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This appliance has a peculiar concave shape purposely so formed to fit snugly over joint and eliminate friction and pressure from foot wear, and at the same time also prevents the enlarged joint from forcing shoe out of shape.

Is superior to old-fashioned leather and felt protectors, as it is made from antiseptic rubber, and being worn right on bunions inside boot or shoe it excludes air, forms and retains a moisture pocket which keeps the joint soft and pliable, removes that hard callus or corn that so often accompanies and increases the irritability of the enlargement, also reduces inflamed condition.

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**SCHOLL Eases the Feet**

**The Old Marquis**

OR

**The Girl of the Cloisters**

CHAPTER XX.

AT AUCTION.

"Well, here I am already. I could not rest at home, Clifford."

"I can understand that!"

"Of course, you have not heard anything yet?"

Clifford Revel raised his eyebrows.

"Well, scarcely yet. Clever as my man is, he could scarcely have discovered anything yet."

"No, I suppose not," said Lord Edgar, sadly. "I don't suppose you understand how terrible it is for me to remain quiescent, and—I can't say patient, Clifford."

"I think I can understand," said Clifford Revel, transferring a kidney from the dish to his plate. "It is trying and hard, of course, but I give you my word it is the best course. If they are to be found my man will find them! Have you had any breakfast? I'll be bound you have not. Sit down and try and eat a little."

Lord Edgar shook his head.

"I could not."

"Then smoke," said Clifford Revel, throwing a cigar-case across the table. "Never mind me, I smoke at all times."

The sight of the cigar-case reminded Lord Edgar of last night.

"Did you find your pocket-book?" he asked.

Clifford Revel stared, then he colored.

"Oh, yes, thank you! Yes, I got it, and he rose and went into the next room. "I must go, as you know, my dear Edgar," he said; "office hours ten till five, and I am already an hour and a half late. Ah! how happy it is to be a young earl with nothing to do!"

"Yes, I am very happy, am I not?" said Lord Edgar.

"What are you going to do with yourself?" said Clifford Revel. "I shall be back at four or a little later. Come and dine with me. Something may have turned up by that time."

Lord Edgar nodded.

"Thanks; I will. Candidly, Clifford, I am afraid I shall not be able to remain inactive much longer."

Clifford Revel shrugged his shoulders.

"Take my advice, and put your full confidence in my man," he said. "Will you walk as far as the War Office with me?"

Lord Edgar nodded, and they parted at the corner of Pall Mall with the understanding that they should meet at four at the Temple.

Then he went on to his club—as he walked up the steps he remembered how he had described his daily life to Lela—and looked at the paper. Coming across Tattersall's advertisement, it flashed upon his mind that he had promised to purchase a horse for Edith Drayton.

The remembrance suggested something that he could do to slay the leaden hours, and, jumping into a cab, he went to Tattersall's. There was a sale on, and, as he entered the yard and pushed through the crowd congregated there, many sporting men recognized him and nodded respectfully.

His name stood high in the sporting world; and his late action in the case of his horse, Flyaway, had been commented upon in favorable terms by the sporting papers. He was regarded, so the papers said, as one of the most honored and promising men on the turf.

The great man himself who occupied the auctioneer's rostrum raised his hat, as Lord Edgar entered, and the crowd made way for him as if he were somebody whom they delighted to honor. In past days—how short a time ago—he would have been gratified by these marks of consideration and respect, but this morning his heart was too anxious and heavy to appreciate them. He stood, smoking his cigar and looking on, as horse after horse was brought out and sold; and presently the grooms ran out a pretty-looking lady's hack. He thought it would suit Edith Drayton, and went up and examined it. Though he was young, there were few better judges of a horse present, and a silence fell upon the crowd as he stood beside the horse. Then he fell back and the sale proceeded. He began to bid, and several gentlemen who knew him by sight began to bid also, seeing that he approved of the horse. The bidding ran high. It reached a hundred pounds in a few moments, and the gentlemen ran him hard; but Lord Edgar, forgetting his trouble for the moment, stood calmly by the rostrum, and bought the horse for one hundred and fifty pounds.

The auctioneer raised his hat as he recorded the sale, and leaned over the box.

"Where shall I send him, my lord?" he asked in a whisper.

"Let a saddle be put on him, and I will take him," he said. "I have not got a check with me—"

The auctioneer waved his hand with a smile, as much as to say that was of the smallest consequence, and gave directions that the horse was to be saddled.

**"Syrup of Figs" is Child's Laxative.**

Look at tongue! Remove poisons from stomach, liver and bowels.



Accept "California" Syrup of Figs only—look for the name California on the package, then you are sure your child is having the best and most harmless laxative or physic for the little stomach, liver and bowels. Children love its delicious fruity taste. Full directions for child's dose on each bottle. Give it without fear.

When he was brought around, Lord Edgar got on his back, and, bowing to the farewell salutations of the crowd, rode into the park.

He tried the horse thoroughly, and in every way, and, finding him satisfactory, rode to Elton Square.

As he dismounted and threw the bridle to a groom, the footman flung back the door and he entered. Edith Drayton met him at the drawing-room door.

She looked pale and wan, paler than he had ever seen her, and his eyes expressed some surprise.

"Is it you, Lord Edgar?" she said. "I thought it was my mother returning from shopping."

"Well, I have been shopping, too," he said in his blunt fashion. "Will you come and look at my purchase?"

She went with him to the front door, and he strode down the steps and patted the horse.

"Do you like him?" he asked, coming up to her again.

She looked at him, and the color flooded her face for a moment, and then left it pale again.

"And you could think of me in the midst of your great trouble?" she murmured.

His face clouded.

"Don't think of that," he said. "It was something to do, if it had not been for that, I should have gone mad this morning. But do you like him?"

"He is beautiful!" she said, glancing at the horse, her eyes returning to him immediately afterward. "And you bought him for me?"

"Yes," he answered, "and tried him. I will be answerable for his good conduct. I have put him to the test this morning. You may ride him in safety."

"How can I thank you?" she said, as they entered the drawing-room.

"I'll tell you," he answered, abruptly, a faint color in his face. "I don't know whether you will be angry but I'll risk it. If you think you are under any obligation to me, you can discharge it by accepting the horse as a slight token of my—my gratitude for your sympathy."

The last words left his lips falteringly—they recalled his past sorrow. She looked at him and her lip quivered.

"But—"

"Don't say 'but,'" he said, with a sad smile. "I hate the word; it is always the prelude to something one would rather not hear! Say that you accept him in the spirit with which I venture to offer him to you. I'm afraid I am doing something extremely rude and ill-mannered, but I'll ask you to overlook that; I am ill-mannered, you know."

"You—"

"She stopped short and bent her head. "I will not say what I was about to," she responded, "but I will say instead that I will accept your kind gift, Lord Edgar, and I shall never forget the spirit that prompted it."

"Nor I the sweet kindness of yours which gave me the courage to offer it," he responded, his honest frankness lending grace to his simple speech.

A sudden moisture came into her eyes; she was tired and overborne, and she held out her hand.

"Yes, I will accept it, Lord Edgar, and I thank you very much. And now—closing the drawing-room door—tell me, have you heard anything yet?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing, I went to my cousin Clifford Revel's this morning; but, of course, I was too soon. I am going

there now. I place all my hopes on him."

"On Mr. Revel?" she said, and her voice faltered and grew hard.

"Yes," he said, with a slight accent of surprise at her tone and manner. "You know I told you that he had taken the case in hand."

"Yes," she answered, still hesitatingly.

He looked at her. Now was the moment for her, if she could summon up courage to speak out from her heart, to warn him.

But the moment passed, and, instead of saying, "Better put your trust on a broken reed, better lean on the sharp end of a sword than trust in him," she murmured, faintly:

"Yes, he will know what is best."

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said, with a sigh. "To tell you the truth, clever as I know Clifford to be, I have been very restless and dissatisfied. But if you think it is best to leave it to him—"

He paused and waited, and she paused, too.

Then she lifted her eyes—they seemed to lack their usual light, and to be heavy and somber this morning—and murmured:

"Yes, he is clever. He will know what is best."

"I am afraid you are tired this morning," he said, gently, and the gentleness smote her to the heart.

"I am, rather; and you?" and she looked up at him.

He laughed bitterly.

"I am not tired. I don't tire easily, spent the night thinking and thinking, but I seem no nearer the solution of the problem, no nearer—Lela."

She turned as he spoke her name.

"Will you—will you stay to lunch?" she said, and her voice faltered; all her calm, imperial manner seemed to desert her in his presence.

He shook his head.

"It is nearly four o'clock—I must go to the Temple—that is where my cousin lives. Good-by; thank you very much for taking the horse, and I hope you will have many a pleasant ride on him."

CHAPTER XXI.

A WEEK OF SUSPENSE.

LORD EDGAR went down to the Temple and found Clifford Revel waiting for him.

"Is there any news?" he demanded. Clifford Revel shook his head.

"Not yet. I scarcely expected any—so soon. Why, what time has my man had?"

"That is true," sighed Lord Edgar; "but I was hoping against hope."

There was a pate de foie gras on the table, and a bottle of light wine, and Clifford Revel pushed him gently into a chair.

"You have had no lunch, no breakfast, I very much suspect," he said. "My dear Edgar, starving yourself won't mend matters. Come, eat some of this pate," and he put some on a plate. While he was doing it there came a knock at the door, and, thinking that it was the housekeeper or the servant, he said, "Come in."

The door opened, and the expressionless face and gray-clad figure of Mr. Bowen discovered itself in the opening. Lord Edgar's back was to the door, and he did not see the man for the moment that he remained there, for, with a slight gesture, Clifford Revel, motioned him to keep outside, and went on talking as calmly as ever.

"What can a man do, however clever he may be, in tracking two persons who have left absolutely no clew behind them, in so short a time? I don't want to discourage you, my dear Edgar, but I shall feel that he has worked hard if he brings any tidings in the course of a week or ten days."

"A week!" Lord Edgar groaned. "I could ransack all England in that time, Clifford."

"Well, we'll do that if it is necessary," said Clifford Revel. "My heart is as much in the work as yours—nearly so—at any rate, I have set my heart on finding them."

Then he looked up at the clock.

"Will you excuse me for a moment, Edgar? My tailor has just looked in—did you see him just now? It was he who knocked."

"No," replied Lord Edgar, listlessly.

(To be Continued.)

When you are having spinach, be sure that it is washed free of sand; then when it is done save the water in which it is boiled, add to this milk, butter, thickening and seasoning and you have a delicious cream of spinach soup.

**Fashion Plates.**

A COMFORTABLE HOUSE DRESS.




2517

2517—Here is a model easy to develop and easy to adjust. Skirt and waist portions are in one piece. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, khaki, galatea, percale, seersucker, and chambray are good for this design.

The Pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 8 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. The dress measures about 2 1/2 yards at the foot.

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

A SIMPLE PRACTICAL GARMENT.



2779

2779—This style of house dress is very popular. It is easy to adjust and easy to develop. The sleeve may be cut in wrist or elbow length. The sucker, percale, lawn, and flannel-ette.

The Pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge is about 2 1/4 yards.

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A sudden moisture came into her eyes; she was tired and overborne, and she held out her hand.

"Yes, I will accept it, Lord Edgar, and I thank you very much. And now—closing the drawing-room door—tell me, have you heard anything yet?"

He shook his head.

"Nothing, I went to my cousin Clifford Revel's this morning; but, of course, I was too soon. I am going

**Discussion Allowed**

**Must Accept or Terms --- Milita Burial of Mart Austria's Turn**

WILL HAND OVER THE KAISER.

LONDON, May 11. The Dutch Government has decided to surrender the former German Emperor to the Allied and Associated Powers, according to a despatch from the Hague to the National News.

WILL ADMIT NO DISCUSSION.

PARIS, May 10. The Allies can admit of no discussion of their right to insist upon the terms of the Peace Treaty substantially as drafted. This is the reply to Count Von Brockdorff Rantzau, head of the German peace-delegation, who submitted a note to Premier Clemenceau declaring that the Peace Treaty contains demands which could be borne by no peoples, and many of them incapable of accomplishment. Count Von Brockdorff Rantzau has also been informed in answer to his message that Germany was not asked to sign the Allied plan for a League of Nations, that although not naming the States invited to enter it that the admission of additional members as states has not been overlooked, but has been explicitly provided for in the second paragraph of Article 1 of the covenant.

A HINT TO GERMANY.

LONDON, May 11. Marshal Foch is returning to the front to-morrow, according to a Reuters despatch from Paris.

LORD FRENCH'S STORY NECESSARY ENTIRELY.

LONDON, May 11. The assertion is made that the Duke of Connaught will undertake a tour of the war zone at the request of the Government, and will be asked to reside over the Governmental enterprise into the conduct of the earlier stages of the war. This report evidently arises from the publication of Lord French's story of the 1914 operations. His account is of course being followed with absorbing interest, but opinion in responsible military as well as civilian circles is almost entirely one of regret that publication should have been made at all events in the present juncture.

THE FUNERAL OF EDITH CAVELL.

BRUSSELS, May 11. (Reuters' Ottawa Agency)—The removal of the remains of Nurse Edith Cavell for interment in Newfoundland takes place on Tuesday, May 13. The body was exhumed at Brussels on March 17, placed in a double coffin of zinc and oak and conveyed to the National. The body was found clothed in a black dress under a blue cloak. A black hat was also discovered in the coffin. The body was well preserved and the features were perfectly recognizable. On Tuesday the coffin will be placed on a gun carriage drawn by six black horses, which will convey it to the Gar du Nord. Military honors will be rendered at the Tir National and at the station. The long route for the cortege had been arranged in order to enable the public to pay its last respects. The gun carriage will be preceded and followed by British troops with bands. The Belgian army will also be represented. After a funeral service to be conducted in the station hall by Rev. Gahan, the British Chaplain who was with Nurse Cavell the night before her execution, the coffin will be entrusted for Ostend, where it will be placed aboard a British warship off Dover, where the Admiralty will hand it over to a commission charged with all the funeral arrangements. The coffin will be conveyed thence to London, where it will be received by an honorary military escort, placed on a gun carriage covered with the Union

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