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other purposes.
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Be careful to get
the genuine
WINDSOR TABLE SALT
MADE IN CANADA

The Heir of Rosedene

OR,
The Game-Keeper's Hut

"Don't you think Uncle Cyril is the strongest man, excepting Samson, of course, Lord Mersey, that ever lived?" said little Bertie.

They were all sitting cozily in the drawing room—Cyril and Edna at the fire, Cyril outstretched like a great St. Bernard, in the easy-chair, Edna near him, of course, Aunt Martha at her work, and Grace at the piano, playing a soft, enchanting sonata of Schubert's. Lord Mersey was sitting near her, almost touching her, and little Bertie—always his favorite—was leaning against his knees. Lord Mersey smiled.

"Almost, if not quite, Bertie," Bertie nodded, and looked with admiring admiration at the object of his boyish adoration and love.

"Aren't you glad he has come back?—I am! Oh, I am more glad than I can say—and so is Edna—I don't call her Aunt Edna," he put in, quickly, "because she is so young and beautiful; aunts are always so old and cross, excepting Aunt Martha, of course."

"Thank you; any information gladly received," murmured Lord Mersey, stroking the boy's golden hair.

"Yes; everybody is glad—everybody, excepting mamma, but then she is never glad, I think, at anything now. She is sorry, because she says that I shall never be Sir Bertie, of More Park, now—as if I should want to be! Why, there is Uncle Cyril!—fancy anyone being master of More Park excepting him! Papa says it is a good thing that I am not to be Sir Bertie, because of what dear Edna has done. Do you know that she has given me Rosedene and a great fortune—oh, a great deal of money?" and he sighed.

"Well, I know you are grateful, Bertie!"

"Grateful!" echoed the boy with a world of meaning. "As if I didn't love Edna and Uncle Cyril more than all the world. You know I am going to live here almost all my holidays whenever papa and mamma will let me, and that will be a great deal, because I heard Uncle Cyril make papa

promise that he would let me come." "That was kind; Uncle Cyril knows that you are happy here."

"He knows that I am never happy anywhere else," said the boy with childish gravity. "Oh, yes, he knows that."

If you are fond of running over to Paris pretty frequently, and happen, as most Englishmen do, to take your after-dinner cup of coffee at the Cafe de l'Europe, you may notice among the frequenters of the place a tall but bent figure with a pale, haggard face, that is always at a certain time in the evening to be seen seated in the third box from the door. The face, with all its pallor and haggardness, bears evidence of having been a handsome one, and there is something about the man's bearing that attracts attention. You will notice for one thing that his hands are white and well shaped, though fearfully thin and emaciated, and that they are never still, always restless, not demonstratively so, but always moving, perhaps fidgeting the paper which he reads and re-reads through each evening, always moving. If your curiosity and interest aroused, you take a seat near this singular individual and address him, he looks up vacantly for a moment, then smiles and bows with a well-bred air, and shaking his head gently, says:

"I loved her, sir, I loved her—that was the great mistake; I lost my hand and threw the cards away. It was my great, I think my only, mistake."

This is his invariable reply to any and every question; it is always accompanied by the faint, mournful smile and the gesture of the hands as of a man who had lost some game of cards.

If you apply to the waiter for information concerning this singular individual, that functionary will shrug his shoulders, and point his bony finger to his no less bony forehead with a significant grin.

"Monsieur wishes to know concerning monsieur in box No. 3? But yes! Monsieur in box No. 3 is well known—is what the English call celebrated. He is an English captain, by name Morton; by family, it is supposed, connected with families most high. Monsieur is, alas! afflicted mentally by reason of an affair of the heart. A young and lovely English miss!—is monsieur provided for? Certainly!—Monsieur recedes!"

The waiter is informed—"certain moneys every month, ample for all monsieur's wants. Monsieur the captain resides in the Rue St. Honore, and is of regular habits—walks so much every day at a certain hour, drives at a certain hour, is served with le petit cafe also at a certain hour, always, as may be seen, at the same table."

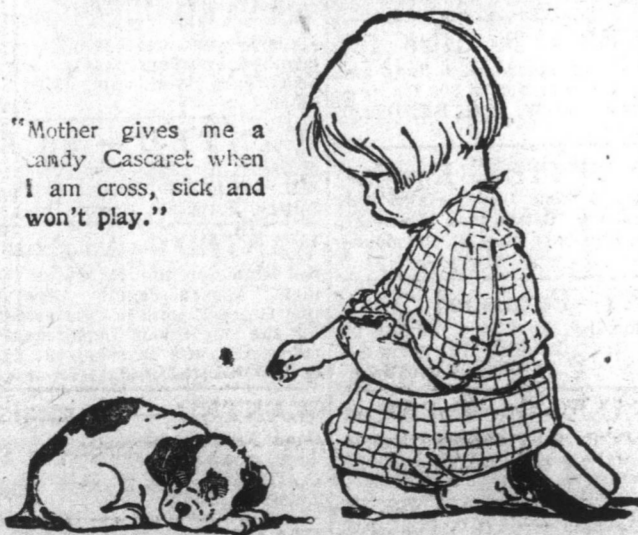
"That is all the waiter knows, but if you ask him if he considers monsieur the captain happy, he will reply, with a shrug:

"Yes, certainment—monsieur does not recollect; he is as the bird in the cage, happy in his way, to the end."

In mercy let us trust that it may be so; for to such a being as the once brilliant and scheming, but now fallen adventurer, there can be no scourge, no punishment, more terrible than a memory of the past and a full consciousness of the present.

THE END.

Give Candy Cascarets to a Bilious, Constipated Child



"Mother gives me a Candy Cascaret when I am cross, sick and won't play."

TO MOTHERS! Each ten cent box of Cascarets, candy cathartic, contains full directions for dose for children aged one year old and upwards. Nothing else "works" the nasty bile, sour fermentations and constipation poison from the tender little bowels so gently, yet so thoroughly. Even cross, feverish, bilious children gladly take Cascarets without being coaxed. Cascarets taste just like candy. Cascarets never gripe the little bowels, never sicken, never injure, but above all, they never disappoint the worried mother.

Be farsighted
Windsor Table Salt
THE CANADIAN SALT CO. LIMITED

The Old Marquis,

OR,

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER I.
IN THE SUNLIGHT.

"No matter," he rejoined. "Whoever is to blame will have to leave the Abbey. My lord never overlooks or forgives. Even I, who have been here since before you were born, would have to go if I caused such an uproar as this."

"Uproar! It was only the dog's bark and a man's voice," she said, with a half smile.

"The marquis detests noise of any kind," he answered, absently.

"And if, for instance," she continued, more to herself than to him, "or you knocked over the book-ladder, or upset the china or the armor, you and I would have to go. He would treat you, his librarian, as he would treat his groom, grand-papa!"

A faint smile flickered on the old man's face.

"My dear Lela, his lordship wouldn't understand the difference if it were pointed out to him. We are all his dependents, and consequently depend on him. There is no one individual in the world whom he permits to disturb him, not even his own son—"

"Yelp—yelp! Bow, wow!" sounded through the window, cutting short the slow speech of the old man, and causing the girl to step back dismayed.

"Yelp—yelp!" went the dog, then a man's voice rang out like a clarion. "Fetch it, Turk! Come here, boy! Come, Hi! Peters, throw me up that whip. Here, boys, here!" A rush as of half a dozen big dogs dashing along the terrace followed, and then there was silence again.

The old man pushed his book aside, and rose, with knitted brows.

"It is Lord Edgar! It is like him! Right under my lord's window, too! Has he gone, Lela? Look and see!"

Lela drew aside the blind and looked out.

"Yes, he has gone," she said, slowly. "I did not know Lord Edgar was at the Abbey, grandpapa. When did he come?"

The old man rubbed his eyes wearily.

"I—did hear. Yes, he was to have come last night. I thought I told you. No? Then I forgot it. I remember now. Yes, he was to come last night."

"And it is evident he has come!" said the girl, with a touch of humor that lit up her dark eyes and wreathed the beautiful lips with a faint smile.

"Yes, yes," he murmured in response. "But he will not stay long, that is certain! It must be years since he was here. Even as a boy he was wild and noisy—too much so for my lord, the marquis. It was he who climbed the tower and fixed the weathercock so that it pointed always to the east. There was always some mad trick! Like boy, like man!"

"Will he climb the tower now, grandpapa?" said Lela, with a thoughtful smile. "I must have been at school then. And he has never been at the Abbey since? He is the marquis' eldest son—"

"His only son," said the old man, absently.

"Then he is the future marquis. What did you call him, grandpapa?"

"Lord Fane. Lord Edgar he is called. Yes, he will be the next marquis if he should live."

"If he should live!" repeated Lela. "Is he ill? His voice did not sound like an invalid's, grandpapa."

"Ill? No. But he is rash and headstrong—fond of field sports, hunting, and shooting, and traveling. He has been thrown from his horse in the hunting field twice and nearly killed each time. There is no risk too great for him."

Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL SERVICE DRESS.



2760—Gingham, seersucker, drill, galatea, khaki, lawn, percale and flannel, are good for this style. The closing is at the side. The sleeve may be in wrist length or finished in elbow length, with a cuff.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 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 PRACTICAL MODEL.



2766—Drill, lineens, lawn, alpaca, percale, gingham and sateen could be used for this model. The apron is fitted with deep pockets.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The sleeve protectors require 3/4 yard.

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Or, if your hands are chapped, one thorough application of Zam-Buk at night will bring ease by morning, and continued use of this balm will heal the cracks and roughness.

Miss Della Martel, of 35 McKay St., Ottawa, says: "For two winters I suffered acutely from cracked and chapped hands. I tried various salves, which seemed to do them good for a time, but as soon as I went out doors my hands would become just as bad as ever. A friend advised me to try Zam-Buk, and it was really wonderful how even the first application of this balm stopped the smarting and drew out the soreness. In a very short time my hands were quite smooth again. Now I rub Zam-Buk on my hands occasionally all through the winter, and never have any trouble from cracks or chaps."

For frost-bite, chilblains, cold sores, eczema, boils, ulcers, blood-poisoning, cuts, burns and scalds, Zam-Buk is equally good. All dealers, 50c. box.

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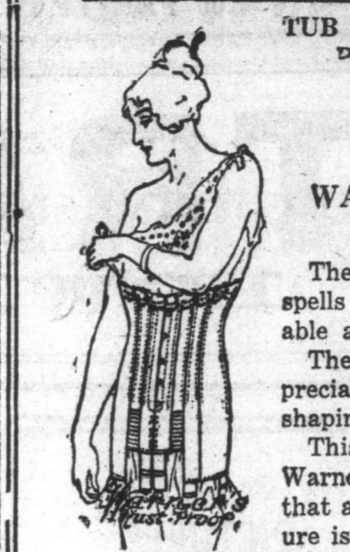
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- MEN'S GREY FLANNEL SHIRTS. Reg. Price \$3.50. Sale Price \$3.19
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NOTE.—The above Shirts are all well made with Sateen neckbands and detachable collars, and are specially priced for this week.

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SHOCKING CONDITIONS. STOCKHOLM, March 24. In addition to spotted fever and typhus fever, Petrograd is being ravaged through Helsinki. All the hospitals are crowded and the morgues are overflowing. The bodies of the dead are collected in big wooden cases and emptied into large graves, the cases then being returned to the hospitals and filled again and the process repeated.

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION. LONDON, March 24. The revolution in Hungary caused great excitement in Vienna, but did not surprise those who were aware of the true condition of affairs, says the Vienna correspondent of the Telegraph. He says the communists of Hungary have long been the real masters of the country and have been only awaiting an opportunity to get rid of Count Karolyi, who is considered to have been never more than a puppet. The correspondent in Hungary there are no elements in Hungary capable of making a stand against the extremists and that even in Czechoslovakia there are strong Bolshevik influences. He points out that experts agree there is very grave danger of Bohemia following the example of Hungary. The situation is attributed by the correspondent to the failure of the Peace Conference at Paris to recognize the seriousness of the situation and occupy Budapest with Entente troops. He says the only way to save the situation is to send British or American forces there, but adds where a battalion would have sufficed formerly, a brigade would be necessary now.

WILL NOT GIVE UP DANTZIG. COPENHAGEN, March 24. (German Polish).—Germany cannot and will not sign a peace which involves the annexation of Dantzig by Poland, Premier Ebert declared in a speech Sunday, a dispatch from Berlin says. He added that Germany could not give up West Prussia, a part of Upper Silesia, and the meeting called to protest against the annexation of Dantzig by Poland. He declared that Germany was prepared to agree to the neutralization of the Vistula, which would include Dantzig as a free port.

DRIVING BOLSHIEVICKS BACK. PARIS, March 24. Siberian troops of the Kolshat Government have successfully begun an offensive west of the Urals, a line from Perm to the trans-Siberian railway. Advances from Omsk say a certain points the Bolsheviks have been driven back more than 100 miles. The Siberians have captured Omsk, fifty miles southwest of Perm.

IMPORTANT CONFERENCES. PARIS, March 24. A conference of the Premiers was called to-day to be held through 10 o'clock this afternoon to arrange for the programme of the Supreme Council session an hour later. The new president of the Council was expected to appear the heads of the Governments to military decisions of the League of Nations. The League of Nations Commission will reconvene at 120 o'clock this afternoon with the expectation of virtually concluding the draft of the League's Covenant.

SOLDIERS ARRIVE IN HALIFAX. HALIFAX, March 24. The White Star Liners Celtic and Olympic arrived in port this morning from England with returning Canadian soldiers.

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