

Don't Be Misled

Nearly all Teas "Look" alike to the consumer but there is a vast difference in looks, and tastes, and this is fully understood and recognized by Tea Experts, who base their market values alone upon the drawing qualities.

"SALADA"

Teas are full of rich drawing deliciousness being therefore very economical in use, as while not only pleasing to the tastes of all, they go farther in infusion.

This is being demonstrated in millions of Tea-Pots daily.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXVI. MEDITATING A CRIME.

Most men like to pay their debts before they die; it is an old and honorable custom, and Lord Edgar drove around to his trades-people, his tailor, his hosier, and cigar and wine merchants, and drew checks, much to their disappointment, for first-class trades-people, somehow, do not care to be paid too promptly. They like a bill to run—why, they alone can tell.

He drove to Tattersall's and settled his account there, and left, owing not a penny; then he drove to Lee & Alenby's, and wandered about among the beautiful things, and much to the amusement of the lady customers and the interest of the shop-people, purchased a large assortment of costly things which the female sex take delight in. Indian shawls, a seal-skin necker—she guessed her size pretty accurately—he did not hold her in his arms so often?—yards of old lace, pretty scarfs, half a dozen dresses complete all but the body, which they assured him they would make up in a few days' notice, and a box of gloves; he knew the size, having stolen a glove of Lela's. These he ordered to be sent to his rooms.

Then he went to Howell & James' and chose a diamond ring, not a great, gorgeous one, but a delicate, lady-like ring, and a keeper, and most important of all, a plain wedding-ring. He also bought a gold bracelet, set with rubies and pearls, and a locket with a great diamond in the center.

He might have bought the whole shopful if he had chosen, when they heard his name, and they would not have demanded a penny on account, for they knew that he was heir to the richest marquise in the kingdom; but he was prudent and insisted on paying for all he purchased.

Then, to be circumstantial, he went to Fortnum & Mason and ordered a nice lunch to be sent into his chambers on the morrow.

It was not to be a cold, indigestible wedding breakfast. Oh, those cold wedding feasts, how heavy they lie upon the souls and stomachs of these who eat them! How icy is the boned turkey! How stolid and dispiriting the jellies! How unsympathetic the stony tarts! No; he would not have a cold breakfast. He laid special stress upon the fact that there should be good things to eat, and they should be hot.

From the great purveyors he drove to Quaritch's, and purchased half a dozen valuable books—first editions, beautifully printed, and richly bound. These were for the professor.

And, lastly, he drove to Long Acre, and bought a compact and luxurious brougham; such a brougham as, when a lady sees, she envies and covets.

It was for Lela. He did not need to purchase a horse, as he had one that would be suitable. And, having made his purchases, he went and dined at his club, and looked around the magnificent rooms with a feeling of satisfaction and joy. He enjoyed his dinner—he never felt so happy in his life, and in the midst of his happiness he felt a thrill of gratitude to his cousin Clifford Revel, who had stood by him and helped him, even as a brother might have done.

Meanwhile, Clifford Revel drove down to Southwark, to Espalier Terrace, and found the stolid servant-girl, who stared at him just as sus-

piciously as before.

Yes, Mr. Nagle was in; and she mentioned him to go upstairs, and disappeared exactly as she had done at his first visit.

Clifford Revel climbed the shaky stairs and knocked at the rickety door, and receiving permission to enter, he went in.

Nagle was seated at the deal table, writing. He looked up as Clifford Revel entered, and pointed to a chair which had been added to the scanty furniture since his former visit.

But Clifford waved a refusal, and stood, looking at the pale face of his tool, with a speculative smile.

"Well," he said, "I am here again, you see."

"Yes, I see," responded the young man calmly. And he laid down his pen deliberately, while he eyed his visitor gravely.

"Yes," said Clifford Revel, with a smile; "I told you to be prepared, but I did not think I should want you so soon."

"So soon! What do you mean?" demanded Nagle.

Clifford Revel laughed coldly, sarcastically.

"It appears that our young people—one of them, at any rate—are or is impatient. The marriage—no pen can describe the cold mockery of the tone with which he pronounced the word—"is to take place to-morrow."

"To-morrow?" asked Nagle.

Clifford Revel nodded.

"Yes, to-morrow. The day doesn't matter to you, I suppose? You have no pressing engagements which will prevent your officiating at the ceremony?" and he smiled again.

"No," said Nagle, quietly. "I have none. To-morrow is it?"

"Yes; and it takes place at the bridegroom's chambers at the Albany, No. 19. Eleven o'clock. You will be there, please, a few minutes before?"

Nagle nodded slowly.

"I presume," said Clifford Revel, sarcastically, "that you have looked up the service; I don't want a fiasco, you know."

A faint flush crossed the face of his companion, and a sudden light glowed in his eyes.

"You need have no fear on that score," he said. "I know my part."

"Good! and I have no fear but that you will play it well. You look like a half-starved curate—no offense!"

"No, no offense," said Nagle, slowly. "To-morrow, Revel?"

"Well!" said Clifford Revel, pulling down his cuffs, and smiling.

"I was going to ask you," said Na-

gle, quietly and slowly, "whether you quite realize the awful importance of the work you have undertaken?"

"I never undertake anything without realizing its importance," retorted Clifford Revel.

"Whether," continued the other, as if he had not noticed the reply, "you realize the crime you are meditating?"

"Pardon me," said Clifford Revel, "if I remind you that it is you who are meditating a crime. I know nothing of crime in connection with the affair. You accept the responsibility. I merely pay you for it."

"You pay me to bring about the ruin of an innocent and trusting girl," said Nagle.

"Excuse me," responded Clifford Revel, easily. "I pay you to circumvent a designing young woman who is anxious to be the future Marchioness of Farintosh. It is a difference with a vengeance."

"At any rate, you intend me to deceive and betray this young girl," said Nagle. "That is the point. You, knowing that she will believe this ceremony valid and legal, plot to ruin her."

Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"Put it how you like, my dear fellow. It does not matter."

"Then you abide by the consequences, let them be what they may?" demanded Nagle, gravely.

"Certainly, by all means! But let me remind you again that the consequences, as you call them, can not matter to me."

"This young girl, then—to say nothing of Lord Edgar Fane—"

"Hush!" said Clifford Revel, looking around. "No names, if you please. Walls have ears, perhaps, but the smutty servant-girl may have her ears at the key-hole at this moment! No names!"

"This young girl, then," continued Nagle, calmly, gravely, "you have no pity for her—no pity for him?"

"Not a spark," said Clifford Revel. "He is a headstrong fool, bent on his own destruction, and she, no doubt, is a designing girl, who is anxious to persuade him into making her the future Marchioness of Farintosh. Pity! What do you take me for?"

"True! I forgot," said Nagle. "I took you for a man, with a man's ordinary feelings and instincts. I ought to have recollected that you possess neither. Well!"

"Well!" demanded Clifford Revel. "Well, I will complete the contract; I have already accepted your blood-money; I will be at Lord Edgar's chambers at eleven o'clock, or earlier."

"And perform the ceremony?"

"And perform the ceremony," said Nagle, quietly.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE KISS OF JUDAS.

AT nine o'clock Lord Edgar found Lela awaiting him. She was very pale, but there was a look of resolution and half-concealed joy in her eyes that made his heart leap.

He had got a brougham in the lane, and not a word was said until he had put her in and followed her, and they had started for the station; then, holding both her hands in his, he tried to tell her how grateful he was for this proof of her love for him.

"All is prepared, darling!" he said; "we shall be in London within the hour and there will be a brougham waiting for us at Waterloo. Tell me how you got away, Lela."

He was excited—even more excited than she was—and, though there was certainly no chance of pursuit, he glanced out of the window as if even now, at the eleventh hour, some one might turn up and snatch her from him.

"There was no difficulty," she replied, in a low voice. "Grandpapa's eyes filled with tears, but she kept them back—had gone to the school, and there was no one to miss me."

"And he will scarcely have time to do so," he said. "We will let him know at once—"

"I have a letter written to him in my pocket; we can post that, Edgar; can we not?"

"My thoughtful angel!" he exclaimed. "And you are not sorry, Lela?"

"Only at leaving him," she said, gently, as she nestled in his arms.

"And that will be for only a short time," he said, comforting her.

Then she told him about the offer the professor had received, and Edgar trembled at the narrow escape they had had.

"Another week! If I had not found you when I did, dearest, you would have gone! There is a Providence in it."

He gave the flyman a couple of sovereigns and waited till he had driven away in the opposite direction to Larkworthy, and then went to the train. He had already taken a ticket for Lela.

It was a lovely morning. If there be any truth in the well-worn saw that the happiness of the bride is in proportion to the amount of sunshine, then Lela's future promised bravely; for there was a brilliant sun in the sky that made the pretty English landscape look quite Italian. Lord Edgar pointed this fact out with triumphant delight. He tipped the guard to reserve the carriage for them and made Lela comfortable in a corner with a gentle devotion that he had never excelled.

After a few minutes her fears grew fainter, and she gave herself up to the tide of happiness that rolled around her heart.

Eager as Lord Edgar was to reach town, the journey was delightful. To have Lela all to himself; to know that in a few hours—minutes—he would have the right to have her to himself for always, until death should them part, was joy unspeakable.

She was rather silent, but he talked enough for both. He planned out a life of pleasure and delight that might have enchanted any girl's fancy. There was no wonderful place that she should not see; they would go everywhere; he would spend his life in making happiness a certainty for her—and he would have gone on in this strain until they reached town if she had not stopped him with a touch of the hand and murmured:

"Give me yourself, Edgar, and I shall want nothing else to make me happy. Ah, nothing else."

"But you shall have all I can give you in addition to myself, Lela!" he said, radiantly. "Hitherto you have spent a life outside the world; now you shall enter it by my side, and all that the world can give you, you shall have at your feet, to take it or leave it, as you please! Oh, my darling, how can I do enough in return for the love you are giving me!"

They reached town, and found the brougham, with the blinds up at the windows, waiting for them.

Lela, as they passed to it, could not help thinking of the difference which lay between this and her first visit to London. In what misery and sorrow she had looked out at the rows of cabs, thinking of all she had lost; and now she had gained her lover again, and was to be his wife!

The coachman had received his instructions and drove off without a word. When they had got out into the Strand, Lord Edgar put down the windows and pointed to the various lions that they passed.

"All this is strange to you, my darling; we will see it together! It will be a new delight for me! Heavens—how happy we shall be!"

She was happy enough that moment; too happy for many words; her brain seemed in a whirl, any yet through all her bewilderment she realized and clung to the thought that he was with her, that she was to be his wife.

(To be Continued.)

Paper Bullets Killed Huns.

One result of the war has been to teach the world how to spin a fibre from paper, which for durability is only exceeded by that made from the best linen thread.

The bulk of this new paper thread comes from Norway and Sweden. They call it "kraft," which means "strong," and the name is well deserved.

Many thousands of tons of webbing a couple of inches wide made from this material is so strong that it is impossible to tear it. And as rain doesn't hurt it, it's a splendid substitute for canvas for tents.

The strangest use to which the new fibre has been put, however, consists in making bullets with it. Millions of these paper bullets were fired at the Germans during the closing stages of the war, and months elapsed before the Huns found out, by cutting some of them open, that they were different from other bullets.

When they did discover that enclosed within their thin outer coverings of nickel was a substance the properties of which they didn't understand, there was a great outcry.

They promptly accused us of using poisoned bullets, explosive bullets and other similar contrivances. And all the while the mysterious substance was just paper.

Fashion Plates.

A SMART SPORT'S COSTUME.



Blouse 2822, Skirt 2818.

Here is a very pleasing combination of novelty silk, for the skirt, and duvetyne, for the blouse. This is pretty for plain and embroidered linen, or shantung combined. Also for serge and satin. The blouse is fashioned after Pattern 2822, which is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires 3 yards of 36 inch material. The skirt is developed from Pattern 2818. It is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Skirt measures about 1 1/2 yards at the lower edge.

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.

2569—This model is unique and practical. It is made with reversible closing, and its fullness is held by a belt that fastens at the centre back. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Deep ample pockets trim the fronts.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It requires for a 38-inch size, 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the front.

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



2569

Due to Day.
Ex S. S. Matilda Weems.
50 Crates
Green Cabbage.
ALSO
Southwell's Lemon Crystals.
George Neal.

Late Openings.
Ladies' American Straw Hats
Ladies' American Crepe de Chine Blouses in White and Flesh Coloured
Ladies' American Muslin Blouses
Ladies' American Silk and Bengaline Dresses
Ladies' American Black Silk Underskirts.
Also Assortments:--
Ladies' Overalls and Aprons
Ladies' House Dreuces
Ladies' Mercerised---or Imitation Silk---Sweater Coats.

HENRY BLAIR

Templeton's
822 WATER STREET.
NEW WALL PAPERS!
For neat, pretty and attractive Wall Papers see our New Spring stock. Prices range from **25c. a piece up.**
A choice collection of floral, stripe and block designs to select from. We are also offering great bargains in LACE & SCRIM CURTAINS.
WILLIAM FREW, Water St.
FOR SALE by J. J. ST. JOHN
50 Casks
LUBRICATING OIL,
For Motor Boats. Also,
1 COD TRAP, about 14 fathoms square,
with gear, at a low figure.
J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.

LADIES' WHITE
A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT AND PUMPS

Ladies' White Canvas Oxford
Ladies' White Canvas 2-Strap \$3.75.
Ladies' White Canvas Pumps
Ladies' White Canvas Rubber at \$3.00.
SEE WINDOW
F. SMALLY
THE HOME OF GOOD
Mail Orders Receive Prompt Attention

N.C.4 Reach Lisbon
Hawker and Grieve
---No Food Till B
Expelled --- Secre
Navy Congratula
Fliers --- Austria R
to Make Haste.

NC-4 REPORTED.
WASHINGTON, May 27.
Station ship 2, 120 miles east of Ponta Delgada, reports NC-4 passing at 11:36 Greenwich time. Commander Read is confident NC-4 will reach Lisbon before dark to-night. The planes are to remain over night at Lisbon and start for Plymouth, England, to-morrow.

PASSED STATION SHIP 4.
WASHINGTON, May 27.
NC-4, flying at the rate of 70 miles an hour, has passed Station Ship 4, about 200 miles east of Ponta Delgada.

PASSED STATION SHIP 7.
PONTA DELGADA, May 27.
Station Ship, No. 7, approximately 250 miles from starting point, was passed by NC-4 at 2:40 p.m. Greenwich time.

HAWKER AND GRIEVE.
EDINBURGH, May 27.
Hawker and Grieve arrived to-day on their way to London. They were carried on the shoulders of crowds and lustily cheered.

ALLIED TROOPS AT DANZIC.
PARIS, May 27.
(Havas.)—British and American marines have landed at the Baltic port of Danzig, according to despatches received here from Warsaw.

Men's En Trench
Here's a splendid line Khaki Gabardines only just received from Country.
These Trench Coats cut and tailored, strap cuffs, self-lined out, and guaranteed quality and good service.
We also carry a line Men's Waterproof Coats of various grades and prices.
U.S. Picture & Book
Saint John