he said, with a flush.

"They reached a little open meadow running to the river bank, and came upon the weir; and Edith stood gazing at it in an abstracted mood, through which Lord Claxtone's voice broke fitfully and unmeaningly.

"Where was Lord Edgar now?" she wondered, and as she thought of what the answer must be, "With the fair girl whom he loved," a great wave of bitterness and pain flooded her heart, and she turned pale and sighed.

"Are you tired?" asked the lad, earnestly; his eyes had been fixed on her face, though she had forgotten him.

"I think I am, a little," she said, with a start. "The sun is not here in the open."

"And you have not brought your sunshade? How careless of me to forget it! If you will sit down and rest, I will run back and get it."

"Do not trouble," she said, half-heartedly, for she longed to be alone.

"I'll go at once," he said, obeying her tone rather than her words, and he set off.

She sat listening to the falling water for a few minutes; then, growing restless, rose and strolled onto the weir bridge; half unconsciously she crossed it, and found herself on the opposite bank, in the midst of a small plantation, which seemed so quiet and peaceful that she wandered on, still communing with herself, still asking the ever-recurring question, "Where is he?"

Suddenly she remembered young Lord Claxtone and his quest, and with a sigh turned to retrace her steps. As she did so she became aware of two persons who were strolling down a narrow path that led through the plantation to the river. Not caring to be seen alone, she drew back, and leaning listlessly against a tree, waited for them to pass.

Suddenly, so suddenly that the blood rushed to her face, she heard Lord Edgar's voice, and saw that it was he, and—yes, the girl who was leaning upon his arm, with her face turned up to his with rapt, loving gaze, was Lela Temple!

For a moment the sky seemed to grow all aflame to Edith; a hot wave of jealousy swept over her soul; white and motionless she stood, her hands clinched, her lips caught in her teeth, trying to regain self-possession; for she knew that they might see her, that she might have to speak and to smile as if nothing was the matter.

It was a moment of agony, but there was one of intense anguish in reserve for her.

"Shall we go back, dearest?" she heard Lord Edgar ask; "or would you like to go on to the weir?"

"One moment on the weir," replied Lela, and her voice, sweet and musical though it was, smote like some horrid discord on the listener's ear.

Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE, PRETTY FROCK.



2523—Net over organdie, or dimity, organdie, batiste, lawn, crepe, washable silk, foulard and chambray, volles and marquisette; all these are nice for this style. The waist is made with surplus closing. The sleeve may be gathered to the cuff, or finished in short length, loose and flowing. The skirt is joined to the waist. A girde or sash or ribbon forms a suitable trimming.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A NEW AND STYLISH MODEL.



2523—This design has several new style features. The Skirt is cut to form a pouch pocket at one side of the front. Foulard, shantung, crepe, crepe de chine, gingham or linen would be nice for this style.

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CANADA'S BUDGET—REDUCTION IN FAVOR OF FARMERS.

OTTAWA, June 5.

Sir Thos. White delivered his budget speech to-day. In his tariff proposal he referred to the fact that under the Customs' Tariff War Revenue Act, 1915, a British preferential tariff rate of five per cent. and an intermediate and general tariff rate of seven and a half per cent. was imposed with certain exceptions. We propose, he said, to wholly repeal this British tariff rate of five per cent.; further we propose to partially repeal the intermediate and general tariff rate of seven and one-half per cent. by making it no longer applicable to the following classes of articles: foodstuffs, linen and cotton clothing, woollen clothing, boots and shoes, fur caps and fur clothing, hats, caps, hoods and bonnets, gloves and mitts, collars and cuffs, hides, skins, leather harness and saddlery, agricultural implements, petroleum oils, mining machinery and bituminous coal. Sir Thomas announced that provision will be made for a reduction of five cents per pound in the British preferential intermediate and general tariff rates on roasted or ground coffee and three cents per pound under the British preferential tariff on British teas. Provision will be made for the free importation into Canada of wheat, wheat flour and

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