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ST. JOHN'S

The Old Marquis

OR

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XIX.
WEALTH FOR LOVE.

"Come!" he said, bending over her. "See me here at your side! I offer you one of the oldest titles in Europe; I offer you wealth beyond the dream of avarice, and—mark me! by fair means or foul, I will grasp them! I lay them at your feet with such love as comes to a man once, and once only, in a life-time. Will you accept them?"

She sat with downcast head. If she had ever thought favorably of him, if she had ever been inclined toward him, that inclination was now turned to loathing. In confessing his mean, base plots he had dragged her down to his level, and she hated him for it. Yes, hated him, for—she loved the man against whom he was plotting. She loved Lord Edgar. If she had not known it until now she knew it now.

Compared with this man, polished, and refined, with the polish and refinement of a demon, Lord Edgar stood as an angel of light. Her acute brain worked hard and fast.

"Come!" he said. "What do you say? I will not urge my love! I know that it will weigh little or nothing with you, but I appeal to your ambition. As sure as we are in this room, I shall be the Marquis of Farintosh. I offer you the coronet, the wealth, the position of a marchioness—of the first marchioness in England. Do you accept?"

In his passion he drew nearer to her and seized her hand. She flung his hand from her as if it were a serpent, then she turned her white face up to him.

"I accept!"
He sprang to her side, all his self-possession vanquished at the words, but she put up her hand.
"Wait! I accept—when you are the Marquis of Farintosh!"

CHAPTER XX.
AT AUCTION.

"I accept—when you are the Marquis of Farintosh." Slowly, distinctly, though in a perfectly low voice, she gave him his answer.
Clifford Revel drew back and looked at her.

Rheumatism Every Winter

To be crippled by Rheumatism is to have life become an intolerable burden, especially in the winter, when the perestreat, cold and damp aggravate this complaint till it is almost unbearable.

Can you picture the dread that any man would hold winter in when all it meant to him was a yearly return of his Rheumatism and the agonising pains that it brings?

Such was the case of Mr. A. Beausay of Bedford, Que. Each winter he was forced to undergo the torture of Rheumatic pains, until he discovered Gin Pills. Read what he says about these little doctors:

"Every winter I suffered from Rheumatism, and this is the first season I have been able to go through without a return of my old trouble—thanks to Gin Pills. The pills are all you claim for them, and more."

Testimony such as this should convince even the most skeptical that Gin Pills do remedy Kidney troubles. If you have friends or relatives who suffer from this dread affliction, tell them to try Gin Pills. So many people have written us stating in glowing terms how Gin Pills have relieved them of Kidney troubles, that we are convinced that all any person needs to do in order to obtain relief is—try them.

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well at me! Do I look the base and vile thing I am? Is my nature so plainly portrayed in my face that men can read it in a glance, and point to me as one whose whole soul is sordid and besmudged with vile plans and selfish aims? Tell me, mother, do I look the vile wretch he thinks me?"

"Edith, you must be mad! What is it—what has happened?"
"Happened!" she laughed with wild self-scorn. "It has happened, mother, that a man with a nature base and vile and treacherous as a viper's has dared to claim me as kindred with himself, as one to whom he could disclose his villainies and be sure of sympathy! I must be as bad and lost as he deems me, or he would not have dared to tell me all he did—to lay bare his wickedness and villainy. I must be! But how did he know it—how? Mother, you must be blind, or you would be able to read in my face my degraded nature! Oh, Heaven! the shame of it—the shame of it! To be loved by such a man, to be trusted by him, to be made his confidante in crime and rascality!—to be told of all his base plots and plans! Oh, mother, I was ambitious, but I did not know I had sunk so low as this! He would not have dared to have thrown off the mask before a pure and innocent girl; but before me—he felt no shame! He said, in as many words, 'I know that you are no better than myself, and so I tell you this, sure of sympathy!' Oh! the shame will kill me!"

And she covered her face with her hands, and knelt, bowed down with self-scorn and shame.
Mrs. Drayton took trembling and frightened. She scarcely caught the words as they fell in a broken torrent from the white lips—certainly did not understand them.

"I don't know what you mean, Edith! Who has been calling you these vile names? Who thinks that you are base and vile? Oh, dear! that I should have liked to hear you use those words! Mr. Clifford Revel came back, did he not? Was it he—? A shudder crept over the boy's form, and one white arm was extended imploringly.
"Don't speak his name, mother! Don't utter it to me to-night. It stings me with loathing! It covers me with shame!"

"What has he said? What has he said?" demanded Mrs. Drayton, querulously, and beginning to weep piteously. "You are always upset after he has been here. I hate the sight of him. What has he said?"
"I would rather die than tell you, came from the white lips.
"Oh, dear! And we have had such a pleasant evening! And I thought Lord Fane and you were getting to understand each other so nicely," whined Mrs. Drayton.

A wild, despairing laugh, terrible in its mockery, broke from the dry lips.
"Understand each other! Yes, so thoroughly and nicely that he could sit and tell me of his love for another woman, and not know that every word pierced my heart like the thrust of a dagger! Oh, mother, leave me! All my ambitious schemes have come to this: that the man whom you and I have sought to entrap is in love, madly, truly in love with another, and comes to tell me of it; and that—she shuddered—"Clifford Revel recognizes me as a kindred spirit to his own base, degraded one, and offers me his love! There! I have said it!"

"Edith! He! Clifford Revel! He must be mad!"
She rose, and, with a hollow laugh,
Lord Edgar had his cold bath, and, if it was not quite so good as a night's rest, it freshened him up a little; then he dressed and ordered the brougham and went down to the Temple; he could scarcely have expected to hear any tidings of Lela so quickly, but he felt that it would be some comfort to talk about her, and to be on the spot if any news arrived.

Clifford Revel was up and at breakfast; as Lord Edgar entered he thought that he had never seen him looking better and brighter. There was a bright spot on each cheek and a light in his eyes—that were usually dead and cold. The triumph in his heart penetrated the mask which he wore.
"Well, my dear fellow," he said, wheeling a chair to the table and extending his long, white hand, which was more like the marquis' than Lord Edgar's was.

(To be Continued.)



New Skin Remedy.

Since the old-fashioned theory of curing eczema through the blood has been given up by scientists, many different salves have been tried for skin diseases. But it has been found that these salves only clog the pores and cannot penetrate to the inner skin below the epidermis where the eczema germs are lodged.

This—the quality of penetrating—partially explains the tremendous success of the wonderful new liquid eczema remedy, the D. D. D. Prescription. D. D. D. is now recognized as the only absolutely reliable eczema remedy, for it penetrates the pores, washes away the disease germs and leaves the skin as clear and healthy as that of a child.

This scientific antiseptic wash has been found to be especially effective in all forms of Eczema, Bad Leg, Ulcers, Pimples, Ringworm, Sores and Rash, Salt Rheum and all other skin diseases. One bottle will prove it to you.
"Don't delay; get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sold Everywhere."

pushed the black hair from her pale face that looked like that of some queen of tragedy.

"No! He was not mad. He was quite sane, with such reason in his sanity that my soul shrank as I remember it! Look!" and she held out her hand as if it had been bitten by some venomous snake. "He kissed my hand! Kissed it with the lips that had confessed his villainies! The touch of them will burn there with the fire of shame until I die!"
Mrs. Drayton wept, and shivered, and moaned.

"Go to bed, mother," said Edith, with a deep sigh.
"And leave you here! Surely you will come, too, Edith? It is nearly dawn. Come and let me sit by you. You will be better after you have had some sleep, and you can tell me all about it in the morning, for"—piteously—"I don't understand in the slightest."

"No, mother. I do not think you could understand, so I will spare you. I can not go upstairs yet. The girl would read something of my story in my face. I will stay here for a little while. Do not be afraid, I am— smiling bitterly—"myself again. Leave me to rest a little while."

Lord Edgar went home, and sat until the morning, smoking and thinking much to the dismay of his valet, who was attached to him and had been with him long enough to know that something very bad must have occurred to keep his master from his night's rest.

He came in every now and then, under the pretense of arranging the curtains, or seeing to the lamp, and once ventured in the meekest manner to mention that it was getting late, but Lord Edgar put the suggestion off with a word.

"I don't mean bed to-night, Lovel, but I wish you'd go; you fidget me to death, my good fellow, wandering in and out. I know you are worrying about me, but it is of no use. Leave the cigars and the brandy and soda, and get my bath ready in the morning!" and Lovel was fain to obey.

Lord Edgar had his cold bath, and, if it was not quite so good as a night's rest, it freshened him up a little; then he dressed and ordered the brougham and went down to the Temple; he could scarcely have expected to hear any tidings of Lela so quickly, but he felt that it would be some comfort to talk about her, and to be on the spot if any news arrived.

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(To be Continued.)

Sunday Services.

Church of England.—Holy Communion (1st Sunday), 7.00, 8.00 and 11; other Sundays, 8.00; Matins (except 1st Sunday), 11; Children's Service, 8.30; 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.; Boys' Bible Class, 2.45 p.m. (Vestry); C. M. B. C. (Synod Bldg.) 3 p.m.

St. Thomas's.—8 a.m., Holy Communion; 9.30 a.m., Children's Service; 11 a.m., service at which C. L. B. and Old Comrades will attend Rev. A. Clayton, preacher; 6.30 p.m., Evensong; Rev. C. A. Moulton, preacher.

St. Mary the Virgin (Southside).—Induction of Rector, Matins and Holy Communion, 11; Holy Baptism, 3.30; Evensong, 6.30.

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

METHODISTS.

Gower St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. Forbes, M.A., B.D.
George St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Gankridge.
Cochrane St.—11 and 6.30, Rev. G. J. Bond, B.A., LL.D.
Wesley — 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. Bugden, B.A.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church. Rev. Gordon Dickie, M.A., Minister. Sunday services at 11 and 6.30. The Minister will preach at both services. Morning service, Young Workers' League will attend in a body. Mothers' Day of service, subject, "Queenly Mothers and Motherly Queens." Afternoon, special Sunday School service. Parents and friends invited. Evening subject, "Fighting Truth." Strangers welcome at all services.

Queen's R o a d Congregational Church.—Divine worship in the morning at 11; subject for sermon, "Orphan's Threshing-floor." Talk to the children on "A Strange Bible-quest." Service in the evening at 6.30; subject for sermon, "The Immortality of the Soul," or "Is There Life Beyond?" Preacher at both services, the Rev. Dudley B. Ashford, who extends to you a hearty welcome.

Adventist.—Subject: "The Millennium." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.
Associated Bible Students meet in Chapter Room, Victoria Hall; 3. International Sunday School Lesson; 8. Music on the old harp, twenty-four players. All are welcome.

GOWER ST.—9.45 a.m., Class meetings for men in rooms 1 and 4; 2.30 p.m., Sunday School and Men's and Women's Bible Classes; 4 p.m., Young Women's Class meeting; 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m., public worship. The Pastor will preach at both services. A five-minute address to the children will be given in the morning. In the evening a "Mothers' Day" service will be held. Subject of sermon, "A Mother's Influence. Wear a flower in honor of your mother. At the direction of the Epworth League, will be opened with a short meeting on Ayre & Sons wharf.

GEORGE ST. A. B. C.—Mr. I. C. Morris will address George Street A. B. C. to-morrow afternoon. Subject: "The Call of the Community," is as appropriate as it is interesting, and all members who attend and visitors will spend a very beneficial hour.

CONGREGATIONAL.—The mystery of evil, of sorrow and suffering, is one that confronts us continually. It is with one phase of this problem that the Rev. D. B. Ashford will deal on Sunday morning. At night he will speak on "The Immortality of the Soul." Mankind has never accepted death as the great finality. Men are looking to-day as never before for some confirmation of their faith in "life beyond the grave." Those who come on Sunday night may expect to hear this question dealt with in a modern and interesting manner.

WESLEY.—To-morrow will be observed as Mother's Day. The Pastor will preach morning and evening; subject, morning, "Do you live in a house or a home"; evening, "In Appreciation of Mothers." Visitors always cordially welcomed.
The Victory Service will continue at Wesley Church to-morrow morning at 9 o'clock; leader, Mr. A. Goble, and for 10 o'clock service, Mr. T. Cummings. Mr. Pike would like to see a large attendance of old members at that service. Visitors and outport friends will receive a hearty welcome.

WESLEY B. C.—At to-morrow's session of the Wesley B. C., the Rev. Mr. Ashford, Pastor of the Congregational Church of this city, will give an address. A hearty invitation is extended to all who would like to hear the Rev. Mr. Ashford, and an interesting and instructive time is anticipated.

METHODIST COLLEGE HALL.—Evangelistic service in the Methodist College Hall continued on Sunday afternoon at 2.45, under the auspices of the Gospel Mission. All are welcome.
When you want Roast Beef, Roast Veal, Roast Mutton, Roast Pork, try ELLIS'.

C. L. B. PRESENTATION.—A full battalion parade of the C. L. B. will be held next Tuesday night, when the annual presentation of the Outebridge Shield will take place.

4 Points.

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