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## THE PANGS OF REMORSE — 08 — A COMPLICATED TANGLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

He had never seen the face before not even in his dreams, and yet as his eyes rested on it and met the deep, peculiar expression, half sad, half restless, and wholly proud, a something seemed to knock at his heart and send the blood leaping through his veins.

But he could not sit there, silent, staring, for long.

"Why don't you think?" asked the child, and, with a start, he averted his gaze and finished the song, but in a dreamy, unconscious, absent way that robbed it of its charm and set the disappointed listeners talking again.

The song finished, he rose hastily; but the child clung to him, and, gentle at heart as a woman, although the sneer was so often on his lips and the scorn so ready to his weary-looking eyes, he could not disentangle its arms, but sat down and talked to it until the duchess, having received her last guests, came and took it away, much against the little one's will.

Then Clarence Clifford rose and looked round the room.

The face and its owner were gone. So had Lord Harcourt.

Recalled to his calm and indifferent bearing by the thrill of disappointment that ran through him at finding the lady had gone, he sauntered up to Mr. Dalton, who was sitting with a literary celebrity and trying to understand him, and proposed that they should go to the club.

"With all my heart," said the young spendthrift, eagerly. "I say, old fellow, how jolly you sang; but what was the matter with the middle verse? Forgive it, eh?"

"Forgot it—yes," replied Clarence Clifford, absently. "Come."

Arm in arm the two gentlemen were leaving the room, when suddenly Clarence Clifford withdrew his arm and said:

"What for me half a minute on the stair, will you?"

Then he walked away. He had caught a glimpse of the face in one of the dimly lit anterooms. What he sought, what object was to be obtained by following her he knew not; he did not even ask himself. He was moved by an uncontrollable impulse, as unreasoning as that which had filled him with dislike for Lord Harcourt.

Pushing aside the curtain, he was about to enter when a voice stopped him. He drew back, not to listen, but simply because he was half unconscious of the object and, therefore, full of hesitation.

The lady was not alone. It was a man's voice, a gentleman's, a hard, curt, metallic voice that proclaimed as hard and metallic a heart.

"Leonora," it said, "I warn you. The time is drawing near. I will not, if you implore me on your knees, grant you another day over the stipulated one. You know me, you know how I am placed, you know—"

"Enough," came the woman's voice, and at its sound the hand of Clarence Clifford, grasping the curtain, shook and grew cold. "Enough of taunts, enough of warnings. Would I were dead to be beyond their reach!"

"Dead!" sneered the man's voice; "that is an idiot's paradise. Better live and grow wise; better live and do as I bid."

"Silence!" came the woman's voice. "I will bear no more. Keep to our bargain, base hound; the time has not expired; until it has, dare not to breathe warning or threat to me, or I—"

"What?" he sneered, as she stopped—

—to gain breath, as Clarence Clifford saw, for she had pressed one trembling hand against her heaving bosom.

"What? Oh, what that is not awful!" she answered him, fiercely. "Better be in the grave, better be an outcast on the world, than live your slave, subject to your taunts, your vile sneers, your vile commands!"

She made a movement as if to leave him, but the man, whoever he was, stretched out his hand and caught her arm.

Thus arrested, Clarence Clifford saw her shudder, shrink as it with loathing and disgust, and heard her utter a smothered cry.

The blood that had been bubbling and careering within his young veins boiled over red-hot at this, and with the spring of a lion, as powerful, bloodthirsty and noiseless, he grasped the man's throat, shook him as he would have done a dog, and hurled him back.

The lady staggered for a moment, but by dint of grasping the back of one of the high chairs kept herself from falling or fainting.

Clarence Clifford stood with one hand clinched and ready for a blow, the other hanging at his side, but quite as ready to grasp the throat a second time.

The man had not fallen, and now stood confronting the blazing eyes of his young assailant.

His hand, thin lips were set like iron for a moment, then as a sneer curled them he said, huskily:

"Mr. Clifford."

"Lord Harcourt," retorted Mr. Clarence Clifford, sternly.

"I shall call upon you to answer for this."

"When and as soon as you please, my lord," replied Clarence Clifford.

"But I fear that he who is coward enough to attack a lady so brutally as I have seen you attack this lady but a moment since will scarcely have courage enough to receive his punishment from the hands of a man."

Lord Harcourt's face grew livid, but the sneering smile seemed rooted upon his face.

"If you doubt my courage, lad, ask that lady, of whom you have elected yourself protector how many have faced Lord Harcourt on Calais Sands and died for their presumption."

"Good!" said the stern voice. "I feared your courage would have needed a little farther filip and was prepared to give it—and he lifted his hand significantly. 'I wait your summons, my lord.'"

"And your death!" retorted Lord Harcourt, lifting the curtain and passing out.

Clarence Clifford, who had stood riveted to the spot while this parley had been going on, now moved eagerly to find the lady whom he had been so fortunate enough to protect.

CHAPTER IX.

Having reached his chambers, Clarence Clifford threw himself into one of the many luxurious chairs and fell to thinking. He had heard of Lord Harcourt's mankynship, knew that he had winged his man or two on Calais sands, and bore beside the reputation of a charmed life.

"Now, if I have not forgotten my skill, Lord Harcourt should find a match. Take these down, Norton, and clean them—you know how to do so."

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the valet, with a confident smile, handling the weapons with ease. "The major, my last master, was a great fencer, sir; he it was who killed Mr. Vernon and wounded Sir William Thompkinson at Madrid."

Clarence Clifford nodded and examined the pistols.

"Do you understand these?"

"Oh, yes, sir; I will clean them both and carefully. If there anything else I can do, sir?"

"Nothing," said his master. "Be ready when I ring to bring these things up."

The valet, with the cases under his arm, left the room, and Clarence Clifford seated himself at his writing desk.

Before he could arrange his paper the valet knocked and announced Mr. Dalton.

"Ah, opportune!" said Clarence. "Sit down, Dalton; I was writing to you."

"Me! the deuce! I say, old fellow, how did you manage to give me the slip? I waited a quarter of an hour on the stairs for you."

"I am sorry," was the reply. "I was detained; can you guess by what?"

"How should I?" asked the other.

"How, indeed," said Clarence Clifford. "Well, you wished to do me a service to-night for the small loan I gave you."

(To be continued.)

## Steve Donoghue at His Old School

TREAT TO 800 CHILDREN AT WARRINGTON.

"Steve" Donoghue, the famous jockey, who is a native of Warrington, hit upon the happy idea of celebrating his recent Derby victory by entertaining over 800 school children at the St. Mary's Roman Catholic School, Warrington, which he attended as a boy.

Deafening Cheers.

There were scenes of great rejoicing at Ashton Hall, where it took place. It was found necessary in view of the large number of children to have three sittings, and just as the last batch of youngsters had finished their tea, Donoghue, who had motored over from Manchester, made his appearance. Outside the hall there was a dense crowd, and the streets adjoining were gay with hunting. There were deafening cheers as Donoghue, who was carried shoulder high by some of his male admirers, made his appearance. Over the schoolroom door was a welcome couched in the following terms: "Greetings to our Steve." It was some time before Donoghue could make his way into the hall, so enthusiastic were the children.

And so say all of us!

The welcome was renewed as he made his appearance at the entertainment which followed the tea, when he was accompanied on the platform by Father Hinde, priest-in-charge of St. Mary's Church. Father Hinde received a unanimous affirmative when he asked the children if they would like Donoghue to win the Derby every week. After three cheers had been given for their host, Donoghue was invited to speak.

In the course of his address he said such a gathering gave him the greatest pleasure of his life. All the Derby winners he had ridden had not given him greater pleasure than he had that night. "I attended this school as a boy," said "Steve," and I would like to give this advice to you boys: In everything do your best. If they did that he was sure they would come out on top as he had done. He had heard some cheering on the racecourse, but even the cheers he received on winning the Derby were nothing as compared to the cheers he had received that night. To him it was a delight to see so many cheering, happy children.

Many Champions.

Warrington had produced many champions in the various fields of sport, and he wanted the boys to try and follow in his steps and never let down the good old town of Warrington. "Keep it at the top," said "Steve." If there was a boy who was inclined towards jockeyship, he would be only too willing to help him on in that direction. "If I don't win the Derby again I hope we shall have this affair an annual one," he concluded.



ALL OVER NEWFOUNDLAND

In town and country, on land and sea, in homes rich and poor, Purity Condensed Milk is in daily use. For cooking and for use in Coffee and Cocoa it is universally favored. Keep a supply in the house and you'll never be short of "milk and sugar," for Purity is both.

## 2,000-Year-Old Bread

DUG UP INTACT FROM EGYPTIAN BAKERY.

University of Michigan Expedition Finds Many Perishable Articles Preserved in Dry Soil of Ancient Karanis—Ptolemaic Temple Uncovered.

CARLO, June 2 (A. P.)—The University of Michigan Expedition excavating on the site of ancient Karanis in Egypt has found more than 2,000 objects illustrating the culture of the Graeco-Roman period. The city flourished in the centuries immediately preceding and following the birth of Christ.

Prof. Francis W. Kelsey, director of the excavation, recently returned to the United States.

Since December, 1914, more than 1,000 rooms and 300 houses have been cleared of sand and debris. The site is so dry that the preservation of perishable substances is perfect.

The articles found include more than 450 Greek papyri, including a library dating from the second to the fifth century; a large collection of glass vessels, fifty examples of basketry, textiles from the fine linen to coarse weaves resembling burl, and more than 100 examples of wooden tools.

About 300 terra cotta objects, 200 lamps and a great number of coins have been found.

Among the tools are farm implements and perfectly preserved sets of harness for donkeys and camels. A large bakery was unearthed with its ovens and a large mill and pieces of coarse loaves of bread, just as they were left when the bakers abandoned the town.

The glass vessels, exquisite in shape and color, present their original appearance. Glass so well preserved has been found on only one other site in Egypt.

The houses were built of sun-dried bricks, usually plastered on the inside.

side, vaulted ceilings supported upper stories.

While the excavation this site has been limited chiefly to the layers of the mound which mark the site, and to the Roman period, a temple of limestone was completely excavated. It clearly belongs to Ptolemaic period, and may have been dedicated to Serapis.

See our window for the best display of Toilet Soaps in the City. Marked down to fit your purse.

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- Per dozen . . . . . \$1.35
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- Pears Unscented Glycerine . . . . . 80c. each
- Erasmic Cold Tar . . . . . 15c. each
- The Box (3 cakes) 40c.

If you don't want to buy, don't! But look.

Water Street East, St. John's, N.F.

## Dodge Brothers Set New Record

Deliveries and Production Exceeded Best Previous Week in History.

Dodge Brothers have been establishing new high records continuously for several months, as compared with similar periods for previous years. The record of the week ending August 11 is the best in the company's history.

With retail deliveries aggregating more than 7,000, an average of more than 1,300 each production day, the best previous week was surpassed several hundred cars. New retail orders exceeded the corresponding week of 1924 by 1,000, or approximately 13.7 per cent.

Although Dodge Brothers Motor Cars are now being built at the rate of 1,100 a day, both deliveries and orders are some 200 a day in excess of production.

"Had dealers' stocks permitted, number of deliveries for the week would have been even greater," said John A. Nichol, Jr., Vice-President in Charge of Sales. "It is no sport, but a steady, healthful climb."

ROYAL GARAGE.

## Prescription Compounding

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## REAL ESTATE.

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BIRTHDAYS. The very nicest way to remember a birthday is to "Say it with Flowers."

and floods in the region. Many villages were destroyed. Fifteen villages were over the Dam. The dam was a success. The dam was a success.

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