CASH'S Tobacco Store

wishes to draw smokers' attention to the large and well assorted stock of

Pipes, Tobacco and Smokers' Articles,

also to say that in connection with our Pipe Department we have added a

Pipe Hospital,

where ordinary repairs can be done and stems fitted at the shortest notice.

JAS. P. CASH,

TOBACCONIST,
Water Street, - - - St. John's.

The Old Marquis;

—OR,—

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER IX.

FRIENDLY ENEMIES.

"You will?" said Clifford Revel, puffing at his cigarette. "I am glad you mentioned it, so that I have time to get out of my losses. My dear Edgar, you evidently don't understand the turf! Your virtuous indignation is refreshing—it is, indeed—and I enjoy it. But, splendid as it is, it is not—book-making! No, Edgar! But you shall do as you please. You can afford to lose a few thousand, while I can not afford not to win a few hundreds!"

"But—but—" stammered Lord Edgar, coloring, ashamed and surprised. "Do you think it is right, Clifford? I put it to you—"

Clifford Revel smiled.

"Right and wrong don't exist on the turf, my dear Edgar. Money is the only thing that is recognized. Get that, and you are right; lose it, and you are—wrong!"

"Then—then this is the last horse I ever enter!" exclaims Lord Edgar, emphatically. "I have done with it!"

"I am delighted to hear it," retorted the other, in a clear, smooth voice. "It will be good news for my lord the marquis! Don't let us worry any more about it. I take it that you are content to lose all you have staked, and I am at liberty to recover myself. And, now that we have both made our minds up, let me give you the letter I received from the trainer, and wipe the little affair from our minds! Here it is," and he took a letter and dropped it on the table, with a flourish of his hands, as if he had finished with the subject.

Lord Edgar let the letter lie; he was surprised, and more than surprised, at his cousin's code of turf morals, and yet he didn't like to say anything more positive than he had said. Clifford was by far the cleverer man of the two, as he knew. Clifford must be right; he wouldn't do anything wrong! And yet—to back a horse until it fell lame, and then lay against it! His honorable nature revolted against the idea.

"Lame, or not lame, I'll sell the beastly horse," he said, grimly, and his voice could be very grim when he chose, "and never keep another for racing purposes. If that's the sort of morality that is in vogue, Clifford, I—and you—are well out of it!"

Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"We've done with the subject," he said, eyeing his cigarette with the deepest interest. "And now, how is mine uncle?"

"Very bad!" said Lord Edgar. "Clifford, what is there between you and him? There must be something! He—I don't want to wound your feelings—but he—don't like you!"

"That's no news, my dear Edgar. And, as to feelings, poor devils like myself have none; they pawn them at an early stage of their careers, with their other valuables. Shall I tell you why your father hates me? Well, because my father, his younger brother, ran away with a young girl—and married her—that your father had set his own lordly eyes on! That is all! There has always been hatred between the Revels and the Fanes—the younger branches are called Revels, you know—and in great families like our own the younger always hate the elder, and vice versa!"

"Then you and I ought to hate each other!" said Lord Edgar, with a pleasant laugh.

Clifford Revel looked at him, with half-closed eyes, and smiled.

"Just so! But we don't. It is bad taste on our part, no doubt. Some day, perhaps, we shall; meanwhile"—he looks at his watch—"I must be off."

Lord Edgar jumped up and sighed. The evening stretched before him in a dull vista.

"Must you go? I need not have come up, after all!" he said, with a sigh.

Clifford Revel looked around at him with a sudden interest and curiosity.

"You seem to have torn yourself away from the Abbey with a pang!" he said. "What was the attraction? When you were starting, you uttered loud lamentations at the fate which compelled you to go down to that dismal hole. Was the hole less dismal than you anticipated?"

Lord Edgar colored, and fidgeted at the sideboard. Should he tell Clifford Revel of his discovery of Lela Temple? He had had no secret from him hitherto, and the story of his love trembled on his lips. Clifford Revel stood watching him keenly. Something had happened down at Fanehurst; what was it? But he was far too clever to force Lord Edgar's confidence, and, with a slight shrug of his shoulders, took up his dress coat and crush hat.

"Well, good-by," he said. "I will look you up to-morrow."

"Oh, thanks, but I shall go back to the Abbey early to-morrow morning," said Lord Edgar.

"Oh!" returned Clifford Revel, with a smile that barely hid the curiosity that devoured him. "There must be some great attraction, indeed!" he said, slipping on his coat with the slow deliberation peculiar to him.

"I—I like the country, and—and and there are some decent cattle down there that want exercising. Yes, I shall go down to-morrow. You will see to Flyaway for me, will you? Of course, I sha'n't let her run."

Clifford Revel nodded.

"I'll carry out your wishes. I suppose you will lose a pot of money; but that doesn't matter, I presume."

"But it does, though!" returned Lord Edgar. As he spoke, he took up the letter which Clifford Revel had thrown to him, and unfolded it, absently. He looked at it without interest for a moment, then uttered an exclamation. "Why, Clifford, this is the wrong letter!" he said; then, with a smile of surprise, "I beg your pardon; I did not intend to read it, but—isn't my name in it?" and he threw the letter across the table, with a laugh.

Clifford Revel did not change color, but his lips came together tightly, and he took up the note without a word.

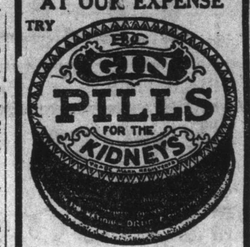
"Oh, yes," he said, glancing at it. "It is an invitation from some friends of mine; they were kind enough to include you; they have heard me mention you, of course. I quite forgot to tell you—this Flyaway business drove it out of my head."

Lord Edgar nodded; the explanation seemed natural enough.

"Very kind of you," he said.

AT OUR EXPENSE

TRY



To all sufferers from Aching Back, Lumbago, Rheumatism, etc., a sample box of Gin Pills sent free if you write us.
The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Yes. I didn't suppose you'd care to go," said Clifford Revel, carelessly.

"What is it—dance, or what, and where?"

"Oh, nothing! They asked me to go and spend the evening; they had a dance last night."

"It's to-night, then?" said Lord Edgar. "You are just going? Who is it?"

"A Miss Drayton," said Clifford Revel. "Do you care to go?" he added, not very pressingly.

Lord Edgar thought a moment.

"Yes, I think I should. I shall be awfully dull here alone to-night; I don't care about going to the club. Yes, I'll go with you, if you don't mind waiting while I change?"

"Cut away," said Clifford Revel, and he dropped into the chair and closed his eyes, with a yawn.

Lord Edgar shouted to Lovel, and in about a quarter of an hour came into the room again in evening dress.

"I'm ready, old fellow," he said. "I'm afraid I shall have made you late!"

"It doesn't matter," said Clifford Revel, in his impassive way. "It is a mere informal kind of evening. I expect you'll be bored to death."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't!" said Lord Edgar. "Anything's better than sitting alone, moping over the Racing Calendar."

A hansom bore them to the small house in the square, and they were ushered up into the drawing-room.

CHAPTER X.

"HE MAY BE WON YET."

IT was one of those evenings which have become fashionable of late. An "at home," where people drop in and stay and chat, or go away, just as they please. You may play cards, or sing, or sit still and go to sleep in a corner—anything but dance.

The small rooms were neither crowded nor too empty, and Lord Edgar was pleasantly impressed by the style of the house and the agreeable character of the guests. Somebody had just arisen from the piano as they entered, and there was a little buzz of applause, neither too marked nor of that icy coldness which one usually receives as a reward for endeavoring to amuse one's friends. Their entrance attracted a little notice, and Lord Edgar saw that Clifford Revel was a familiar guest. He followed him up to Mrs. Drayton, who received them with something more than the ordinary smile of welcome.

"This is very kind of you, Lord Fane," she said. "I scarcely liked to send so informal an invitation; indeed, my daughter scolded me for doing so, but Mr. Revel has spoken of you so often that I thought we might venture to dispense with the customary ceremonies."

"I was very glad to come," said Lord Edgar, in his frank way. "I was just deploring having to spend a solitary evening, when my cousin showed me your note. Thanks, very much."

"There!" said Mrs. Drayton, turning her head, and addressing a lady who was approaching. "There, Edith! Lord Fane is not offended, after all, and I have borne my scolding without deserving it."

Lord Edgar looked up, and saw the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, excepting Lela Temple. It was Edith Drayton. There was no comparison between the two girls; even Lord Edgar felt that. With all his heart throbbing with love for Lela, his pure little saint of the cloister, he was conscious of a thrill of admiration for this magnificent creature. She moved him as one of the superb creations of Michael Angelo might have done; and, as he met the steady gaze of her dark eyes, something that was almost fear mingled with his admiration.

She was magnificently dressed in a dark, ruby satin, covered with old Venetian lace, and looked like one of the pictures of Spanish beauties one sees in the Louvre.

Slowly moving her fan to and fro, she swept Clifford Revel with her eyes, then waited for the introduction. He came forward, in his slow, deliberate fashion, and made the introduction, and she extended her hand, with a smile that, but for Lela, would have turned Lord Edgar's head, for the moment, at least. Then she began to talk, not the usual commonplace nothings which are such a fearful bore to both speaker and hearer, but glided at once into a subject that would naturally interest him. She had read in the papers of his accident, and wanted to know exactly how it occurred and whether the "jumps" that they had made were not too much for both the horses and the men.

Lord Edgar, whose simple, guileless nature never suspected for a moment that her interest was anything but most genuine, plunged into the subject at once, and she stood listening as if every word were worth its weight in gold.

Meanwhile, people, were moving about, some chatting in little groups, others looking at a fine collection of etchings in the huge portfolio in the center of the room; and presently some one went to the piano and commenced to sing.

Lord Edgar, who was passionately fond of music, stopped talking at once, which he would have done if he had not cared for music, being a gentleman as well as a lord, and Edith Drayton, putting up her hand on his arm, whispered:

"Will you not sit down?"

He looked around for a seat; there was one close behind them, just at the entrance of the little anteroom, and she sunk into that, making room for him beside her by sweeping away her satin flounces. He sat and listened, and she sat and looked at him without appearing to do so. Then she glanced across the room to where Clifford Revel sat, talking to a young lady, and compared the two men. They were both handsome—Clifford with the dark, beauty that was almost Italian, Lord Edgar with the bright, clear comeliness that was essentially English.

She noticed the muscular figure, the strong yet shapely hands, and then she dropped her eyes, as he said, suddenly, the moment the song ceased:

"Miss Drayton, I have been thinking of you!"

She looked at him, at the sudden, eager light in his eyes, and knew in that moment which was the handsomer.

"Oh, me!" she said, in the clear, distinct, yet softly pitched, tone. "I thought you were listening to the music."

"So I was, but thinking at the same time. I think I heard you spoken of this morning."

She glanced across at Clifford Revel.

"No, not by my cousin," he said; then he paused, and the slightest tinge of color came into his face.

Her eyes noted it instantly.

He was almost sorry that he had spoken. He had done so on the spur of the moment, at the remembrance of Lela's words about her schoolfellow.

"Not by my cousin," he said, "but by a young lady."

(To be Continued.)

FIRE!

The Palatine Insurance Co'y

Will accept Risks on Property against Fire at Lowest Current Rates.

H. J. STABB & CO.,
Agents.

WINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Did Child Wake Up Cross or Feverish.

Look Mother! If tongue is coated give "California Syrup of Figs" to clean the bowels.

Mother! Your child isn't naturally cross and peevish. See if tongue is coated; this is a sure sign its little stomach, liver and bowels need a cleansing at once.

When listless, pale, feverish, full of cold, breath bad, throat sore, doesn't eat, sleep or act naturally, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, remember, a gentle liver and bowels cleansing should always be the first treatment given.

Nothing equals "California Syrup of Figs" for children's ills; give a teaspoonful, and in a few hours all the foul waste, sour bile and fermenting food which is clogged in the bowels passes out of the system, and you have a well and playful child again. All children love this harmless, delicious "fruit laxative," and it never fails to effect a good "inside" cleansing. Directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups are plainly on the bottle.

Keep it handy in your home. A little given to-day saves a sick child to-morrow, but get the genuine. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look and see that it is made by the California Fig Syrup Co."

Fashion Plates.

A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL.

2795—Here is a slendid model for lawn, organdie, dimity, nainsook, taffeta, or satin. The tucks on the sleeve may be omitted, and the skirt may be finished without the tunic.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require 4½ yards of 36 inch material.

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

A COMFORTABLE BREAKFAST

2800—This style will be pretty and attractive in lawn, percale, dimity, dotted Swiss, nainsook, voile, or gingham. The skirt is a two-piece model.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4⅝ yards of 38 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 yards.

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

No. .. ..

Size .. ..

Address in full:—

Name .. ..

.. ..

.. ..

Telephone 806.

LONDON DIRECTORY,

(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and Suburbs, it contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; also PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal Provincial Towns and Industrial Centres of the United Kingdom.

Business Cards of Merchants and Dealers seeking BRITISH AGENCIES can now be printed under each trade in which they are interested at a cost of $5 for each trade heading. Larger advertisements from $15 to $60.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal orders for $7.50.

The London Directory Company, Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

Attractive Dress Fabrics
FOR EASTER.

SILK STRIPE VOILES in Black, Navy and Blue, suitable for street or evening wear. Price 85c. yard.

FANCY COLORED POPLINS—A splendid assortment of both light and dark grounds, including many exclusive designs. Price . . . . . .95c. yard.

PLAIN SILK LAWNS—Big range of colors in this lot, suitable for party dresses, blouses or street wear. Price . . . . . .70c. yard.

THE NEW PUNJAUB CLOTH—A rich dressy fabric that looks like silk and comes in the following shades: Saxe, Grey, Navy, Pink, Nile Corn. Price 85c. yard.

FANCY FOULARDS—These come in a range of pretty designs, rich silky finish, and are exceptional value. Price . . . . . .55c. yard.

WHITE PIQUE—Noted for its hard wearing qualities; suitable for a hundred and one uses. Two Prices: 55c. and 70c. yard.

New Dress Linings.
New Easter Millinery.

HENRY BLAIR

We are still showing a splendid selection of

Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at

Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

John Maunder,
Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

JUST ARRIVED!

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

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

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 St.