

**"Perfect Coffee—
Perfectly Made"**

is the Title of a Booklet

which we have issued to enable those who enjoy delicious, fragrant coffee, to always have it.

There are two essentials to the perfect cup of coffee—the right coffee and the right way to make it.

This booklet tells how to have both. Mailed free if you write
CHASE & SANBORN, MONTREAL
Blenders and Roasters of "Seal Brand" Coffee



**Ruled
Destiny!**

CHAPTER XVIII.
AN IRREPARABLE WRONG.
"Why has Bruce not come with you?" he asked, his blue eyes fixed on hers appealingly.
She shrugged.
"Do not speak of him. Let—let me forget him!"
"Forget him! Forget Bruce! Why, it was only the other day that you were engaged to him," he said, trembling with excitement. "Are you not—is the engagement broken off? For Heaven's sake, tell me, Floris."

She raised her eyes to his solemnly.
"Yes; it is broken off."
He drew a long breath, his eyes still fixed on her.
"And it is this, then, added to the bad news from home, that makes you look like this! I—I guessed it! But why? What has happened? Oh, Floris, it makes my heart ache to see you looking so wretched and miserable! Floris, you know that I would gladly give up my life, if it would purchase an hour's happiness for you."
She put out her hand, pleading to him for silence; but he would not, could not stop.

"You know it! Floris, let me help you. Tell me what has happened. Have you quarrelled?"
She shook her head.
"No! Then—then it is Bruce's fault! In any case, it must be his! But he will be sorry! It is not too late to bring things round again. Floris, let me be as your brother should. Let me have the satisfaction of healing this breach between you. May I?"
"No!" she said, huskily. "No one can do that—not even you!"
"Let me write to him!" he pleaded. "We are old friends. He would take more from me than from any one else. Floris, if I know him, he is at this moment suffering as deeply as you are. But it is not of him I am thinking, but of you—of you! Let me write! A word now will do so much good!"
The tears ran down her face as she shook her head.
"No word that can be written can do any good," she murmured, and there was something in the tone of her voice which carried conviction to Bertie's soul.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



the station, "but one thing I could have done; I could have kept out of the fool's errand I am bound on!"
She looked at him questioningly. His lips were set tightly, his brows drawn as if with pain.
"Floris—Miss Carlisle—just now I said how sorry I was I could not go further with you than this station. That was before I knew this, before I knew how badly you wanted a friend. Judge how deeply, how madly I must regret it now! Floris, the reason I cannot go with you, see you safely at home, and remain near you to help you, if possible, is that I am leaving England at once."
"Leaving England?" she said, in a very dull way.
"Yes," he answered, gnawing at his mustache, his face white and drawn.
"Yes; I am ordered on active service. I am now on my way to join my regiment at the docks. I shall just have time to do so and no more!"
"Your regiment?"
"Floris," he went on, his eyes fixed on her wistfully, "I tried hard to forget you—ah, do not shrink. Do you think I would speak of my love now, now that you are in this trouble? No! I tried to get over my sorrow, tried honestly, but I could not. A stroger man might have done so, but I am not strong, or my love for you was stronger than myself! Let it be as it may, I have failed. When I read in the papers that Bruce had won what I had lost, England became hateful to me. I could not bear to face the probability of meeting you and him while my love for you lived in my heart so strongly. This war broke out, they wanted volunteers. I was officer in the militia, and eligible, and I offered myself for active service. They accepted me only yesterday, and ordered me out."

His hand sought hers, and grasped it tightly, and Floris could not find it in her heart to draw it away.
"A few hours ago I might have backed out, or got an exchange; but there is not time now! There is hardly time to present myself. I must go! I must go and leave you, Floris, to meet this trouble alone. Oh, Heaven, what fools men are! If I had but waited—Oh, don't misunderstand me!" for Floris had shrunk back. "It is not that I have any wild hope of winning you, though Heaven only knows what such love as mine could compass! In time you might have had pity on me, if all is really over between Bruce and you. But it was not that hope of which I was thinking. I regard myself as your brother, Floris; dear Floris! and I must leave you!" his voice faltered—"I may never see you again! It is hard to leave you in such trouble and alone—but I must do so!"
"Do not think of me!" murmured Floris.
He stared at his watch, and thrust it back in his pocket with a groan.
"Yes; we must part! Just when I might have been of some use to you! Fool! fool!" and he clasped her hand with a despairing gesture.
"Oh, hush, hush!" murmured Floris. "You could not have helped me! Do not think of me! But this war—!" He laughed bitterly.
"Who cares about the war?" he retorted. "It was an excuse to get away; to do something, so that in the doing of it I might forget you; and now I shall carry this remembrance of you with me. Alone! Alone, with no one by your side; while I might have been near you, to help and comfort you. Yes, I have been a fool, and I am rightly punished!"
It was Floris' turn to console. Gently, timidly, she put out her hand and took his.
"And do you think you have not comforted me?" she murmured, her sad voice grown soft and tender.
"Dear friend, the memory of your kindness and tender-heartedness will remain with me though you have gone. Do not forget me, Lord Clifford; remember that you have a sister here in England who will pray for your safety and happiness, and who, happen what may, will never forget how true a friend you have been to her!"

No man will have cause to blush for Bertie when we say that the tears swam thickly in his eyes.
"Heaven bless you, Floris," he whispered. "Would to Heaven that I had had Bruce's luck! I would not have squandered it, and trampled it under foot as he has done!"
There was no time for more; there was, indeed, scarcely time to get her ticket. But he did get it, and put her in the train, and stood at the car

door, holding her hand in his to the last moment.
"Good-by, Floris! You take my heart with you, sister!"
Then she was borne out of his sight. And so Floris lost both her lovers in one day.

CHAPTER XIX.
THE DEERTALKERS.
IN the "good old times," which thank Heaven, by the way, we shall never see again, favored by spirits, supposed to have been guided by spirits, which, when the favored mortals were thinking of setting out on adventures, whispered, "Go thou!" or "Do not go!"
If Lord Norman had been in possession of such a guiding spirit it would certainly have whispered in his ear, on the morning of the Scarcross expedition, "Do not go!"
As it was, though he had no presentiments of coming evil, and the plot which had been laid for the destruction of his happiness, he was not very keen on the outing.
Deertalking—had been a passion to him, and there was no one whose knowledge of the sport was greater than his, no one whose eyes were keener, or whose physical endurance was greater.

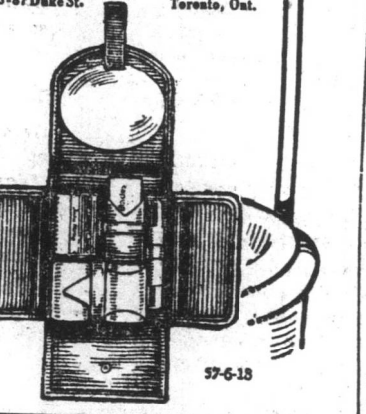
But on this occasion he would rather have remained at Ballyfoe, and spent the two days with Floris.
"To back out of the affair was for him, however, an impossibility. Sir Joseph had organized the expedition for weeks past; and then again, there was the personage who particularly desired Lord Norman's company.
The party started in the early morning, on horseback, attended by a few favored Highland servants, who were experts in stalking, and everybody who knew anything of the sport declared that the prospects were first-rate, and that the sturdy Scotch ponies would soon return laden with the royal game.
Lord Norman, who had been rather silent during the long ride, grew more cheerful after dinner, and when the cigars were alight vouchsafed to relate some of his experiences in deertalking, and to be generally amusing.
They gathered round the fire, chatting, until eleven, then, by mutual consent, went off to bed.
(To be Continued.)

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THERAPION No. 2
THERAPION No. 3
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GET IN COWS.



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SAFETY
RAZOR**

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"Mac" told me a few days ago that since he bought his AutoStrop his regular morning shave had become one of his real pleasures.
"The advantage of our 30 days' free trial and obtain an AutoStrop from your dealer. Try it under all conditions and if you are not satisfied, factory returns it for refund—there's no other obligation."
AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.
53-57 Deane St. Limited
Toronto, Ont.



2478—This will be fine for linen, shantung, poplin, foulard, satin or gingham. It could be made in a combination of materials. Crepe and gingham, gabardine and foulard, are nice. In linen, braided or embroidered, it would be very attractive.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Waist—2458. Skirt—2459.
Here is a good model for gingham, linen, pique, crepe, chambray, taffeta or satin. If preferred the waist and skirt may be of different material. One could have serge for the skirt, trimmed with soutache braid at the midriff. For the waist, batiste, linen, madras or crepe would be fine. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.
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.

**Fashion
Plates**

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Patterns. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A VERY STYLISH DRESS IN COAT BLOUSE STYLE.



2478—This will be fine for linen, shantung, poplin, foulard, satin or gingham. It could be made in a combination of materials. Crepe and gingham, gabardine and foulard, are nice. In linen, braided or embroidered, it would be very attractive.
The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/4 yards of 44-inch material.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A SMART BUSINESS DRESS.



Waist—2458. Skirt—2459.
Here is a good model for gingham, linen, pique, crepe, chambray, taffeta or satin. If preferred the waist and skirt may be of different material. One could have serge for the skirt, trimmed with soutache braid at the midriff. For the waist, batiste, linen, madras or crepe would be fine. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 2 1/4 yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size. The Skirt is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 requires 3 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt measures about 1 1/2 yard at the foot.
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Notice.—Correspondents are requested to accompany contributions with their REAL NAMES, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. The editor refuses to accept any matter unless this rule is adhered to.



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**Australia
Independence**

By Capture of
Hundred Prisoners.
Positions. The
led By Allies.
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WAR SUMMARY.

By a great surprise attack on the German lines, planned especially as a celebration of American Independence Day, Australian troops have wrested from the enemy the village of Hamel, east of Amiens, occupied by the Germans. The village is large, and captured more than 1,500 prisoners. The Australians advanced under cover of a smoke barrage and were led by tanks in the breaking of the enemy lines on a front of more than four miles. The attack penetrated a mile and a half into the German lines. The British War Office announces that American troops participated in the attack. This is the first time they have appeared in the part of the battle area. The French have also struck savagely against the German lines, this time cutting through the enemy's ranks near the town of Ancheux, south of Moulin-Sous-Toutvent, where on Tuesday night they won a local success and captured 1,085 prisoners. In both operations the Allies have improved their positions by gaining rather high ground which can be readily defended when the Germans launch their expected offensive. At the time the British, French and Americans were attacking the Italians continued to advance in the area near the mouth of the Piave. Scattered machine gun emplacements have been cleared out, while light boats from the Italians had entered the lagoons on the left flanks of the Austrian army and lent valuable aid to the land forces. The Italians also won ground in the San-Lorenz Valley, east of the Brenta River. Announcement is made that Mohammed V, Sultan of Turkey died on Wednesday night. The heir to the throne is Yuseff Izzeduna, cousin of the deceased Sultan and a son of the late Sultan Abdul Aziz. Fighting between the Germans and Soviet forces and the peasantry is reported from Yokster in Berg, the city in east Russia, where the main line of the trans-Siberian railway is joined by the road running to the north and south of Russia. It was reported recently that the Czech Slovak troops were in control of Yokaterinburg, and it is stated that an army of 200,000 peasants well armed has been formed there. German attempts to drive American forces from their positions at Taux west of Chateau Thierry seem to have failed utterly. In all Allied countries and their colonies the American Independence Day was observed in an unprecedented manner. In London and the large cities of England there were special exercises, even the small towns joined in honoring the day. In France the people of Paris and other great many other cities joined in the observance of the day with their proverbial enthusiasm, and elaborate programmes were carried out. In Italy the smaller cities vied with their larger sisters in the celebration of the day. South American nations, three of which had declared national holiday, participated in what was virtually a world-wide celebration of American importance.

FRENCH SUCCESSFUL ATTACK

PARIS, July 4.
The French delivered an attack between Autrech and Moulin-Sous-Toutvent, giving them further gain of territory. The entire operation netted the French a gain of ground on a front of more than three miles, a maximum depth of approximately three-fifths of a mile. The French took 1,066 prisoners. North of Mont Didier between Mont Didier and Oise and on the right bank of the Meuse, the French carried out several raids bringing back prisoners. Between the Oise and the Aisne at 10 o'clock last night French troops attacked the German lines west of Autrech on a front of two kilometers and made an advance of about 800 metres. Later in the evening another attack was made. In the same raid between Autrech and Moulin-Sous-Toutvent at the moment when the Germans were preparing a counter-attack the French made a further gain of ground. The entire advance which extended on a front of three kilometers reached a depth of 1,200 metres at certain points. The number of unwounded prisoners taken in the course of these actions is 1,066.