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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIX.
WEALTH FOR LOVE.
"You may say anything; you can say nothing that I should resent."
"And Clifford Revel called him wild and unpolished!" she thought, with a flash of inward scorn for Clifford Revel.
"Then I will say, 'unhappy,'" she murmured.
He was silent for a moment, the intense longing to confide in her taking full possession of him.
"You are quite right," he replied; "I am unhappy."
"I knew it!" he echoed, wonderingly.
"Yes; I knew it directly I saw you at Lady Debenham's. I am very sorry."
He thought a moment.
"Yes, I believe that you are. I do not know why you should be."
"Have I not a right to be sorry for the sorrow of my friends?" she said, in the soft, dulcet murmur. "Are you going to tell me that I have no right to call you my friend?"
"Heaven forbid!" he responded, flushing. "It fills me with pride to hear you say that you think me one."
"You may be proud then," she said. "And I am very sorry that you are unhappy. I wish—ah, I wish, but that is impossible—I was going to say I wish that I could help you! But I could not, could I?"
He looked down for a moment, then raised his eyes and met her gaze steadily.
"I am afraid not," he said, with a sigh. "I do not know that any one could help me."
"And yet—do you remember the fable of the lion and the mouse—the mouse who nibbled the strands of the net and so gave liberty to the lion who had once given life to the mouse? I wish I could be something within him whispered strongly, "Do not tell her!" and yet he craved so for her sympathy.
She sat and watched him without appearing to do so—more like a cat than a mouse, by the way!
"I am very grateful!" he said. "I am sure that you would help me if you could. It is true that I am very unhappy; I don't think any man is more so!"
She leaned toward him so that there was no need for him to speak above a whisper.
"Will you not tell me?" she murmured.
He was silent a moment; then he looked up at her.
"Yes, I will," he said. "I feel as if I must speak to some one, confide in some one, or I shall go mad. Miss Drayton, I am unhappy because I am uncertain as to the fate of one whom I love very dearly."
"Did she wince as if with a spasm of pain, or was it merely the flickering of the candle throwing a shadow across the lovely face?"
"Do you mean—I don't understand," she said, with not a trace of vulgar curiosity, but with gentle interest.
"I mean that the woman—woman! she is but a girl, poor darling!—whom I love has disappeared suddenly and mysteriously, without leaving any trace or clew behind her, leaving no sign or word to comfort her, without even a hard reason for her disappearance! Is not that enough to

make me unhappy?" and he smiled sadly.
She looked at him for a moment in silence; then she put out her hand, and let it fall, like a snow-flake, on his.
"I am so sorry!—truly, deeply sorry! And what have you done—what are you doing?"
At present sitting still and eating my heart out," he said, bitterly. "What I have done is to leave the case—the case!—to a man whom my cousin Clifford Revel has employed."
She glanced across the room, with a faint expression of bewilderment that escaped him.
"I do hope that he will succeed!" she murmured. "It sounds very mysterious and romantic," she went on, wooing his remembrance with every look and tone.
"It is, it is!" he assented, bending forward, his honest eyes fixed on hers with anxious pain in them. "I do not know, though I can conjecture the cause. I think my father had something to do with it. There, I must tell you! You are so kind, so gentle, so full of sympathy that I feel as if I must tell you!" And he told her how he had met Lela, and all that had happened.
And how differently she received his confidence to what Clifford Revel had done. With eyes that looked moist and sympathetic—if they were not—with gentle pressure of the white hand upon his, with soft, murmured expressions of surprise and pity! His heart seemed to go out of him. He did not notice that as, half forgetting that he had a listener, he spoke of his love, his passionate love, for Lela, Edith Drayton's face grew paler, or, if he had noticed it, he ascribed it to her intense interest; he did not remark the gradual tightening of the beautifully curved lips, the intense pressure of the white fingers on the fan; he could not hear her heart as it throbbed with the wild rage and passion of an imprisoned and tortured animal. He knew—guessed nothing of this; he saw before him only a beautiful woman whose tender heart was moved by the story of his unhappiness and doubt and fear, and so he told his story to the end.
And when he had finished she put out her hand and let it rest on his arm. From the other end of the room they could see nothing of this.
"I am so—so sorry!" she whispered, "and I am so glad you have told me! But you must not be cast down!

"DANDERINE" FOR FALLING HAIR

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You will be sure to find her, and— and all will end happily."

He caught at the consolation as a drowning man clutches at a straw. "You are very good to me in confiding in me, and proving that I did not presume when I said that you would let me be your friend."

"I feel that you are a true friend!" he said. "I—he paused—"I have never had a woman—a beautiful woman—you are not offended?"

She smiled faintly and shook her head. "A woman for a friend. It will comfort me during these hours of suspense to remember that I have told you! I am very grateful, very!" and in his impetuous way he held out his hand.

Her own white, soft one closed over it, and held it. "Tell me!" she said. "You say that she is very beautiful! What makes us all, the weakest and the strongest of us, take a delight in torturing ourselves? I have almost forgotten what she was like. She is very beautiful!"

"Very; I think she is the loveliest creature I have ever seen," he answered, man-like, thoughtlessly, blundering.

Her eyelids drooped. "When you have found her—and you will do so—quickly—ah, very

quickly!—you must let me know, and we—she and I—must be friends, as we used to be."

"Yes!" he said, eagerly. "I should like that, and she would be delighted! If you had heard her speak of you with such admiration, with such pride in your friendship, I am sure you would be pleased!"

"Yes," she assented. "I am sure I should be very fond—of her." There was the slightest hesitation before the last two words, but he did not notice it. "And you are leaving it all to Mr. Clifford Revel?"

"Yes," he said, reluctantly. "He thinks it best. He is far cleverer than I am; and he thinks that if she knew I was searching for her it would only alarm her. Heaven only knows why she has left me! But I will know soon if I have to ransack every town and village in England."

He arose as he spoke, with his eyes flashing and his hands clutched, and as she looked up at him there came into her face an expression of admiration and almost of awe!

Clifford Revel came up with his soft step.

"We must not take advantage of your good nature, Miss Drayton," he said in his low voice. "We have had the hot cup of tea and our pleasant rest; we will go now and leave you to take yours, so well earned."

She turned to him with something like a look of distaste in her eyes; his voice struck on her ear like a false note, after the honest, manly one of Lord Edgar's.

"Good-night!" she said, giving him her hand calmly. "Good-night!" and her slim fingers closed over his strong ones in a gentle pressure.

They went down-stairs and out into the street in silence; then Clifford Revel paused under the gas-lamp and looked at Lord Edgar's face.

"You have had a long tete-a-tete, my dear fellow," he said. Lord Edgar nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Clifford, I don't know why, but I told Miss Drayton of the misfortune that has befallen me." Clifford Revel smiled contemptuously.

"My dear Edgar, that is no news. I saw that you had done so by your face. Well, I knew you would do it; but not to-night. Ah!"—he stopped short—"I have left my pocket-book on one of the tables. I must go back. Don't wait for me. You look tired out. Get on home and to bed. I may have some news for you early in the morning—who knows? Here!" He called a hansom, and even opened the door for him.

"Good-night," said Lord Edgar, gravely. "I shall go home; but as to bed, that is another matter."

"Take my advice and go to bed!" said Clifford Revel. "You fool!" he added, but that was not until the cab had started.

He turned at once as if under the impulse of a sudden resolution, and entering the house—the porter had remained at the door, as porters always do until the guests have quite got out of sight—said: "I have left my pocket-book upstairs," and, walking quickly up the stairs, pushed open the drawing-room door.

For a moment he thought that the room was empty, then he saw her lying on a couch, her white, shapely arms thrown out, and her face resting on them. The whole attitude was so full of misery and abandon that, startled out of his self-possession, he uttered her Christian name—"Edith!"

At the sound she rose instantly, and, with indignation blazing from her eyes and with outstretched hands, exclaimed, haughtily: "Mr. Revel!"

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly, his eyes fixed on hers. "I left my pocket-book—"

"That is not true," she said, scornfully. "You are right," he assented, quietly. "It is not. It was only an excuse for returning."

She glanced at the clock with a gesture that would have crushed most men, but, outwardly, at least, it had no effect upon him. "And pray, why did you return?" she asked, calmly enough now. "I wish to speak to you," he said. "Will you not sit down?" and he moved his hand toward the couch. (To be Continued.)

How To Start A Probe.—Montreal City Council has called upon the federal government to probe the high cost of living. What was wanted is a probe to probe the government to probe. Quebec Telegraph.

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY CALLING GOWN.



2480—This model is very attractive for foulard, crepe, satin, taffeta, gingham, organdy, linen or shantung. The fronts closed at the left side of the insert, under the collar. The sleeve is pretty in wrist length, and equally desirable in elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures a little more than 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY STYLE FOR SLENDER FIGURES.



2803—Shantung, serge, voile, duvetyn, gabardine, or taffeta would be nice for this model. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 18, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Navy blue serge with braid trimming, or brown gabardine, with trimming of sand color satin, would develop this style effectively. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandra leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant; if not so delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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Train Accidents, 1919

(Continued from Yesterday.)
Sept. 1st—1 truck car Terra No. 1 on No. 1 Express, derailed 4 poles east of 206th mile. No damage done. Cause not ascertained. Time, about 12.15 a.m.
Sept. 5th—Trail wheels lead truck of baggage car 505, on train 15, derailed half mile east of Trinity Junction. Track damaged for 2 lengths. Spring board broken. Brake gear disabled on car. Cables by draw bar coming out of baggage car and falling under truck. Time, 2.05 p.m.
Sept. 10th—Loaded box car 15 on down freight special, derailed poles east 15th mile. Truck disabled. Track damaged for couple lengths. Caused by brake gear on truck which fell from some other train. Time about 7.40 a.m.
Sept. 12th—Leading truck car 12 on No. 2 Bridge, just west Quarry, Spring board broken on car and some in bridge badly cut. Cause not ascertained. Time, 4.35 p.m.
Sept. 21st—Rear truck baggage 615, 2nd class 226, day coach, 13, Diner and Sleeper "Placentia" on down passenger special, derailed half mile west Topsail. Dining car badly damaged. Truck of baggage car twisted. Cause supposed to be 1 pair wheels narrow gauge. Time, about 9.25 a.m.
Sept. 24th—Colonist car 303, Diner No. 1, day coach 13, Sleeping car "Trinity" and "Trepassey" on Train No. 1, derailed 7 poles east 40th mile. Colonist car on its side and ditch, about 50 feet from track. Diner on its side and down embankment about 20 feet from track. Day Coach and 2 Sleepers on their sides also. Siderably damaged. Other cars slightly. Cause not yet determined. Material enquiry now being made.
Sept. 29th—Engine 121, Baggage 616, 2nd class 225, Diner 3, day coach 18 and Sleeper "Placentia" on Train No. 1, derailed 19 poles west of 12th mile. All cars upright and undamaged. Track damaged for 5 lengths. Cause not ascertained. Time, 7.46 p.m.
Oct. 1st—Engine 109, on up west train, derailed 16 poles west of 42nd mile. Tender on its side over ditch. Both trucks gone from under it. Damage considerably damaged. Not much damage to track. Cause not ascertained. Time about 7 p.m.
Oct. 18th—Passenger car 402, on down freight special, derailed at North Dame Junction. Rear truck of car damaged. "Track also considerably damaged. Cause, car mounted points coming off stiling. Time about 2.30 a.m.
Nov. 2nd—Baggage car 501, Train No. 11, derailed just west point of Rexton. Leading truck broken. Cause not ascertained. Time about 10.05 p.m.
Nov. 5th—Tender of engine 119, Baggage car 514, 2nd class 222, Diner, day coach 14 and Sleeper "Trepassey" on Train No. 1, derailed poles east of 35th mile. About 15 feet cut and 4 rails crippled. Cause not ascertained. Time about 9 a.m.
Nov. 10th—Tony truck rear driving wheels and tender of Engine 120, baggage car 512, 2nd class 223 and front wheels Diner No. 5, on No. 2 Express derailed 9 poles east 35rd mile. Tender on its side. Baggage and 2nd class partly over. 1 truck of baggage car disabled. Track torn up for 1/2 mile length. Cause not ascertained. Time about 7.30 p.m.
Nov. 17th—2nd class 222, Diner No. 5, day coach 23 and leading passenger sleeper "Codroy" on down passenger special, derailed 3 poles east of Fishers. Cars not damaged. Cause not ascertained. Time about 3.40 a.m.
Nov. 18th—Trail driving wheels engine 119, tender, baggage cars 505, 516, 2nd class 225 and front truck Diner No. 5, on Train No. 1, derailed 4 poles west 54rd mile. Track considerably damaged. Cause not ascertained. Time about 11.50 p.m.
Nov. 20th—Dump car 1005, on west train, derailed and turned on its side poles east of Round House, Port aux Basques. Track damaged for 1/2 mile length. Car considerably damaged. No apparent cause. Time about 3.15 p.m.
Nov. 27th—Engine 118, on down

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