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Most Newfoundland dealers now sell Prince Albert in the tidy red tins. If your dealer does not handle it tell him to order through his jobber. Leading Newfoundland jobbers are now supplied.

For Love of a Woman; OR, New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I, TOO, AM FREE."

"I am going. Of course, you know that. My love for you has not yet robed me of all manliness, Doris, and I am going. This discovery which you made this afternoon was half-suspected by me. The eyes of a man who loves are keen in all matters pertaining to the woman he loves; and from certain signs I suspected that Lord Cecil Neville was bound up in your past life; but it was suspicion only. The marquis's innocent exposure has turned it into certainty. And so—I have waited to bid you good-bye."

She sat perfectly motionless for a moment. Then she looked up at him, with a piteous entreaty.

"What shall I say?" she murmured.

"Say nothing," he replied, huskily. "I give you your freedom, Miss Marlowe. Knowing, as I do how cruelly you have been deceived—you and Lord Cecil," he put in, as if the speaking of his name were difficult to him, "there is no other course open to me. I love you—oh, yes!—you know that; but my very love for you pleads for you against myself! And so I give you back all your pledges, and say snipny 'good-bye!'"

He held out his hand, eyeing her keenly and sorrowfully. But she did not place her burning hand in his. Instead, she shook her head slowly.

"Stay," she murmured, almost inaudibly, and her pale face grew crimson for a second.

He leaned upon the couch, and bent over her, trembling, and white as death.

"You say 'stay!'" he breathed. "Think—think what the word means to me, Doris!"

"I—I have thought!" she breathed. "It means—oh, you cannot imagine all it means to me! Will you repeat it?"

"Yes," she said, in as low a voice as before.

He took her hand and held it in his. "And will you tell me that—that you

do not love Lord Cecil; that you can forget him?"

She turned her face away. "Don't—don't drive me too hard!" she murmured, piteously.

His face grew wan and haggard again.

"I—I understand," he said. "Yes, I understand—and I must be content."

He let her hand fall, and walked to the window, turning his back to her. Then he returned, and kneeling beside her, said, in a low voice:

"Doris, I asked you to trust me. I ask it still. Remember that no man, not even Lord Cecil—with a touch of bitterness—"could love you more dearly than I love you; and—trust me."

"Yes, I trust you. I have always done so," she said, almost inaudibly.

"We are to be married on the sixteenth," he said, musingly. "Everything is ready, Doris."

She inclined her head.

"We will be married on the sixteenth!" he said, almost solemnly. He raised her hand to his lips. "Don't look so scared, Doris," he said, with a curious smile. "I—I am a better man than you think me!" and, dropping her hand, he left the room.

Doris had burnt her boats. There was no returning across the river. She had pledged herself now irrevocably.

The next morning at breakfast the marquis's valet called to enquire after Miss Marlowe.

"His lordship has been in a terrible state, miss," he said, gravely. "He was afraid that something he had said had offended or alarmed you, and although he was put at a loss to remember what it was, the idea distressed him very much, and seems to be preying on his mind. He was very ill, indeed, last night—quite wandering, so to speak—and the doctor did not leave for a moment."

"Please tell the marquis that I—I have forgiven all that he said; that I know he was not aware there was anything to offend me in—in the incidents he related," said Doris, painfully. "Yes; tell him that, whatever it was, I forgive it freely."

"Thank you, miss," said the valet, with a look of relief. "His lordship will be very glad to get the message. Begging your pardon, miss, but his lordship seems—if I may be so bold—to be wrapped up in you. He was talking about her ladyship, the marchioness, last night—her ladyship and the little girl—and he kept repeating your name, as if you reminded him of her."

Doris sighed. Percy Levant stood gravely regarding the table-cloth, saying not a word.

"I suppose you have sent for Lord

Cecil, as the marquis is so much worse?" said Lady Despard.

The valet shrugged his shoulders. "I certainly intended doing so as soon as the telegraph office was open this morning, my lady; but directly the marquis became conscious he distinctly forbade me doing so. Of course I should not disobey him while he was sensible, and there was no immediate danger. The marquis demands implicit obedience from his household, my lady."

"Perhaps Miss Marlowe will be able to call and see him this morning," said Lady Despard, glancing enquiringly at Doris; but she grew pale, and shook her head.

"Not to-day," she said, in a low voice, and almost pleadingly. "To-morrow—perhaps."

The valet bowed.

"Thank you, miss," he said, gratefully, and as he withdrew he added, respectfully, "a sight of you will do him more good than all the doctors in Italy, I am sure."

If Doris had promised "to pay the sick man a visit she could not have done so, for Percy Levant, without consulting either of the ladies, ordered the phaeton and pair, and calmly requested them to get their things on.

"I am going to take you ladies for a long drive," he said, with that air of resolution which all women admire in a man. "You, Doris, because you need it for your health's sake, and you, Lady Despard, because you are

in danger of becoming a monomaniac!"

"Oh, indeed!" retorted Lady Despard, languidly; "and what's my mania, pray?"

"Wedding millinery," he replied, pointing to the confused mass of lace and muslin, amidst which Lady Despard seemed to exist.

"Well, there's some truth in that," she said, with a smile, "and, anyway, I suppose we shall have to go, eh, Doris? And this is the man whom we thought all milk and honey, so meek and docile as scarcely to have a will of his own!" she added, frowning. "You see what you have done, my dear, you have completely spoiled him by being foolish enough to promise to marry him!"

She went for the drive, Percy Levant taking the reins and Doris seated beside him, and in after-years she remembered, with a singular vividness, every incident of the day, almost every word he spoke. Never had he been in lighter humour, or in better "form," and if his object was to drive, for the time at least, all remembrance of the marquis and his story of Spencer Churchill's villainy from her mind, he almost succeeded, and as the hours sped by, the exquisite scenery, the keen, fresh air, and the unflagging wit and humour of her companion brought the colour to Doris's pale cheeks, and drove the lines of care and trouble from her brow.

And through it all he permitted no sign of his own suffering to become visible. The handsome face was as evenly cheerful, the pliant lips wore a settled smile, causing Lady Despard to look at him once, and exclaim, with a sigh:

"I wish you could sell me that butterfly nature and disposition of yours, Percy. I would give you more than half my kingdom."

"Would you?" he said, turning on the box and glancing at Doris as he did so. "Would you?" and a curious expression flashed across his face for a moment. "I'm afraid you would be like the man who thought he was doing a clever thing in buying a sovereign for nineteen shillings and sixpence, until he tried to change the coin and discovered that it was a counterfeit!"

They went to a country inn, at which he had ordered dinner by a servant sent on before, and Lady Despard was enchanted by the dainty simplicity of the menu and the manner in which he played the host, and when he strolled off to smoke his cigar and leave them to trifle with the grapes and the ripe figs which nestled in the centre of a huge repousse dish of such flowers as only Italy can produce, Lady Despard patted Doris on the cheek, causing her to start from a reverie, and said:

"Yes, my dear, I will say it again: you have done very well! He will be simply a treasure of a husband. I assure you, I don't know another man in all my extensive list of friends and acquaintances who could have behaved so perfectly. Fancy taking two women out for the day, keeping them amused every minute, and then giving them all the nice things women love, not ugly chops and steaks, but all these delicate things for dinner. And he'll be just as fresh and bright all the way home, of course! Yes, I must repeat it, my dear. I think you have made an excellent choice, and if I hadn't registered a vow never to marry again, why—oh, there's time to cut you out yet if I tried very hard, so don't look so exasperatingly self-confident! And now the best thing you can do," she went in, as Doris smiled and sighed, "is to go and find him, and repay him for all his trouble with one of those sweet, little speeches of yours, and several of those upward glances of those blue eyes which seemed so innocent and commonplace, and yet, as I have been told, drive poor men to thoughts of suicide. Go and find him, my dear; he hasn't gone far, and is, of course, waiting for you to join him. I shall be quite happy and content for a hour, I assure you. Come back when the moon is up above those trees, and then we will start."

"Which means that you want to go to sleep," said Doris, smiling as she rose.

"Quite right, dear," assented Lady Despard, serenely. "I want to go to sleep for a few minutes, and dream that I, too, have got a handsome young man who is fortunately poor enough to have to work for me, and who worships the ground I tread on. Go and find him, and—be good to him, for he deserves it!"

(to be continued.)



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NEWFOUNDLAND.

Notice to Mariners.

(No. 3 of 1919)
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LIGHT ESTABLISHED.

Position—On Curzon Head, entrance to Bonne Bay.
Lat. 49° 30' 20" N.
Long. 57° 54' 20" W.

Character—A flashing Red Acetylene Gas Light giving 20 flashes per minute thus:

Light Dark Light Dark
0-3 sec. 2-7 sec. 0-3 sec. 2-7 sec.

Elevation—Height of light from high water to focal plane: 45 feet.

Structure—A square wood structure with sloping sides, painted White, Lantern Red.

Remarks—This light was put into operation August 25, 1919.

J. G. STONE,
Minister of Marine & Fisheries,
Dept. of Marine & Fisheries,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
August 28th, 1919. sep8.31

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Troops in Charge of day the Limit for Victory Parade in Pershing--Britain Bert Russia.

POLICEMEN STRIKE IN BOSTON. adeo
BOSTON, Sept. 10. inter
came

Lawlessness was rampant in Boston to-day. Without adequate police protection private citizens were left to their own resources to protect their lives and property. Since the police struck yesterday afternoon there has been no organized police power able to cope with the situation that last night approached anarchy, and to-day appeared to grow more serious as in-

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