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The Old Marquis

The Girl of the Cloisters

CHAPTER XL
THE CLOSING SCENE.

It was a touching meeting, and for the first time the professor forgot his class, and sat, with tearful eyes, listening to the story of Clifford's villainy and Lela's sorrows and triumphs.

"And now, dear, that we are all happy, you will come back, will you not?" she whispered, while Lord Edgar discreetly drew away to the window.

But the professor looked unsettled and disturbed.

"My dear," he said, naively, "they would not be able to get on without me here; they would not, indeed; and I think you would," and he glanced rather archly at Lord Edgar's still figure.

"No, no, dear; you must come back!" she insisted.

"Well," he said, the professor, "and neither she nor Lord Edgar could draw or drive him further than that."

So, after staying a week with him in the quaint, old German town, where Lela was worshipped by the students and the masters, they left him and continued their wanderings. They were very happy, superlatively happy, living entirely in the present, and the future, and scarcely ever alluding to the past; indeed, Lord Edgar never mentioned Clifford Revel's name; and, at the end of the month, they reached Faneworth Abbey.

A surprise—a great surprise was in store for them. During their absence the marquis had been busy. Decorators and upholsterers had been at work, and the old Abbey was transformed into a magnificent country seat.

The marquis stood in the hall, leaning on his stick, waiting to receive them; and, as Lela entered, he drew her toward him and kissed her cheek.

It was a significant greeting, and the servants gathered around accepted it as a gentle hint that henceforth Viscountess Fane would rule at Faneworth Abbey.

"I am glad to see you, my dear," he said, when they were alone. "I hope you will be happy here. I have made some changes—have let the sunlight in. Do not expect to find much

change in me. I am too old to be repainted and decorated. But I shall not interfere with you. I have kept my old rooms, and shall reserve to myself the liberty of shutting myself up when the mood takes me. As I feel rather better than usual, I hope you will let me dine with you to-night, and you must tell me all about your travels."

Was this the stern, unbending marquis whose presence a few months ago in the cloister garden filled Lela Temple with awe and trembling?

He was still less like his old self that evening, when, according to his promise, he dined with them; he talked freely, and with the grace and wit which had distinguished him in the bygone years, and, when Lela arose to say "good-night," he kissed her again, and held her hand as he looked up at her.

"You have improved, my dear," he said, scanning the lovely face and graceful figure affectionately. "I did you a great wrong; I don't think Edgar will grow tired of you."

And so the great marquis recanted, and made his retraction.

When she had gone, he sat in silence for a minute or two; then he said to Edgar:

"Yes, I do not think you will grow tired of her; she has become more beautiful than when I saw her in the garden yonder. Happiness, I suppose—there is nothing like it. Now, Edgar, I wish you to consider the Abbey as your own, barring my own den. You will not let it be dull for your wife; ask your friends, as many as you please, and do what you please. I have done what I could to make the house fit. Let there be no coldness between us for the future. You are married, and will have an heir, I trust; and—and that scoundrel, Clifford Revel!"

"Do not speak of him, sir, please," said Lord Edgar, with a frown.

"No! Well, good-night! Be happy, and I shall be content."

Lela, being particularly happy, would have been content, also, but Lord Edgar understood his father, and persuaded her to issue invitations, and the great place was soon filled.

The county people called, and were charmed with the young viscountess. The men raved of her beauty, and the women more calmly approved of her quiet, well-bred style. She became popular before three months had passed, and the marquis had the pleasure of seeing at the head of the county the girl to whom he had prophesied ruin and misfortune.

Lord Edgar became master of the

hounds, added to the stables, and built a splendid kennel, the envy and admiration of all the other masters; and he rode his great chestnut twice a week with credit and renown, but with nothing of his old recklessness. He knew that every time he mounted his horse Lela was only kept from fretting by his promise to be very careful and circumspect; and, having discovered that life was worth living, he took special guard of it.

One day there was a grand hunt breakfast at the Abbey, and a big party gathered on the lawn—the men in their red coats, and the women in their Redfern habits. It was a pretty sight; and the marquis, tempted by a bit of sunshine, sallied out from his den and joined the group by which he was received with the most intense respect and cordiality.

Lela, who could not be persuaded to mount a horse—she had always had a horror of the animal since that awful morning on Badmore Hill—was to drive as far as she could after the hounds in her pony phaeton; and she was seated in it, with the reins in her hand, ready to start, but kept talking by Lord Combermere.

"Splendid morning, Lady Fane!" he said, with his old, courtly smile. "What fine form Lord Edgar appears to be in! Ah, he makes one respect one's lost youth!" and he looked across the lawn where Lord Edgar rode here and there, exchanging a word with this man and the other, and keeping an eye on his dogs and his huntsman the while.

(To be Continued.)

For Love of a Woman;

OR, A

New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER I.

BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS.

"Good-night! Good night! Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say good-night till it be morrow!"

The speaker was a young girl, who stood in the middle of the room, her hands clasped, her head bent forward, her eyes fixed in a dreamy rapture, and the remark was addressed to no one.

She paused, sighed a little—not from impatience, but with a wistful dissatisfaction—and absently moved to the window, through which the last rays of the June sun was flickering redly.

She stood there for a moment or two, then began to pace the room with a lithe, undulating grace. It was a pity that she was alone, because such beauty and grace were wasted on the desert air of the rather grim and dingy room. It was a pity that Sir John Everett Millais or Mr. Edwin Long or some other of the great portrait painters were not present to transfer her beauty of face and form, for it was a loveliness of no common order.

No poet's pen had attempted to describe Doris Marlowe, but it may safely be said that not one had succeeded; and not even a great portrait painter could have depicted the mobility of her clear, oval face, and its dark eyes and sensitive lips—eyes and lips so full of expression that people were sometimes almost convinced that she had spoken before she had uttered a word.

This evening, and at this moment, her face was all alive, as it were, with expression, as she put up her hand to smooth back the thick tresses of dark brown hair—so dark that it was almost black—and, stopping, suddenly before a pier-glass which stood at the end of the room, repeated the familiar lines:

"Good-night! Good-night! Parting is such sweet sorrow That I shall say good-night till it be morrow!"

Ah, no! No, no, no! she exclaimed, stamping her foot and drawing her eyebrows together at the reflection in the glass. "That is not it, nor anything like it. I shall never get it! Never! Never!"

The door opened behind her, and she turned her wistful, dissatisfied face over her shoulder towards the new-comer. He was an old man, bent almost double, with a thin and haggard face, from which gleamed a pair of dark eyes so brilliant and piercing that they made the rest of the face look almost lifeless. He



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looked at her keenly, as he paused as if for breath, and, still looking at her, went to the table and laid a long roll of paper upon it; then he sank into a chair, and, leaning on his stick, said, in a hollow voice:

"Well!"
"But it isn't, Jeffrey. It's bad, as bad as could be!" and the mobile lips allowed a quick, impatient laugh to escape, then compressed themselves as if annoyed at their levity. "I cannot do it! I cannot! I have tried it a hundred times—a thousand times! And it sounds more like—oh, it sounds more like a servant-maid saying, 'Good-night, good-night, call me at seven to-morrow!' than Juliet's immortal adieu!"

"Does it?" said the old man, calmly.

"Yes, it does; very much!" she retorted, half-laughing again. "Oh, Jeffrey, I can't do it, and that is the simple truth! Tell them I cannot do it—and beg me off."

The old man stretched out his hand slowly, and taking the paper from the table, as slowly unfastened it and displayed it at full length.

It was a play-bill, printed in the usual style, in red and blue ink:

THEATRE ROYAL, BARTON
"Romeo and Juliet."

Miss DORIS MARLOWE as Juliet.

The girl looked at it, a faint colour coming into her face; then she raised her eyes to the glittering ones above the placard and shook her head.

"Miss Doris Marlowe will murder Juliet!" she said; "that is what it will be, Jeffrey—simple murder. You must prevent the perpetration of so hideous a crime!"

"Too late!" he said, in his hollow voice. "The bills are already out. The play is advertised in the papers. They were booked at the theatre when I left. You must play it. What is the matter?"

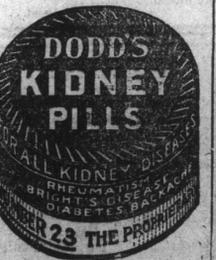
"The matter—" she began, then stopped abruptly, as if in despair. "I don't know what is the matter. I only feel as if—oh, as if I were anyone but Juliet. Why didn't you let me go on playing little comedy parts, Jeffrey? I could do those after a fashion; but Juliet! I ought to be flattered," and she looked at the bill, "but I am very frightened!" and she laughed again.

"Frightened!" he said, his thick white brows coming together. "Why should you be frightened? Have I not told you, you could do it, and do I not know? Am I ever wrong?"

"No, no," she hastened to reply. "You are always right, and it is I who am always wrong. And indeed, Jeffrey dear, I will try! I will try for your sake!" and she glided across to his chair and laid her hand—a long, white hand, soft and slim as a child's—upon his shoulder with tender docility.

"Try for your own," he said, not unkindly, but gravely. "Try for art's sake, and yet—yes, try for mine! You know how I have set my dream on your success—you know that it is the dream, the aim of my life! Even since you were a child and sat upon my knee looking up into my face with your great eyes, I have looked forward to the day when the world should acknowledge that Jeffrey Flint could make a great actor though he failed himself!"

(To be continued.)



Fashion Plates.

A DAINY SUMMER FROCK.



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

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So the cry is constantly going up from the constipated, "What can we do?" It will be interesting to a great many to know that an answer has been found in the re-discovery of a method which was used with great success by our Forefathers, and in Arabia far back in the twelfth century. The food is called "Les Fruits" because it is composed entirely of figs, dates, prunes, raisins and the leaves of each with the substitution of the Alexandra leaf for the raisin leaf. The taste is pleasant, if not to say delicious, and the effect is exceedingly satisfactory. Try it and be convinced.

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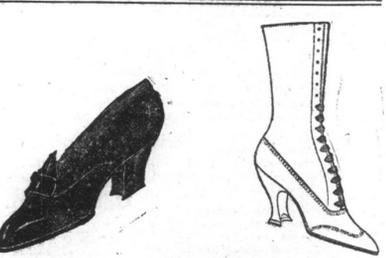
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LONDON

LONDON, June 7th, 1919.

A SAILOR PRINCE.

Their Majesties' youngest surviving son, Prince George, is now completing his course as a cadet at the Senior Division of the Royal Naval College at Dartmouth, and it is intended that he shall adopt the Royal Navy as his career. As soon as his present training comes to an end the young Prince—who will be seventeen in December next—is to go for a lengthy trip on board a training cruiser, and will be absent from this country for about a year. Upon his return he will be gazetted to the rank of midshipman, and will then start in earnest. He has a very great liking for the sea, and is extremely pleased at his father's decision to allow him to enter the Service.

LOYD GEORGE'S LOCKS.

They tell me from Paris that the Prime Minister is letting his hair grow very long again, and that he is now only second to M. Paderewski in length of locks. Long hair over the back of the collar is a mark of the bard, the emotional Nonconformist of Wales, and the Premier, who retains it up to the days when he saw the Welsh Church Bill through the House of Commons, trimmed his hair close on going into Coalition with the Unionists. I wonder what we should infer from his reversion to the older habit. Certainly he is the most unconventional of the Big Four in dress, for he wears a light grey suit and a soft hat even to attend a full meeting of the Peace Conference. President Wilson occupies a position of "splendid isolation" at the Peace Conference in his diplomatic attire. At the last meeting of Allied plenipotentiaries at the Quai d'Orsay he alone conformed to the old convention that top hat and frock coat shall be worn at international congresses.

SCIENCE AND THE WAR.

Among the post-war revivals of distinctive social events is to be numbered the always-famous conversation of the Royal Society, to which scientists of all shades have gathered this week once more for the first time since 1914. There, as everyone just now, the influence of the great struggle was plainly discernible and the part played by science in connection with the events of the past four years was seen, indeed, in many directions. Among the more striking were Dr. J. S. Haldane's exhibit of an army form of apparatus for continuous oxygen administration; Joseph Barcroft's model displaying the treatment of oxygen; and the exhibit of the Meteorological Office showing the study of weather during the war. Significant interest attached to the same principles, and housewives will be surprised to know that "mineral yeast" used in Germany during the war for human food, exhibited by A. C. Chapman, is free from bitterness, and has a pleasant flavor suggestive of that of cream cheese. How far, however, this particular sort of "Ersatz" could be an

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