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By the use of Gillett's Lye, house cleaning is made a pleasure instead of a drudgery. It softens the water and cleans thoroughly whether the dirt is visible or invisible. Destroys all bacteria and infectious germs, removes obstructions from drain pipes, closets, sinks, etc. Refrigerators are made delightfully fresh and clean by using one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in two gallons of water.

"GILLETT'S LYE EATS DIRT"

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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE SELFISH PASSION.

He wended his way to the park, his head erect, his broad shoulders well set back, so that the recruiting sergeant whom he passed looked after him longingly, and murmured, "if you weren't a swell, my fine fellow, I'd have a try for you; you'd make a splendid soldier, you would!" and joined the strollers on the path. The Ride was tolerably full, but he had no difficulty in finding Edith Drayton. She came along presently, riding his mare, and looking like an empress. Hats flew off, and men's faces lighted up with a gleam of interest as she rode by, and she bowed here and there, but with an absent air of pre-occupation which nettled many of the on-lookers and caused them to murmur questioningly among themselves as to what had come to the beauty lately.

Lord Edgar advanced to the rails and waited, and presently she saw him. A light came into her beautiful eyes, and a faint tinge of color on her cheeks; and as he raised his hat she pulled the horse up and rode up to him. He saw that the curious on-lookers, who had received nothing but an absent, haughty bow, remarked this special favor.

"What a lovely morning!" she said. "You are not riding. Why not?"

"I have been to your house," he said, "and came on because they said you were here."

She looked at him questioningly, and noticed his changed appearance in an instant. Her face grew pale again, and her lips tightened, but she smiled still.

"You wanted to see me?"

He nodded, and in his eagerness laid his hand on the mare's neck.

"Yes, I have news," he said. "News! Good news?"

The words came smoothly enough, and yet they seemed to choke her. He nodded again.

"Yes, very good news. I have found her!"

The mare moved; she had tightened the rein, and, under cover of getting the animal still again, she concealed the effect of his words upon her.

"You—have found her!" she said. "I am very glad—very glad."

"I knew you would be," he said, gratefully. "I want to tell you all about it, but I can not here. I will come around to the square soon—tomorrow, perhaps, if I may come."

"You will always be welcome, come when you will. Yes, come and tell me all about it. Is she well?"

He drew close and smiled up at her with a touch of red in his face.

"Yes, yes! and more beautiful than ever."

The one and only

H.P. sauce

is different—quite different from any other kind of sauce.

Get a bottle to-day.
All Stores sell H.P. sauce.

She winced, and yet so slightly that he did not notice it.

"I found her last night. Think of it! After leaving you I was talking to her of you, a few hours only after I had been talking to you of her!"

She nodded; the hand that held the whip gripped it in a convulsive clasp.

"I told her you would be glad to see her again," he continued, "and that you would be her friend; and she was very grateful. She has suffered so much. But there! I can not tell you all here; and I am keeping you."

"Come as soon as you can, and tell me everything," she murmured, leaning toward him; "and when you see her—I suppose you will be seeing her to-day—"

"Yes, I am to meet her again this evening."

"Give her my love," she said; and again the words did not choke her.

His hand closed on hers and pressed it gratefully.

"Thanks! I will, I will!" he said, fervently. "How can I thank you for your kind sympathy?"

She might have answered, "By letting me ride away and hide my agony;" but she sat her horse with graceful, indolent ease, and merely smiled down at him.

Two or three men ventured to draw near, and Lord Edgar, pressing the gauntleted hand again, raised his hat and drew back.

As he did so, some one laid a hand upon his shoulder, and, turning around, he saw that it was Clifford Revel.

"Hello, Cliff!" he said, heartily seizing his hand and shaking it. "What on earth brings you here?"

"Legs and business," said Clifford Revel, with his fat smile, and a glance that took in the group of men and the tall, superb figure of Edith Drayton above them. "I am going to the War Office, and, having a minute or two, turned in the park—rather a roundabout way, but then we civil servants have so much time on our hands. Wait a moment, will you, while I pay my respects to Miss Drayton."

Lord Edgar drew back, and Clifford Revel made his way through the little circle. He was a nobody—a civil-service clerk, but there was something about him—a sang-froid—that cleared a way for him and made men, and far greater and better men, make room for him. Now, for instance, they drew aside as he came forward, nodding to one and the other and raising his hat from his pale, clear-cut face, and left him alone with the beauty.

He did not lay his hand on the mare's neck as Lord Edgar had done; he would not have been guilty of such a breach of etiquette, of which Lord Edgar knew nothing; but, though he stood with his hands resting on his umbrella, his attitude kept her motionless as much as Lord Edgar's hand upon the horse had done. His whole bearing seemed to say, "Wait; I want to speak to you," and for the life of her she could not throw him a word and ride away.

"A beautiful morning, Miss Drayton," he said, aloud, for the benefit of the little circle; then, in a lower voice, he added: "You have heard the news?"

She looked straight in front of her, but her lips made a movement of assent.

"He has told you he has found her! An unlucky accident. I would have liked to have kept them apart for a few weeks longer. But one always has to allow for chance."

"And chance has beaten you," she said; and even in her intense agony, she could not altogether repress a tone of triumph.

But he either did not notice it, or chose to appear as if he did not.

"Beaten is a hard word. I have

still some cards left. I am about to play a very strong one. I came here this morning—knowing that he would tell you—that you might not be discouraged."

Her eyes sought his for the first time with a glance of interest and curiosity. He smiled.

"Oh, yes, I have some cards left! The game is not yet won; there is no Marchioness of Parintosh at present."

Her hand trembled as she gathered the reins between her fingers.

"I do not see—" then she paused. "He smiled."

"But you will; trust to me." Then, as the mare began to fidget he raised his hat, as if he had been merely exchanging commonplace greetings, and stepped back.

Edith Drayton glanced at Lord Edgar, sitting on an arm of a seat, and then rode on.

Clifford Revel sauntered back to Lord Edgar, quite regardless of the cool glances directed toward him by the other admirers whom he had so calmly displaced, and linked his arm in his cousin's.

"I was just telling Miss Drayton that she ought to be grateful to you for that horse, my dear Edgar; it suits her admirably."

"Grateful! It is I who ought to be grateful to her!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, warmly. "She has been a true friend! I don't know what I should have done without her during the last seven miserable days."

"And now you have found Miss Leila, you will be able to do without Miss Drayton very well," said Clifford Revel, with his caustic smile. "I am glad I met you, my dear fellow; I was just coming on to your rooms—"

"Come on, then," said Lord Edgar, impetuously.

"To ask you not to set off for the place—what is it—Thrusfield?"

"Larkworthy."

"Ah, yes, Larkworthy, until I had seen you. I have been thinking over your situation, my dear Edgar; in fact, I must admit that I spent seven hours that ought to have been devoted to Bedfordshire last night in pondering over the position."

"That is just like you!" exclaimed Lord Edgar, warmly. "Well?"

"Well, and I'll tell you the result of my cogitations; but not now. Wait at your rooms for a couple of hours."

After a minute or two, during which he heard an upstairs window open, and knew that a head had been thrust out to stare at him, the girl returned and opened the door again.

"Yes, he lives here. He's a lodger. He's out now; but perhaps you'd better come in—he mayn't be long."

Clifford Revel accepted this not particularly warm invitation, and entered the murky passage; and the girl jerked her hand toward the dirty stairs.

"His room's the second-floor back," she said. "You'd better go up and wait for him; he said he shouldn't be many minutes."

Clifford Revel held up his cigar. "I may smoke?" he said.

The girl stared in silence, and, taking it as an affirmative, he retained his cigar and climbed up the stairs. It grew darker and dirtier and grimmer as he ascended, but he found the "second-floor back," and pushing open a door, entered the room.

(To be Continued.)

The more elaborate capes show figured chiffon linings. Net ruffles appear often on the dainty afternoon frocks.

Tassels appear on everything from sleeves to handbags.

NEEDLE-PRICK CAUSED BLOOD-POISONING

Miss S. A. Wernicke of Hilton, B.C., writes that she is convinced Zam-Buk saved her arm when blood-poisoning set in as a result of an injury. She says:

"I was sewing when the needle slipped and penetrated my finger to the bone. Soon my finger and then my hand began to swell, and became so stiff that I could not use it. I became anxious and tried remedy after remedy. As each one failed I tried another, but my hand only got worse and the poison spread right up my arm. Large lumps appeared, and the pain was awful. Then a friend recommended Zam-Buk and I lost no time in trying it. It wasn't long before the pain disappeared and then the swelling drew out all the poison and then healing commenced. I continued using Zam-Buk until it was completely cured, and am convinced that if it hadn't been for this wonderful balm I should have lost my arm."

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will you? At least, I will be there as soon as I can, and I'll tell you of a plan I have hit upon to get you out of your difficulties."

"Any plan you propose will be a good one, Cliff!" said Lord Edgar. Then he looked at his watch. "I want to catch the afternoon train. Come and lunch with me; come now."

"I can't do that—the business of the state, you know. I have some work to do. I'll be with you at two o'clock; will that do?"

"Admirably!" returned Lord Edgar. "Very well, then. Till then, au revoir!" and touching Lord Edgar lightly on the shoulder, he parted from him.

Getting clear of the crowd, Clifford Revel called a hansom and told the man to drive him to Southwark Bridge.

The man stared for a moment—fares from Hyde Park don't generally go so far eastward—then, with a grunt of despair, whipped up the horse and started.

It is a good distance from Hyde Park to Southwark Bridge, but Clifford Revel leaned back and smoked a cigar with cool patience, and, giving the man sixpence over his fare—when he expected at least two shillings in excess—strolled quietly over the dirty bridge, and made his way to Espallier Terrace.

He did not ask the way to Espallier Terrace of a policeman, because he had taken the precaution to look it out on the map.

Espallier Terrace was a row of grimy, dingy houses in the heart of a grimy, dingy net-work of streets.

Clifford Revel thought it was the most wretched place he had ever seen, one house being exactly like its neighbors, and all squalid and hideously commonplace. There were two or three poverty-stricken shops, mostly in the "general" way, and a down-at-the-heels public-house, which smelled fearfully of stale beer and stent spirits. Clifford Revel stopped and lighted another cigar as a deodorizer.

He walked down the terrace, examining the numbers, until he reached No. 7. At No. 7 he stopped, and, obeying the injunction on a small brass plate, rung and knocked. A slipshod girl, whose appearance would warrant any one in arriving at the conclusion that she had been called away from cleaning the grate with the tip of her nose and one cheek, so smutty with blacklead were they, opened the door and stared at him as if he had been an apparition or some curious monster. Curious, indeed, he was to her, for in all the course of her life, perhaps, she had never seen a well-dressed gentleman with a costly exotic in his button-hole and a fragrant Havana in his mouth.

In deference to the exotic, she made an attempt, a futile one, to wipe the smut from her cheek.

"Is Mr. Nagle at home?" asked Clifford Revel, quietly.

The girl stared and shook her head. The power of speech had deserted her for the moment.

"Not? When will he be?" he asked.

"He lives here, I presume?"

"Yes," said the girl, without taking her eyes from him. "If you'll wait, I'll go and ask."

And, with a cautiousness peculiar to the neighborhood, she closed the door in his face.

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Fashion Plates.

A SIMPLE DRESS FOR HOME OR SERVICE.



2802—Gingham, khaki, drill, seersucker, percale or lawn, could be used for this style. The garment is a "one-piece" model—with a sleeve that may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 36 inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/4 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A Dainty Dress for Mother's Girl.



2803—Batiste, voile, charmeuse, satin, taffeta, velvet, serge or gabardine could be used for this model. The tucks on the skirt may be omitted. The dress may be finished without the bolero and with long or short sleeve. This style lends itself nicely to combinations of material.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the dress, and 3/4 yard for the bolero. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

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last, where it was
seen, and the most
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Conflict

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Iand---Authentic
To-day --- Unite
Missing --- Bro
Back to Versaille**

CONTRADICTORY REPORTS AS TO THE FATE OF HAWKER AND GRIEVE.

LONDON, May 19.
A wireless despatch to the Admiralty from Carleton Station, says the Sopwith machine is down in latitude 52.30 north, longitude 11 west, which is about 40 miles west of the mouth of the Shannon.

REPORTED SAFE.
LONDON, May 19.
Aviator Hawker is reported to be safe, according to a Central News despatch from Tralee, Ireland.

HAD NO INFORMATION.
LONDON, May 19.
The British Government at 9.15 o'clock this evening had no information whatever concerning the fate of Aviator Hawker, according to a statement made in the House of Commons by Lieut. Col. Leslie Orme Wilson on behalf of the Government.

REPORTED PICKED UP.
LONDON, May 19 (10.20 p.m.)
The British Admiralty has received a wireless message that Hawker's machine has been found in the sea forty miles off Looehead, at the mouth of the River Shannon. It is not stated whether Hawker was found. The Admiralty statement adds that Hawker's machine has been picked up. Loop-

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