

For Love the marquis only dwelt of a Woman: New Romeo marguis inquired for me?" and Juliet.

CHAPTER IV. AT THE TOWERS.

Fortunately for the horse, she had ed for anyone." struck her knees upon the bank, and "I'm glai to hear it," said Lord was uninjured-for Lord Cecil, with Cecil. "It's bad enough to spcil one's unusual indifference, quite forgotten own dinner without ruining other her, and it was not until he had ridden into the court-yard of the Towers, fumbling at?" and met the surprised stare of the "I was trying to hide the cut groom who came forward, and he reyour forehead, my lord.' membered the animal.

"I've had a tumble," he said. "It was my fault not Polly's. Give her down. an extra feed and wipe down," he added, as he patted her. "She isn't hurt, I'm glad to say."

"But you are, my lord, I'm afraid,' said the groom. "Not a bit," said Lord Cecil, with

smile, and he hurried across the Durt-yard and up the stone steps to Mie terrace.

"If I had known that you were here and curtains, the last of crimson The long walk, laid in Carrara mar--" He stopped and laughed. "Well, plush with heavy bullion fringe. The Ale, and running the whole length of table was loaded with a splendid ser- I was going to say that I'd have been

and that the hands were snowy in marguis how intesely I admire the Fashion

colour and of quite feminine shape place," she said. The marquis inclined his head to and texture. her in courtly acknowledgment, but This imposing figure stood upright

until Lord Cecil had taken his seat. without a word "It is the prettiest-no, the grandthe hard, steel-like eyes regarding him with an impassive, ice-like courest-old place I have ever seen. I am surprised to hear that the marquis tesy, then sank into his seat again. seldom visits it. The view from the It was not until he had done so that terrace is simply magnificent. The Lord Cecil was startled by seeing that country round about must be very a third person was present-for he beautiful." had been unable to remove his eyes "I think it is," said Lord Cecil. The from the marquis's while they were marquis made no sign. 'I haven' on his face. Now he saw that between seen much of it." him and the marquis sat a lady; and "I shall expect you to act as guide Lord Cecil, as his senses woke to the to what you have seen," she said. fact of her presence, was guilty of an

astonished stare. It is not given to everyone in one lay to meet the two most Leautiful

to reach his room. The Towers was omen he had ever seen: but this was huge place, but which, huge as it was. Lord Cecil's fate. The day was young the spring, and I am always glad to a fair and perfectly-tinted face, with dark brown eyes, and lair that time, before the London season com vears-he had so many other shone like raw silk under the mellow huger places-and Lord Cecil found mences. Let me see: you are in the light that fell from the candelabra his valet waiting for him. "Look Two Hundred and Ffteenth, aren't above sharp, Parkins," he said, slipping off vou. Captain Neville?"

Her presence was so unexpected his coat. "It'm awfully late. Has the that Lord Cecil might be pardoned for expressing in his gave something of "No, my lord," said Parkins, as he the surprise he felt.

sat about his ministration with quiet The sound of the marquis's voice, celerity. "Mr. Scobie, the butler, did low and yet clear, like the sound of a mention that his lordship never waittreble-bell, recalled him to himself

and his manners. "This is Lord Cecil Neville, Lady Grace," he said, and he just moved his snowy hand. "Cecil, I think I told people's. All right? What are you you that I expected Lady Grace?" Lord Cecil bowed, and she inclined

her head with a smile. "As we are strangers, and Lord and smiled. "Oh, never mind that," said Lord Neville has probably never heard of

Cecil, impatiently, and he hurried me, marquis, perhaps you had better add that I am Lord Peyton's daugh-The groom came forward with ter."

The marquis bowed. stately step, and led the way to the "Of course I have heard of you, dining-room, and opened the door slowly, as if it were the entrance to Lady Grace," said Lord Cecil.

tained

said.

cut on his forehead.

The dark brown eyes opposite him the court. It was a magnificant room, so large grew rather keen as they rested on that it had been found necessary to his, but for a moment only, then she curtail its dimensions with screens smiled again.

sion, upon the handsome face which had flushed again under his cruel taunt.



"Do you extend your sympathy to 2889. This portrays a style as athe army or to Lord Cecil?" asked the ractive for foulard, embroideredcrepe marquis, in a voice too smooth for or voile, as for serge, gabardine or satin. The underwaist and sleeves the sneer which his question convey. may be of crepe de chine, or georsette, chiffon or net. Linen and or-Lord Cecil's eyes flashed, and his gandie, serge and satin are good comcolour rose; but he contained himself oinations for this design.

The pattern is cut in 3 sizes:16,18 and 20 years. Size 18 will repuire 514 "Oh, for both, of course.' Surely yards of 36 inch material, if the skirt the commander-in-chief cannot afford s made with tucks, and 434 yards it to lose a good officer, and Lord Cecil dge is about 1% yard.

must be sorry to leave the army." A pattern of this illustration mailed "No," murmured the marquis. to any address on receipt of 10 cents lo not suppose the commander-inin silver or stamps.

chief can afford to lose a good officer COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS. Lord Cecil must have been a great

with a smile that seemed to flash like

a beam of light from her white face.

"E think the country is at its best in

a little while, a short breathing

"I was," said Lord Cecil, with

omentary embarrassment, and

glance at the marble-like face at the

"What a pity!" she said, and her

head of the table. "I have retired."

eyes seemed to take in at a glance his

broad chest and stalwart limbs.

"I shall be most happy," he

oss," and his icy glance rested for a noment, without a spark of expres-



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the house, was perfectly empty, and vice of plate, and at the head of it sat everything was suspiciously quiet. the Most Honourable the Marquis of "They've begun dinner," said Lord

Stoyle, Earl of Braithwaite and Den-Cecil, with a shrug of his shoulders. bigh, of Scotland, Baron Barran-"That's unpleasant! I don't know my ough of Ireland, Knight of the Garter him, then fixed themselves upon the uncle very intimately, but I have a of England, etc. shrewd suspicion that he is the sort He rose with his majestic courtesy of man to cut up rough. Well, no, I as Lord Cecil entered, and the light don't suppose he would be rough if from the delicantly-shaded lamp, fall-I burnt the place down, but he'd be

"No," he said. "It is nothing." ing full upon his face and figure, made unpleasantly smooth." "How did it happen?" asked Lady He hurried along, past a long line a picture of them calculated to strike Grace.

of windows, screened by their curtains the least observant of mortals. The marquis had not condescended and then past one through which the He was an old man-seventy-two, to make any inquiry; indeed, for any light came in innumerable streaks of the "Peerage" says, and that cannot colour-it was the stained oriel win- lie, as somebody remarks-but he was sign or interest he might have been dow-and at last reached the great as straight as an arrow, and save for

"Get nitched over the hedge" he two lines running from the corners of hall said. A groom of the chambers, attired in his finely-shaped nose, and a few "By a man?" she asked, raising a dark purple livery that looked al- wrinkles at the ends of his grey. her brows.

most like a court suit, came forward piercing eyes, the face was as smooth He laughed with something like a solemn gravity. as Lord Cecil's own; smooth and al-

"No, by a horse. By the way, sir." he "I'm late, eh?" said Lord Cecil, and most as pale as ivory; smooth and said, turning to the marquis, "I am his clear, young voice, musical as it cold as ice; and yet, with all its iceglad to say that the horse it not injurwas, sounded large and loud in the like impassability, a vague, indefinite solemn, subdued air of the place. something, not marked enough for an

"No? said the marquis, with slow "Dinner has been served twenty- expression, which always riveted a indifference. "Perhaps that is as two minutes, my lord," was the grave stranger's gaze, and made him uncomwell. Horses are valuable." and the fortable. It was not exactly contempt reply. "Oh, hang the two minutes!" said or hauteur of dislike, but a comming-

add, "and men-especially Lord Cecil Lord Cecil. "I sha'nt be long. And ling of all three, which imparted to Neville-are not." he bounded up the stairs, apparently the face a quality hard to define but

Lord Cecil glanced at him quickly; to the amazement of the official and easy to feel. It should be added, to but the pale face was set and impasa couple of stately footmen, who complete the picture, that his white looked after him with surprise. It hair, worn rather long, was brushed sive, as if innocent of any intent to insult took him some two or three minutes straight back from his white forehead, After this cheerful remark the con-

And the Worst is Yet to Come - ed. Lord Cecil was hungry, and deversation rather naturally languishvoted his attention to his plate; the



at home earlier: but the fact is I me Grace," he managed to say, with a with a slight accident and was de smile; "at any rate, the duke bears up wonderfully well." The dark eyes seemed to flash over

Once more the marquis had succeeded in freezing the conversation, and Lady Grace, after toying with a "You were not hurt, I hope?" she strawberry, rose to leave the table. "I see you have a cut on your And as Lord Cecil opened the door for her, she put up her fan, and in :

remarkably low voice murmured: "You will not stay long?"

"I certainly sha'n't." he replied, emphatically, and in an equally low voice: but, low as it was, the marquis appeared to have heard it.

"I shall not detain you long," he said. "You drink, of course?" and he touched the decanter.

The tone, and not the words, again seemed to convey an insult, and Lord Cecil shook his head, feeling as if he would rather have perished of thirst

offered.

most coldly.

than drunk a glass of the wine this pecially desirable for mature figures. The sleeve may be in wrist length. "No?" said the marquis, and he

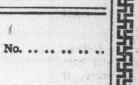
The sleeve may be in wrist length, close fitting and finished with or with-out a cuff, or it may be in elbow length made without tucks. Width at lower with a neat cuff finish. Width of dress at lower edge is about 2¼ yds. Permanaged to make even this single word offensive. "I though it' was the tone more than the words seemed to present custom with young men." at lower edge is about 21/4 yds. Per-"No, sir," said Lord Cecil: " cale, drill, khaki, chambray, gingham, have changed the fashion." poplin, flannelette and lawn may be

The marquis inclined his head used for this design. the retort was a compliment. The pattern is cut in 7 sizese: 36, "Ah! the present age has no vices." 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust presume. Is it because they have no measure. Size 38 will require 6 vards

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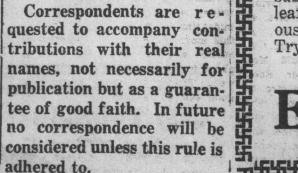


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Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us.

used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

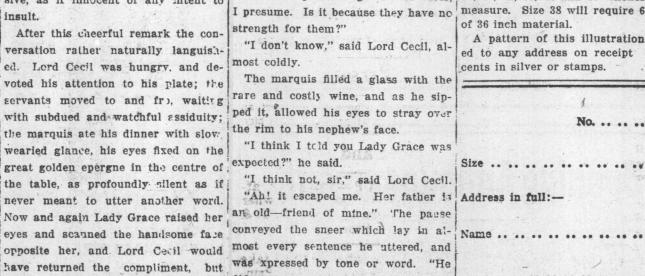
So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandra leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.



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the old one. "I have just been trying to tell the

servants moved to and fry, waiting

with subdued and watchful assiduity;

the marquis ate his dinner with slow.

wearied glance, his eyes fixed on the

great golden epergne in the centre of

the table, as profoundly silent as if

never meant to utter another word.

Now and again Lady Grace raised her

eyes and scanned the handsome face

w:! e he ate his dinner he was think-

hair and blue eyes, which had bent

over him by the brook, recalling the

sweet voice, which still rang in his

He started when the low, soft voice

"Have you been at the Towers long.

It was rather an awkward question.

for this was his first visit to any

house of the marquis, his uncle, fo:

"Two days," he replied, simply.

Lady Grace's eyes grew keen, and

she glanced from the young man to

cars like distant music.

of Lady Grace said:

Lord Cecil?"

ten years.

ing of that other face with the dark a debt of gratitude."



did me a great service, and I owe him

DDDS

THEF

(To be Continued.)