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MAGIC BAKING POWDER
CONTAINS NO ALUM

The Old Marquis
OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER V.
A WOMAN'S DREAM.

"Out of the question," repeated the beautiful lips. "Don't you pity him, mother?" with a hard laugh.

"I—you know, Mr. Clifford Revel is not a great favorite of mine, Edith. Of course, he is very nice, and—gentlemanly, not to say distinguished. And everybody says he is very clever—"

"Yes, everybody admires him, and nobody likes him; his case and mine are somewhat similar; perhaps that is why I—pity him!"

Mrs. Drayton looked at her with the anxious, puzzled twinkling of her eyebrows.

"I never heard anything against him, but—who is he, Edith?"

"A Revel, one of the oldest families in England, and connected with one of the oldest and the richest—the Farintoshes. Unfortunately, the Revels are poor, and the Farintoshes rich. He might have been a Farintosh—an earl, a marquis—but the present marquis unkindly married, and there is 's son."

While she has been speaking, Mrs. Drayton has taken up a peirage, and rapidly turned over its leaves.

"Yes, yes! I see! And Mr. Clifford Revel is as near as that? But this son—Lord Edgar Fane is his title—"

"The same, dear mother," wearily, absently.

"Lord Edgar Fane! Why, he is only a boy—a little over twenty. And the marquis might marry again. My dear, there isn't a fair chance."

"Unless they both die, which they will not. No, mother, Mr. Clifford Revel is to be pitied."

Four Good Lessons to Remember

First—Once your kidneys are affected, chronic complaints are sure to follow—if you don't remove the cause immediately.

Second—You can't neglect kidney or bladder derangements and stay healthy. Fasting off will never cure. You must assist Nature.

Third—The symptoms of kidney or bladder trouble—the commonest symptoms—are: Pains in the back and sides, swollen joints, painful urination, brick dust deposits, and constant headaches or dizziness.

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Read what Gin Pills did for Mr. James Stackhouse, of Toronto. Mr. Stackhouse became convinced that he was in for an attack of kidney trouble. Although subjected to X-ray treatment, the cause could not be located. Finally he was forced to leave his work and go to a hospital. His place was filled by another, as he never expected to go to work again.

Five boxes of Gin Pills put him on his feet again, and to-day he is physically fit again and ready for work.

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and looked down, with a smile—an awful smile of dark, mocking beauty—upon the pale, anxious, weakly astute face, and laughed—laughed with a soft, half scornful laugh, that made Mrs. Drayton shiver.



Oh, How I Itched!

"Certainly, my dear mother! How long you have been coming to the point! I have been waiting for it for the last five minutes! Certainly! What more natural than that we should invite our friend Mr. Revel's cousin to one of our little dinners, soirees, at home; what more natural than that he should come? It is still not unreasonable to imagine that, coming, he see the great beauty, Miss Edith Drayton, and falls in love with her. Still pursuing our theme, we see him—he must marry, you know—laying his coronet, his marquisate, his one, two, three hundred thousand a year, his castles, abbeys, and manorions at her feet, and— Look, mother!" and, with a sudden gesture, the white hands point to the white, peerless brow. "Do you see the coronet? No! Let me look!" She goes to the glass, and stands before it for a moment, then turns, and—pale and grave, with a far-away expression in her eyes—almost prophetic, says, slowly:

"Yes, I see it! I see it! There must be some future Marchioness of Farintosh—why should she not be me? Go, mother, and leave me to dream of it!"

Mrs. Drayton arose, without a word, kissed the pale face, and, with a last shiver, glided out.

And miles away, in the sweet country air, all laden with the breath of flowers and pines, Lela Temple lay asleep, and dreaming, too, the moonlight falling on her pure loveliness, as if it claimed it for kith and kin; and her dreams were not of coronets or marquisates, but of a handsome, boyish face looking up at her in the starlight—of a deep, musical voice, fearfully, timidly—man's voice though it be—murmuring, softly: "Will you come with me to-morrow?" And, in her sleep, her lips part wistfully, and in an answering murmur whisper "Yes!"

CHAPTER VI.
LOVE'S SPELL.

IT is breakfast time in the cloister, as Professor Temple's portion of the Abbey is called, and Lela, sweet and bright as the daisies in the meadows, sits before her neat and shining breakfast equipage, pouring out the cup of cocoa which, with a piece of dry toast, serve the professor for his morning meal.

She is dressed as simply as the daisy I have likened her to, but looks as beautiful and bewitching as she did, in the eyes of Lord Edgar, in the cream-colored gown. For a wonder, this morning, she is not humming her favorite air, "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning;" for a great wonder, she has no book in front of her.

The professor has, as usual, three or four scientific papers and a volume of Virgil around his plate and propped up against his tea-cup. He doesn't notice Lela's unnatural abstinence from song—does not notice that she is peculiarly quiet, and that she glances now and again at his face with a wistful, half timid look that is utterly novel to her.

It is to be doubted whether he

Presently she sighs and colors faintly, and rattles the teacup against the saucer; but he does not look up, and continues munching his crust, his eyes and mind fixed on the scientific treatise; then, in despair, she says: "Grandpapa!"

"Eh, my dear? No more cocoa, thank you."

"Very well, grandpapa. What a lovely morning!"

"Yes," he responds, mechanically.

"Lovely!" she repeats, ecstatically.

"Eh, any better than usual, my dear? Yes, I thought the sun was rather troublesome," and he blinks at the window across the table.

"Troublesome? Grandpapa!"

"Well?" he asks, at last, roused to a consciousness that she wants to speak and him to listen. "What is it? Don't ask me what we shall have for dinner to-day, Lela, you know it is never of any use."

"No, I know, dear. I wasn't going to do so; but, grandpapa, now listen to me for a moment. Push the book behind the dish, and then you won't be tempted," and she got up and sat on the arm of his chair, putting her own arm around his neck.

The old man leaned back and patted her hand absently, his eyes following the treatise which she had pushed out of his reach.

"Grandpapa, he asked me to ask you to let me go for a drive with him this morning," she said, a faint color coming into her face, and a strange shyness flickering in her eyes and making them heavy.

"He! Who?" demanded the professor, looking around the room helplessly, as if he expected to see a third person waiting for an answer.

"Who? Why, Lord Edgar, grandpapa."

"Lord Edgar! When— Ah, I remember. Yesterday, of course. Haan't he gone yet?"

"No, grandpapa; he was here on the terrace last night, and he was very kind. May I go?"

"Go where—for a ride with Lord Edgar? Certainly not! My dear child, have you taken leave of your senses?"

She smiled down at him, the disappointment making itself visible in her eyes and about the drooping mouth.

The professor laughed, in his almost insensible fashion.

"Why, my dear Lela, he would be almost sure to break your neck, and his own included. I have nothing to do with his neck, but I should miss you sadly, my dear. No, it's very kind of Lord Edgar, but I couldn't think of permitting it," and he reached out his hand for the beloved books, as if the subject were done with.

She still kept her arm around his neck, and a little thoughtful smile rose on her face.

"Do you think—are you quite sure that I, or rather, he, is sure to break my neck, grandpapa?" she said.

"Quite, or so nearly sure that I couldn't risk it."

"I can't give him that as a reason, when I tell him I can not go," she said, softly.

(To be Continued.)

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ERIOUS SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

LONDON, April 4.

(Via Reuters.)—Sir Ernest Shackleton, who has lately returned from the Antarctic, interviewed by Reuters, said the position of the Allied northern forces was undoubtedly an anxious one. The Bolsheviks were well equipped, well organized, ably led and largely outnumbered the Allies, hence both the Murmansk and Archangel fronts were in danger. It was not merely a question of saving our own troops, for that a million people had thrown in their lot with us, consequently there was a moral obligation to take action. An announcement in this connection would be a spear point thrust into the heart of Bolshevism and an incentive to Russian mobilization. Sir Ernest Shackleton was confident that sufficient volunteers could be obtained to meet the situation and urged that the British had not yet realized what was at stake, if the peril was not instantly grappled with, whereas a three months' campaign by a volunteer army would break the Bolshevik master plan which was becoming far worse than German militarism. Grief, indignation and bewilderment are the feelings expressed by the newspapers by the revelation of the position at Murmansk, while it is urged that the peril of the troops is a reason why the Peace Conference must settle its policy toward Russia without delay. It is emphasized that no steps must be neglected to relieve the front. The Times suggests that the best form of relief might be an offensive against Petrograd or Moscow, but as the best way to defend Roumania would be to invade Hungary from the west from the direction of Czechoslovakia.

REPORTING BOLSHEVİK LEADERS

BRISBANE, Aus. April 4.

(Via Reuters.)—The military authorities here have initiated proceedings with a view to deporting the Bolshevik leaders. The returned officers accordingly decided to disseminate anti-Russian demonstrations, pending the Government's reply relative to resolutions previously mentioned.

AFTER THE BOLSHEVISTS.

BRISBANE, April 3.

(Via Reuters's Ottawa Agency.)—A labor newspaper which applauded the carrying of a red flag by Russian demonstrators, has had its windows smashed by angry crowds. Russian camps were also damaged. All Brisbane hotels have been closed until further notice. Returned soldiers

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