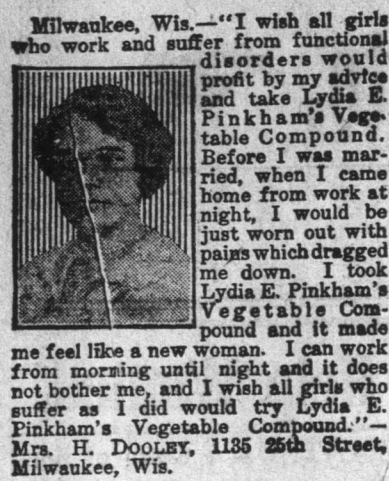


MRS. DOOLEY'S ADVICE TO WORKING GIRLS



Milwaukee, Wis.—"I wish all girls who work and suffer from functional disorders would profit by my advice and take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Before I was married, when I came home from work at night, I would be just worn out with pains which dragged me down. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it made me feel like a new woman. I can work from morning until night and it does not bother me, and I wish all girls who suffer as I did would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. H. Dooley, 1185 25th Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

The Old Marquis;

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XI. A CHARITABLE DEED.

"And the grandfather? Does he know of this romance?"

"Don't speak so lightly of it, there's a good fellow," said Lord Edgar, flushing slightly. "No, there was no time to see him. I meant to go tomorrow, and break it to him."

"To—what?" demanded Clifford Revel, staring at him.

Lord Edgar stared in return. "To break it to him. He is quite a—what do you call it?—a recluse. Just a student, a bookworm, and all that. I should have to approach the subject carefully and quietly, or he wouldn't understand it. No, he—wouldn't understand me if I went to him and said, bluntly: 'Mr Temple, I love Lela, and wish to make her my wife.'"

"You mean to marry her!" exclaimed Clifford Revel, with cold surprise. Lord Edgar stopped short and stared at him, and his face went suddenly white.

"I mean," said Clifford Revel, quietly, seeing and understanding the look, "I mean in spite of all obstacles!"

"I see," murmured Lord Edgar, with a breath of relief. "I thought—but no, of course, you didn't mean that. I did you a cruel injustice for the moment, Clifford, old fellow."

"I don't understand," said Clifford, who understood too well.

"No, no, don't mention it. Yes, of course, I mean to marry her. And, as to obstacles, why, who can object?"

Clifford Revel smiled, with suppressed impatience.

"Well—for one, let us say, my lord, your father."

"My father! He doesn't care a fig what becomes of me! And, as for that, it was only yesterday that he

advised me to marry."

"The granddaughter of his librarian?" asked Clifford Revel, smoothly.

"As a rule, fathers who are also marquises, have very strong objections to their sons marrying beneath them; but I will admit that my lord the marquis is eccentric."

"As to her being beneath me," broke in Lord Edgar, "she is as far above me as—as the stars! If you only knew her as well as I do, Clifford!"

"H'm! You only met her two or three days ago!"

"And feel as if I had known her for years!" retorted Lord Edgar, fervently. "No, I am not worthy to touch the hem of her dress."

"No," said Clifford, thoughtfully; "and the marquis does not know of—your engagement, nor Mr Temple; in fact, no one but ourselves!"

"Not a soul," said Lord Edgar. How should he imagine that Edith Drayton had guessed his secret?

"Then—but I don't suppose you care for my advice, my dear fellow!"

"But I do—I do, indeed," responded Lord Edgar; "that is just what I want. I never thought of the difference between us until you mentioned it. Even now I don't see that it matters. Good heavens! I don't want to marry a title; this one is good enough for both of us."

"It is," said Clifford, softly, enviously.

"And, as to money, we don't want any more of that. I should think what we have is more trouble than it is worth."

Clifford Revel nodded.

"You look at the matter from a quixotic, unworldly standpoint! You are a fine fellow, Edgar! I can see you are very much in love."

"I am; I could not be more so," admitted Lord Edgar, frankly, simply.

"And I hope it will turn out as you wish. But I am a man of the world, my dear fellow, and I see difficulties."

"Yes. You spoke of advice; give it to me!" exclaimed Lord Edgar.

"What would you advise? I thought of scribbling to Mr Temple when I got home to-night."

Clifford Revel was almost guilty of a start, but he said, calmly enough: "Y—es? I don't think I should do that. In fact, if you take my advice, you will not tell Mr Temple of your love; you will keep it, and persuade the young lady to keep it secret for a few days."

"I can not! I have no wish to!" said Lord Edgar. "The very thought of concealment, of anything clandestine in connection with Lela, makes me feel mean and ashamed. No! The very difference in our rank demands that I should go home at once, to my father, too," and his handsome, honest eyes glowed.

"And suppose—only say suppose—that the marquis refused his consent?"

"I don't see—"

"I only say suppose?"

"Well, then," returned Lord Edgar, gravely, "I should marry her without it."

"I see. Yes, you are in love in very truth, my cousin!" said Clifford Revel.

"So much so that every moment of uncertainty tortures me. I shall go down by the afternoon train—got a 'Bradehaw?' he broke off.

"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

Clifford Revel pointed to the bookcase.

"You'll find one on the top shelf," he said.

Lord Edgar strode toward it, and, sitting on the table, pored over the wonderful volume. While he did so, Clifford Revel took up a paper-bound volume from a shelf near him and quietly consulted it. It was the "Poetical Guide."

He referred to the postal service of the Faneworth district, then quietly laid the guide book aside, as Lord Edgar, looking up, exclaimed:

"There is a train at midday, which, of course, I can't catch, and next—five-five. I must go by that."

Clifford Revel made a rapid mental calculation, and nodded.

"Very good," he said. "Well, you have had my advice, and, of course, you won't take it. At any rate, let me venture to recommend you to think twice before you stink to your resolution of writing to Mr Temple to-night. A few hours can't make any difference, and the one great advantage of a personal interview over a letter is that you, if you are there, can answer any objection, and argue it out, which the letter can not! See?"

"You are right—you are always right!" responded Lord Edgar, heartily. "Thanks, old fellow."

"You see," continued Clifford Revel, serenely, "you don't want to cause the young lady any unhappiness."

"Ah, no! My sweet darling!" murmured Lord Edgar. "I to cause her trouble who found her as happy and as innocent as a bird! No, no!"

"Just so," assented Clifford. "Well, don't you see that, if you write, she will be alone there to meet her grandfather's surprise, and, perhaps, his pleasure; you ought to be there to bear it, and share it, eh?"

"Right! Right! How clear-sighted you always are, Clifford!" exclaimed Lord Edgar. "I will not write. I will go down by the five-five and have it out with them both—I mean the marquis and her grandfather. What have I to fear? She says she loves me, and I—well, I would go through fire and water for her! After all, who can separate us?" and he opened his broad chest, and laughed, with conscious strength and resolution.

"I. At least, I will have a good try!" thought Clifford Revel, but he said aloud: "No one, my dear fellow, if you have quite made up your mind!"

"Quite, quite!" responded Lord Edgar. "And you wouldn't be surprised if you had seen her, known her, funny thing! She was at school with Miss Drayton; she mentioned it this morning, but I almost forgot it."

"Oh!" said Clifford Revel, thoughtfully. "Then they know each other?"

He thought for a moment. Would Edith Drayton help him to avert this blow to his chance of becoming the Marquis of Farintosh?

"Yes. Rather nice, isn't it? Of course, she doesn't know that I am in love with Lela; as I say, only you and she know it. But, please Heaven, before to-morrow night I will have the thing settled. I think I'll go now, old fellow. I'm awfully glad I have told you!"

"So am I!" said Clifford Revel, with a hidden significance.

"I knew you would be pleased."

"I'm delighted."

"And thank you very much for your advice. By the way, Clifford, and I hope I'm not going to offend you!" and he colored.

Clifford Revel arose, and, waited, smiling.

"I don't suppose you will," he said. "What is it? Are you going to ask me to be the best man?"

Lord Edgar flushed hotly.

"No, no. It is about yourself. Look here, Clifford, I feel that you are—that we—I mean my father, isn't behaving fairly to you!"

"As how? I believe that he doesn't behave with startling fairness to any one, does he?"

"He is awfully liberal to me!" said Lord Edgar. "I have spent no end of money; and that's what I want to speak about. You know, Cliff, you—you—are one of the family. I think that he ought to treat you as he does me—that, in short, old fellow—now don't look like that! I mentioned it to him, and—and I've got to pay in to the bank two hundred pounds a quarter to your account—"

Clifford Revel's face went white.

"I wouldn't accept a penny from him if I were starving!"

"Now, Clifford! Well, then—look here—you'll—confound it! I don't know how to put it—you'll let me do it on my own account?" Clifford Revel drew a hard breath. He was poor, in debt. Eight hundred a year, and yet—and yet. A man must be a Judas before he can take the money of the man he means to betray, and even Clifford Revel hesitated; but Lord Edgar gave him no time. "That's right," he said; "now, don't let us even mention it again—not a word. What are you going to do?" he asked, as Clifford Revel took up his hat and coat.

"I'll go with you a little way," he said, and his voice was a little less smooth than usual; not from any emotion like gratitude—oh, no—but from sheer shame and—yet, hate! For, if you want a bad man, who is already your enemy, to hate you worse than ever, to long to do you a deadly injury, place him under an obligation.

"Come along!" said Lord Edgar, and, as they emerged into the Strand, he put his arm through his cousin's.

As they walked, these two, so utterly unlike in nature, the one so frank and noble, the other so sinister and treacherous, they might have been attended by a good and a bad angel, so full was the heart of one of them with love and friendship, so full the heart of the other with envy and hatred.

When they had reached the quiet streets, Lord Edgar had told nearly all there was to tell of his meeting and courtship of Lela. He spoke of her beauty till his face glowed, of her goodness and her sweetness, of her purity and innocence until his eyes were moist; and Clifford Revel listened with a heart as hard as the nether millstone; with his brain on the work in search of some scheme which should crush his companion's happiness; which should, if possible, ruin him.

As they reached the turning to the Albany, Clifford Revel stopped. He felt choking. He was afraid to go in to the lighted room lest something of the evil devil that possessed him should be discernible in his face.

"I must go back now," he said. "My best wishes for you, old fellow! May every luck attend your love affair!" and he held out his hand.

Lord Edgar grasped and wrung it warmly.

"Good-night, old fellow," he said. "I will let you know how I progress. Good-night, and a thousand thanks."

Clifford Revel, feeling as if the honest hand had burned him, hailed a hansom, and Lord Edgar stopped to open the flap for him.

As the cab pulled up to the curbstone both men were surprised to hear Clifford Revel's name spoken behind them.

(To be Continued.)

Large buckles are in favor. Shoulders are very sloping. Some afternoon wraps are sleeveless. English embroidery on taffeta is new.

Fashion Plates.

A NEW AND SMART JUMPER STYLE.

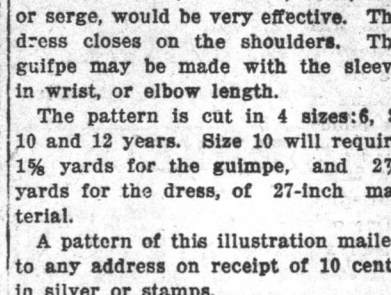


2773—This is an attractive model for combinations of material. The gumples of lawn or batiste and the dress of chaille, albatross, voile, silk or serge, would be very effective. The dress closes on the shoulders. The gumples may be made with the sleeve in wrist, or elbow length.

The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 1 1/2 yards for the gumples, and 2 1/2 yards for the dress, of 27-inch material.

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

LADIES' KIMONO (PERFORATED FOR SACK LENGTH IN STRAIGHT OR POINTED OUTLINE.)



2519—This style of garment is easy to develop and very comfortable. It is nice for cotton or silk crepe, for cashmere, albatross, lawn, dimity, or batiste. The waist is in Empire effect, finished with a heading at its lower edge. The neck is cut low in a becoming "V."

The Pattern has 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 5 1/2 yards for full length, and 1 1/2 yard less for sack length, of 36-inch material.

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

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 PUNJAUB 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, Nfld.

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They have every quality that spells Service—they are light, durable and comfortable.

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This you can rely upon through a Warner's Rust-proof. And the fact that a corset is impervious to moisture is a feature not to overlook.

Price from \$2.30 per pair up.

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William Wilson & Sons

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Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



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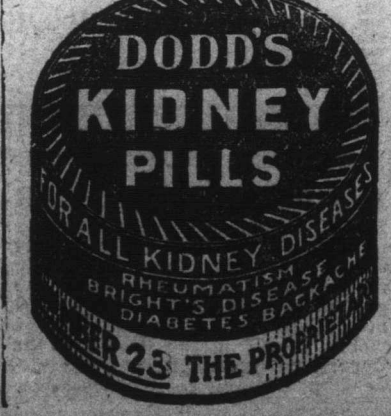
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"I'm delighted."

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Peace Terms.

SHEVYK'S RETREATING.

ARCHANGEL, April 19.—The Russian and British forces early occupied the village of Bolshoi Verkhi and are pursuing the Sheviki as they flee southward over a dense deep in icy slush toward a military base on the Vologda railway at Pienetskaya. The troops of the village without opposition Sheviki having completed the evacuation during the night of occupation of Bolshoi Verkhi. Months of fighting, restoring the line of communication between Pienetskaya on the Vologda railway to the northwest.

RETIREMENT ADMITTED.

LONDON, April 19.—Retirement along virtually all the front in Eastern Russia, is admitted by the Soviet government in a message dated April 18 received here to-day.

RIVEN BACK 12 MILES.

LONDON, April 19.—A successful attack Thursday by British troops attached to the Allies operating on Murmansk railway south of Kem, the Allied forces complete control of Lake Ust'-Yana and the main road north to the White Sea, according to an official statement from the British War Office.

The Bolsheviks were driven twelve miles southward from Verkhnaia at the southern end of Lake Ust'-Yana and the first objective of the attack. The main road to the White Sea passes through Vojnoslatkino. After capturing the town the Bolsheviks pursued the Bolsheviks down the road toward Poutiens in Murmansk province. The Bolsheviks attempted to give ground on southward with heavy machine guns were captured from the enemy. The statement says that the claim of the Bolsheviks that they had captured Ust'-Yana is untrue.

HUNGARIANS ATTACKED.

COPENHAGEN, April 19.—Romanian forces have attacked Hungarian troops, according to a dispatch from Budapest, which failed to tell where the engagement occurred. The Romanians, says the message, suffered tremendous losses.

INDIAN RIOTS CONTINUE.

SIMLA, India, April 19.—A mob at Amritsar has made another violent attack against the British. The rebels were repulsed by the military with a loss of a hundred. Order was restored at Amritsar. Telegraph and other office were burned. The strike at Delhi continues.

JAPAN DISAPPOINTED.

TOKIO, April 19.—The report from Paris that the Japanese delegates for the League of Nations in the Covenant of the League of Nations of a clause providing for equality had failed of approval has caused great disappointment in Japan.

The Dohi says that Japan must refuse to join the League of Nations, but the majority of the newspapers declare that Japan must endeavour bravely and steadfastly to endeavour to enhance the nation's prestige.

ADRIATIC DISPUTE.

PARIS, April 19.—A conference lasting four hours, which was attended by Premier Orlando and Foreign Minister Sonnino of Italy, the Com-

BIRD'S CUSTARD

Ex Digby to-day: Nave's Food, Bird's Custard Powder, Bird's Egg Powders. In Stock: 3's Quaker Tomatoes, 2's Quaker Tomatoes, 1's Quaker Tomatoes, 2's Quaker Peas, 1's Quaker Peas, 2's Quaker Sugar Corn, 1's Quaker Sugar Corn, 2's Quaker Wheat Meal (Cream White)

C. P.

Duckworth