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MAGIC BAKING POWDER

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CONTAINS NO ALUM

Guaranteed to be made exclusively from the ingredients specified on the label.

Your Grocer sells it. Costs no more than the ordinary kinds.

NO ALUM

E. W. GILLET CO. LTD.
TORONTO, CANADA

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The Old Marquis;

OR,

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEN LOVE MEANS RUIN.

It bore neither address nor date, and, with perhaps the first tinge of curiosity he had felt for some years, he held it up to the light and read it. It ran thus:

"My Lord,—If your lordship should retain your partiality for the drama which distinguished your early days, and can still enjoy a petite comédie, I would sincerely recommend your lordship to repair to the small garden attached to that part of the Abbey which is called the Cloisters. If I am not mistaken, your lordship will find a little drama performing there which may afford you both amusement and instruction. I would advise your lordship to go to the spot indicated on receipt of this friendly intimation, and go alone."

To say that my lord, the marquis was astonished would be superfluous, to add that he was enraged would be to insult the intelligence of the reader. Fury, amazement, indignation, struggled between them for the predominance.

That any person should dare to write to him anonymously—that any person should have the temerity to suggest that there was anything going on in the Abbey—maddened him.

He raised his hand to the bell in a fit of wrath that threatened to once to break down and scatter his icy impassiveness; then he let his jeweled hand fall to his side instead of on the bell, and stared at the letter again, his face deadly white, his thin lips set hard.

What did it mean? Was it a practical joke? a hoax such as he himself used to play when he was a young man? No, hoaxes were out of the fashion, the world had grown too grave and serious for them. Besides, who would dare to play a practical joke with him?

The longer he thought of it the more serious he grew, as the writer intended that he should. He examined the letter closely, and the envelope; the handwriting was quite strange to him, and in addition had doubtless been disguised. He could not decide whether it was a man's or a woman's. The envelope bore the

London W. postmark, and was therefore no sort of a clue.

It must have been written by some one tolerably familiar with the Abbey; and who was familiar with it? No visitors had darkened the doors for years—there was only Edgar. But why should Edgar write such an epistle? and the handwriting was not his; Lord Farintosh was pretty well acquainted with his son's calligraphy; and then—and this seemed conclusive—he did not believe that Lord Edgar was clever enough to disguise his handwriting.

He looked at the clock, wistfully, wrathfully; he glanced at his bandaged leg. No, he would not demean himself by following the advice of an anonymous scribbler who deserved to be pitched into the fire with his abominable scrawl. What! he, the Marquis of Farintosh, obey the command of some wretch, and play the spy in his own Abbey? Impossible—impossible! And—then, with a muttered oath, he rang the bell so furiously that both the valet and Mr. Palmer came hurrying in.

"Thanks—I don't require the whole household!" he snarled. "Palmer, bring me the keys."

"The keys, my lord?"

"Yes, idiot, the keys of the"—he was almost ashamed to ask for them; he had not done so for years; but his shame brought him to his senses, and sent him back into his icy impassiveness again—"the keys to the cloister doors."

"Mr. Temple, sir, has the keys of all excepting the library."

"Bring that, then; and mark! let the whole of the keys belonging to the doors that divide my apartments from the rest of the Abbey be placed on that sideboard."

"Very good, my lord," answered Mr. Palmer, meekly.

He came in again in a few minutes with the key; he had tried to rub some of the rust off, but it still looked very much as Bluebeard's key must have looked when that pattern husband handed it to Fatima.

The marquis dismissed him with a word, and then sat with the key in his hand. His gout was intense, so was his curiosity, but his iron will was most intense of all! Slowly and with pain that caused drops of perspiration to stand out like beads upon his forehead, he got up, and leaning on his thick stick of ebony, with its silver crutch-handle, made his way to the dressing-room, and got his hat and the

fur cloak with which he was always enveloped when he courted the open air.

Then he came back into the room and locked the outer door with as much care as if he were going to commit murder or suicide; indeed, to his haughty soul the deed of which he was about to be guilty ranked quite on a par with either of these crimes.

There was another door in the room that led to a staircase communicating with the eastern part of the Abbey in which the library was situated, and when he had passed through this he locked it also.

Now he had set out upon his task he felt less pain and less shame. He had given his curiosity the rein and was going to let it carry him to the bitter end.

The staircase was not very well lighted, and he had to go very carefully, and once he nearly stumbled and fell to the bottom, but he gained the ground floor at last, and using his rusty key opened the door and found himself in the library. He looked around with an air of strangeness—he had not been in the room for years; then he paused and pondered. He remembered that there was a small square of waste garden, an old rosary which, when he saw it last, was run to seed, a home for the pigeons and cats of the Abbey. But he had quite forgotten how to reach it from the library, and he would have turned back in another moment with a sense of relief—he felt so much like a burglar—but at that instant there came floating through the door in the china-room the soft, sweet strains of a girl's voice.

It was Lela singing to Lord Edgar. The marquis started. The voice thrilled through him and moved him; it was years since he had heard a girl's pure voice. He almost forgot the anonymous letter and his task of spying; then it came back to him, and his eyes glinted. At any rate, there was the female actor in the little comedy which he had been assured he should witness.

With Voltaire's snarl in his mind, "If a woman be near, mischief is not far off!" he drew aside the curtain and looked out into the garden. Amusement was his first emotion—it was a fairy scene instead of a waste wilderness of old trees and weeds—a veritable fairy scene! And that was the fairy and his face grew deathly white and his eyes glittered furiously—the fairy was lying on the breast of his son, Lord Edgar, looking up into his handsome face—for perhaps the first time the marquis recognized its beauty—with all her soul in her pure, lovely eyes.

I wish I could set down in a couple of lines all that passed through my lord the Marquis of Farintosh's mind in a couple of moments! The exquisite beauty and palpable innocence of the girl smote him as translucent water smites a hardened rock; then the thought that his son should play the traitor to such a young creature maddened him—he didn't remember his own young and most alarmingly wicked days, by any means—then the reflection that this wickedness was being carried on under his own roof enraged him; and lastly the fact of his being there, and the chance of his being found there playing the spy humiliated and tortured him. He stood, devoured by these conflicting passions, glaring and listening.

Who was the girl? He tried to remember, and at last recalled a little slip of a child who used to run about the lawn and whom he had heard calling the old librarian "grandpapa!" And she had grown into—this. He steadied himself on his stick and stood with knitted brows.

To-morrow—to-night, is possible, she should be sent away, and Lord Edgar—well, he would have a word with him. Somehow a bitter disappointment filled his heart. He knew himself to be wicked, but he had thought that his son, though a fool in his opinion, was an honest one! And now he had turned out to be a villain, like his father and the Fanes generally.

He saw Lord Edgar take out his cigarette-case; he saw Lela take the dainty created match-box and light the cigarette for him; he could hear their voices murmuring harmoniously; then, with a start, Lela looked up at the moon, just beginning to grow yellow.

"Oh, Edgar, see! How late it must be, and grandpapa not back yet! I—I don't think I must stay any longer."

"Why not, darling?" he answered.

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H.P. SAUCE

continues to arrive from England.

Has a new and delicious flavour, no sauce just like it.

Wouldn't it be worth your while to try a bottle now?

"It is just cool and pleasant now."

"Yes," with a sigh; "It is pleasant, and I am—ah, so happy! But—"

He arose at once; she was too innocent for her fear to have any significance, but he would not take advantage of her.

"Well, I will go, dearest. Perhaps Mr. Temple would not like me to be here so late. I'll go and meet him."

"No, not to-night," she said, then she blushed and hid her face. "Not to-night. Come in the morning. I'm very foolish, am I not? but I want all to-night to think of this hour of ours! To-morrow you shall tell him; but go now—ah, if the night had not come so soon!"

Juliet mourned the approach of day, Lela the approach of night, but on the same grounds—that awful parting from their lovers.

"To-morrow will soon be here, darling!" he said, "and to-morrow I shall have the right to call you my own, and spend—ah, hours, days with you; and then, when we are married, I shall always be by your side, never to part, Lela. Think of that! It is almost too much for my wooden head to realize!"

"It is too much for my heart," she said, fervently.

"I'll try and see my father to-night," he went on, holding her to him. "He will give his consent, I'm sure—I'm afraid for the reason that he doesn't care what becomes of me."

Pleasant for the marquis was this. "We must be married soon! But there, I won't talk about it. Good-night, my own darling!" She put up her face, and he kissed it, once, twice, thrice, and then slowly, reluctantly he let her go. "Will you not come in?" he said.

"No," she answered, with a little sigh. "I shall stay here and think—of you!"

And, as he paused to look back, she sunk down by the fountain, and kissed the spot where he had leaned.

It required all his resolution to enable him to resist the temptation to go back to her, but he conquered and hurried through the door, just giving the marquis time to draw back into the shadow.

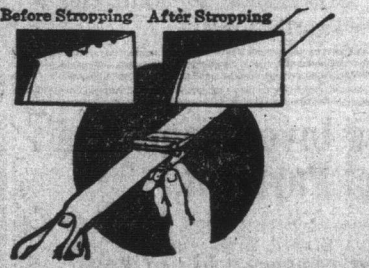
And there he remained—puzzled, bewildered, and troubled. He heard Lord Edgar's firm footsteps gradually die away along the terrace, and still he stood.

His mind had received a thorough shock. His son was not a villain—there had been truth in his very voice. He intended marrying the girl, and was, therefore, still—what was worse in the marquis' opinion—a fool!

(To be Continued.)

Rolls may be warmed in a well-closed paper bag put in a moderately warm oven.

Before Stripping After Stripping



Stripping re-aligns the saw-like edge and brings the blade back to its original keenness. Stripping—shaving—cleaning—done without removing blade from razor.

Razor—strip—12 blades—\$5

Auto Strip RAZOR

Sunday Services.

Church of England Cathedral.—Holy Communion (1st Sunday), 7.00, 8.00 and 11; other Sundays, 8.00; Matins (except 1st Sunday), 11; Children's Service, 3.30; Evensong, 6.30. Week Days—Matins, 8.00; Evensong, 6.30; Saints' Day, Matins, 7.30; Holy Communion, 8.00; Thursdays, Holy Communion, 7.15; Fridays, Evensong, 7.30. Sunday Schools, 2.45 p.m.; Boy's Bible Class, 2.45 p.m. (Yearly); C. M. B. C. (Synod Building), 3 p.m.

St. Thomas's.—Holy Communion (St. Andrew's Brotherhood) 7 and 8; Morning Prayer and Sermon, 11; preacher, the Rector; subject: "Religion in Part—Religion the Whole." Sunday Schools, 2.45; Dunfield Boys' Bible Class, 2.45; Girls' Bible Class, 2.45; Women's Bible Class, 2.45; Evensong and Sermon, 6.30; preacher, Rev. C. A. Moulton.

St. Mary the Virgin, (Southside).—Holy Communion, 8; Matins and Litany, 11; Evensong, 6.30. Note—Children will bring their offerings for "Our Own Missionary" to Sunday School at 2.30.

St. Michael's.—Holy Communion, 8 a.m.; Matins and Litany, 11; Evensong, 6.30.

Gower St.—11, Rev. T. B. Darby, M.A.; 6.30, Rev. E. W. Forbes, M.A., B.D.; George St.—11, Rev. E. W. Forbes, M.A., B.D.; 6.30, Rev. T. B. Darby, M.A.

Cochrane St.—11, Rev. W. B. Bugden, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., L.L.D.

Wesley.—Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., L.L.D.; 6.30, Rev. W. B. Bugden, B.A.

Queen's Road Congregational Church.—Divine Worship in the morning at 11 a.m. Subject for sermon: "Lessons from Architecture." Story for the children: "David and Goliath." Popular evening service at 6.30 p.m. Subject for the sermon: "Love's Offering—Too Late." Preacher at both services, Rev. Dudley B. Ashford. Come and welcome to the Stranger's Sabbath Home.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church.—Rev. Gordon Dickie, M.A., Minister. Services at 11 and 6.30. At the morning service the Oddfellows Society of the city will attend the commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of the founding of this order. Subject of sermon: "Fellowship and Oddfellowship." At the evening service a young people's choir of forty voices will sing the cantata: "The Easter King." This cantata is being repeated by request. Strangers cordially welcome at all services.

Adventist.—Subject: "The New Testament Sabbath." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.

S. A. Citadel, Adelaide St.—7 a.m., Prayer meeting; 11, Holiness meeting; 3, Praise meeting; 7 p.m., Salvation meeting, conducted by Adjt. and Mrs. Woolfrey. All are welcome.

GOWER ST.—9.45 a.m., Men's Class meetings in rooms 1 and 4; 2.30, Sunday School and men's and women's organized Bible classes; 4, young women's class meeting; 11, and 6.30, public worship. The Rev. T. B. Darby will preach in the morning and the Pastor in the evening.

GEORGE ST.—The Easter music will be repeated on Sunday night.

GEORGE ST. A. B. C. will meet in its rooms to-morrow afternoon at 2.45 for general discussion of the lesson. As the lesson is interesting, a large attendance is expected.

WESLEY.—Rev. Dr. Bond preaches in the morning. The Pastor is the preacher at the evening service; subject: "Service or How Much You Ought to Get." Visitors are always heartily welcomed at all of our services. Come and worship with us to-morrow.

CONGREGATIONAL.—The principles of Art have their application in the sphere of Character-building and Religion. The Rev. D. B. Ashford has made a hobby of Architecture and his extensive travels has enabled him to study many of its finest examples. His Sunday morning subject: "Lessons from Architecture" should be both interesting and helpful. At night he will repeat by request a sermon which he delivered soon after his arrival in St. John's, entitled: "Love's Offering—Too Late," or "The Duty and the Beauty of Expressed Gratitude." It will be illustrated from the lives of the great Prose-writers, Poets, Painters, Philosophers and Prophets. Mr. Ashford will also tell the story of "The Baby who wanted but one white rose." Do not fail to hear this. It is one of his best.

ASSOCIATED BIBLE STUDENTS meet in Chapter Room, Victoria Hall, 3 p.m., International Sunday School Lesson; 8 p.m., discourse: "The Sabbath." All are welcome.

METHODIST COLLEGE HALL.—On Sunday afternoon at 2.45 an Evangelistic service will be held in the Methodist College Hall. This service will be conducted under the direction of the Demarest Evangelistic Campaign Committee; it is open to all. Victory Song Books and Sankey Books will be used. Collection to defray expenses.

NOTE OF THANKS.—Mr. Edward Skiffington and family wish to thank all kind friends who sympathized with them in the loss of their mother, especially Mrs. Jas. Anderson, Mrs. Jan. Myron and Mrs. John Christopher.—adv.

When you want something in a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS'—Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled Ham, Cooked Corned Beef, Bologna Sausage.

SMALLPOX ABOARD.—The Sch. "Margaret Lake" is detained at Fortune, by smallpox on board. The disease made its appearance while the ship was on the way from Oporto, and as a result the Captain has died and two members of the crew are seriously ill. Dr. MacDonald is attending the patients.

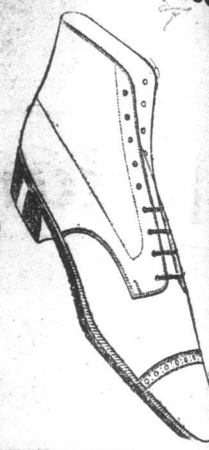
When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

New Cabbage

To arrive Monday ex S. S. Adolph: 75 crates NEW GREEN CABBAGE. 100 boxes CALIFORNIA ORANGES—all counts. 80 boxes APPLES—all counts. 30 barrels PARSNIPS.

Burt & Lawrence, 14 New Gower

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Our selection of Spring Shoes are opened and await your inspection. In our very large range of styles you will find a style for every purpose on smart, snappy and stylish lasts.

MEN'S MAHOGANY TAN CALF BLUCHER, Laced, Round Toe.

MEN'S MAHOGANY TAN CALF, Laced, English Toe, at \$7.00, \$7.50 to \$10.00.

MEN'S BLACK VICI BLUCHER, Laced, Round Toe, with Rubber Heels attached, only \$8.00.

MEN'S VICI BLUCHER, Laced, Extra Wide Toe, with Cushion Innersole and Flexible Outsole, only \$5.50.

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That the Ogilvie Flour Mills Co., Ltd. (the largest millers in the British Empire), make STANDARD flour in conformity with the law.

That having every confidence in the quality of their product, they are not ashamed to label it

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