



**The Old Marquis**  
OR  
**The Girl of the Cloisters**

**CHAPTER XII.  
A BATTLE FOR LOVE.**

She laughed, and he helped her into the saddle, not with the gingerly touch of a man of fashion and weak muscles, but with a sweep of his splendid arm that put her into her seat as if she were a baby. Then he sprang across his own horse, and they started.

"I suppose the park?" she said. He nodded. "Yes, let us get on the tan," he said, in the most business-like tone. He had come to give an opinion of her horse, and he was going to do it, and his admiration for her took the second place in his mind.

"What a lovely morning!" she said, as they entered through the park gates; "a lovely morning for the country. Do you know I have an idea that—perhaps, I had better not say—"

"Why not?" he said, looking frankly at the dark eyes suddenly downcast. "Go on."

"I have a suspicion that, but for my unfortunate request, you would have been in the country this morning."

He colored and stooped to pat the horse. He would not tell a lie, as some other men would have done.

"I was going," he answered; "but it is of no consequence—I mean this afternoon will do as well. Take care!" for her horse had shied slightly at one of the posts.

She laughed softly, sitting the mare as if she were a part of her. "Oh, she always does that at starting," she said. "I don't mind."

He looked grave. "I don't like a horse that shies—for ladies' riding," he said. "Ladies are more easily unseated than men. I remember seeing a lady thrown and dragged—I don't wish to see another."

"I hope you won't see me," she said, lightly. He glanced at her marvelous beauty, and almost shuddered.

"No!" he responded, gravely. There was nothing of fear in her voice or her manner. She sat the horse with perfect ease, and rode as few women ride, out of a circus; and his admiration had another point to go upon.

"You ride splendidly," he said warmly. "Do I? So the man who taught me said. I don't think I have much fear. If I were in the country, I would hunt. If I were a great lady, I should like to see my husband master of the hounds, and ride to the death with him."

He nodded eagerly. It was just what he would fancy her doing; but, mark me, he had no thought of himself as her husband. All the morning he had been thinking, musing, upon his sweet Lela—counting the hours that must elapse before he could be with her.

"Shall we have a gallop?" she said, and she touched the mare with the whip.

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

**"SALADA"**

Black, Green or Mixed... } Sealed Packets Only.  
**BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S**

The animal, not one of the best tempered, and overfed, sprang forward, and Lord Edgar had to use his spurs to make his heavier horse keep pace with her.

She galloped as she had cantered, perfectly. "Yes," he thought, "she is right. She would make an admirable wife for a master of the hounds. I wonder whether Lela could learn to ride?"

They galloped over the tan, the groom lumbering behind them. The park began to fill. Innumerable hats were lifted by the men lounging on the rails as she swept by.

"You seem to know all London!" he said, with a smile.

She laughed, softly, almost bitterly. "Yes. A great many. And yet—and yet I can scarcely own a friend."

"No?" wonderingly. "No! Women are not like men. Men have so many friends, women so few—or none."

"I thought women always had one bosom friend," he said, interestedly and inquiringly.

She shook her head. "Some may have; I have not. But I was speaking of women's men friends. I envy Madame de Stael, who used to boast that she hadn't one lover, but a host of friends."

"H'm!" said Lord Edgar, doubtfully. "But what about all those men I saw at your house last night?"

"Oh, those!" she said, scornfully. "They are not friends, not one of them. They come because it amuses them. There is less restraint at our house than at many others; and they come because we are the fashion just now, and they like to say that they have been."

Lord Edgar looked grave. He did not know much of the world, and this phase of it surprised and puzzled him.

"I hope that you don't class me among them," he said, warmly. "I didn't come because you were the fashion."

"No!" she said, and there was a grateful tone in her voice. "No, I do not class you with them; you are quite different."

It was flattery of the subtlest kind; and he would have been more or less than human if he had been insensible to it.

"Besides, you are taking all this trouble to help me," she said. He laughed.

"Trouble! I imagine that every one of these men," and he glanced at the long line of loungers who raised their hats, "would only be too glad to be in my place!"

She laughed bitterly. "That they might satisfy their own vanity!"

"Come!" he said, "you will rouse mine if you talk like that!" and he laughed and colored.

"Have you any?" she retorted, opening her eyes upon him.

"Worlds of it!" he responded. All the while he had been keeping an attentive eye on her mare; he had noticed the nervous fidgety twitching of the animal's ears, the jerky bowing of the head, the chafing at the bit, and he formed anything but a favorable opinion of it.

"Bring your horse to a canter," he said, abruptly. She obeyed, with that instantaneous obedience which is so precious to a man.

"Yes?" He rode to the other side of her. "Your stirrup leather is too short," he said, in his blunt fashion.

She was about to beckon the groom, but he jumped off his own horse, and put his hand on the bridle of hers.

"I'll alter it," he said. "Stand still!"

She drew her tiny foot from the stirrup, and he reached for the leather. As he did so, she seemed to slip, and, with a murmured apology,

**ELLIS & CO.**

Limited.  
Family Grocers and  
Delicatessen Market,  
203 Water Street.

**Fresh Easter Poultry  
CHOICE  
Canadian Turkeys.  
Canadian Chicken.**

American Cabbage.  
Carrots, Parsnips.  
Beetroot.  
Turnips.  
Artichokes.  
Silverpeel Onions.

**Fresh Halibut.  
Fresh Herring.**

Dessert Apples.  
Cooking Apples.  
California Oranges.  
California Lemons.  
Grape Fruit.  
Tangerines.  
Bartlett Pears.

**Cooked Beef Loaf.  
Cooked  
Ham and Tongue.**

**Cooked Braized Pork  
Cooked Spiced Pork.  
Cook Head Cheese.**

**Cooked Ox Tongue.  
Cooked Veal Loaf.  
Boiled Ham.**

**Schwepes  
Mineral Waters.**

Club Soda.  
Dry Ginger Ale.  
Lemonade.

White Rock Water.  
Vichy Water.

Bird's Custard Powder.  
Bird's Egg Powder.  
Horlick's Malted Milk.

touched his shoulder to steady herself. "Lean on me," he said.

"May I?" she murmured, and she leaned on him, so that her hand—she had taken off her gauntlet—touched his neck.

Another man—Clifford Revel, for instance—would have flushed crimson at the touch of the warm, soft hand, but it did not affect Lord Edgar.

In the most business-like fashion he lengthened the leather, placed her foot in the stirrup, and with, "You're all right now," sprang into his saddle.

She noted his indifference, and a color sprang to her pale face and a fierce light to her eyes, but she was not discouraged. She admired him all the more for his coldness; it made her all the more determined to win him.

"Thanks, so much!" she said. "That is so much more comfortable!" "I thought it would be," he said. "Now, we will have a gallop, if you like."

She touched the mare with her whip rather sharply, and the animal sprang forward viciously. But Lord Edgar kept up with her, and they made the circuit of the ride, and were turning back, when Edith loosened the bridle, and the mare, who had been watching her chance, seized it, and made a bolt of it.

Edith Drayton was not a white alarmed; she could ride a wild horse if need were; but she seemed to turn pale and looked around hesitatingly, and Lord Edgar, fully persuaded that she was frightened, plunged his spurs into his sturdy horse, and called out, in a low but distinct voice:

"Don't be frightened! Keep a tight rein on her!"

Instead of doing so, she gave the animal full rein, and, with a flush of color on her face, swayed to and fro, as if she were going to fall.

Lord Edgar, suspecting nothing of the admirable piece of acting to which he was being treated, grew anxious, and, plunging the spurs into his horse, rode after her, pell-mell.

He came up to her in a minute, and laid his hand upon her bridle. As he

did so, Edith swayed heavily, and he had only just time to fling himself from his horse before she fell straight into his arms.

It was beautifully done, both on his part and on hers. There were no riders at the spot where the catastrophe happened; she had been fully aware of this, and he stood supporting her, while the groom rode after and caught the two horses.

For a minute, a full minute, she leaned in his arms, her lovely face, pale as death, pressed against his breast; then she sighed, faintly, and feebly drew away from him.

As she did so, she glanced up at his face; it was grave, anxious, but not a whit tender or passionate, and her teeth closed over her dainty lip, with a gesture of impatient disappointment. It was a bold game she had played, but it had failed. Where was there another man who could have held her to his breast, as he had done, and been unmoved?

From that moment her heart, swaying to and fro, leaned toward him, and she loved him.

"You are not hurt?" he asked, anxiously enough, but not tenderly, not with the passionate entreaty that she had hoped to hear in his voice.

"Not at all," she said, smiling. "A sudden faintness—that was all. I can't think how I could have been so stupid!"

"Stupid! It was the horse's fault," he said, sternly. "I didn't like her from the start—I like her less now. You ought never to ride her again. Are you all right now?"

"Yes, quite," she said; and, as the groom, who seemed amazed, as well he might be, at the performance, came up with the two horses, she moved toward the mare.

"No!" said Lord Edgar, sternly. "You shall not ride her again; she is not worthy of it."

He beckoned to the groom, and with his own hands changed the saddles, putting hers on his own horse.

"Now," he said, confidently, "you shall ride mine. He will carry a lady. Come."

She faltered a moment, and leaned heavily on his arm, and he looked down at her with manly pity and consideration, nothing more.

"Must I? But you—supposing an accident occurred to you, who are of so much more importance than I am!" He stared at her, then laughed.

"I'll defy her to hurt me!" he said. "Come. You need not be afraid!"

"I am not afraid," she murmured, lifting her dark eyes to his, with a glance that would have intoxicated most men and turned their heads. "Who could be afraid when you were near?"

"Oh, as to that!" he said, coloring under this flattery; and he swung her into the saddle. "I had my suspicions of this animal," he said, as he got on the mare. "This is not quiet enough for a lady. See here," and his eyes shone with the idea, "I'll swap her with you!"

"You'll—"

"I beg your pardon. I'll change her for mine. You'd never be safe on this beast, while you might ride mine for ever and a day. What do you say?"

"I—oh, Lord Fane!" she murmured. "But I don't like to take such an advantage. This is a much better horse than mine!"

(To be Continued.)

A child's play set of apron and cap is ornamented with cross-stitch.

**A Happy Child in Just a Few Hours.**

When cross, constipated or if feverish give "California Syrup of Figs," then don't worry.

Mother can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels, and they become tightly packed, liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can not cause injury. No difference what ails your little one—If full of cold, or a sore throat, dizziness, stomach-ache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are printed on each bottle.

**Fashion  
Plates.**

A POPULAR "EASY-TO-MAKE" AND "COMFORTABLE-TO-WEAR" MODEL.



2509—This is just the style for satin, crepe, gabardine, foulard, silk or wool Jersey cloth and nice for other reasonable materials. The tunic blouse is arranged on a simple skirt foundation, cut in princess style and so combining an underwaist for the blouse. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

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

**JUST THE MOST COMFORTABLE MODEL FOR A HOUSE WORK DRESS.**



2485—The fulness of this dress is held in at the waistline by elastic or a drawstring, but it may be gathered under a belt if preferred. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The right front is shaped at the closing. Percale, drill, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, repp, poplin and galatea may be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7 1/2 yards of 27-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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

No. ....  
Size .....

Address in full: .....

Name .....

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPH. THERIA.

**WEDDING GINGS**

of Guaranteed Quality,  
in 9-15 and 18kt, can always be obtained at the Reliable Jewellers.

Prices from \$3.00 up to \$20.00.  
We are always at the service of our customers until they get satisfaction, and afterwards.

**T. J. DULEY & CO.,**  
P. O. B. 113. ST. JOHN'S, N.F.

**Attractive Dress Fabrics FOR EASTER.**

**SILK STRIPE VOILES** in Black, Navy and Blue, suitable for street or evening wear. Price 85c. yard.

**FANCY COLORED POPLINS**—A splendid assortment of both light and dark grounds, including many exclusive designs. Price . . . . . 95c. yard.

**PLAIN SILK LAWN**—Big range of colors in this lot, suitable for party dresses, blouses or street wear. Price . . . . . 70c. yard.

**THE NEW PUNJAB CLOTH**—A rich dressy fabric that looks like silk and comes in the following shades: Saxe, Grey, Navy, Pink, Nile Corn. Price 85c. yard.

**FANCY FOULARDS**—These come in a range of pretty designs, rich silky finish, and are exceptional value. Price . . . . . 55c. yard.

**WHITE PIQUE**—Noted for its hard wearing qualities; suitable for a hundred and one uses. Two Prices: 55c. and 70c. yard.

**New Dress Linings.  
New Easter Millinery.**

**HENRY BLAIR**

**We are still showing a splendid selection of Tweeds and Serges.**

**No scarcity at Maunder's.**

**However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.**

**John Maunder,**  
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's.

**CATAL A**

**ndley-Pa**

**May Withdra**

**eland Defeats**

**With German D**

**SHIP DISASTER.**

members of the crew including Major, Captain and two Lieutenants Burned to Death.

**ANDOVER, Eng., April 22.**—Members of the crew, including Major, Captain and two Lieutenants, of the big Handley Page aeroplane, which was burned to death today, were burned to death today, as the result of an accident in the machine crashed to the ground. Two others were seriously injured.

**IMPROVEMENT IN INDIA.**

**LONDON, April 22.**—The Ottawa Agency—Telegrams to Reuter's from India state that the moderate element are rallying to the support of the order against the extreme despatch from Bombay dated April 21st, says that Leader Gandhi issued a statement advising a suspension of the "Passive Resistance" movement and urging his followers to assist the Government in order in every way possible. Calcutta despatch states that moderate leaders have promulgated a manifesto deploring the despatch, declaring that passive resistance is unsound, and calling upon the Government to eliminate the element of disorder. From Lahore comes a statement to the effect that the Moderate leaders of the Punjab have issued a manifesto earnestly appealing to their countrymen, especially to obey authority and take the necessary steps to restore law and order.

**ITALIANS DISGUSTED.**

**PARIS, April 22.**—The Italian Peace Conference delegation made no official statement on the subject, a member of the delegation told the Associated Press that it considered it unwise for the Italian delegates to participate in further conferences, unless the Allies were willing to grant requests.

**NET GOVT. OVERTHROWN.**

**PARIS, April 22.**—The Italian Soviet Government has been overthrown at Budapest, according to reports.

**VALVE-IN-HEAD**

**BERT HA**

Bank of Montreal Building.