

You cannot begin to measure its goodness alongside of others, the quality being INCOMPARABLE.

# "SALADA"

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**BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S**

## The Old Marquis

### The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXI.  
A WEEK OF SUSPENSE.

Her mother saw and trembled; but she dared not speak. She dreaded one of the outbursts of passion which always made her feel like a reed shaken by the wind and gave her a nervous headache for half a week.

And Clifford Revel, the clever, astute schemer, did he see nothing of it—did he guess nothing of the hidden passion of the woman whom he loved and schemed for?

It sounds improbable, but it is the fact that he did not.

Clever men are apt to be too clever, and to entertain too great a contempt for other men.

He looked upon Lord Edgar as a fool, a simple, honest fool, and it never occurred to him that Edith could regard his cousin in any other light.

If any one had told him the actual state of Edith's feelings he would have laughed the idea to scorn. Edith Drayton love Lord Edgar! It would have seemed incredible to him. If he noticed that she was particularly kind to Lord Edgar, he put it down to her cleverness, and her willingness to play his, Clifford Revel's, game.

He came to the house pretty often, and he generally found Lord Edgar there, but he told himself that Lord Edgar was only invited because Edith knew that he wished to keep Lord Edgar quiet, and he thought that it was all done for his sake.

He was a little too clever and far too self-assured to suspect that she could choose Lord Edgar before himself. He came and went, and, although he never said a word more of his love, or referred to that evening in which he had let fall the mask and showed her his real nature, Edith knew what was in his mind, and she never felt his soft, smooth hand in-closing hers, never felt the dark, soul-piercing eyes rest upon her face, but an inward shudder passed through her.

Her sensations were those of a bird who looks at the serpent lying beneath the tree, at the shining, beautiful, dreadful thing who will fascinate it with its glittering eyes and destroy it with its cruel fang.

"I know how much you have suffered. Your face tells it. How"—she paused and her beautiful voice quivered—"how you must love her!"

"My poor darling!" he murmured, a flash of light glowing in his eyes. "Yes, I do love her with all my heart. Life is just a miserable farce, worse than death, without her! I—I seem

to be living in the past, in that short, sweet past I have told you of."

"Yes," she murmured, and he did not read the silent agony in her eyes. "I told Clifford that I would not leave the affair in his hands beyond to-morrow," he said. "Sometimes I upbraid myself for trusting it to him. I feel that I ought to have done something—Heaven knows what! but he overpersuaded me—rightly, I have no doubt. I can not wait beyond to-morrow. To-morrow I shall advise. I hate the idea, I loathe it as much as I did the employment of a detective, but I must do something! Great Heaven! she may be—be ill, or—or in want; they were not rich! There, the thought maddens me," and he turned his head aside that she might not see the anguish depicted in his face.

But she knew it was there, and the knowledge tortured her.

"He would not suffer one little jot of this if it were I who was missing," she thought.

"What can I say?" she murmured. "Nothing, no," he responded. "And I, what can I do?"

There was silence for a moment; she drew close to him. She longed to say to him:

"See, look at me, I stand here ready to console you. She fled from you, she deserted you; forget her. I will help you to do so. I love you as much or better than she could do! Forget her and turn to me!"

But the time was not ripe—not yet. She took up the cigar-case that he had thrown down, and with her own hands drew out a cigar; she thoroughly understood men—him above all others.

"To-morrow is not yet," she said. "It is still to-day. Do not be unhappy—more unhappy than you can help. It—may I say it?"

"You may say what you please," he said, gratefully.

"Well, I would say that sorrowing will do no good. Try and forget for to-night."

"Forget!" he said. "Ah, Edith—it happened sometimes that he called her, all unwittingly, by her Christian name, and her heart throbbled when he did so—"ah, Edith, it is evident that you have never loved!"

She smiled a wan smile.

"No? Well, perhaps not. But still I can understand. Will you not light your cigar?" she added, winningly, pleadingly. "It makes me unhappy to see you wretched and restless! You should always be free and happy, and full of laughter. I always picture you so!"

He smiled ruefully.

"So I was till this love came to me," he said.

"This is the primeval curse, 'Love's feet are softly shod with pain,'" she murmured.

He looked at her.

"Poetry? How clever you are! I don't know anything about poetry. Is love always such a worker of unhappiness?"

"They say so," she said, trying to speak lightly.

"By Heaven! I think you are right," he said, with a sigh. "If I know her, my sweet Lela is as unhappy as I am."

"You do not think that she has forgotten you?" she murmured, dove-like.

"Forgotten—" He started and stared at her. "Ah, if you knew! She is as true as steel, as staunch as a woman! Why, it was her very love for me, I am assured, that caused her to fly from me. I am sure of that. I shall know and understand it all when I see her. When!" and he sighed.

She took up the dainty match-case and lighted a match, and bending in graceful recognition of her graciousness, he took it from her.

But he could not stand idly smoking. There was a restless fit upon him, a longing to be doing something in the search for his darling that made it impossible for him to remain even beside this beautiful creature.

"I think I will go," he said, suddenly. "I am boring you! Heaven only knows why you bear with me as you do. I sit in moody silence for hours at a time; I am absent-minded, and, in fact, a complete bore—and yet you tell me that I am welcome here. Why is it?"

She flushed for a moment, and then looked up at him.

"Is there no such thing as friendship in the world?" she said, in a low voice.

"Friendship! Yes, that must be it!" he said, his simple, honest nature seeing nothing of mockery in her words.

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Lansing, Mich.—"After the birth of my child I was not able to stand on my feet. I was so weak I could not get up. I suffered such pangs in my back I could not work or hardly make care of my baby. One of my neighbors recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash, and I got better right away and was soon a new woman and could work hard, and I can recommend these remedies to other young mothers who are weak and ailing as I was."—Mrs. ORA O. BOWERS, 621 Homer Street, Lansing, Mich.

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For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years' experience is at your service.

"Yes, you are a true friend! You, whom the world worships and serves—as it should do for your beauty and worth—have found it worth while to bear with a wretched unfortunate like myself. Yes, it is true friendship! If anything should console one it should be the reflection that I have two such friends as you and Clifford."

She started and glanced up at him as if half suspecting that he had spoken in sarcasm, but she met the steadfast gaze of his honest, handsome eyes and turned her own aside.

"Ah, Heaven! to be loved by such a man!—by one who was so pure and honorable himself that he thought all the world pure and honest also!"

"I will go now," he said.

He puffed at his cigar in silence for a moment.

"I shall take the chestnut for a spin," he said. "He is eating his head off in the stable and wants a run. I'll go right out of London, somewhere—anywhere!" He flung his cigar into the street impatiently.

Edith sighed.

"That is how I feel, too! often; but women can not go alone, somewhere anywhere."

"I wish you could go with me," he said. "But you dine at the duchess's to-night?"

She inclined her head.

"Yes, I am sorry to say. But my thoughts will follow you."

He took her hand and held it for a moment. He had no suspicion that his touch thrilled through her; that she longed to throw herself on his breast and murmur, "Take me with you, now and always!"

"Good-by," he said. "I hope you will have a pleasant evening. I prophesy a great triumph for you—this is an easy prophecy; you always have a triumph. Good-by."

His strong hand pressed her slender one for a moment, and then he strode from the room.

She stood at the window watching him, and slowly raised the hand he had grasped to her lips. Suddenly she started; the tall, thin figure and clean-cut face of Clifford Revel crossed her view, and she heard his ring at the bell.

Her hand dropped from her lips as if she had bitten it, and she held it inclosed protectingly in the other one as the servant announced him and he entered.

It was not the first time she had seen him alone since his proposal, and her promise to accept him—when he was the Marquis of Farintosh.

(To be Continued.)

## The Danger Signals

Pains in the back or sides, constant headaches, swollen joints, urinary troubles, brick dust deposits, painful urination—are all symptoms of kidney trouble.

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The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium requires 5 yards of 36-inch material.

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

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The Acme of Comfort in this Corset.

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2806—A comfortable apron of this character will be a blessing to the industrious home worker. It is practically a dress in apron style; neat and serviceable. The model is suitable for gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, drill and linen.

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## Socialists

# the Peace

German Democratic Government—Geneva Peace Treaty—Expected—Scheer Terms Unacceptable

BOLSHEVIK GUNBOAT SUNK.

ARCHANGEL, May 12. One Bolshevik gunboat is reported to have been sunk on the Dvina River Sunday during an engagement between the British river flotilla and land batteries and the enemy fleet. The Allied flotilla, aided by airplanes, also conducted a brisk bombardment along the Viga River.

SOCIALISTS SPREAD THEMSELVES.

PARIS, May 13. The League of Nations Covenant was described as a league of governments and executives rather than of peoples and parliaments, in a statement issued by the International Socialists last night, criticising the peace terms and the covenant. It is declared that the covenant seems to be the instrument of a victorious coalition dominated by five great powers, rather than an organ of international justice on which all nations ought to find a place. The statement is signed by the Socialists who were appointed by the Berne Labor Socialist Conference to make a study of the covenant and the treaty.

U. S. AIRSHIP PROGRAMME.

WASHINGTON, May 13. Contracts for at least five hundred airplanes of the very latest type will be awarded American manufacturers under plans prepared by the Army Air Service and sent to Secretary of War Baker to-day for his consideration. The primary purpose would be to keep the industry in such condition as will ensure its rapid expansion to meet the requirements of a national emergency.

FURTHER HONORS.

PARIS, May 12. The University of Prague has decided to honor several Allied statesmen by conferring degrees upon them, says a message from the Czech-Slovak capital. The men to be honored are David Lloyd George, the British Premier, President Poincaré and Premier Clemenceau of France, Prof. Marinsky, President of the Czech-Slovak republic, and President Wilson, who will be made Doctors Honoris Causa.

GERMAN THREAT.

PARIS, May 13. The heads of the two German Democratic parties and the parties of the Centre have informed Chancellor Scheidemann that their parties will withdraw their representatives from the Government, in case the Cabinet decides to sign the Peace Treaty, according to a despatch from Berlin received here to-day by way of Basle.

SAYS TERMS WILL DESTROY GERMAN.

PARIS, May 13. Germany is willing to make integral reparations, but the conditions in the Peace Treaty take from her all means of doing so, Philip Scheer, President of the National Assembly yesterday, according to the version of his speech received here. The Chancellor criticised vehemently the actions of President Wilson.

THE GERMAN SCHEME.

PARIS, May 12. The German plan for a League of Nations submitted by the German delegation at Versailles and now in the hands of the Peace Conference Committee on the League of Nations to which it was referred, contains sixty-six articles, together with a supplement setting forth the charter for an International Labor League. The special aims of the League of Nations devised by the Germans are set as follows: A—Prevention of international disputes; B—Disarmament; C—Securing freedom of national minorities; E—Creation of an International Workers' Charter; F—

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## And the Worst is Yet to Come--



Edith Wharton