



The Old Marquis;

OR

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER VI
LOVE'S SPELL.

"No," he said. "I've left. Some of them, the dons, will be rather glad, I am afraid. No, I've left, and am going—well, to London again, I suppose. I don't know quite. My father—"

He paused, his father's coldness and indifference were always a sore subject with him—"my father hasn't expressed any wish, but," with rather a quiet laugh, "he never does. So, as nobody cares what becomes of me, I may as well go to London as anywhere else, or Timbuctoo."

It sounded strange to her to hear him, the future mighty marquis, the future lord of all she saw around her, speak as if he were utterly alone in the world. Why, she, even she, had her grandfather, who loved and protected and watched over her!

The dogs scampered on in front of them, now and again starting a hare or a rabbit, and giving chase with yelping, barking tongues; coveys of partridges started from their nests rustling in the air; the wild pigeons flew with soft coos across the sky, all nature seemed alive and alert and joyous to the young girl as she walked beside the youth who had striven so hard to gain her for a companion, and there was no worldly-wise person near to whisper in her ear, "Beware, you are a simple maiden, lowly-born and dependent on the great house of which he is the son and heir!"

For some little time she was very silent listening to Lord Edgar as he talked of his school and college days; it was all so new to her, who had never had a brother—who had been ignorant of all men save the old professor—whose whole girl-life had been spent in the dim cloister or in the meadows and woods around them—so new, and so charming, and fascinating! And Lord Edgar talked freely; he was so glad to have her with him that he strove hard to amuse her. He had no book-learning—knew little of the fashionable world, but he knew Nature as an intimate friend, and there was not an animal or a bird that passed them but he could tell its name and its habits.

And Lela listened to a sort of dreamy delight; the very bark of the dogs was pleasant music in her ears. They were both very happy; they could neither of them have told why if they had been asked; but as his eyes rested now and again upon the lovely face that every now and then was upturned to him with rapt atten-

tion, he felt his heart throb and beat with a subtle delight such as man feels under the spell of the great god—Love.

But there was no thought of love in her mind. She scarcely thought of the difference of sex between them. It was simple happiness to have someone to walk beside and listen to, instead of being shut up in the silence of the dim library.

They crossed the park and entered the solemn arches of the pine woods; and at last there came upon the silence the sound of falling water.

She looked up at him.

"Do you know where we are now?" she asked, with innocent eagerness.

He thought a moment.

"No, unless it is the mill!"

"It is the mill! Stop! Shut your eyes a moment, and give me your hand!" she said, stretching out her hand impulsively.

He covered his eyes with one hand and gave her the other.

"Now do not open them until I tell you!" she said. "Remember when you saw last you were in the woods!"

"I remember!" he said, with his fingers closing around hers with a caressing pressure.

"You need not hold me so tightly!" she said, laughing. "I will not lead you into a ditch!"

"I—I beg your pardon!" he pleaded, relaxing his hold a little.

She led him a few steps along a winding path that opened upon a clearing in which stood the mill, with the silver water foaming in its bed; then, with a soft laugh, said: "Now!"

He withdrew the hand that covered his eyes, but still held her hand in his grasp, and, looking, uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it is magic!" he said. "It is just like a scene at a theater."

"Yes," doubtfully.

"Exactly. Yes, I think I remember the place now, but I had forgotten it."

"Isn't it beautiful?" she said, delighted with his delight. "I often come here; I bring grandpapa sometimes, and we sit on the bank there, and he reads while I watch the foam from the wheel."

"Let us sit there now. But—" He breaks off.

"Well?" she asked.

"I'm awfully hungry," he said, half ashamed. "I wonder whether we could get anything at the mill—shall we go and see?"

They walked across the mill bridge and went to the door. The miller stood there, with flour all over him, even on his eyelashes, and stared at the stalwart, handsome young man; then he looked beyond him, and recognizing Lela, touched his white cap with a floury finger.

"Good-morning," said Lord Edgar.

"Can you—" He stopped and laughed, then he looked up at the mill. "Your mill is very pretty, but if I had my will I'd change it to an inn."

The man stared, and looked from one to the other.

"The fact is," said Lord Edgar, "I—shall I say 'we?' he whispered—with a happy smile, to Lela, who stood beside him; she nodded and laughed—"we are very hungry. Can you give us something to eat?"

"Ah, I see, sir," said the miller, laughing. "Yes, yes; I didn't know rightly what you meant. Step inside, sir—better not, though, you'll be all white! I'll call the missus, miss."

And he shouted upward.

A comely-looking woman came down from some steps at the back, wiping her hands on her apron and courtesying to Lela; then she looked hard at Lord Edgar, and bobbed a deeper courtesy.

"Miss Temple and this gentleman be hungry, Mary," said the miller, as if it were an excellent joke.

The good woman flushed, and looked at him rebukingly.

"Why, it's my Lord Edgar!" she said, in an awed whisper.

The man doffed his hat and colored, but Lord Edgar laughed in his easy fashion.

"You must have a good memory," he said, "or else I haven't grown much. It's years since I was here."

"I knew you in a moment, my lord," she said, deferentially. "John, fetch some chairs—"

But Lord Edgar stopped him with a gesture.

"No, no; if you will give us something to eat," he said, "we'll take it on to the bank. Don't let us trouble you."

The woman hurried off with suppressed excitement, and returned with a loaf of bread and some fresh butter.

"Go and draw some cider, John," she said, in an excited whisper.

The miller, still confused, went off, and returned with a jug of cider and some glasses; and the pair carried them to the bank, upon which the woman spread a cloth.

"I'm afraid it's but poor fare, my lord and miss," she said, apologetically.

"It is splendid," said Lord Edgar.

And as Lela sat down, the miller and his wife withdrew, whispering to each other in excited surprise.

"When I said 'splendid,' I was speaking for myself," said Lord Edgar. "I don't believe you are a bit hungry."

"But I am!" she said, pulling off her gloves. "Shall I cut the bread and butter, my lord?"

He looked up quickly with a disappointed expression on his face.

"I'm sorry that Mrs. Miller remembered me," he said, quietly.

"Why?" she asked, open-eyed.

"Because," he said, coloring and smoothing the table-cloth, "she reminded you of what I have wished you had forgotten. How I do hate that 'my lord,' especially when you say it! Don't call me so again, please!"

She smiled and piled the bread and butter up neatly as she would have done at home, and Lord Edgar watched the soft pink fingers with rapt attention. Then she handed him the plate with sweet gravity, and he took the water-like slices and eat them with the hungry appreciation of fresh butter and home-made bread of a true Londoner.

"I'm the butler," he said. "Will you try the cider?" and he filled a glass for her.

Lela eyed it rather doubtfully.

"I don't know," she said. "Is it sweet or sour?"

"I shouldn't like to say that it was sweet," he said, tasting it.

"And I should say that it was decidedly sour!" she exclaimed, screwing up her lips and eyes bewitchingly.

"I'll get you some water!" he said, and jumped up an drain down the back to the stream.

The dogs sat upon their haunches around them, and begged for their share and got it, the birds sang in the trees, the stream babbled musically, the mill wheel gabbled; all nature seemed in harmony with those two, and there was no one to whisper: "Is this right or wise, and will it lead to wrong?"

They finished their runch, and Lela neatly and demurely shook and folded her table-cloth and packed up the plates.

"I'd better take this back, I suppose," he said, looking at them lazily. Then, as he turned over the

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Keep the stomach well, the liver active, the bowels regular, and the breath will be sweet and healthy. But let poisons accumulate in the digestive organs, the system becomes clogged, gases form in the stomach and affect the breath.

Correct
these conditions with Beecham's Pills. They promptly regulate the bodily functions and are a quick remedy for sour stomach and **Bad Breath**

Largest Sale of any Medicine in the World. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25c.

clear case in his pocket wistfully, he said, rather shamefacedly: "Does Mr. Temple smoke?"

"Grandpapa?" she replied, laughing. "Oh, no, never. Why did you ask?" she added, innocently.

"I wanted to know," he said, with an appearance of light carelessness. "I thought that perhaps he might."

She looked at him thoughtfully, then her face lighted up.

"I see! You want to smoke," she said, laughing. "How clever you are; that is something like we used to ask for things at school. Why, of course, you may smoke. It is the open air."

He lighted his cigar with a deep thankfulness, and dropped down with his head upon his hand, almost at her feet. She looked down at him dreamily, watching the thin wreaths of fragrant smoke rising from his cigar, and wondering why he should have been so kind and good-natured to spend the morning with her when he could have been riding or fishing. Wondering, too, whether in the world, of which she was so ignorant, there were many men so handsome, with such dark, bright eyes and beautiful hair.

Then she remembered that he was the son of a marquis, and supposed that that accounted for the strange, subtle charm that surrounded him. In short, she sat and speculated and pondered about the young fellow lying at her feet in a manner that was, if she had only known it, extremely dangerous to this innocent, unsuspecting heart.

They remained thus for some moments, then he said, slowly: "I wish you'd tell me something about your school-days. I told you all I could remember about mine, you know."

She laughed softly.

"There is nothing to tell," she said. "It was just a girl's school, and nothing remarkable about it. I was very happy there."

"And were sorry to come home? I mean to the Abbey?"

(To be continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A DAINTY MODEL FOR "PARTY" OR "BEST" WEAR.



2752—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of Two Lengths.

Lawn, batiste, crepe, challie, tafeta, messaline, gabardine, nun's veiling linen and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Braid bands of embroidery and lace are suitable for trimming. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underwaist, and 3 yards of material for the dress, for an 8-year size.

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

A COMFORTABLE SCHOOL FROCK



2749—Serge or gabardine with striped or plaid suiting for trimming would be good for this style. It is also nice for wash fabrics, such as linen, galatea, gingham, seersucker and percale. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short, to the elbow. A neat cut finishes either style.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

Fads and Fashions.

Tiny curled feathers are used as trimming on fabric hats.

Smart little waists have collars and cuffs of dotted voile.

A novelty in wool is chanelia, popular for sports wear.

Foulard and lace combined are revived for afternoon dresses.

The newest gumpes are made of extremely fine and dainty laces.

For Colds, Grip and Influenza

Take **"Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets"**

Be sure you get the Genuine Look for this signature

E. W. Snow
on the box. 30c.

European Agency.

Wholesale orders promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Oilmen's Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 3 1/4 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

(Established 1814.)
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.
Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon."

William Wilson & Sons

Cushion Sole Shoes.



A Cushion Sole Shoe is the Shoe for Foot Comfort. There's no getting away from the fact. The secret of this wonderful Shoe is an all-wool felt pad for the Foot to rest upon, which absorbs all dampness and keeps the foot in perfect condition, at all times.

No more burning or tired Feet—and a positive cure for bunions or corns.

For Men and Women, who have to be on their Feet a great deal of the time, the Cushion sole is, certainly, the best and the

ONLY IDEAL SHOE.
Good Leathers—Good Shoe Making—
Good Styles.

Men's \$5.50 to \$9.00
Women's \$4.70 to \$8.50

PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED,
THE SHOE MEN.

The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd.

Bubbles!!

An "Ad." for **Children.**

Kiddies! Here's the cutest, oddest new kind of Toy Books for you, they're called "Bubble Books." There are four of them, and they've each got a ducky story, jolly pictures, and oh! wait—There's all the Nursery Rhymes you know sung on dear little Grafonola Records, which fit in between the pages. Imagine it!!

Wouldn't you like to hear about the wonderful Bubbles the magic pipe blew? Wouldn't you just love to hear "The Farmer in the Dell," "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son," "Little Bo-Peep," "Old King Cole" and lots more of the Rhymes you know sung on a Grafonola? Well! Tell mother about these books. They're called "The Books that Sing." They cost \$1.25 each, or \$5.00 the set of four, and you can get them at the

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

JUST ARRIVED!

Windsor Salt,
all sizes. Also
Regal,
in Cartons.

T. A. Macnab & Co.,
Tel. 444. City Club Building.

Forty Years in The Public Service—the Evening Telegram

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



"I'll get you some water!" he said, and jumped up an drain down the back to the stream.

The dogs sat upon their haunches around them, and begged for their share and got it, the birds sang in the trees, the stream babbled musically, the mill wheel gabbled; all nature seemed in harmony with those two, and there was no one to whisper: "Is this right or wise, and will it lead to wrong?"

They finished their runch, and Lela neatly and demurely shook and folded her table-cloth and packed up the plates.

"I'd better take this back, I suppose," he said, looking at them lazily. Then, as he turned over the



Borden's Condensed Milk

Purity Brand is pure milk preserved with...
Use it—for coffee—for all milk and...
Send for our...
BORDEN MILK MONTREAL
T. A. McNab & Co., St. John's.

Some Boxing Posers.

By "Straight Left."

Supposing two boxers simultaneously deliver "knock-out" blows, falling the boards together and neither being able to rise within the allotted seconds—what is the result? It is a drawn battle. Such an occurrence, though very rare, is not unknown.

Can a boxer be declared the winner in a contest, although unable to stand when the decision is given? Certainly, in more ways than one. He may have been "knocked out" by a foul blow, involving the instant disqualification of the offender. Or, again, he may have sent his opponent "down" the "count," but before the latter actually counted out he himself falls from exhaustion. Nevertheless, he is the winner, provided, of course, he collapsed after his opponent and his latter cannot rise before the "count."

The term "down" is not always understood by the general public. To "down" a boxer need not necessarily be knocked full length on the boards.

When Bill Lang, the Australian Champion, met Sam Langford, considered by many good judges the greatest coloured boxer (Johnson not excepted) since Peter Jackson, Langford, early in the contest dropped on his knees, as the result of a feisty heavy punch.

Lang, carried away by excitement—least that was his subsequent explanation—sprang forward and struck Langford, and was most properly disqualified. A boxer is "down" and, therefore, must not be touched by his opponent, when any part of his body except his feet, even one finger, is touching the "carpet."

When a boxer is knocked clean out the ropes his opponent must stand right back and allow him to remain un molested to the centre of the ring.

Supposing, however, a boxer is thrown against the ropes so that he hangs half inside, half outside the ropes—can his opponent hit him on the face that is outside the ropes? Cer-

In Reach of your habit and drinking necessary after occupation find an excellent builder in wheat and

Grape
No raise during or s...