

REGAL FREE RUNNING Table Salt



The Handy Little Spout lets the Salt run out.

A pure salt of highest quality.

"Regal" is the ideal salt for table use. It never cakes, and is unaffected by changes in the weather.

Free running at all times and in all places.

The Canadian Salt Co., Ltd.

Made in Canada.

For Love of a Woman;

New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER IV.
AT THE TOWERS

"Don't! I'm afraid!" he cried. She laughed.

"You are wondering why I am here?"

His eyes replied in the affirmative for him.

"Because— But wait! I am more clever even than you suppose. Shall I tell you what the marquis has been saying to you in the drawing-room, and why you look so grim and gloomily?"

He did not answer.

She let her eyes rest upon his face with a serene and languid expression of amusement.

"Well, then, he has been advising you to marry me."

Lord Cecil was almost guilty of a start.

He could not speak. The colour rose to his face, and his eyes dropped from hers to the diamond pendant that glistened on the white neck.

She laughed softly, and the diamonds seemed to laugh with her, as they scintillated in the subdued light.

"Am I right? You need not answer—your face is eloquent enough. And how I will tell you why I came here. I came to see you."

He tried to speak, but she held up her fan to command him to silence.

"You see, I know the marquis and his charming ways better than you do. I know that he wished us to meet, that we might—how shall I put it?—respect each other. Well, Lord Cecil, I have seen you, and you have seen me. But—she rose with slow and graceful ease and took up the train of her dress—"but you are not obliged to marry me, and I—she laughed softly up at his handsome face—"I am certainly not obliged to marry you. And now, in reward for my candour—I have been candid, haven't I?—you will not leave me alone in this castle of Giant Despair?"

She did not wait for his answer, but with a soft "good-night" and a smiling nod, glided from the room.

With the smile still on her face, Lady Grace went slowly up the great staircase to the magnificent apartments which had been prepared for her. The smile was still on her face while her maid brushed the long tresses of silky hair that fell like a shower of gold over the white shoulders, and even when she was alone she smiled still as she leant forward and looked at her face in the glass.

"Yes," she murmured, falling back and half-closing her eyes. "He is worth winning. There is only one thing I fear." She paused, with a faint sigh. "I am afraid that I shall love him too well!"

Lord Cecil stood with his back to the fire for twenty minutes after Lady Grace had left him. To say that he

was amazed would be only inadequately to describe the state of his feelings. At last, as if he were making an effort to cast off the bewilderment which had fallen upon him, he wished the old lady good-night, and went, not to his room, but out on to the terrace, for he felt a kind of craving for the open air, in which he might rid himself of the effects produced by his insight into his uncle's character and the extraordinary candour of Lady Grace.

He drew a long breath as he leant over the balustrade, and his brain cleared somewhat.

"If Lady Grace is reading my thoughts at this present moment," he muttered, "she'll know I'm thinking of that train still. Yes, I'll be off the first thing to-morrow morning!"

And with this firm resolution he turned to go back to the house. As he did so, something white fluttered past him, blown by the faint night breeze.

He stooped and picked it up, and absently glanced at it by the light from the window. It was a small hand-bill, having on it in red letters:

THEATRE ROYAL, BANTON.

Romeo and Juliet.

"Romeo and Juliet!" It was that she had been reading by the brook. Instantly her lovely face glowed before him, and dispelled all memory of the events of the night. He stood, looking down at the paper dreamily, wistfully—seeing, not it, but the dark hair and blue eyes of the girl who had bent over him, whose hands his lips had touched.

"No," he said, with a sharp sigh; "no, I can't go, for she is somewhere here, and I must find her!"

CHAPTER V.

AN IDEAL JULIET.

The hour was approaching. Doris, still in her hat and jacket, sat in the tiny apartment behind the stage which served as her dressing-room. She was paler than usual, and her eyes looked of a deeper and darker blue than usual; but she was calm, with a calm which Jeffrey could not attain to.

With his hands folded behind him, his head bent upon his breast—his favorite attitude—he paced up and down the narrow limits of the room, like a tiger in its cage, waiting for his supper.

"Will the house be full, Jeffrey?" asked Doris, presently.

"Yes," he replied. "The pit and gallery are full now; they were waiting at the doors as early as six o'clock. They are not fools, these Barton people. In some places you would be sure of playing 'Romeo and Juliet' to empty benches; but not here. It is a flourishing place, and they are intelligent and educated. They have a theatre they may be proud of, and they are proud of. In some towns the theatre is a neglected barn, and when that is so, you may take it that the people are uncultivated and barbaric. Yes, you will have a fair and patient hearing. I knew that when I chose Barton for the scene of your great trial. In London there are so many new Juliets that the critics and the audience have got incredulous and suspicious—they have seen so many failures that they go prepared for disappointment; here, it will be different. They love Shakespeare, they know you, they will hope for the best, and you will not disappoint them," and his eyes glittered down upon her.

"Perhaps they will hiss me off the stage!" she said, but she did not say it very fearfully.

He shook his head, and went on in his monotonous pacing; and presently a familiar sound struck his ear.

"The curtain is up on the farce," he said. "You had better begin to dress. Is there anything I can do, anything I can suggest, anything you would like to ask me?" he enquired, with his long thin fingers on the handle of the door.

Doris shook her head.

"No, Jeffrey, dear; I don't know of anything, unless you would get into

my skin and play Juliet instead of me."

"You are not nervous?" he asked.

"Not a bit," she answered; "and that is strange, isn't it? No, I feel as calm and easy as if I were going to play a waiting-maid's part; but I shall be all on the quiver when I am standing at the wings, ready to go on."

He nodded, as if he understood, and went out, sending her dresser to her.

Doris dressed quietly and slowly. Jeffrey had impressed upon her the importance of avoiding all hurry just before her appearance, and she was finished, and was sitting before the glass, not looking at herself, but musing, as it seemed, when he came in again.

"Dressed? That is right! The house is crammed! The manager says it is the best house he has had since Mr. Irving was here. The boxes look like London boxes, people in evening-dress, and ladies with flowers."

He stood in front of her, and scanned her dress and get-up keenly.

It was of white satin, made quite plainly, with a long train, its only ornament a row of pearls, which were not stage jewels, but real, and of great value, and a present from Jeffrey himself. Her dark hair, looking black by the light, fell round her exquisitely-shaped face like a frame, and caught up by a white ribbon behind, swept in curving tresses to her shoulders. The faint touch of rouge—every actress must rouge, whether she likes it or not—gave the intense blue-eyes an added depth & brilliance, which the long, dark lashes veiled now and again, but to rise and render the brilliance and colour more marked by their temporary concealment.

It was not his way to praise her beauty; but as he turned away he muttered something that sounded like approval.

"Did you see anyone you knew, in front, Jeffrey?" she asked.

"No," he said, almost impatiently. "I know no one. I suppose all the people in the boxes are county people. I do not know. I only care for the pit and gallery; it is from them you must get your verdict—the boxes and stalls will follow suit."

"Poor county people!" she said, with a smile, but absently.

"Of what are you thinking—the third scene?" he asked.

Doris started, and the natural colour forced its way through the powder and rouge. She was not thinking of Romeo and Juliet at all, but of the handsome face that lay in her lap yesterday afternoon, of the young fellow whose name was Cecil Neville.

"I—I don't know," she said, faltering a little. "I think I was dreaming, Jeffrey."

"Then you must wake up," he retorted, firmly, but not unkindly. "I heard the curtain go down on the farce. Will you have a glass of wine?"

She shook her head, and looked at him with smiling surprise.

"And you, who are always preaching against it!" she said.

"I know," he admitted; "but to-night—"

The manager knocked at the door. He was a keen, business man, just and not ungenerous, and he nodded and smiled at the beautiful vision admiringly and encouragingly.

"Beautiful house, Miss Marlowe," he said, "and in the very best of tempers. A child might play with them to-night."

"Ah! it is only a child who is going to play with them, Mr. Brown," said Doris.

He laughed approvingly.

"By George! that's good! I must remember that. How do you feel?"

"Frightened out of my life," said Doris. "Do not be surprised if I forget my part and am hissed off!"

But her smile belied her words.

"If you are I'll close the theatre and take to—market gardening!" retorted the manager.

"Let her alone! I do not want her talk!" growled Jeffrey; and Mr. Brown, shrugging his shoulders and making a grimace behind the bent back, glanced at his watch and hurried off, saying:

"Ten minutes, Miss Marlowe."

"Ten minutes!" said Doris, despairingly. "Leave me now, Jeffrey, dear."

He laid his hand on her shoulder and looked down at her with a world of wistful tenderness and pride and loving anxiety.

"Do your best, Doris," he said.

"I will, for your sake, Jeffrey," she responded, touching his hand caressingly.

"No, for your art's," he said, gravely. "I shall be on the wings."

Now that she was left alone, Doris tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the coming ordeal; but she could not. Each time she tried to picture herself upon the stage and speaking the lines set down for Juliet, the voice of Cecil Neville rang in her ears, and with a low cry, almost of alarm, she put her hand to her head.

"Ah! that's stage fright!" said the dresser. "I know what it is, miss. I've had it myself in my old acting days. But it will pass off directly you face the house, depend upon it. Don't you be afraid and nervous; for, Miss Marlowe, I've heard that the very first actors feel like that—some of them every night, too!"

Doris laughed softly.

"Do they, Mrs. Parkhouse?" she said. "Then there is hope for me. There is the overture over. Not many minutes now. The curtain will follow suit."

She bent her head upon her hands and forced herself to think of the scene that was at that moment being played, to think of the good-looking young fellow—a great Barton favorite—who was playing Romeo; but—marvel of marvels—instead of his face, which she knew so well, there rose before her, as Romeo, the face over which she had bent yesterday.

"Ah, it is no use, no use!" she cried, springing up.

"Oh, don't say that, miss!" said Mrs. Parkhouse, who had been watching her with respectful anxiety. "I'm sure—we're all of us sure and certain that it will be a success. It will all go right directly you get on to the stage."

"Do you think so?" said Doris, with a common smile. "I hope so—ah, I hope so; if not—"

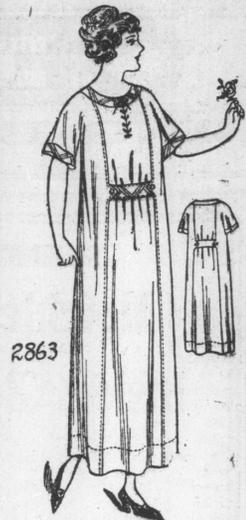
"Juliet!" shouted the call-boy; and leaving her sentence unfinished, Doris caught up her train and went to the wings.

(To be Continued.)

Every Saturday evening after 7 o'clock, Choice Ends of Beef, Mutton, Lamb, Pork will be sold at cost. ELLIS & CO., LTD., 203 Water Street.—Nov 29,

Fashion Plates.

A COMFORTABLE WORK GARMENT.



2863.—This makes an ideal apron dress for warm weather. The fullness over the back and front is held in place by belt sections. The yoke hand trimming may be omitted. For this style, gingham, seersucker, percale, lawn, khaki, alpaca, drill or saten could be used. It will be neat and attractive in gray or blue chambray with plaid or check gingham for trimming. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. Width at lower edge, is about 2 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A BECOMING BUSINESS COSTUME



Waist 2885, Skirt 2865
In this you have a smart shirt waist coupled with a comfortable, stylish skirt. Sport's silk, serge, linen, voile or gabardine could be used for the skirt and linen, crepe voile, satin, flannel, batiste or chambray for the waist.

Pattern 2885 supplies the waist model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure, and requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the 38 inch size. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Width of skirt at lower edge with plaits extended is about 2 1/2 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

No.
Size
Address in full:—
Name
.....
.....
MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.



BY THE KING

A Proclamation.

GEORGE R. I.
Whereas a definite Treaty or Peace between us and the Associated Governments and the German Government was concluded at Versailles on the 28th day of June last; in conformity therewith We have thought fit thereby to command that the same be published in due course throughout all Our Dominions; and We do declare to all Our loving subjects Our Will and Pleasure that upon the exchange of the ratifications thereof the said Treaty of Peace be observed inviolably as well by sea as by land and in all places whatsoever; strictly charging and commanding all Our loving subjects to take notice hereof and to conform themselves accordingly.

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this First day of July in the year of Our Lord Nineteen hundred and nineteen, and in the tenth year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



BY THE KING

A Proclamation.

GEORGE R. I.
Whereas it has pleased Almighty God to bring to a close the late widespread and sanguinary war in which We were engaged against Germany and her Allies; We therefore adoring the Divine Goodness and duly considering that the great and general blessings of Peace do call for public and solemn acknowledgment, have thought fit by and with the advice of our Privy Council to issue this Our Royal Proclamation hereby appointing and commanding that a General Thanksgiving to Almighty God for these His manifold and great mercies be observed throughout Our Dominion on Sunday, the sixth day of July; and for the better and more devout solemnization of the same We have given directions to the Most Reverend the Archbishops and the Right Reverend the Bishops of England to compose a form of prayer suitable to this occasion to be used in all churches and chapels and to take care for the timely dispersing of the same throughout their respective dioceses; and to the same end We do further advertise and exhort the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland and all spiritual authorities and Ministers of religion in their respective churches and other places of public worship

AND WHEREAS His Majesty has further expressed the hope that as far as possible all parts of the Empire should adopt the same day of rejoicing but has been graciously pleased to recognise that absolute identity of date is not in all cases possible.

NOW, THEREFORE, I have thought fit, by and with the advice of My Executive Council, to issue this My Proclamation hereby appointing and commanding that a general Thanksgiving to Almighty God for these His manifold and great mercies be observed throughout this Dominion, in St. John's on Sunday, the sixth day of July; and in all other places in the said Dominion on Sunday, the 20th day of July instant.

AND to this end I do further advertise and exhort all spiritual authorities and Ministers of Religion in their respective Churches and other places of public worship throughout this Dominion, to take part as it may properly behave them to do in this great and common act of worship.

AND I do further order that the General Peace Celebrations shall be held in this Dominion on Monday, the 4th, and Tuesday, the 5th, days of August next, which said days shall for this purpose be set apart and observed throughout the Dominion as Public and Bank holidays.

Given under my Hand and Seal at the Government House, St. John's, this 4th day of July, A.D. 1919.

By His Excellency's Command,
J. R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

throughout Our United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and in all quarters of Our Dominions beyond the seas to take part as it may properly behave them to do in this great and common act of worship and We do strictly charge and command that the said public day of Thanksgiving be religiously observed by all as they tender the favour of Almighty God and have the sense of His benefits.

Given at Our Court at Buckingham Palace, this first day of July, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and nineteen, and in the tenth year of Our Reign.

GOD SAVE THE KING.



Proclamation.

By His Excellency Sir Charles Alexander Harris, Knight Commander of the Most Distinguished Order of St. Michael and Saint George, Companion of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, Commander of the Royal Victorian Order, Governor and Commander-in-Chief, in and over the Dominion of Newfoundland.

WHEREAS His Majesty's Royal Proclamation dated the first July, 1919, the King has been pleased to appoint Sunday, the sixth day of July instant, as a day to be observed throughout His Dominions in public and solemn acknowledgment of the great and general blessings of Peace;

AND WHEREAS His Majesty has further expressed the hope that as far as possible all parts of the Empire should adopt the same day of rejoicing but has been graciously pleased to recognise that absolute identity of date is not in all cases possible.

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J. R. BENNETT,
Colonial Secretary.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

THE DOCTOR'S advice is needless and foolish. Only a Steedman's Powder and it will soon be all right.

STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS Contain no Poison

USE Libby's Unsweetened Milk TO MAKE YOUR ICE CREAM. SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

Only \$11.00 each. We have a small quantity of Ladies' Mercerized Poplin One Piece Dresses.

In shades of Grey, Saxe, Myrtle, Champagne and Black, all neatly trimmed and embroidered in the very newest fashions. A dainty Dress for present wear. Clearing at \$11.00 each.

WILLIAM FREW, Water St.