

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

For Love of a Woman;
OR,
New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XIX.
IN STRANGE SURROUNDINGS.

Now, there is one advantage, at any rate, in being an actress: that nothing surprises you. No grandeur can overwhelm a person who has been nightly playing with kings and queens—perhaps enacted a queen herself; and though the first glimpse of the interior of Lady Despard's town house was rather startling, Doris was capable of concealing her surprise. The house was new, and magnificently furnished after the latest art craze. The hall was intended to represent the outer part of a Turkish harem, with richly chased arches, marble passages, tropical ferns, and a splashing fountain. Brilliantly coloured rugs made splashes of colour on the cool marble and here and there a huge but graceful vase lent variety to the decorations. It certainly rather reminded you of one of the divisions of a Turkish harem; but Lady Despard couldn't help that.

As Doris passed through this Oriental hall she heard the sound of an organ, and found that one stood in a dimly lit recess. A young man was playing, and he scarcely raised his eyes from the keys as he glanced at her.

"Miss Marlowe" said the footman, opening a door on the left of the hall, Doris entered a room as dimly lit as the organ recess—so dark, in fact, that for a moment she could distinguish nothing; the next, however, she saw a lady rise from a low divan and approach her.

Doris could not make out her features, but she heard a very pleasant and musical voice say:

"How do you do, Miss Marlowe? I

am so glad you have come. Will you sit down a little while, or would you rather go to your room first?"

Doris sat down, and Lady Despard drawing aside a curtain from before a stained-glass window, Doris saw that her ladyship was young and remarkably pretty; she was dressed in exquisite taste, and in colours which set off her delicate complexion and softly languid eyes. Lady Despard scanned Doris's face for a second or two, and her gaze grew more interested.

"It was very good of you to come to me, Miss Marlowe," she said.

Of course Doris responded that it was more than good of Lady Despard to have her.

"Not at all. The favour—if there be any—is on your side," said her ladyship. "I am simply bored to death and pining for a companion. I hope we shall get on together. Mr. Spencer Churchill was quite eloquent in your praise; and he certainly didn't exaggerate in one respect"—and her ladyship let her eyes wander over the pale, lovely face meaningly—"and I am sure you look awfully lovable. By the way, what's your name—I mean your Christian name?"

Doris told her.

"How pretty! You must let me call you by it. 'Miss Marlowe' sounds so stiff and formal—as if you were a governess—doesn't it? Mr. Spencer Churchill says that you are dreadfully clever. I hope you aren't."

Doris smiled.

"I am afraid Mr. Churchill has prepared a disappointment for you, Lady Despard," she said.

Her ladyship shook her head.

"I don't think so. I only hope you won't be disappointed in me. I am awfully stupid; but I'm always trying to learn," she added, with a smile.

"Do you know Mr. Churchill very well? Is he an old friend of yours?"

"No," said Doris, gravely; "I have known him for a few days only. He was very kind to me; very kind indeed."

"I know. He always is," said Lady Despard. "Such a benevolent man."

isn't he? I always say that he reminds me of one of the patriarchs, with his gentle smile and long hair and soft voice. Anyone would guess he was a philanthropist the moment they saw him, wouldn't they?"

"I don't know," said Doris; "I have seen so few philanthropists."

"No. Well, I suppose there aren't many, are there? Oh, Mr. Spencer Churchill is a wonderfully good man; he's so charitable, and all that. Why, I don't know how many societies he is connected with. I try and do all the good I can," she added, looking rather bored; "but my philanthropy is generally confined to subscribing five pounds; and there's not much in that, is there?"

Doris was tempted to say "Exactly one hundred shillings," but, instead, remarked that if everybody gave five pounds poverty would be very much on the decrease.

"Yes," said her ladyship, as if the subject had exhausted itself and her too. "How well you look in black! Oh, forgive me!" as Doris's lips quivered. "How thoughtless of me! That is always my way! I never think until I've spoken! Of course Mr. Churchill told me about your trouble. I'm so sorry. I've had trouble myself."

She glanced at a portrait which hung on the wall as she spoke, a portrait of a very elderly gentleman, who must have been extremely ugly or very cruelly wronged by the artist.

"Your father?" said Doris, gently.

"No, that is the earl—my husband," said Lady Despard, not at all discorporated, though Doris's face went crimson. "You think he looks old? Well, reflectively, he was old. He was just sixty-eight when we married. We were only married two years. He was very good to me," she went on, calmly eyeing the portrait as if it were that of a chance acquaintance, "extremely so—too much so, they all said, and I daresay they were right. He was immensely rich, and he left me everything he could. I'm afraid I'm wickedly rich," she added, almost plaintively; "at any rate, I know there is so much money and houses and that kind of thing as to be a nuisance."

"A knock was heard at the door, and a footman entered.

"A person with the tapestry, my lady," he said.

"Oh, very well," said her ladyship, languidly. "I'll come and see it. Would you like to come, or are you too tired, dear?"

"I should like to come," said Doris.

They went into the hall, and a man displayed a length of ancient tapestry.

Lady Despard linked her arm in Doris's, and looked at it for a moment or two with a very small amount of interest, then asked the price.

The man mentioned a sum that rather startled Doris; but her ladyship nodded carelessly.

"Shall I buy it?" she asked of Doris.

Doris could scarcely repress a smile.

"I—really I am no judge," she said.

"I don't know whether it is worth the money or not."

Lady Despard laughed indolently.

"Oh! as to that, of course it isn't worth it," she said, with a candour which must have rather discomfited the man. "Nothing one buys is ever worth the money, you know; but one must go on buying things; there's nothing else to do. Yes, I'll have it," she

And the Worst is Yet to Come—

MUD

added to the man, and drew Doris away.

"Now, I've kept you with your things on quite long enough," she said. "You shall go upstairs. I've got some people coming to tea—it's my afternoon—but you needn't come down unless you like; I daresay you'll be glad to rest."

Doris was about to accept the suggestion thankfully; but, remembering her new position, said:

"I am not tired. I shall come down, Lady Despard."

"Very well, then," said her ladyship, touching an electric bell. "Send Miss Marlowe's maid, please."

A quite pleasant-looking maid came to the door, and Doris followed her through the hall and up a winding staircase of carved pine and into a daintily furnished room.

The maid brought her a cup of tea, and leaving Doris to rest for half an hour, returned to show her down to the drawing-room.

As they made their way to it, Doris heard the sound of a piano and the hum of voices, and, a footman opening the door, she saw that the room was full of people.

She made her way, with some little difficulty, to Lady Despard, who was seated at a small table, evidently merely pretending to superintend a tea-service, for the footman was handing around cups supplied from something outside and more capacious than the tiny kettle on the table, and her ladyship looked up and smiled a pleasant little welcome.

"You have come down, after all!" she said, making room on the settee beside her. "This is my new friend, Miss Marlowe, your grace," she added, addressing a stout and dignified-looking lady near her—the Duchess of Grantham.

Her grace surveyed Doris through a pair of gold eye-glasses, and inclined her head with dual condescension, and Lady Despard introduced several other persons in the circle.

"We are going to Florence together," said Lady Despard, "though why Florence I haven't the slightest idea; it's a whim of my doctor's. I don't feel the slightest bit ill; but he says I am, and he ought to know, I suppose."

The room, which had seemed to Doris quite full when she entered, appeared to get still fuller. People came, exchanged a few words with Lady Despard, took a cup of tea, strolled about and talked with one or the other, or listened to someone who sang or played, and then wandered out. Everybody appeared either languidly indifferent or horribly bored. Doris, as she leant back, half-hidden by Lady Despard's elaborate tea-gown on one side and the voluminous folds of a plush curtain on the other, looked on at the crowd, and listened to the hum and buzz of voices, half in a dream.

Every now and then she heard some well-known name mentioned, and discovered that the people around her were not only persons of rank, but men and women famous in the world of music and letters.

Suddenly she heard a name spoken that made her heart leap, and caused her to shrink still further back.

"What has become of Cecil Neville?" asked the duchess.

Lady Despard shrugged her shoulders.

(to be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A POPULAR STYLE.

2887

2887. This one piece dress is suitable for taffeta, linen, gingham, serge, gabardine, voile, crepe de chene and satin. It may be finished as illustrated, with a graceful close-fitting sleeve in wrist length, or with an elbow sleeve.

The Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 34-36, 38-40, 42-44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 5 yards of 42 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge is 1 1/2 yard.

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LADIES APRON DRESS.

2884

2884. Here is a simple, easy to develop model, good for seersucker, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and khaki. The pockets may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge is 2 1/2 yards.

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