



Pure Salt
Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

The Old Marquis;
OR
The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIII.
"I COULD NOT LIVE WITHOUT YOU."
"Almost!" she breathed, with a smile of devotion.
"Yes, because I'm not an angel—though I am very near one!" At this elaborate joke she laughed softly, and put her finger on his lips.
"I shall fly away, if you pay me any more compliments."
"Well, I hate anything underhand; you must not deceive Mr. Temple any longer, dearest. I'm going to tell him now. I should have written, but my cousin Clifford Revel persuaded me not to. He is so wise—quite a young Solomon—whereas I am like an idiot."
"I never met an idiot before. What a happy place an asylum must be if they are all like—like—the one I know. No, no!" and she put her hand upon his breast to keep away the provoked embrace.
"Well, Clifford persuaded me to keep my pen from paper, and wait until bringing the eloquence of my tongue to bear."
"Yes, I think Mr. Revel must be fever," she murmured, looking up at him.
"And so here I am, and when I can tear myself away, I'll go and brave the lion in his den."
She nodded slightly.
"The lion has gone out," she said.
"Never mind," he answered, with splendid resignation. "I'll wait here until he returns. It will be tedious, but I'll try and bear it."
She laid her hand on his shoulder again in silence for a moment, then she looked up.
"Have you told my lord the marquis?" she whispered.
"Lord Edgar shook his head.
"No, I went to him—that was bearding the lion in his den, if you like—but he had the gout and wouldn't listen to me; in fact, he turned me out with something less of his usual politeness."
"Then nobody knows?" she said in a low voice. After all, the secret between them was very sweet.
"But Clifford!" he said. "I told him."
"Ah, yes, I forgot! And—and what did he say?"
"He—oh!" said Lord Edgar, thinking, "he said that he wished me every happiness."
She looked at him thoughtfully. Her acute woman's sense had detected

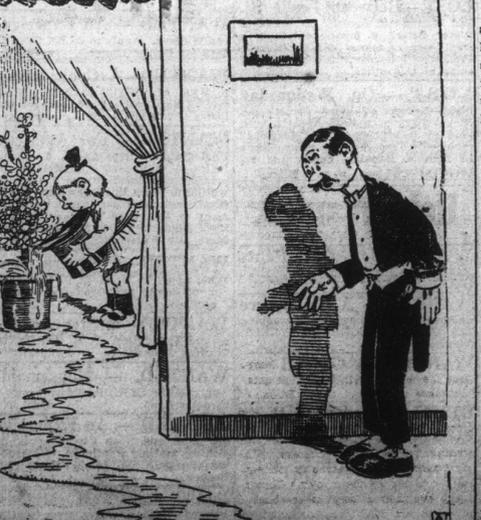
ed the hesitation, but she made no remark.
"Clifford's an awfully good fellow," he said, "you'll like him immensely. He wants knowing and he's rather strange. He might be misunderstood by some—he thought of the scene with the starving man—but it's only the outside of him. You won't misunderstand him, dearest; you'll detect the pure gold at once."
She nodded.
"I shall like all whom you like," she said, with simple confidence.
"And what have you done all this while? Have you been very, very dull? Ah, not so dull or so lonely as I have!"
"Well, no, I'm afraid not."
"I'm glad!" she said, eagerly. "I never want you to be unhappy because you are away from me. That is selfishness—not love."
"Angel! No, I wasn't very dull, though I thought of you every moment, and longed to be with you. In the evening I went—ah! now you'll never guess where I went!"
"How can I?" she said, smiling, but rather sadly. "I don't know a single friend of yours! Isn't that strange? I know nothing of your life at all, and yet I seem to have known you ever since I was born. I seem to know your very thoughts. If I never saw you again I should remember how you looked with every word you said. But tell me, where did you go?"
"Why, it was a friend of yours! What do you say to Miss Drayton?"
"Edith Drayton! My Edith Drayton? Why, where?"
"Clifford took me to their house; it is in a London square."
"And did you like her—did you think her very beautiful?" she asked, with an eagerness innocent of the slightest trace of envy or jealousy.
"I liked her very much. She was very kind to me."
"Ah, she could not help that!"
"Who's paying compliments now? As to beautiful, yes, I suppose she is; but then I'm like the man at my club who once drank imperial tokay with the Emperor Napoleon, and declares that he doesn't care for any other wine. You see, I've drunk imperial tokay!" and he laughed.
"But she is beautiful!" she said.
"She always was. Oh, very beautiful! And you spent the evening there. I am so glad! And then today—"
"To-day!" he said, and for a moment his heart smote him, and he wished he could with truth have said that he had been engaged in any other way than the actual one. "Well, Miss Drayton asked me to look at a horse that she had bought, and all in a moment I promised. I would have given anything to recall it, but I had promised, and I have never broken a promise yet."
"No, no!" she said. "I would not have you break your word for me, if I had to wait for months instead of a day! And then—"
"Then I stayed to lunch, and came down by the five-five, and here I am."
"Woman-like she thought of his comfort in a moment."
"And your dinner, sir?"
"Oh, dinner!" he said, lightly. "I didn't care about that. I caught up a sandwich at the station—"
"No dinner! I thought you looked

Be Your Own Doctor.
When you meet with an accident—a cut, a burn, a scald or a bruise—don't spend money needlessly in doctor's bills, but apply Zam-Buk at once. This herbal balm will end the pain, stop the bleeding, prevent festering and heal quickly. Keep a box handy.
For skin troubles Zam-Buk is equally invaluable. A skin disease cured by Zam-Buk does not break out again, because Zam-Buk cures from the root up.
Zam-Buk is best for eczema, boils, blood-poisoning and piles. All dealers 50c. box.



tired and pale. I am so sorry—oh, wait!" and she sprang up and ran into the house before he could stop her.
She came back in a few minutes with a silver salver upon which was a glass of new milk and a plate with a slice of steak pie, and stood before him, dropping a little courtesy.
"My dear child!" he remonstrated, but she would not let him get up, and he propped his back against the edge of the fountain and watched her as she spread a snow-white napkin over the tray and put the knife and fork straight.
"There," she said, with gentle satisfaction; "you shall not starve for my sake."
"It is simply delicious!" he said.
"Is it?" she responded, with a beautiful flush of gratified pride. "Ah, you know I made it!"
He stared with all his eyes.
"You—made—this pie?"
She nodded, laughing and blushing.
"Yes; did you think I was quite useless?"
"I think you are a perfect marvel!" he said, putting his knife-arm around her and managing with the fork. But she wouldn't have that arrangement.
"You must eat it comfortably," she said, insistently. "This is your supper, you know," and she drew away from him and half knelt by the fountain watching him with that look in the eyes which every woman knows—even the daintiest of them take a maternal delight in seeing their lovers happy in man's favorite fashion.
"I hope you will make some more pies for me, Leila," he said.
"Yes! I will. Grandpapa says they are horribly indigestible."
"Not yours!" he said, fervently; "a baby might digest this; though I am not much of an authority. Clifford says I could digest a horseshoe. But how kind of you to think of this! Is there another girl in the world who would have done it? I am the luckiest fellow on the face of the globe."
"Oh, anybody would have done it!" she said, laughing. "Edith Drayton would." There flashed again with a sudden force the remembrance of Edith Drayton's ministrations of the morning, and he colored with shame to think how comfortable he had been.
"I don't want to talk about any other girl," he said, pushing the tray from him and drawing her toward him. "Now come and tell me—no, after supper a song. Sing to me that song you sang the night before last."
She hung her head, but he put his arms around her, and murmured a lover's encouragement, and presently she sang in a low voice that chimed in with the plashing of the fountain the simple ballad which had rung in his ears ever since, even when Edith Drayton was playing the classical sonata for his special benefit.
"That's awfully pretty, dearest!" he said. "But it is rather sad." He smoothed the hair from her brow, and kissed her. "It's not a suitable song for you, my darling, much as I like it! You will never have to mourn for a lost love, unless I break my neck."
"Ah!" she murmured with a little catch of the breath. "Don't speak so lightly; that is dreadful, dreadful! Edgar, if I lost you I should soon die; I know that! I could not live without you now!"
"You shall not!" he answered with all a man's confidence. "Nothing shall part us, my sweet love, excepting death!" and he raised her face and kissed it passionately.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



Miner's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

CHAPTER XIV.
WHEN LOVE MEANS RUIN.

THE marquis' attack of the gout was a severe one, but much to Mr. Palmer's disappointment he declined to take to his bed, and sat up in his chair in the silence of the darkened room, staring at the opposite wall, and persistently thinking the bad language which men who are afflicted with gout, and do not possess his lordship's iron will, utter aloud.
The unfortunate valet and Mr. Palmer had, nevertheless, anything but an enjoyable time. They had to creep in and out with even more than their ordinary cautiousness, and, worse still, were compelled to endure the cold gleam of the hard eyes that glared at them as if their owner hated the sight of them.
His lordship never called in a doctor. On the only occasion Mr. Palmer had ventured to suggest that a medical man should be consulted his lordship had politely remarked that he had as many fools about him as he could bear, and that he would not add to his misery; so he bore his sufferings with stoical endurance, and uttered no complaints; merely requesting his two attendants never to address him unless they were obliged, and then in the briefest manner possible.
Mr. Palmer knew his noble master too well to inform him of Lord Edgar's return, and was in doubt whether he should even venture to take up the letter-bag when it came; but, for a wonder, the marquis mentioned it.
"Are there no letters?" he asked, in his cold, metallic voice.
"Yes, my lord," said Mr. Palmer, wishing then that he had brought it up.
"Ah! Probably when you have time—and have satisfied your curiosity with the contents—you will obligingly bring me the bag," snarled his lordship.
Mr. Palmer brought up the bag and unlocked it, probably just to show the marquis that he hadn't already done so, and was about to take the letters out when the marquis motioned to him to put them down on the table, and waved him away. Mr. Palmer laid a silver-and-ivory paper cutter near his lordship's hand, and stole out on tiptoe, to inform the servants' hall generally that the marquis was in a devil of a temper, and that he hoped and trusted as how the gout wouldn't fly to his head.
The marquis glared at his letters for some minutes in morose silence, then he turned them over and opened one or two; they were mostly bills—which he put on one side for his steward—and appeals from the various charitable institutions, which he dropped with a snarl into the waste-paper basket. He got tired of his task before he was half through with it, and was about to sound the silver gong for his valet, when his eye was caught by the singular handwriting of the address on one of the envelopes. He took it up and looked at it, languidly. The writing was half-way between a man's and a woman's; somewhat angular, and yet cramped. The address was in the most curt style: "Lord Farintosh, Fane Abbey." He took up the paper-cutter again and ripped the envelope open, and took out a letter.
(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A COMFORTABLE, PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT.



2783—This style is good for lawn, fabric, nainsook, batiste, washable satin, crepe and silk. The clothing is effected at the sides.
The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR MANY OCCASIONS.



Waist 2782, and Skirt 2784. Comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 2782, and Ladies' Skirt 2784. Taupe crepe meteor, or georgette crepe combined with satin would be attractive for its development. Light gray gardenia embroidered in blue would be nice. Voile, batiste, handkerchief linen, shantung and taffeta are all suitable for this dress.
The Waist 2782 is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt 2784 in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 7 yards of 44 inch material to make the dress for a medium size. Th skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the foot.
This illustration calls for TWO SEPARATE PATTERNS which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 CENTS FOR EACH PATTERN in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

.....

.....

.....

BEECHAM'S PILLS
have a well deserved reputation as a safe and effective remedy for stomach ailments. They are
Quickly
helpful in bilious attacks, sick headache, dyspepsia, heartburn and constipation. They act gently and surely on the organs of elimination, purify the blood, tone the system and very quickly
Strengthen Digestion

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, etc.

500 Boxes 500
Nixeys Blue
Sinclair's Bacon
Bird's Custard Powder
Granular Egg Yolke

Dandelion—in tins.
Apricots, Peaches (Sliced—Extra Special).
Macaroni, 1 lb. cartons.
Vermicelli.
Lobster in 1 lb. tins.
LUX.

Carr's Biscuits.
Flake Tapioca.
Marmalade, 7 lb. tins.
Horlick's Malted Milk.
Peeled Peaches—Cartons.
Glace Cherries.
Shredded Coconut.
Shelled Walnuts.
Preserved Ginger.
Grape Fruit Marmalade.

APPLES in Gallon Tins.
BOWRING Bros., Limited,
GROCERY DEPARTMENT.

WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!

TUB THEM—
RUB THEM—
SCRUB THEM—
KEEP THEM CLEAN

You can't hurt
WARNER'S RUST-PROOF CORSETS.

They have every Quality that spells Service—they are light, durable and comfortable.
The first feature that a woman appreciates in a corset is shape, but the shaping must be comfortable.
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.

Marshall Bros
Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

Columbia

The first and last word in Grafonola perfection is "Columbia." Here's a fact impossible of contradiction, and we are proud to be the Newfoundland Agents of so world-famed a talking machine.

In all grades the "Columbia" ranks an easy first, but the new Cabinet Grafonolas are nothing short of remarkable. Their tone qualities capable of exquisite shading, their magnificent tone volume, capable of being subdued to a mere whisper of sound. In fine Mahogany their elegant design and beautiful workmanship place them beyond compare.
Columbia Cabinet Grafonolas in prices from \$165.00 to \$350.00 are always to be seen in our Showrooms. Let us show them to you.

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,
Saint John's.

New Cabbage
Now due: 100 Crates New Cabbage.
Also, Oranges—all counts. Onions. Box Apples.
Parsnips, Carrots and Turnips. Prices Right.
Burt & Lawrence, 14 New Gower

Wilson's
Lengthy St
Will Not Bre
French G
Beto

SON CAUSES TROUBLE. PARIS, April 24. The preparations for the peace conference of Premier Orlando and the Italian peace commissioners proceeding, there were some indications that there had been no decision on the rupture of a complete one of the Italian members of certain minor nations met as usual with the representatives of the other nations. It was reported from some of the Council members that the Italians had not yet decided their conference of any further. In an interview obtained from the Italian last night, he is quoted as saying: "I have never sought for an occasion when I returned to Rome. After the signing of the armistice, I had my train stopped at the station of Rome and entered an automobile without allowing myself to be seen. Now, however, I shall myself to the crowd. It is my duty to express my feelings." A statement issued by Premier Orlando today, says nothing of the intention of the Italians to quit the conference. It merely states that the case concerning Fiume and the Adriatic coast and does not appear in the form of an ultimatum. The text of the statement of Premier Wilson on the Adriatic coast declaring that Fiume cannot be a part of Italy, is as follows: "The capital importance of the questions affected and in order to throw all possible light upon what followed in their settlement, I hope to the final formation of events and to a satisfactory solution. Italy entered the war, she engaged on the basis of a definite promise, now known as the pact of London. Since that time the whole circumstances has been altered. Many other powers, great and small, have entered the struggle with the knowledge of that private understanding. The Austro-Hungarian Empire, then the enemy of Europe, whose expense the pact of London was to be kept in the event of victory, has gone to pieces and no longer exists. Not only that, but the parts of that Empire, it is now by Italy and all her associates to be erected into independent states and associated in a League of Nations, not with those who were recently our enemies, but with Italy in the great war for which we to establish their liberty as our own. They are to be the smaller states whose interests are to be safeguarded as scrupulously as the interests of the most powerful states. The war was ended, not by proposing to Germany justice and peace which should be based on clearly defined principles, but by setting up a new order of peace and justice. Upon these principles the peace with Germany has been conceived, upon these principles it will be executed. We cannot ask a great body of powers to propose a peace with Austria and establish a new basis of independence in the states which originally constituted the Austro-Hungarian Empire and in the states of the Balkan group on principles of another

A Dry, Sw
The Wellington
THE UNIVERSAL
A Wellington Pipe makes tobacco do its very best. Well catches the moisture, top-opening bit sends the dry smoke up, away from tongue. The WDC triangle mark shows that you have genuine French briar.