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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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Love in a Flour Mill,
OR,
The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XVII.

She looked at him, and her lips curved with a faint smile; it was answer enough; and, in acknowledgment of her mute admission, his arm tightened round her.

"I'm glad, dear," he said, in the simple but effective phraseology of love. "I was afraid you'd send me about my business. That would have been a bitter, bad ending for me!" He laid his hand lovingly on her head. "What ripping hair you've got, Cara! Never saw anything like it; soft as silk, and the loveliest colour! And your eyes—I'll show them to you when we come across a looking glass together. I shall have the most beautiful woman in the world for my wife."

At these words she moved, and looked up at him with a kind of sweet, innocent gravity.

"You speak as if it were quite certain—"

"Mr. Carew—"

Ronald started and bit his lip. It was hateful to hear his assumed name on her lips. He must tell her his right name, who he was—but not yet. To-night there was no time for explanations; why, there was not time for anything but the all-absorbing confession of their mutual love.

"Call me 'Ronnie,'" he said.

"Ronnie," she murmured; and she repeated it to herself in a whisper and without a blush, but with an expression of great joy in her eyes.

"What were you going to say, dearest?" he reminded her. "What were you thinking of, Cara?"

"My father," she said, with a deeper note, one almost of dread, in her voice. "I must tell him, and he—"

She drew her head back and looked at him gravely—"he will not let me marry you." Ronald smiled, but frowned at the same time. Here was another difficulty; it would be necessary to tell Lemuel Raven who his daughter's suitor was. "He will take me away again. Yes, I am sure of it!"

Don't Merely "Stop" a Cough

Stop the Thing that Causes It and the Cough will Stop Itself

A cough is really one of our best friends. It warns us that there is inflammation or obstruction in a dangerous place. Therefore, when you get a bad cough don't proceed to dose yourself with a lot of drugs that merely "stop" the cough temporarily by deadening the throat nerves. Treat the cause—kill the inflamed membranes. Here is a home-made remedy that gets right at the cause and will make an obstinate cough vanish more quickly than you ever thought possible.

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It heals the inflamed membranes so gently and promptly that you wonder how it does it. Also loosens a dry, hoarse or tight cough and stops the formation of phlegm in the throat and bronchial tubes, thus ending the persistent loose cough.

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To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex," and don't accept anything else. A guarantee of absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded, goes with this preparation. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.

Ronald crushed her to him, and laughed grimly.

"I don't think he will, Cara," he said quietly, but with something in his tone that made her heart thrill. "Look here, Cara, I don't understand this father of yours, or the way he carries on. Don't be angry; but, to tell you the truth, I don't think he has much claim on you; not so much as he would have if he were like the ordinary run of fathers, I mean. I don't wonder at his wanting to keep you, at his being particular as to the man who wants you for himself. But we won't worry about it. I will see him—tell him—"

"It is as I have said," she broke in quite firmly but sadly. "He would not let me marry you. I cannot tell you why, but—I feel it."

"You are sure?" he said, after a pause. "Then we must not tell him. Listen, dearest!"—for she had regarded him with faint surprise. "I cannot run the risk of losing you; that puts my case into a nutshell. If your father is certain to come between us and separate us, then I must take you without his knowledge. Sorry; but it can't be helped. I'd rather lose my life than lose you. But you know that; you've learnt that since—since I kissed you."

"Yes," she said simply and in a low voice. "I know."

"Well," he said, after a pause, which was filled with a mute language more eloquent than words. "I've got to think it out. To-morrow I'll come and tell you—the same time, dearest—what plan I've hit upon. I've not much to boast of in the way of brains; but I rather think I can find a way of keeping you now I've got you. We shall get our business done on the seventeenth, and sail—"

"You are going away?" she breathed, with a little shudder.

He set his teeth hard.

"Confound it, yes! But I'll come back as soon as I can—"

"The business—?" she began, not curiously, but with a sudden note of anxiety.

Ronald frowned and hesitated.

"Yes," he said, "there is business, but I—can't tell you, dearest. I am pledged to secrecy. No one knows but my friend who came with me."

"It is something to do with Tricania?" she said. "I do not want you to tell me what it is; but you are sure that it is a secret? If it is connected with one of these islands, my father—"

Ronald had not been listening very intently; but he looked up at this. "Has he said anything, Cara?"

"No; but that proves nothing. He would not speak, even to me; indeed, we do not talk together very much; there has always been a kind of barrier between us. No, no; he is not unkind," she added quickly, in response to the sudden darkening of Ronald's eyes. "It is just that he goes his own way without a word to any one. He did not tell me when he brought me here, or why he did so; he would not tell me, give me any notice, before he took me away again. He is very secret."

"I don't think he knows or guesses anything about this business of ours, Cara," said Ronald. "But you make me very uneasy, darling; he may carry you off before I come back." Unconsciously he gripped her tightly.

"Any moment," she said, pressing closer to him. "But if he should—Ronnie, I will leave a message just under this root here. See?" She indicated the spot. "But now you must go, dear one—"

The words were murmured in his ear. "Nita may miss me and come in search—"

Ronald strained her to him; then he drew apart; but only to come together again. At last he turned away; but her heard her voice sighing his name, and he sprang back to her. Her face was suffused with a burning blush, her eyes were heavy; she held him at arm's length; then she put up her hand and lovingly brushed the hair from his forehead, and kissed him; then, as if overwhelmed with shame, she turned and fled.

Ronald stood for a moment, the blood racing through his veins, his whole soul clamouring for her; but he did not follow her. As he returned to the boat the sky became overcast; but he knew his way, and he rowed quickly and noiselessly.

He landed and went up to the chalet, feeling as if he trod on air; the blood was still tingling in his veins. It seemed to him that Vane would, by a single glance at his face, discover his secret, the joy of which shone in his eyes. He hesitated at the door, and, turning aside, walked past the house, so that he might gain composure and control of his too eloquent countenance.

He strolled for some little distance and stood on a little elevation, looking across to Cara's island; recalling, lover-like, all that had happened there; then, with a "Good night, dearest!" on his lips, he entered the house.

Five minutes after he had moved away from the knoll, and his footsteps had died away, a figure rose from within a yard of the spot. It had been lying prone amongst the undergrowth, and it crawled cautiously, slowly down towards the beach, where a boat was hidden in the cleft of the rocks. With quick, yet stealthy movements, the man launched the boat and pulled out, with muffled strokes, keeping well under the shadow of the cliffs until he had got to the other side of Tricania; then he made for Sicily.

The moon came out presently and fell upon the man's face. It was that of Lemuel Raven.

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Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

CHAPTER XIX.

Ronald woke the next morning with a sense of happiness thrilling through him. No condition of greater felicity can be imagined, for man or woman, than that expressed by the words, "I love; I am loved." It seemed to him—though certainly Ronald was not the most imaginative of men—that he could see the exquisitely lovely face, hear the sweet, grave voice of the girl who had won his heart, and whose heart he had won; and he looked so radiant, as he stepped out of his room on to the verandah, in his pyjamas, with his towel slung round his neck, that Smithers, who was cooking the breakfast, stepped to the door to give him "Good morning!" and to smile in admiration of, and in sympathy with, his beloved master.

"It's a fine mornin', sir," he said. "It's a pity we can't take some of this weather back to dear old England; if you could put it up in pint bottles it would sell as fast as Bass's pale ale. You're lookin' well, sir, this mornin' beggin' your pardon; but there! the air's wonderful here, sir, ain't it? As the gentleman said when his umbrella blew inside out; it's a sort of place where nothin' seems to trouble you. I feel that, if I was goin' to die here, I should go on livin' for ever. You only want plenty to eat and a coat with a strong back to it, so that it wouldn't wear out in consequence of yer continual lyin' down, and there you are, sir."

"You're right, Smithers," agreed Ronald, with so happy a laugh that Smithers laughed in response. "It's the loveliest place on earth, and it's the finest morning I ever saw, and I'd like to spend the rest of my life here—with a certain lady to keep me company," he added mentally, as he trotted off to the beach.

Smithers, with the frying-pan in his hand, watched his master with a reflective eye.

"Somethin's appened to 'im," he mused, smiling and rubbing his chin. "Looks as if 'e'd come into a fortune or married a pretty widow with

twenty thousand a year. Wonder what is it? 'E can't 'eard any good news, for the postman doesn't come to this island. Well, whatever it is, 'e deserves it, bless 'is 'eart! 'E'll be as 'ungry as a 'odger at a bordin'-ouse when 'e comes back—What a splashin' 'e's makin' in the sea!—I'll put in another rasher or two."

Ronald came back singing, his eyes alight, his face aglow, and instantly clamoured for breakfast.

If Vane had not been so absorbed in the treasure, he must have noticed Ronald's exaltation; but Vane's mind was wholly engrossed by the one subject; and, immediately after breakfast, he went off to the yacht. He did not return until nightfall, was silent and preoccupied during dinner, and, after it was over, he locked the door and slowly took the precious wallet from his pocket and held it up.

"I brought this from the yacht," he said gravely, and with a thoughtful frown.

"But it was all secure there, in the safe?" said Ronald.

"So I thought, until yesterday," said Vane, with an apologetic little laugh; "but the night before, I woke from an unpleasant dream. I dreamt that the Hawk had gone down with all hands on board, and, of course, the safe with her. Stupid things, dreams; but this one affected me, and I felt that I couldn't rest until I'd got the wallet away from the yacht. So I brought it to-night."

"Look here, Vane," said Ronald, with an attempt at rallying him; "this thing's getting on your nerves. You must pull yourself together, old man."

"I know," assented Vane, shamefacedly, and with a touch of self-contempt. "But I can't help it. The whole thing has been so easy; we've met with no difficulties—"

"By the way, we haven't got it yet," said Ronald quietly.

"That's just it!" retorted Vane quickly. "As you say, there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip; and I have a presentiment, which I can't get rid of, that something will happen at the last moment. I mean that all our difficulties will be crowded into the end of the enterprise. It's only a fancy, of course. There's something in the air of this place, delightful as it is, that makes me feel slack. By the way, you look very fit."

"Oh, I'm all right!" said Ronald, colouring and laughing rather consciously.

"You take plenty of exercise," said Vane; "you trot around with your gun, and row about as if—well, as if there was nothing important in hand; while I can't think of anything else. And yet you say you want money badly?"

"So I do," assented Ronald; "but—there are other things," he stammered. "What are you going to do with that thing?"

"I'm dashed if I know!" said Vane irritably, and quite unlike himself. "Of course, I needn't really worry about it, because I can remember every blessed word of the direction; though this morning a beast of an idea got hold of me that I'd clean forgotten 'em. I thought I would carry the wallet about with me; but I might drop down dead or get drowned."

"Oh, stow it!" remonstrated Ronald.

"I know!—I know!" growled Vane, much annoyed with himself. "I'm a perfect fool. But, see here, what shall we do with it? If we hide it in the house here, the place might catch fire; it would burn down in ten minutes."

Ronald checked a hearty laugh at his friend's pessimism; for he saw that Vane was really worried.

"It's all nonsense, of course," he said; "but, if you are really uneasy, let us bury the thing outside."

"I, too, thought of that," said Vane. "I'm glad you agree with me. We'll bury it together, so that, if anything should happen to one of us, the other—"

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1523—A TRIM AND BECOMING MODEL.



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