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**BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S**

**The Old Marquis**

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER XXXV.  
BOUND TO WIN.

"The horse seems in an awful temper! No matter, so long as he starts," Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"He will be all right when he knows you are on his back," he said. It took three men to saddle him, and one man bears the marks of Assassin's teeth on his arm to this day. But at last he was saddled, and Lord Edgar, mounting him, rode into the paddock amid a volley of cheers from the stable hands, who had backed him to a man; and then cantered in front of the grand stand.

A roar of applause arose as he appeared; the horse, one of the hand-somest of his kind, looked at his best, ridden by the workman-like figure of Lord Edgar in the Farnintosh blue.

The ladies in the grand stand leaned forward and clapped their gloved hands; his name was shouted by thousands, and the prince himself came to the front of the stand and nodded approval.

Quite unmoved, Lord Edgar cantered the prescribed distance, holding the horse with a light but steel-like hand, and returned to the starting-post, and as he did so a yell of admiration arose from the crowd.

If Assassin started well it was bound to win; there was no other horse like it. More, if proof of this were needed, argued the crowd, it would be found in the fact that the great Marquis of Farnintosh had laid a hundred to one upon it.

Yells and shouts rent the air as Lord Edgar cantered to and fro, to keep the horse moving, and chancing to look up, he saw Edith Drayton. With a faint smile he raised his hand to his cap and rode on, but the crowd, quick to notice the slightest gesture, cheered to the echo, and backed Assassin and his rider still more heavily to win.

And Clifford Revel at that moment was laying against it.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

That morning Lela was sitting at breakfast—alone! The table was well supplied with the dainties which nowadays are considered necessary to tempt our early morning appetites, but Lela regarded them with any-

thing but "eager eyes." She had lain awake nearly all the night, her head was aching, and she looked pale. The pretty room looked desolate in her eyes; the sight of Edgar's knick-knacks, his cigarette-box, and his slippers standing empty by the fireplace, filled her heart with an unutterable bitterness and longing.

She had promised not to cry—not to fret; but she felt that it was an unwise promise, for a "good cry" would have relieved and somewhat removed the dull aching of her heart.

She told herself, as she had done a hundred times in the silent watches of the night, that it was foolish and rather wicked to be so out by Edgar's absence, that the few hours would soon pass; but that kind of wisdom does not contain much comfort at the best of times, and it brought none to her now.

Listlessly she got up from the table, having broken a piece of toast and put her lips to the cup of coffee, and strolled to the window, probably with the intention of remaining there until she should see Edgar coming up the steps; but presently the door opened, and Lovel entered. There was a look of hesitation on his face that was quite unusual, and he stood for a moment silent, until Lovel turned, and saw him making no attempt to clear the table said:

"You can take away the breakfast, Lovel."

"Yes, my lady," he said; then he coughed. "There's a man down in the hall who wishes to see you, my lady."

"To see me?" said Lela, with surprise. "Lord Fane, he means, I suppose. You have told him his lordship is out?" with a little sigh.

"Yes, my lady; but it is you, not his lordship, he wishes to see, and he won't take no for an answer. He says his business is important, and that you would say so if you knew it."

Lela hesitated a moment.

"Do I know him, or do you, I mean?"

"No, my lady," said Lovel; "I have never seen him before."

"A gentleman?" said Lela, not knowing what to do, or whether Lord Edgar would like her to see the man or not.

"Scarcely, my lady; but respectable, I should say. He seems terribly in earnest."

"Show him up, I will see him," said Lela, with sudden resolution. "I beg your pardon, my lady, but your ladyship will forgive me; I am in charge here, and answerable for you—that is to say—the faithful fel-

low stammered—"I don't mean to say that the man means harm, but there are so many begging-letter impostors and that kind of people. If you want him turned away quickly, I shall be in the next room."

Lela could not help smiling, though she knew how to appreciate faithful devotion.

"I quite understand, Lovel, but I can not conceive that any one should wish to do me any harm; let the man come up."

Lovel went down. Lela heard his voice, evidently impressing upon the stranger that he was going to be highly favored by being permitted to see Lady Fane, and then the door opened, and, with a faint surprise, Lela saw the man whom she had seen with Mr. Bowen.

He came in and looked straight before him, but with something less of his usual woodenness; indeed, there was a touch of suppressed impatience that made itself visible in the faint twitching of his lips and a fidgeting with his hat.

Lovel crossed the room and went into the next—on guard.

"You wish to see me?" began Lela; but he interrupted her, not rudely, but as if time were too valuable to be wasted.

"My lady, my name is Brown. I was sent here by a friend of yours to take you to Lord Edgar."

Lela started and shrunk back with astonishment and surprise, and naturally glanced at the door of the next room.

"Quite right, my lady," said Mr. Brown. "That servant is a faithful fellow, and deserves your confidence. I've no objection to his hearing every word that passes between us. Shall I call him, my lady?"

His manner was respectable in the extreme, but he spoke shortly, and glanced at the clock.

"Will!" said Lela. "You say—you say that you wish me to go Lord Edgar! Why?"

"I can't explain, my lady. I am only acting on instructions."

"Whose?" asked Lela, her courage returning, but her suspicions keenly aroused.

"That I can't say. I'm in an awkward hobble as ever a poor man was in; because you see, I can't say straight out why I'm here, and why I want you to come with me."

"I certainly shall not come," said Lela, firmly, "unless you give me sufficient reason. You could not think that I would. Who are you?"

Mr. Bowen thought a moment.

"I'll tell you this much, my lady," he said. "I am a detective. I was engaged by Lord Fane, through Clifford Revel, to find you—I did so at Larkworthy."

Lela turned pale.

She touched the bell, and Lovel came in, as if he had been leaning against the door, and looked quite ready to fling Mr. Bowen out of the window at a word from his young mistress.

"Ah, that's better!" sighed Mr. Bowen. "I can deal with a man. But you, my lady, are difficult. Now, Mr. Lovel, to begin with, time is short; every moment we stand arguing is worth a king's ransom. If I don't persuade you that I'm an honest man and mean good to her ladyship in ten minutes, you may go on thinking me what you like for the rest of your life, because it won't be any good. See here, Mr. Lovel, I want her ladyship to go down with me to Lord Fane."

"Not without me, anyway," said Lovel, grimly.

"Bless the man, who cares! Of course!" retorted Bowen, impatiently, and he wiped his forehead.

Lovel got out the brandy and a glass, and put it on the table.

"Help yourself," he said; then he went to the window and hailed two hansoms, dashed out of the room, and appeared, almost in another minute, in his hat and overcoat, and with a wrap for his mistress.

Bowen compared his watch with the clock, and even as he did so Lela re-entered the room.

She was still white, but there was a like in her eyes which reassured Mr. Bowen that she would not faint, and that was what he had dreaded all through the interview.

"I am ready," she said. "Why do you wait? Let us go at once—at once!" and she passed them and went out.

Lovel put her into one hansom, he and Bowen got into another, and the two cabs raced for the station. They caught the train, and Lovel put her into a carriage.

**A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**

Miss Kelly Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Restored Her Health.

Newark, N. J.—"For about three years I suffered from nervous breakdown and got so weak I could hardly stand, and had headaches every day. I tried everything I could think of and was under a physician's care for two years. A girl friend had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me about it. From the first day I took it I began to feel better and now I am well and able to do most any kind of work. I have been recommending the Compound ever since and give you my permission to publish this letter."—Miss FLO KELLY, 476 So. 14th St., Newark, N. J.

"Come in here," she said. "I must know—"

But Bowen shook his head.

"No, my lady, I can tell you nothing. I'm under orders. If I get in, you'll get it out of me. Let Mr. Lovel and me ride in the next carriage," and Lela could not move him.

She rode alone with her fears, and, if these words do not express what she suffered, then no description could do it.

The train reached Badmore, and Lovel rushed to the carriage, while Bowen darted out to get a fly.

As he did so, a flyman drove up, and called to him:

"Mr. Bowen!"

"Right!"

"Jump in, sir! There's no time to lose; the train's half an hour late!"

"I know! Have they started?" he demanded, eagerly; and Lela strained her ears to catch the reply.

The man shook his head.

"Can't say, Lord Edgar was late—"

"Drive like mad! Drive for life or death!" almost shouted Bowen; and they tore out of the station-yard.

CHAPTER XXXVII.  
THE SECRET OUT.

The fly dashed through the deserted streets. With clasped hands and white face, with lips that murmured unceasingly the prayer, "Save him! save him!" she sat through those moments into which were compressed a life-long agony.

With whip and voice the man urged his horse, and presently the hoarse din of the crowd broke faintly on her ears. She sprang from her seat and knelt at the window, and Lovel, white as herself, murmured words of encouragement that fell on deaf ears. Suddenly they reached the top of the hill which overlooks the course, and as they did so the road, "They're off!" rung out; and, with a groan, she covered her face with her hands.

She heard Bowen shout from the box, with an oath, "Too late!" and would have fainted but that something within her compelled her to see and watch, to see for herself what must happen.

She let her hands fall from her eyes and strained them on the course, and saw her darling on the accursed horse, even before Lovel, pointing a shaking finger, cried:

"There he is, my lady! There's my lord! He's safe! He will win! Take heart, my lady—see how he rides him, easily, easily! He is safe! He—ah, oh, Heaven! the horse is swerving, he—Come away, my lady, for Heaven's sake, come away!" and he had to force her from the window, for he and she had seen the great beast stagger and fall, hurling Lord Edgar to the ground, amid the fearful yells of the vast multitude.

(To be continued.)

**Fashion Plates.**

A BECOMING HOUSE DRESS.



2848—For this, striped seersucker, checked or plaid gingham, or percale, could be used. Lawn, linen, drill and cotton gabardine are also desirable. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length, or in 3/4 length. The chemise may be omitted. The skirt is a three-piece model and measures about 2 yards at the foot.

The Pattern for this pleasing model is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 56 inch material.

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

**A Dainty Frock for the Little Miss.**



2775—You can have this in challie, dotted Swiss or batiste, with a yoke of tuckled lawn. The design is nice also for gingham, voile, albatross, or poplin. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 will require 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.

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We also carry a full line of Men's Waterproof Coats in various grades and prices and in all sizes.

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Orangeade Powder.  
Lemonade Powder.  
Rose's Lime Juice.  
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Holbrook Custard Powder.  
Pure Gold Jelly Pow-  
er.  
Sheet Gelatine.  
Sliced Pineapple.  
Strawberries (tins).

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**And the Worst is Yet to Come**



"Not without me, anyway," said Lovel, grimly.

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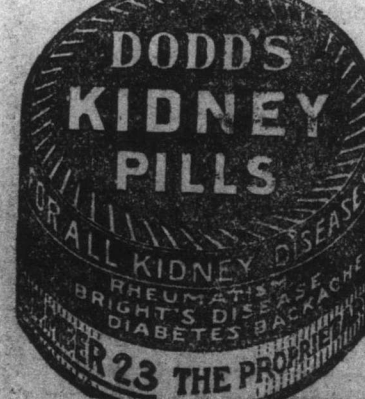
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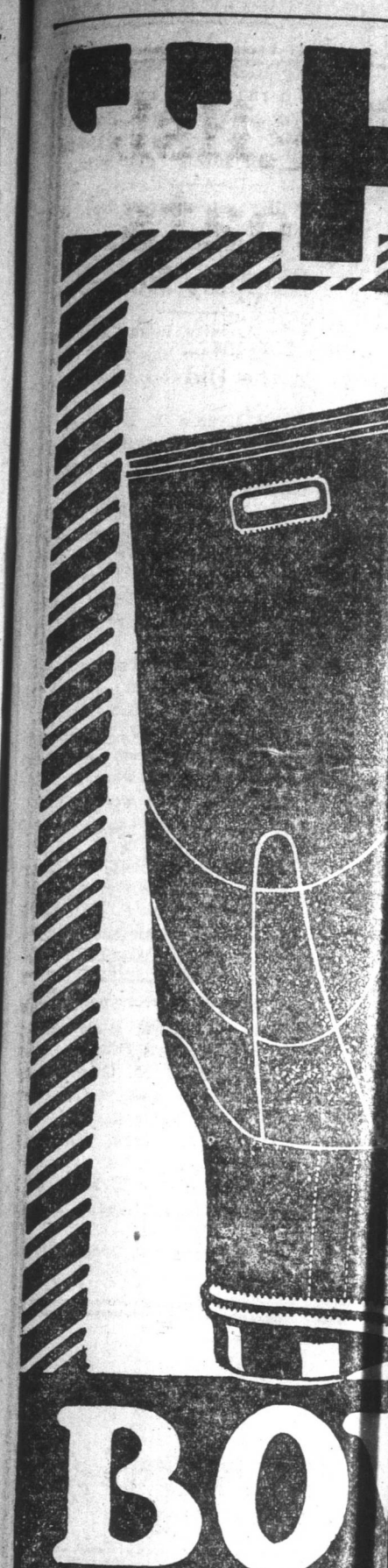
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**Scottish Highlands**  
GIVE HAWKER AND GRIEVE POPULAR RECEPTION.

The Rev. John Gunn Nicolson, M.A., D.D., of Strathpeffer, Inverness, has sent Mr. Donald Nicolson, of this city, a copy of the Ross-Shire Journal, dated May 30th, from which we have been permitted to clip the following report:

The safety of Hawker, the intrepid airman, and his less conspicuous but not less courageous pilot, was assured on Sunday, when the coastguard at the signal station at the Butt of Lewis, Ross-shire, picked up the signals of the Mary, a British built, ocean going tramp, belonging to Denmark. The Mary had picked up the airman in Mid-Atlantic, rescued them after a bitter struggle of about two hours, when launching a small boat was a great peril and no mean feat in a very tempestuous sea. Hawker and his pilot, or navigator, had been over twelve hours in the air. They were unable to carry on further their plucky attempt to fly the Atlantic; not because of want of physical endurance or any temerity, but because the condition of their machine, consequent on trouble with the engine cooling arrangements, made it imperative that they should at once play for safety. They had carried on for many hours under considerable difficulty and resorted to many expedients, but machinery is machinery, and there was no alternative left. They made for the track of shipping—they were a good bit out of it when they made up their minds to do so—and they were happy to hit a slow-glog tramp which, with the freemasonry of the sea, promptly stood by to lend all possible succour. The Mary had no wireless; hence it was not until she made land that the airman could make their safety known to anxious relatives and to a universal public which had become deeply concerned as to their fate.

Hawker and Grieve were subsequently picked off the Mary by a British destroyer, taken to Scapa, and on Monday afternoon left Thurso for London. The Highlands they discovered about them and as rejoiced as to their safety as their own relatives could be. The progress of the train was like a Royal reception. Every little community from Thurso to Inverness turned out to cheer the airman. Hawker filled the picture, but that was a mere temperamental accident. His boyishness and high spirits compelled him to acknowledge the spontaneity of the public applause. Grieve, much more reserved—as befitting a hardy son of the "silent" Navy—only when good-humouredly more or less compelled to share in the reception, appeared to take part in it. Everyone sought to shake hands, and Hawker was quite unreservedly obliging. Autographs