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The Old Marquis OR, The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XVII.

SHE MUST BE MY WIFE.

"Yes! Then you have answered your question, my dear Edgar, and now know why Mr. Temple has so suddenly quitted the Abbey. And I think—pardon me if I seem prosy—that you can scarcely blame him."

Lord Edgar flushed and turned pale in a breath. His honest, frank, impetuous nature was no match for the cold-blooded astuteness against which it was opposed.

"I—before Heaven, sir—I do not know your meaning. I repeat that I love Miss Temple, devotedly, passionately."

"So Mr. Temple appears to have discovered," said the marquis, "and hence his flight. My dear Edgar, you won't be surprised at a man—though he be only an old book-worm, as Mr. Temple is—taking the child out of danger. Come, come, you are a man of the world!"

"Out of danger!" echoed Lord Edgar. "What danger? I say that I love Miss Temple. I intended telling Mr. Temple so last night. I have just been to the cloisters for that purpose."

"My dear Edgar, wasn't that rather—pardon me—rather cool?"

"Rather—cool! What do you mean? Why, great Heaven! with the honest blood came with a rush to the handsome face—you can not misunderstand me, sir! It is the one hope of my life to make her my wife!"

The marquis stared at him—he was a sly, sly actor—then pressed the scarf-handkerchief to his lips.

"I—marriage—her—your wife? My dear Edgar, are you jesting with me?"

Lord Edgar sprang to his feet—he had dropped into a chair—and stood erect, every inch a man.

"Father! do you think that I am a scoundrel?" burst from his white lips.

The marquis smiled.

"No-o. I think that you are only a fool. Which, permit me to tell you, is by many degrees a more dangerous person."

Lord Edgar stood speechless.

"Because," continued the marquis, as coolly as if he were stating a moral axiom, "a scoundrel injures himself and probably one other person."

A fool, on the contrary, destroys the prestige of a house and the happiness of the unborn. The man who, in your position, behaves like a fool, believe me, works tenfold more injury than the scoundrel; therefore, Edgar, if it makes no difference to you, I beg that you will confine yourself to villainy, and leave foolery to others who have no old name and position to uphold."

Lord Edgar listened like one spell-bound.

"May Heaven forgive you, sir!" he said, at last. "I am content to be the fool you deem me!"

"Very good, murmurs the marquis. "You must choose your own vocation. Meanwhile, have you any other questions to put to me? I have answered your principal one. Mr. Temple and his exceedingly pretty granddaughter have sought refuge in flight. If you pursue them and discover them I do not think you will find them ready to gratify your folly. You can try—"

"I will. Where have they gone?" demanded Lord Edgar.

The marquis shrugged his shoulders.

"On my honor I can not tell you. I did not inquire—because I felt convinced that you would ask me."

Lord Edgar paced the room.

"Father," he said, stopping in front of the fur-clad figure, "have you no spark of feeling in your nature? Do you not remember your own youthful days? I tell you that I love Lela Temple—"

"Pretty name, Lela," murmured the marquis, in a tone that simply maddened Lord Edgar.

"She and no other must be my wife. What objections can you have? She is all that is beautiful and pure and refined—"

"She is the granddaughter of my servant," said the marquis. "You will find several pretty faces in the servants' hall. Perhaps you would wish to marry one of them!"

"She is a lady in every sense of the word!" said Lord Edgar, hotly.

"Excepting one," remarked the marquis, calmly. "My dear Edgar, don't be a fool. You are just fresh from college. You have not seen many pretty faces; thus, the first one has caught your fancy. Believe me, if you will but mix a little in the world you will find many another just as pretty and belonging to a more suitable person. You can't marry the granddaughter of your father's servant. It is forbidden by society. Do not make

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



a fuss. Try and forget her. You will not find it difficult. Go to London and into society, and think the matter over—"

"If I thought for a year it would make no difference in me," said Lord Edgar, hotly. "I love Lela Temple and I will make her my wife. You have advanced no reason why I should not do so—excepting her position. I say that she is a lady, and fit to occupy any position—"

"Excepting that of the future Marchioness of Farintosh," said the marquis. "Edgar, don't be a fool!"

"No, no! I will not. I will be content with being an honest man!" retorted Lord Edgar, and he turned toward the door.

The marquis held up his hand. "Stop!" he said, "one moment. It is possible that you may succeed in finding this girl—"

"I will do so, if it be possible."

"And marry her?"

"Certainly."

"Permit me to inform you that on the day you commit this deed, I throw you off forever. Permit me also to remind you that you have no income of your own. That every penny you can possess until I die must come from me, and that on the day you dishonor your name by marrying this Lela Temple I discontinue your allowance. I regret that I should have to put it in such hard terms."

"And I regret nothing. I am strong and well. I would rather work for my daily bread than desert the girl to whom I have pledged my troth."

"Very good. Certainly a noble sentiment. Let us see how you find it works when you put it into practice. Good-night. We have had a great many objectionable characters in our family, but it is reserved for you to supply the one downright fool. Good-night!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

LORD EDGAR tore up to his own room and ordered his portmanteau to be packed, and a dog-cart to be got ready to take him to the station. Mr. Palmer also came up with exceeding timidity, and mumbled something about dinner, but happening to glance at Lord Edgar's face, instantly retreated without waiting for the answer, remarking, when he reached the servants' hall, that if he had stayed another moment he would most certainly have been flung over the banisters.

Lord Edgar could not wait patiently while the portmanteau was being packed, but with his own hands crammed in his clothes, to the disgust and alarm of the footman; and the moment the dog-cart was announced, hurried down-stairs and got into it. He scarcely glanced back at the Abbey; he lusted it too much to hear the sight of it, and he sent the horse along at a pace that filled the groom with admiration and awe.

There was no train for half an hour, but he sent the dog-cart back, and having taken his ticket for London, penetrated the gate labeled "Station Master," and confronted that individual, who rose with instant respect and attention.

"You know Professor Temple and Miss Temple?" asked Lord Edgar.

"Yes, my lord."

"They traveled by the early train this morning, did they not?"

"Yes, my lord—I issued their tickets."

"Where to?" demanded Lord Edgar, eagerly.

The station master answered, promptly: "Paddington, my lord."

Lord Edgar's face fell. London! If it had been any other place, there would have been some chance of obtaining a clew to their whereabouts; but London! His heart sunk, and the station master, observing his disappointment, added, respectfully: "Is there anything I can do, my lord?"

"I am afraid not," said Lord Edgar, gloomily. "I—I am desirous of following them; I wish to see—the professor at once, and I haven't his address. I am afraid it will be impossible to discover it."

The station master pondered a moment.

"There is one chance, my lord," Lord Edgar swung around with a thrill of hope.

"They had luggage, I believe?"

"Yes, certainly. Well?"

"Well, my lord, when they got to Paddington they must either take their luggage with them or leave it at the cloak-room. If they took it with

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2785—This model is nice for seersucker, gingham, lawn, percale, drill and jean. The body portion is finished with strap ends that are crossed over the back and fastened to the front of the shoulders. In this design, all waste material is avoided, and the garment is cool, comfortable and practical.

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The Rhodes Scholarships.

The Rhodes Trustees announce that the election of scholars will be resumed this year, when there will be an election for two candidates to fill up the scholarships for 1918 and 1919.

Next year the Trust again proposes to choose two candidates for 1920 and 1921, after which the annual elections will resume their normal course.

Candidates must be British subjects and unmarried. They must have passed their nineteenth birthday but must not have passed their 25th birthday, on the first of October of the year for which they are elected.

Candidates must have had two years of training at some degree-granting University or College, or a course of study accepted by the Trustees as an equivalent.

The Trust is very anxious, other things being equal, to give first consideration to men who have shown their patriotism by going on active service.

Amongst those applying there may be some who have not been able, on account of service, to get the two years of university life required by the regulations. Oxford has arranged to excuse such men from Responsions, and the Trust thinks that they should be allowed to compete.

On the other hand the local committee has been strongly urged not to select anyone who by the want of preparatory training is not fairly prepared to get good results from a course at Oxford.

Men who have not been on service will be expected to meet the University requirements.

The Scholar elected for 1918 will be expected to go into residence not later than January 1920. The one elected for 1919 will take up work in Oxford in October 1920.

Applications for the 1918 scholarship to be accompanied by ten copies of certificates and testimonials should be made to the undersigned not later than July 1st of this year.

The candidate for 1918 will be eligible if he were not more than 25 years of age on October 1st, 1917.

The date for receiving applications for the 1919 scholarship will be announced later.

A. W. WILSON, Sec'y C.H.E.

may 2, 61

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chase the whole set. Do not let me find I will send you one dozen, one-third of the money as your earnest over Fifty Dollars in advance. Write to-day. This advertisement is not valid unless you have seen the original.

"Depl. H."

From Out the BUSINESS 10

Mr. Kelson in one of his letters makes reference to his having procured a stock of provisions from Kemp's firm, and I think a little information about that great firm would not be out of place. The great firm of George and James Kemp had their centre in Carbonara, but had branches established in many parts of the Island, in fact, it was said at the time that the Kemps controlled nearly one-third of the business in Newfoundland. They were most enterprising, far-seeing and prosperous men, and had, perhaps, more vessels engaged in the general trade of the country than any other firm. During the Napoleonic wars they made a most remunerative speculation in wine, which it is handed down to us cleared for them in ready money over £60,000. Two of their vessels ran the blockade into Cadiz with cargoes of fish, which they sold to great advantage, and after discharging, the ships were loaded with wine, and waiting a favourable opportunity they managed to escape again, and arrived safely in London with their valuable cargoes. Wine was in great demand at the time in London, and the captains of the vessels opened their hatches and quickly disposed of their cargoes in casks, bottles, and small quantities to suit the purchasers and tickle their palates, and of course, the retailers could command their own price.

The Storm of 1775.

Shortly after this occurrence the Kemps retired from business having amassed a large fortune, and one of them afterwards became Mayor of Funchal. They had amongst their large fleet of vessels one called the Gibraltar (a brig), which had indeed a most remarkable experience. During the great gale of 12th September, 1775, the greatest gale ever experienced or recorded in Newfoundland, the Gibraltar was driven from her anchorage, and such was the force of the hurricane that she was blown and carried by the tremendous seas over the

Big

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