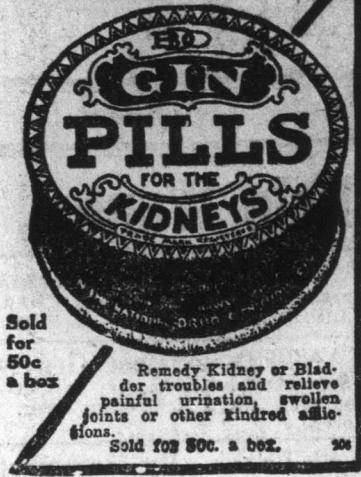


Quick-Safe-Sure



**The Old Marquis;
OR,
The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER VI
LOVE'S SPELL

"That is my home," she said, simply. "I have never known, at least remembered any other. No, I was not sorry. I love the dear old place—that is the cloisters, and the little garden. Oh, I was not sorry! School seemed so strange, and the girls were so strange. Oh, no, there is nothing to tell! I suppose girls' schools never are just the same as boys'; they have their particular friends whom they love for—just while they are with them."

He nodded. The sound of her voice chimed in, in exquisite harmony with the babbling brook; he wanted her to go on talking—he did not care about what so long as she talked.

"I didn't have many friends of that kind at school," he said. "The only man I ever really looked up to, and thought a good deal of, was Clifford Revel. He is my cousin, you know. An awfully clever fellow; just the opposite to me."

"Yes," she said, with a just touch of indifference, as if she didn't touch much to the cousin who was just the opposite to him.

"Quite a wonderful man, can do anything, and an awful swell. I like him very much; in fact, he is about the only chum I've got."

"Chum?" she echoed, her beautiful brows knitted questioningly.

"Friend, you know," he explained. "I beg your pardon."

"Yes, I understand," she said. "And you confide in him, and go to him when you are in trouble?"

He nods.

"Yes, that's it. And I always am in trouble," he adds, candidly, as he knocks the ash off his cigar and tilts his hat back that he may see her face, sweetly grave and rapt above him.

"Trouble?" she says, questioningly. What trouble can he, the young Lord of Farintosh, possibly have?

"Oh, well," he explains, "scrapes, you know! I've a rare faculty for getting into scrapes. Always had. And when I'm in one up to my shoulders I go to Clifford and he helps me out. He is an awfully good sort of fellow—so clever, you know! I should like you to see him. Perhaps you will one day!"

Yes! Perhaps she would!

"He never comes down here!" she says, questioningly.

"No," he says, gravely, and shakes his head as well as he can do so for its position. "No, the governor and he don't get on. Though they are so nearly related, there is what people who write novels call a natural antipathy between the Revels and the Fanes. They say—I don't know who they are—that if a Fane and Revel meet it is bad for one or the other."

She looks down at him, lying full length, the tight sleeve of his jacket revealing the splendid muscles, and says, innocently:

"I should think it would be bad, as you call it, for Mr. Clifford Revel."

He looks up puzzled, then he laughs.

"Oh, I see what you mean! Yes, I dare say I could lick Clifford into a cooked hat; but that isn't exactly the kind of row the proverb means. It insinuates that the Revels and the Fanes are never happy unless they are overreaching each other. Nice kind of family proverb, isn't it?"

She smiles.

"It is all nonsense!" she says, softly.

"All right; now tell me about your particular chum. Do girls say 'chum'?"

She is silent for a moment as she thinks, her eyes fixed on the stream, all unconscious of the rapt look of his eyes that are fixed on her.

"Do you mean at school? I don't think I had one. They were all bigger girls than I was. There was one girl—she pauses as if uncertain how to phrase her thoughts.

"One girl," he says, as interested as he would have been two days ago at listening to an exciting account of a run across country.

She colors faintly, and the level brows knit thoughtfully above the large dark eyes.

"Well, I was thinking of one of the girls there; but she was not exactly a friend. You reminded me of her when you were speaking of that gentleman, your cousin—"

"I understand," he nodded. "And she was clever, and you told her everything, and all that?"

"Yes, she was clever; she was cleverer than any of the other girls. What we found difficult she could do directly; she could play all the hardest things of Mendelssohn, and paint, and sing—"

"That's Clifford all over!" he said, nodding. "Go on."

"And she was very beautiful," she said. "I don't think I ever imagined any one more beautiful. We used to call her 'our beauty.'"

Lord Edgar raised himself on his hand and looked at her incredulously and ponderingly, then he dropped down again with an incredulous shake of the head. He could not imagine any face in the world more lovely than the one so near him, and he didn't believe that there was.

"She was very dark, with a clear ivory-white face and beautiful black eyes. Her hair was black and silken with a light like that on a raven's wing—"

"She must have been a negress," he said, not at all impressed, as he looked on the pure loveliness before him.

She shook her head impressively.

"No, no, not that at all, for you

SHE SUFFERED FIVE YEARS

Finally Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Key West, Fla.—"For five years I suffered from irregularities, with terrible pains and an awful weakness in my back. The doctor gave me different medicines but they did me no good. A friend asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I found it to be the best medicine I ever tried because it made me well, and I can now do my housework. I am telling my friends about it."—Mrs. J. M. CARSON, 725 Caroline St., Key West, Florida.

Many women at some period in their life suffer from ailments peculiar to their sex and which in most cases may be readily relieved by this famous root and herb medicine, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, just as Mrs. Carson found it helped her after suffering for years and trying everything else in vain.

If you have any annoying symptoms you fail to understand, write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The results of their 40 years experience in advising women on this subject is at

never noticed whether she was dark or fair when you were with her; her beauty seemed to you—make you forget such small things as the color of eyes and hair—she broke off suddenly in her enthusiasm and flushed.

"What nonsense I am talking; are you laughing?"

"Go on; please go on!" he said, eagerly. "I am awfully interested; and it is so good and kind of you to talk to me of—of your school-days. Tell me more about her, though, mind, I don't admire her in the very least."

She laughed softly, and drew the head of the St. Bernard against her cheek, where the great dog seemed quite content to let it remain.

"There is not much more," she said, "only that we were—well, not friends. I should not have dared to call her my 'chum,' as you call it. The girls all thought her so proud—she was proud, I think—and they said she was too ambitious to be any one's friend. But all the same they used to go to her when they were in trouble, and sometimes when she felt inclined she would do everything so easily. Some of them said that she was very poor—her mother, I mean."

"And what became of her?" he asked, not at all interested in this marvelous girl, but deeply, intensely interested in the sweet voice discoursing of her.

"Something remarkable. Some one, her uncle, I think, died and left her a large sum of money, and she left school."

"And you have never seen her since?"

"No—yes, once," she said. "She came to see us in a grand carriage; she was beautifully dressed and looked lovelier than ever; but—but I didn't think she was happy. The strange look that we used to notice in her face when she sat silent and thoughtful was there still, and more marked, though she tried to hide it. She was a strange girl, and I often think of her now. I wonder," suddenly; then she paused.

"Well," he said, "why do you stop?"

She laughed, and pulled the dog's silky ear absently.

"I was going to say, I wonder whether you ever met her?"

"I don't think so," he said. "I don't remember meeting any one so beautiful as you say, but—candidly, perhaps I shouldn't have thought her so beautiful. She isn't my style."

"No?" she said. "What kind of beauty do you admire?"

She put the question innocently and unsuspectingly. She had no idea of her own girlish loveliness. There was not a spark of vanity in her pure, child-like nature.

Lord Edgar dropped his eyes from her face, then he looked up, and with a thoughtful light in his eyes, said: "I didn't know until—until the other day, that I had any distinct preference; but I have. I suppose every one has. I don't like such intensely dark faces as that you have described. I like the girl to have soft brown hair, with touches of gold in it here and there, and just waving, like spun silk, on her forehead—"

He paused, half-fearful lest she should recognize the description; but there was no trace of consciousness in her eyes, and, rendered bolder, he went on, still looking at her:

"And for eyes, I don't care about blue eyes, or those black ones which seem hard and cold, don't you know; but I like soft brown ones that smile when you want them to, and look gentle and—and womanly." This was very eloquent for him, and he paused again to take breath. "Then I don't care for dead-white faces—I know they are the sort of thing that's the fashion now; but I think that a face ought to have a little color in it, like—like the inside of some of those shells which you pick up on the beach."

She nodded thoughtfully. He had described her pretty accurately, but she did not recognize the picture.

"Well, you have described the very opposite to Edith Drayton," she said, smiling down at him.

"Who's that?" he asked.

She laughed.

"The girl I used to know at school. Have you forgotten?"

"No, no," he replied. "Edith Drayton. Is that her name?"

"Yes; do you think you have met her in London? You'd never surely have forgotten her, I think."

"No, I have never met her," he said; "and yet I seem to remember her name. I fancy I have heard my cousin, Clifford Revel, speak of her."

What prophetic fate prompted him to link the two names together—the names of the two persons who were to exert so great an influence over both their lives?

Suddenly Lela looked up. With a little start she realized the lapse of time.

"I—I think—haven't we been sitting here a long time?" she said, with the delicate, shell-like color he had spoken of touching her cheek.

Lord Edgar rose rather reluctantly. "I don't know," he said. "I was very happy. I'd better take these things back, I suppose" and laughing, as if it were an excellent joke, he took up the table-cloth.

"I can't manage it so cleverly as Mrs. Miller," he said. "Perhaps you won't mind piling the plates up," and he held out his arms!

With her face all aglow with merriment she piled up the remains of the loaf and the plates.

"Put the knives in my pocket, if you don't mind," he said, quite simply. She obeyed quite unthinkingly, just as if she were a school-girl, and when he was quite loaded he walked to the mill.

With characteristic delicacy he refrained from offering the miller any money, but he stopped when he had thanked him, to lift a chubby, and also floury, little urchin onto his shoulder and strode back with him to Lela, the child crowing with delight, and the mother looking after him with beaming pride.

"Here's more spoil from the mill!" said Lord Edgar, laughing. "He only wants baking to make an admirable pie, doesn't he?"

Lela, quite disregarding of the flour, took the little fellow in her arms and kissed him, and the miller threw his arms around her neck and returned the kiss with the greatest promptitude; then it occurred to him that he had done nothing in the way of gratitude to Lord Edgar for his ride, and with a smile that made his lips like a rosebud, he said:

"Tiss him too, booty lady!" pointing a chubby finger at Lord Edgar.

For a moment Lela smiled, as if she had not heard or understood; then she looked up swiftly, with a half-frightened glance, and her face went crimson. Without a word she put the child down, and, pale as a lily now, said:

"Shall we go?"

Lord Edgar, smitten with terror at the miller's remark, flushed hotly and looked at his boots. Then he nodded, and under the pretense of turning the mill in the direction of the mill, he slipped a sovereign into his hand.

"Not that you deserve it, you little brat!" he muttered. "I shall get no more innocent smiles and talk from her; you have broken the spell."

Then he hurried after Lela, who had walked on.

When he reached her she was calm and serene again, like a lake into which a stone had been thrown, disturbing its surface for a moment, but leaving it presently all peaceful again.

"Which way?" he said, trying to speak as if nothing had happened.

(To be Continued.)

Fashion Plates.

A DAINTY MODEL FOR "PARTY" OR "BEST" WEAR.



2752—Girls' Dress, with sleeve in either of Two Lengths. Lawn, batiste, crepe, challis, tafeta, messaline, gabardine, nun's veiling linen and other wash fabrics are nice for this style. Braid bands of embroidery and lace are suitable for trimming. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 1 yard of lining 27 inches wide for the underwaist, and 3 yards of material for the dress, for an 8-year size.

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

A COMFORTABLE SCHOOL FROCK



2749—Serge or gabardine with striped or plaid suiting for trimming would be good for this style. It is also nice for wash fabrics, such as linen, galatea, gingham, seersucker and percale. The sleeve may be in wrist length, or short, to the elbow. A neat cut finishes either style. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 10 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Cushion Sole Shoes.



A Cushion Sole Shoe is the Shoe for Foot Comfort. There's no getting away from the fact. The secret of this wonderful Shoe is an all-wool felt pad for the Foot to rest upon, which absorbs all dampness and keeps the foot in perfect condition, at all times.

No more burning or tired Feet—and a positive cure for bunions or corns.

For Men and Women, who have to be on their Feet a great deal of the time, the Cushion Sole is, certainly, the best and the

ONLY IDEAL SHOE.
Good Leathers—Good Shoe Making—Good Styles.

Men's \$5.50 to \$9.00
Women's \$4.70 to \$8.50
PARKER & MONROE, LIMITED,
THE SHOE MEN.

The First Principle of Modern Business is SERVICE

That is where we shine.

Good Goods well made, moderately priced, and honest effort made to deliver on time. Expert accounting and satisfactory settlements of all claims.

The biggest clothing manufacturing organization in Newfoundland backs up its claim for Superior Service.

WHOLESALE ONLY.
Newfoundland Clothing Co., Ltd.

Bubbles!!

An "Ad." for **Children.**

Kiddies! Here's the cutest, oddest new kind of Toy Books for you, they're called "Bubble Books." There are four of them, and they've each got a ducky story, jolly pictures, and oh! wait— There's all the Nursery Rhymes you know sung on dear little Graftonola Records, which fit in between the pages. Imagine it!

Wouldn't you like to hear about the wonderful Bubbles the magic pipe blew? Wouldn't you just love to hear "The Farmer in the Dell," "Tom, Tom the Piper's Son," "Little Bo-Peep," "Old King Cole" and lots more of the Rhymes you know sung on a Graftonola? Well! Tell mother about these books. They're called "The Books that Sing." They cost \$1.25 each, or \$5.00 the set of four, and you can get them at the

U.S. Picture & Portrait Co.,
Saint John's.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

New Fruit and To-Day, Apr

- | | |
|------------------------------|------|
| New York Cabbage. | 2 C |
| Onions, sacks. | Loca |
| Onions, crates. | Frea |
| 150 Boxes "Wine Sap" Apples. | Pa |
| 50 Cases Oranges. | PAK |
| 10 Cases Lemons. | CAM |
| 10 Brls. Parsnips. | P. |
| 10 Brls. Carrots. | LO |
| 5 Crates Fresh Tomatoes. | |

C. P. EAG
Duckworth Street and Q

A State Matter.

Evening Telegram.

Mr. Str.—I am informed that for weeks past quite a controversy has been going on in the papers about the proposal of the Salvation Army to erect a Maternity Home in St. John's. I therefore think it advisable for me to give a short resume of the history of the Child Welfare movement, in order that the public may be able to decide how best this important feature of that movement should be inaugurated and conducted.

At the Public Meeting of August 11th the Child Welfare Committee, composed of very few people in St. John's, decided that the average and the City was above the average and that many people think it is a thing of recent development as it is really an evil of long standing. Partly by bringing the condition forcibly before the public, and partly by endeavoring to remedy matters by instruction to mothers at the Welfare Exhibit was procured by 1917 and an accomplished Miss Hudson, engaged to manage it. In addition to arranging and seeing this Exhibit, Miss Hudson, for the month she spent here, made a close inquiry into the causes of the phenomenal death rate among children.

The meeting above mentioned, the results of this investigation were public, and the following remedial measures suggested:—

A Maternity Home, where mothers could go for their confinements, and where they could be attended by their doctors if they so desired, and where they could receive expert nursing attendance.

Community Nurses to visit all born and sick children and to be the mothers and help them as was practicable.

A Children's Hospital, or Ward attached to the Maternity Home, where children who were seriously ill could receive the necessary attention.

Davidson, whose visits throughout the Island had convinced her of the serious need which existed for midwives, entered into the matter with the greatest enthusiasm. She suggested women from the outposts might be trained at such an institution and become of enormous value when returned to their own districts.

Accordingly made a strong appeal to E. P. Morris's Government, then premier, for the establishment of such an institution as a matter of public policy. The Executive Council of the Government, consisting of a Sub-committee consisting of Messrs. J. R. Bennett and R. A. Bennett, to investigate the matter and report thereon.

They met Lady Davidson, Fraser (I think), Miss Hudson and discussed the proposal, but understood they never reported to the Executive as they were unable to do so.

About this time, Lady Davidson invited me to Government House to some representatives of the Salvation Army, who had a proposition to make about the matter under discussion. At the meeting which followed, the officers of the Salvation Army said that they had in contemplation the erection of a new Rescue Home to which they had intended to forward for paying Maternity cases.

A lengthy discussion, Lady Davidson told them that the proposition she had in mind was a good deal more extensive than they contemplated, and that in her opinion it was not possible.

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



.....

JUST ARRIVED!

Windsor Salt,
all sizes. Also

Regal,
in Cartons.

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

.....

.....

Information.

INTRODUCING "CLEO" THE MISS OF THE AS A STENOGRAPHER. SHE'S A TWIN SISTERS TWELVE. WHEN IT COMES TO BUYING OLD TYPEWRITERS, SAY SHE'S AN OLD GERMAN MACHINE, PLAY THE STENOGRAPHER.



.....