

## REGAL

FREE RUNNING  
Table Salt

A pure Table Salt. Runs freely in any weather. Lift the aluminum spout and let the salt run out.

The Canadian Salt Co., Limited  
MADE IN CANADA

191

### The Old Marquis

### The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XL  
THE CLOSING SCENE.

Lela blushed, as her eyes rested lovingly on her husband.

"Never met such a happy man in my life," said Lord Combermere, peering at him; "just told the marquis that he ought to be proud of such a son—and daughter!" and he bowed and smiled.

Lela laughed.

"They are just going to start, Lord Combermere; you had better get in."

He was about to enter the phaeton, when a carriage drove up with a neighboring baronet and his wife, and the first to alight was a lady in a habit, with her veil drawn over her face.

Lela started as she saw her, but the suspicion that flashed on her mind seemed too absurd, and she was struggling with it, when the veiled lady approached the phaeton, and, raising her veil, disclosed the face of Edith Drayton.

She had changed greatly since Lela had last seen her; her face was thin, and marked with faint, fine lines; the eyes were colorless, and the glorious eyes were filled with a restless fire. She stood looking down at Lela, with a half-defiant smile, and Lela, whose gentleness ever placed her at a disadvantage at such moments, looked up at her with timid surprise.

"You are astonished to see me, Lady Fane," she said, with a cold smile. "Permit me to explain the cause of my presence. I am paying a visit to Thorley Hall, and Sir Ashley, my host, insisted upon bringing me here. I had no excuse to offer, excepting the true one, and I thought it best to conceal that. Was I right? If you think otherwise, please say so, and I will go away. In this case, rest assured that my presence here is as unpleasant to me as it is to you."

Lela opened her lips, but could find no words. Lord Combermere stared curiously, and at that moment Lord Edgar rode up to them to start. Seeing Edith Drayton, he pulled up short, colored painfully, then turned pale and stern, and would have spoken, doubtless to the point, but Lela arose and laid her hand on his arm.

"Miss Drayton is here as our guest, Edgar," she said, meaningly, and with a bow, he got off his horse, but did not offer to shake hands.

Sir Ashley Cower, at whose house Edith Drayton was stopping, now came up, and, little guessing the nature of the surprise he had introduced, said:

"Oh, Fane, my friend, Miss Drayton. I persuaded her to join us. Do you think you can find her a mount? Our last three runs have quite knocked my horses up!"

Lord Edgar bit his lip, but he bowed again.

"I will go and see," he said.

Edith Drayton gathered her habit skirt in her hand.

"Let me go with you, please," she said. "I should like to see the horse I am going to ride."

Several of the party accompanied them to the stables, and Lord Edgar walked down the stalls, looking for a suitable horse; but suddenly Edith Drayton stopped at a stall.

In it stood the mare which she had exchanged for Lord Edgar's horse.

"This is the horse I should like to ride," she said, quietly. "That is, if I may."

Lord Edgar shook his head.

"No," he said, curtly. "You know the horse. It is not safe."

She laughed—a hard, cold laugh.

### For Love of a Woman;

### New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER I  
EBHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

The dark eyes glittered still more keenly as he spoke, and the hand that held the play-bill tightened.

"You will succeed if you set your heart on it," he said, more calmly. "You have done well up to now. I haven't praised you—that is not my way—but I am satisfied. Up to now you have got on in regular strides; to-morrow night is the great leap—the great chance that seldom comes more than once in a life. Take it, Doris, take it!"

"Yes, Jeffrey," she said, softly; but he heard the sigh she tried to stifle, and looked up.

"Well," he said, grimly. "You would say—"

She moved away from him and leant against the table, her hands clasped loosely.

"I was going to say that it seems to me as if all the trying in the world would not make me a Shakespeare's Juliet. The lines are beautiful, and I know them—oh, yes, I know them, but—"

"Do you think any young girl—anyone so young as I am—could play it properly, Jeffrey?"

"Juliet was fourteen," he said, grimly.

Doris smiled.

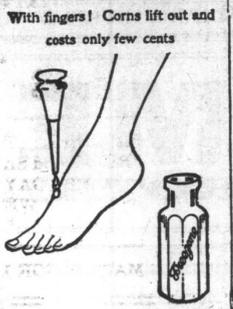
"That's a mistake, I think, Jeffrey; she was eighteen, most people say. Oh, she was young enough; yes, but—but then, you see, she had met Romeo."

The old man looked at her attentively, then his keen gaze dropped to the floor.

"Is it necessary for an actor to have actually died before he can perfectly represent a death-scene?" he asked.

She laughed, and a faint blush rose to her face.

### LIFT CORNS OFF IT DOESN'T HURT



With fingers! Corns lift out and costs only few cents.

Pain? No, not one bit! Just drop a little Frezzone on that touchy corn. Instantly it stops aching, then you lift that bothersome corn right off. Yes, magic! Costs only a few cents.

Try Frezzone! Your druggist sells a tiny bottle, sufficient to rid your feet of every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and calluses, without one particle of pain, soreness or irritation. Frezzone is the mysterious ether discovery of a Cincinnati genius.

"Perhaps dying isn't so important as falling in love, Jeffrey; but it seems to me that one must have loved—and lost—before one can play Juliet, and I've done neither."

He made no response to this piece of speculation; but after some minutes' silence he said:

"Do some of it, Doris."

She started slightly, as if he had awakened her from a dream, and recited some of the lines.

The old man watched her, and listened anxiously at first, then with rapt attention, as, losing herself in the part, she grew more emphatic and spontaneous; but suddenly she stopped.

"It will not do, Jeffrey, will it?" she said, quickly. "There—there is no heart in it, is there? Don't tell me it's all right!" she pleaded.

"I always like the truth—from you at least!"

"And you get it," he said, grimly. "No, it is not all right. You look—he stopped—"and your voice is musical and thrilling; but there is something wanting yet. Do not give it up—it will come right. To-morrow, with the lights and the people—there will be a full house, crammed—the feeling you want will come, and I shall be satisfied."

He rose and rolled up the paper.

"I have to go back to the theatre."

"I'll come with you," she said, quickly.

"No," he said; "you are better alone. Take your book and go out into the fields. This room is not large enough."

And he passed out.

She understood him, and, after a moment or two of reflection, got her hat, murmuring as she ran down the stairs:

"Dear old Jeffrey! I must do it for his sake."

Doris Marlowe, as she passed down the quiet street, was as unlike the popular idea of an actress as it is possible to imagine. It is too generally supposed by the great public that an actress must necessarily be "loud" in word, dress, and voice; that she must be affected on and off the stage; and that her behaviour is as objectionable as her manner and attire. If the usual run of actresses are of this fashion, Doris was a singular exception to this rule. Her voice was soft and low, and as refined in its tones as the daughter of an earl; her manner was as quiet as any well-bred lady's could be, and to her plain, white dress and straw hat she looked as much like a school-girl as anything else, especially as she had a copy of "Romeo and Juliet" in her hand, which might have been mistaken for a French grammar.

There was, in fact, nothing "loud" about her; indeed, when off the stage, she was rather silent and shy, and the colour was apt to come into her pale, white cheeks as into those of the school-girl she resembled. It was only from the quiet play of the dark, thick brows, and the ever-changing expression of the eloquent eyes that the keenest observer would ever have detected that Doris Marlowe was something different from the ordinary young lady whom one meets—and forgets—every day.

(to be continued.)

Small children are wearing colors of startling brightness.

The Victorian style of hair dressing is becoming popular.

### Fashion Plates.



2821—Printed crepe, or figured voile would be good for this style. It is nice for embroidered or bordered materials, and for founcing, as well as linen, batiste, silk, gabardine, gingham and percale. The closing is at the back. The flaring cut may be omitted.

The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 40 inch material.

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

### A VERY ATTRACTIVE GOWN.



2809—This style would be effective in linen with cluny or filet lace, or in shantung with embroidered bands. It is nice also for serge, voile, foulard, taffeta, gingham and other wash fabrics.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge, is about 2 yards, with plaits extended.

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

### WARNER'S Rust-Proof Corsets!



You can't hurt WARNER'S RUST-PROOF CORSETS.

They have every Quality that spells Service—they are light, durable and comfortable.

The first feature that a woman appreciates in a corset is shape, but the shaping must be comfortable.

This you can rely upon through a Warner's Rust-proof. And the fact that a corset is impervious to moisture is a feature not to overlook.

Price from \$2.30 per pair up.

### Marshall Bros

Sole Agents for Newfoundland.

We are still showing a splendid selection of Tweeds and Serges.

No scarcity at Maunder's.

However, we beg to remind our customers these goods are selling rapidly, and cannot be replaced at the same price.

### John Maunder, Tailor and Clothier, St. John's, Nfld.

### SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods

are now showing:

Boys' Tweed Suits.	Crib Blankets.
Men's Wool Socks.	Chintz Quilt Cotton.
Blouse Flannelette.	White Nainsook.
Dress Goods.	White Cambric.
Misses' Dresses.	Children's Dresses.
Remnants of Dress Goods.	White Figue.
White Flannelette.	Ladies' F. L. Underwear.

A large assortment of SMALLWARES always in stock.

SLATTERY BLDG., Duckworth & George Sts.

### FOR SALE by J. J. ST. JOHN

50 Casks  
LUBRICATING OIL,  
For Motor Boats. Also,  
1 COD TRAP, about 14 fathoms square,  
with gear, at a low figure.

J. J. ST. JOHN, Duckworth St.

William Wilson & Sons

### New Floor Coverings

Linoleums,  
Leath  
Stair Canvas, Sta  
Stair Oil C  
Stair Pads, Tab  
Oil Cloth

See our ART SQUARES

### G. Knowling,

June 18, w. fri. th

### War Veterans Form New Branch.

President Harold Mitchell, Vice-President (Captain) Leo Murphy, Secretary F. P. LeGrow and K. M. Blair, who were visiting Conception Bay on business in connection with the Great War Veterans' Association, returned to the city on Tuesday evening, having motored overland. We learn that their mission was a most successful one, many sailors and soldiers having been interviewed from Coley's Point, Spaniard's Bay, Bay Roberts and nearby localities. A meeting of all returned Sailors, Soldiers and Foresters was held in the Court house at Bay Roberts on Monday night when the following officers of the new branch were duly installed:

President—J. Barrett.  
Vice-President—Esau Mercer.  
Asst. V.P.—A. Parsons.  
Secy.—Treas.—Allan Caravan.

Several returned veterans who are still ill at their homes, from the effects of wounds, were visited, as were also the monuments erected in the local cemeteries to the memories of fallen brethren in various branches of His Majesty's forces. Matters affecting local grievances, were carefully gone into, and it is considered that nearly 250 will have enrolled under the War Veterans' banner before the Bay Roberts branch is in existence many months.

### And the Worst is

Advertisement for a business or service, featuring a man in a suit sitting at a desk.

## WRIGLEY'S

In the sealed package

All of its goodness sealed in—Protected, preserved. The flavour lasts!

ASK for, and be SURE to get WRIGLEY'S. It's in a sealed package, but look for the name—the Greatest Name in Goody-Land.

## WRIGLEY'S

Sealed Tight—Kept Right

JINGLE BOOK ILLUSTRATED IN COLOURS—FREE!

Wrigley's version of the old Mother Goose Rhymes will prove interesting to young and old alike. The little book is handsomely done in colours and pleasantly recalls all the old favorites of your own childhood days. You can make your kiddies happy for many days by just taking the trouble to write a postcard asking for one to be sent you free. For your copy post free, address WM. WRIGLEY, JR., CO., LTD., Wrigley Bldgs., Toronto, Ont.

Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

(To be Continued.)

Cross-barred material is especially popular this summer.

Advertisement for a business or service, featuring a man in a suit sitting at a desk.