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ROYAL YEAST CAKES

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

CHAPTER IV.
AT THE DANCE.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. His eyes were so fine and dark that he could venture to perform this trick, a dangerous one for persons to attempt who did not possess his qualifications.

"No, I have no dress to wear," he assented, still looking at her.

She let her frounce fall and turned the bracelet on her arm, and so they stood for a moment; then she looked up and met his fixed gaze with her dark, lustrous eyes.

"You have not answered my question," she said, and there was the faintest smile on her delicate lips.

"I was just wondering whether you really wished me to answer," he said, coolly; "I mean truthfully, of course. I know that any commonplace excuse would do—but truthfully."

"Oh, please!" she said, with a little elevation of the eyelids; "the truth, of course."

"Well," he said, slowly, "I do not dance, because I do not care to dance with one lady in the room, and I am quite aware that I stand no chance of securing her for a partner."

She did not pretend to be ignorant of what he meant; she was too clever, too superb a creature for small affectations.

"You mean me?"

"I mean you," he said, just inclining his head.

"And how did you know that you could not dance with me?" she asked, forced a little nearer to him by the onrush of a dragoon and his partner.

"By experience," he replied. "Take care, or you will be crushed to death."

And he drew aside to make room for her in a little recess which, when there was no dancing about, sheltered a marble statuette. So they stood close together, so close that the faint fragrance of some perfume in her hair or on her fan rose and surrounded him, making his heart beat as assuredly nothing else in all the wide world could make it beat.

"By experience," he resumed, just glancing down at her and then speaking with his eyes fixed on the opposite wall, so that any one at a distance would scarcely have noticed that he had been speaking at all. "Last night, at Lady Colewell's, although I lost my dinner to be among the first-comers, and waited for you, I learned that your card was full; you filled it, I presume, coming up the stairs? The night before, at the duke's, you were too tired to dance with me—with me—the only waits left open on your list. I do not choose to woo a refusal and a disappointment to-night, so I stand, like Diogenes, and watch the world dancing, while I amuse myself by eating my heart out with envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness."

"You must be enjoying yourself," she said, in as low a voice as his, and with that subtle intonation which makes so strange and mystic a mumble for him and for many others.

"I am," he replied, with smiling irony and self-torture—"intensely. You dance so exquisitely—as you do everything else—that it is a keen enjoyment to see you waiting with other men, and to know there is no chance for me."

She didn't sigh, but the black lace on her bosom rose and fell, and it seemed almost as good as a sigh.

Then she took up the dainty lithographed ball-card and looked down at it musingly.

"What are you doing?" he asked, without glancing at her.

"Seeing if I can find you—that which you care so bitterly. You do not deserve it, because—you have not asked it."

"The wretch who is found dead on the pavement in mid-winter doesn't deserve to live, because he has not asked Rothschild to take him home to dinner. Well?"

"I have not one left," she said, still in the low voice. "The card is quite full."

"I knew that beforehand. And if it had not been—if there had been one vacant dance, you would not have given it to me; or say that you had, Mrs. Drayton would have seen the card, and warned you of the danger of wasting your time upon that Mr. Revel, who is really nobody, you know, my dear."

His imitation of her mother, really a fine performance, does not bring the flush of indignation to her cheek; on the contrary, she smiles pensively as if in appreciation and enjoyment.

"Better let me take you to your next partner," he went on. "Then I will go home, and—bless the fate that has ordained that I shall be a spectator of other people's happiness and possess none of my own."

"No," she said; "decidedly, you do not deserve that I should give you a dance. You are angry, bitter, and unjust. Could I keep my card empty for you all night? Could I meet every man who asked me to dance with the reply, 'Please, I am waiting to see if Mr. Clifford Revel should ask me; if he should not, then you may have it?'"

He looks down at her, admiration for her beauty, passion for herself, scarcely kept back from shining fiercely in his dark eyes; then he says:

"Well! Are you going to, or are you not?"

"My money or my life!" she retorts, in fine mockery of his tone. "Well, though you do not deserve it, I will throw young Stonedale over—poor boy; how angry he will be!—and give you this."

His eyes, usually so cold and self-constrained, light up, and for the first time a dash of color comes into his olive cheeks, as he offers her his arm.

"You are right!" he says, in her ear. "I do not deserve it, and yet, if I am bitter and envious, there is some excuse for it. Put yourself in my place—"

"If your place is where you have been standing all the evening, I had rather not, thanks!"

"Think what it must be to stand outside—just outside—all the good things of the world, and look on at others enjoying them—all the good things! They might have them all, if I could but have one! You know—"

"I know that all the rest of the people are dancing, and that we are standing still," she says, quietly. "I shall think that you were not half so anxious as you pretended to be."

He takes her hand in his, long and slender and supple, in its sheath of soft kid, and they dance. There are no better dancers in the room among her own sex than herself, no man can hold a candle to Clifford Revel, and they dance in that time and unison and sympathy which alone make proper dancing. The flush on his cheek grows deeper, and the cold, dark eyes glow as he bends them down on her; but her face is ivory white, as usual, her eyes perfectly calm. She knows that she is watched by dozens of eyes, and that any sign she might give would be detected; and, woman-like, she dances, the one best dancer of the evening, as if she enjoyed it no better than when she was plunging and struggling in the bear-like embrace of her last partner. It is over at last; with the black lace rising and falling on her white bosom, she leans her hand lightly on his arm, and he leads her out of the crowd.

"I count upon you to stand between me and Lord Stonedale's wrath," she says, looking up at him, with a smile in her eyes. "I see him at the end of the room there, expostulating and gesticulating to mamma; he will be here directly, and cover me with shame and confusion."

"I will fling him out of the window, if you like," he says, calmly, absent-mindedly.

She smiles.

"Poor boy! Deprive him of his life as well as his dance! And now will you go and make yourself pleasant to some one else? I don't mean to infer that you have made yourself pleasant to me; indeed, I do not think you have said an agreeable word the whole time, but will you go and dance with some of those girls over there? There is a pretty little thing in turquoise blue; I don't know who she is."

"You are right!" he says, in her ear. "I shall not dance again to-night."

"I see, in his clear, low, musical voice, as calmly as if he had declined a glass of wine. "I have had my one

dance, and shall go home now. I am very grateful to you. I know how much it has cost you, and will cost you. I caught a glimpse of Mrs. Drayton's reproachful and anxious eyes a few minutes ago, and, as I say, I am grateful. I will say good-night now, before I take you to your next partner. Who is it?" and he takes the card that hangs by a silken thread to her wrist.

"You do not seem very grateful," she says, "and you seem somewhat in a hurry to be rid of me. Why should you go now?"

"Because I can not—after these last few minutes—endure to see you dancing with these others," and his cold eyes sweep the room with bitter disdain.

"No, you are decidedly not pleasant," she murmurs.

His lips curve with a smile of self-seorn.

"That is just it," he says, still looking at her card, and speaking so that his lips scarcely move. "I can never be 'pleasant,' as you call it, with you. I feel that the airy fools' talk that comes so easy when I am in the company of other women, falters and falls dead when I speak to you, as if of shame for its littleness. There is only one thing I can ever say to you, only one speech that my lips can frame with ease and truth, and that you would not let me say, would you?"

She looks at him, with not a trace of emotion in her dark eyes, with a faint smile even on her lips.

"It would be sure to be something absurdly improbable, or—impossible," she murmurs.

He inclines his head, and his lips close tightly—making them look, as his enemies say, rather too thin.

"Exactly; it would be absurdly impossible. This next dance is Sir Evelyn Selby's—and here he comes. Good-night. May you sleep well after your triumphs, and dream happily."

She doesn't say good-night, does not return the faint pressure of his hand as he touches hers, under pretence of giving back her programme, scarcely looks at him, indeed, as the wealthy, sporting baronet takes her away; and yet he feels the dainty perfume that surrounds her floating through his brain, reflects the dark, inscrutable eyes reflected on his innermost heart—that heart so cold and hard and impregnable by others—and goes away, if not less satisfied, a shade less unhappy, for it is something to have touched her, to have held her waist in his arms, to have felt her breath on his hair.

The "small and early" proceeds merrily; it is a success, as all Mrs. Drayton's entertainments are; and the guests, as they file away to their carriages, as usual ascribe the success to the daughter.

"Wonderful girl, by Jove!" says Lord Combermere. "Looked simply killing to-night! Never saw such eyes; seem to go through a man, don't you know?"

"Yes," assents the duchess, whom he is escorting to her carriage. "Remarkably beautiful girl, no doubt, and we have spent a very pleasant evening—we always do, indeed—but, and her grace smiles curiously—"but we would like to know who and what they are!"

"Oh, what's it matter?" responds his lordship. "Nobody cares, don't you know. Awfully jolly people! It doesn't matter."

"Certainly not, if your lordship isn't going to marry either the widow or the daughter," rejoins her grace, and, with this parting shot she puts up the window and is driven off.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE DRESS FOR THE GIRL.



2747—Here is a model that will please the growing girl. It has good style features, is comfortable and will develop well in wash fabrics, cloth, silk, or velvet. The right front overlaps the left at the closing. The skirt forms plaited panels in back and front.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/4 yards of 44 inch material.

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

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2754—Soft crepe, crepe de chine, satin, serge and gabardine, are good for this style. The dress may be made with plain skirt and sleeves.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 4 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 1 1/2 yards.

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EARLY CABLES

TO ASSIST THE FLIGHT.

WASHINGTON, April 2.

British destroyers will co-operate in the United States Navy in patrolling the course to be followed in the projected air flight across the Atlantic Ocean next month. It was learned to-day at the Navy Department that from forty to fifty British ships would be on duty from the Azores to the British Isles where the present plans the flight will be made. American destroyers will patrol the course from St. John's, Nfld., to the Azores. From fifty to sixty of the craft will be used and they will operate at intervals of less than ten miles. With reasonably good weather, however, the planes could be on the water while minor repairs are being made to the motors.

ANOTHER DYNASTY GONE.

LONDON, April 2.

The newspaper Vitchard Listy of Gram, Jugo-Slavia, according to a wireless despatch from Rome, announces that the dynasty of Karaorovich has been deposed and a republic proclaimed in Belgrade, the capital of Serbia and Jugo-Slavia.

GERMANY WILL PROTEST.

PARIS, April 2.

Germany will persist in her opposition to the use of Danzig by Polish troops on the way from France to Poland, according to advices reaching Paris newspapers.

ONLY A FABRICATION.

LONDON, April 2.

Alluding to the reports that Lenin's Bolshevik Government had made proposals of peace through American channels, Mr. Bonar Law, the Government spokesman, said in the House of Commons to-day, that he believed there was no shadow of foundation for such reports. Neither he nor the Premier with whom he had communicated had heard a word about the matter.

ACCEPT TERMS.

NEW-YORK, April 2.

Another break occurred to-day in the strike of marine workers at this port when the Lighter Captains' Union by a vote of 249 to 154, decided to accept the terms offered by private boat owners. These terms include an average pay increase of \$5 a week but provide for a 10-hour working day instead of the eight-hour day sought by the strikers.

RESIGNS AFTER DEFEAT.

HELSINGFORS, April 2.

The Finnish Government has resigned, following defeat in elections.

WANT INDEPENDENCE.

WASHINGTON, April 2.

Members of the special mission sent to the United States by the

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