

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC.

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Gone!
Constipation
Biliousness
Headache
Sour Stomach
Indigestion

The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XVIII.
FLIGHT AND PURSUIT.

"I'll come with you!" said Lord Edgar, eagerly; but Clifford Revel shook his head.

"No, do not," he said. "I don't want the man to know that you are interested in the matter—I don't want him to know your name, or anything about you. Leave it all to me, my dear fellow!"

And he took and wrung Lord Edgar's hand with a sympathetic heartiness that almost brought the tears to Lord Edgar's eyes.

"Half an hour or so," he called back, as Clifford Revel stood at the top of the stairs watching him as he strode away. Then he went in, and stood gazing out of the window thoughtfully.

"Not such a fool as I thought him," he murmured. "I myself could not have made the inquiries at the station with greater foresight. But what luck attends me! I meant my letter to throw an obstacle or two in the way, and it has actually separated them! I hate my lord, the marquis, but I respect and admire his astuteness. How did I manage it, I wonder? It was clever to frighten the girl away in a single day. I can fancy how he would play upon her truth and innocence and good faith! Well, my lord, you have played into my hands—I am obliged to you; we have been useful to each other. I have helped you to prevent a mesalliance in your noble family, and you have helped me to put off, at any rate for a time, the marriage of the man who stands between me and your title. Courage! Clifford Revel may be Marquis of Farintosh yet, and—his face softened—"and Edith Drayton shall be his wife!"

He stood for a few minutes rapt in this fair and precious prospect, then rousing himself, took a cab and drove to a small street near Bedford Row, and entering a house half composed of offices, half of dwelling-rooms, inquired for Mr. Bowen. He was shown up into a room on the first floor by a tiny servant-girl, where a man of an

And the Worst is Yet to Come--



until I have done my work, and then I wipe the case out."

Clifford Revel nodded, and placed ten sovereigns before the man—he was too wily to use bank-notes on a secret mission; bank-notes have numbers.

"There is something to go on with; it will be sufficient to cover expenses, I expect. Good-night!" and with a cool, self-possessed nod he went out.

Mr. Bowen sat down again and looked over his notes, then he arose and got a peering and turned up the page containing the account of the Farintosh family; and studied it quite as closely as, and a great deal more rapidly than, Mrs. Drayton had done, thought a moment, with his stumpy pencil between his teeth, and smiled. "Ah!" he murmured. "No crime; it's the young lady that's wanted. And not by Mr. Clifford Revel! No, there's somebody behind him. Yes, it is the young Lord Fane who wants her," and he put his finger on Lord Edgar's name. "Yes, it is an interesting case, Mr. Revel. Very!"

CHAPTER XIX.
WEALTH FOR LOVE.

AS Lord Edgar followed Clifford Revel up the staircase of Lady Debenham's mansion in Grosvenor Square he felt an intense distaste for the scene of gayety upon which he was entering, and only his promise to Clifford Revel kept him from turning back and going home to solitary brooding. He looked haggard and unhappy and completely preoccupied, so much so that those whom he passed looked after him with visible curiosity and surprise.

Clifford Revel, on the contrary, notwithstanding that he had been the cause of the trouble, looked as calm and self-possessed as if he did not know the meaning of an anonymous letter. Lady Debenham, who was a good-natured countess—or Clifford Revel would not have ventured to bring Lord Edgar without an invitation—welcomed the latter most amiably.

"I am very glad to see you, Lord Fane," she said, giving him her hand with a smile.

Lord Edgar murmured something in response, and made his way, with more or less squeezing, into the room. Why people who give parties of any description should ask just twice as many guests as the rooms will comfortably hold, and so subject the whole assemblage to misery and discomfort, remains a social problem which one despairs of ever seeing solved. Lady Debenham's was no exception to the foolish rule, and here, in the really magnificent salon, which would have held a hundred comfortably, were twice that number panting and often struggling for dancing-room in the warm June evening.

Clifford Revel whispered: "You'd better dance; take my advice." But Lord Edgar shook his head, and still more fervently deploring his presence, made his way to a less crowded part of the room, and, leaning against a pillar, watched the gay scene, and saw nothing but the sweet face of Lela, which hovered tantalizingly before his mental vision.

Clifford Revel had given him a tolerably truthful account of his interview with the detective, and Lord Edgar was absorbed in conjecturing how long the man would take to make his search successful when he was aware of a slight stir among the company, the stir that announces the arrival of some one of note and consequence, and, looking toward the end of the room, saw the sensation—if it is not too strong a word—was caused by the entrance of Edith Drayton.

Close beside her was a prince of the blood. It was a mere accident, of course, that they had arrived at the same moment, but it created a sensation, and Lord Edgar could see the heads of the dowagers drawing together, and heard the comments of one or two who were seated or standing near him.

"They said she would not come," he heard one old woman say. "She refused the duchess last night, and the Montmorency ball the night before; but I suppose the prince persuaded her."

Lord Edgar listened half-heartedly. He saw her sweep—she had the stature and grace which gave to her movements an imperial gait and gesture denied to smaller and shorter women—through the lane which they made for her, and the sight of her, while it filled him with admiration, added to his melancholy, for he re-

You need not shake the bottle

H.P. Sauce

is the same all through—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

membered that she was a school-fellow of Lela's, and she recalled his darling.

She was tall, almost as tall as himself, and he, looking on at the dancing, could not fail to see her. He saw that the prince danced twice with her, and he noticed that Clifford Revel—notwithstanding the titled mob in the room—got a dance, and he would then probably have forgotten her—he was so full of Lela—but suddenly, almost before he was aware of it, she was at his side.

He turned and bowed, with his opera hat under his arm, but she held out her hand with a smile, and, perhaps not estimating this graciousness at its true estimate, he shook hands with her—there was not a man in the room who had done so, excepting himself.

"I did not expect to see you here, Lord Fane," she said, moving her fan to and fro and looking into his eyes with the smile which the prince, five minutes ago, had pronounced irresistible.

"No? Well, I didn't expect to be here," he said, in his blunt fashion. "My cousin, Clifford Revel, brought me."

She inclined her head. She saw, at a glance, the change in him, the haggard and anxious expression on his handsome face.

"Mr. Revel is a social benefactor," she said, with a smile. "It is a grand ball; is it not?"

"Yes—I suppose so," said Lord Edgar, trying to speak cheerfully. "There seems to be a terrible number of people present; if that makes a grand ball, it is grand, indeed."

She smiled. "That is ironical, Lord Fane. If you are ironical, I shall be afraid of you."

"I didn't mean it," he said, with his usual simplicity. "You are quite right," she said. "There are a great number of people here. But have you not been dancing?"

"No," he said, sadly. "I haven't danced to-night."

She looked at him with a smile that died away gradually. "All this bores you?" she said inquiringly. "No," he answered; "I am not bored; but I don't feel inclined for dancing."

She sighed, and the fan, an exquisite example of Louis Quatorze, fell listlessly from her hand. "How fortunate you gentlemen are! If you are not inclined to dance, you can remain motionless. We poor women must dance, whether we like it or not."

(To be Continued.)

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2803—Shantung, serge, voile, duvetyn, gabardine, or taffeta would be nice for this model. The tunic may be omitted. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is about 1 1/2 yards.

The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6 1/2 yards of 40 inch material. Navy blue serge with braid trimming, or brown gabardine, with trimming of sand color satin, would develop this style effectively.

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F. SMALL THE HOME OF Mail Orders Received

House of Assembly.

(Yesterday.) The House met at 3.50 p.m. Petitions were presented by Messrs. Stone and Kennedy. Mr. Walsh asked the Prime Minister if it was the intention of the Government to introduce any amendments to the present prohibition law, to which the Prime Minister replied that the Government had not had the matter under consideration.

Supplemental Supply was introduced by the Hon. Minister of Finance and Customs, the total amount asked for being \$1,373,013.57, as follows:

Finance Dept.	\$ 164,550.00
Colonial Secretary's Dept.	156,906.25
Agriculture & Mines	10,817.25
Public Works	199,503.00
Marine & Fisheries	193,295.00
Public Charities	40,000.00
Postal & Telegraphs	263,683.00
Customs Dept.	190,000.00
Accountant Contingencies	97,029.00
Assessor's Dept.	5,715.00
Controller's	50,000.00
Game & Inland Fisheries	5,000.00
	\$1,373,013.57

Mr. Walsh commented on the vote for the Controller's Department, and took occasion to declare himself in favour of an amendment to the present prohibition law. He was not in favour of again going back to the open saloon and bar, but would welcome changes in the present Act.

The following bills were introduced and read a first time: An Act to give power to raise revenue by dues on ships entering Grand Bank for improvement of the harbour.

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