

## For Love of a Woman;

### New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.  
RETRIBUTION.

Doris screened her face with her hands.

"Why does not he—"  
She stopped.

"Why doesn't he come forward and beg for forgiveness and ask you to become his little Doris again and Mrs. Marquise?" cried Lady Despard, drily. "Because he is as proud as you are, my dear. What! Ask a girl as rich as a female Cressus to be his wife when he has only a few paltry thousands a year; ask the girl who would scarcely speak a word to him when he came to wish her good-bye, perhaps for the last time. Why, isn't he a Stoyle, too, and haven't all of you got, and haven't all of you always had, the pride and stiff-neckedness of the dev—ahem!—the evil one? My dear, I am the lastest soul in London, and I've registered a vow that I'll never get excited and warm over anything; but really, when I think of you spending your days and nights in hungering for him—"

"Oh!" murmured Doris, and she glided to her and hid her face on her shoulder.

"So you do. Do you think I can't hear you sighing long after you ought to be asleep, you obstinate and abandoned girl?" retorted Lady Despard. "Doris, my dear, if I were only old enough, or you were young enough, it would be my pleasing duty to shut you up in your room on bread and water till you came to your senses and consented to hide your silly little head against his shirt-front, spilling his clothes instead of mine. My dear, would you mind covering my dress with your pocket-handkerchief if you are crying."

"I'm not crying," said Doris, indignantly, and giving her a little push, but still hiding her face. "When—when did you hear from him last?" she asked, in a whisper.

"Just two months ago," replied Lady Despard, her voice growing suddenly serious. "You were too proud to ask for the news, or I would have told you. He was well then, but was going up the country after those miserable De-coys—Dacotts, or whatever they're called, and from what I've read in the papers I'm afraid—"

Doris's hand tightened on her shoulder spasmodically.

"Don't pinch me, my dear. I didn't send him there. Catch me! I only wish he'd ask me to be his wife. I'd have married either of the two men you sent to Jericho; but there's the way with the gods; they always show-er their gifts on the unworthy and ungrateful, and deserving people can go starving."

"I wish he had," murmured Doris; "you would both have been happy then."

"No, you don't wish anything of the kind," retorted Lady Despard, in-

doleently. "You would be ready to tear my eyes out if there had ever been the slightest chance of such a thing. Oh, you can't delude me into thinking you, the gentle dove most people imagine you, you little scorpion."

"And that is all you know about—about him?" said Doris, timidly.

"Nearly all. I wish I knew more. I did mention the matter to his grace at the reception the other night, and he looked rather grim and solemn, as if the whole expedition was sentenced—No, no, Doris, I don't mean that!" she added, hastily, as Doris's hand relaxed its hold, and she drew herself up, white and shuddering. "No, it isn't so bad as that; but—but—Well—Ah! my dear, you ought not to have let him go."

Doris threw herself down again. "It was not my fault; if—if he had said—if he had asked—"

"Give me no ifs!" retorted Lady Despard. "My dear child, no man could have asked you anything while you treated him as you treated Lord Cecil after the marquis's death. You were not a live, breathing woman, but a marble effigy, a block of ice, and you froze him—you froze him—and sent him to Burmah to thaw himself. Now, I'm not going to talk any more about him. Get on your habit, and let us go for a ride. Thank Heaven, I love no man, and no man loves me. Heighho!"

The footman brought in the evening papers as she spoke, and she took one and glanced at it languidly; then suddenly she sat up and uttered a low cry.

Doris, who had gone to the door, but who had not left the room, went back to her swiftly.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

Lady Despard closed the papers. "I—thought you had gone," she said.

"Nothing. The pins and needles in my feet—"

"There is something in that paper," said Doris, in her low voice, her eyes fixed on it. "Tell me what it is!"

Lady Despard hesitated a moment, then she shrugged her shoulders.

"Well, you'd buy one and see for yourself, so I may as well show it to you; but—but don't imagine the worst at once."

She handed her the paper, and pointed to a letter from the seat of war.

In a few—but, alas! how pregnant!—words the correspondent told the story of the disaster which had befallen a detachment sent into the interior. Surrounded and outnumbered by the enemy, savages in nothing more than in their mode of conducting warfare, the handful of English soldiers had fallen, as so many thousands of their fellows in the glorious years of the past have done, fighting to the last.

There were only the few details which can be crammed into a column of newspaper type; but one line stabbed Doris to the heart.

"I am sorry to say that an aide-de-camp—the Marquis of Stoyle, better known as Lord Cecil—accompanied the detachment. Throughout the campaign Lord Cecil has distinguished himself by his bravery and devotion to duty, and by his genial and modest disposition had won the hearts of both officers and men. If, as there is too much reason to fear, his lordship has fallen with his ill-fated comrades, his loss will be sorely felt, and he can-

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never be replaced. It will be remembered that he succeeded to the historic title just twelve months ago, and very shortly before joining the regiment." (to be continued.)

## For Her Sake;

—OR—

### The Murder in Furness Wood.

CHAPTER IV.

A dinner party at Fresham Park was always a great success. Sir Grantley and Lady Fresham had but one thought—the comfort of their guests. There was no formality in the drawing-room when dinner was over. There were music and cards for those who preferred such amusements, and the long French windows were opened wide for those who chose to step out and enjoy the peaceful beauty of the moonlit garden.

Lady Scarsdale, who was in one of her most amiable moods, looked very handsome and stately as she stood against the long, open window, the light flashing on her diamonds and on her rich, gleaming dress.

When the gentlemen entered the room, with a practiced turn of the head she looked for Peter Cameron. An almost imperceptible smile brought him to her side.

"You have been talking politics," she said, in her blindest manner. "Whenever gentlemen leave the dinner-table looking very much in earnest and very determined, I know they have been talking politics. May I ask whether you are Liberal or Conservative?"

"I am an ardent Liberal," he replied.

"And I am a Conservative," she rejoined, laughingly. "We must agree to differ. How beautiful the moon is to-night! Mr. Cameron, I should very much like to speak to you for a few minutes, if you are disengaged."

"You do me great honor," said Mr. Cameron, with the politest bow he could make.

"We will walk round the lawn," said Lady Scarsdale, with a smile.

Mr. Cameron, while just a little surprised, was delighted, for great ladies, as a rule, had not taken much notice of him. How beautiful this woman looked, he thought, her gems flashing in the moonlight, her eyes bright as her diamonds! What a delicate fragrance came from the flowers she carried! As he looked at her he thought of the gentle fair-haired woman so long dead. How many years was it since she had clung to his arm in the white moonlight! But what a different world, what novel surroundings were here! His gentle wife would have been quite out of place amid so much splendor and wealth.

Lady Scarsdale wondered a little at the dreamy expression of her companion's honest face.

"I hope," she said, gently, "that you will not think me intrusive, but I was struck not so much by what you said as by the tone of your voice when you were alluding to the Duchess of Stone. If you will forgive me, I should like to speak to you about the matter. I take the greatest interest in you and need I add—your beautiful daughter."

"You are very kind, Lady Scarsdale," he replied, somewhat astonished at the announcement of this fashionable lady.

"I am quite sure," she said, "that there has been some mistake—that the Duchess would never have passed over your daughter in her invitations if she had seen her."

"I have been told," he answered, somewhat stiffly, "that the Duke and Duchess, in dispensing their hospitality, draw the line rather rigidly. I am not ashamed of my origin, Lady Scarsdale, I assure you."

Lady Scarsdale laughed. "There are grades and grades," she said. "I repeat that I am quite sure there has been a mistake, for, if the Duchess had ever seen Miss Cameron, she would—she must admire her. You must allow me to remedy the mistake by introducing your daughter and yourself to the Duchess of Stone when she comes to Stonedale."

"You are very kind to think of such a thing," he replied, half hesitatingly; "but—"

"I understand," she interrupted—"you have scruples. But you need have none. The Duchess is a very noble woman, and always ready to admit when she has made a mistake. Your daughter would grace any position. You see, Mr. Cameron, I understand perfectly the science of social politics. I know and realize the fact that, beautiful and wealthy as your daughter is, unless she is known to the Duke and Duchess, she is excluded from the inner circle. The entree to Stonedale is, in fact, the entree to the upper circles in this country at least, and certainly in town also. The Duchess of Stone is very popular in town; she is also a great favorite with royalty. Of course it is of the utmost importance to your daughter—I see that plainly."

"You are very good to take so deep an interest in us," replied Mr. Cameron. "As regards myself, I feel nothing but a sense of annoyance; for my daughter, exclusion from Stonedale means much more to me. I do not like to see the pained expression on her face when she hears, as she does continually, of the gayeties there, to which all her friends are invited; but she is so brave and true that she comes to me always with a smiling face, and says, 'Never mind, father, you are worth all the dukes and duchesses in the world.' I must say it would be a great satisfaction to me to see her in what I might call her right place. You are so kind and so sensible, my dear Lady Scarsdale, that it is a pleasure to me to talk with you. I consider it a great advantage to be able to hear your opinion on the matter; and I am sure you will realize the awkward position in which this exclusion places me. For instance," he continued, "only a few weeks since I was at a great political meeting at Edenwood, and, for a time, I saw and felt that I was the leading man present. The people all looked up to me; my words carried weight; I suppose you will laugh at me, Lady Scarsdale, but I must own that I felt a sensation of pride when I heard people say, 'That is Mr. Cameron, of Ferness, one of the richest men in England, a man of mark.'"

(To be Continued.)

## Fashion Plates.

GIRLS BLOUSE DRESS.



2957—As here shown, checked brown and white suiting and white gabardine is combined. The style is good for serge, also for combinations of satin and serge, gabardine and crepe. Wash materials such as gingham, linen and seersucker, are also desirable.

The pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 4 yards of 40 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c in silver or 1c and 2c stamps.

A COMFORTABLE PLAT SUIT.



2942—The small boy will be pleased with this garment, which is comfortable and has roomy pockets. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is good for development in gingham, seersucker, khaki, drill or linen.

It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, and 5 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards of 27 inch material.

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## HENRY BLAIR.



## To-day's Messages

OF THE HIGH SEAS.  
OSTEND, Belgium, Sept. 23.  
Ride Albert, Queen Elizabeth and the Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium, are to-day on the high seas, on their voyage to the United States. The steamer George Washington, which had been at anchor at Calais, left her moorings yesterday afternoon shortly after the Royal couple went on board from a United States destroyer, which took the sovereigns out of Ostend shortly before noon.

THEY LOVE DAVID.  
PORTSMOUTH, Eng., Sept. 23.  
Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty, who last night given a unique command, when, with forty-two of his Admirals, he was entertained at dinner in the Town Hall here by some five hundred lower deck men, as presented with a silver claret box, a token of loyalty and affection from all the ratings in the Navy.

ELECTIONS NEXT MONTH.  
TORONTO, Sept. 23.  
An official announcement that the Provincial General elections will be held on Monday, October 20th, at same date as the vote on the referendum, was made this afternoon by Sir William Hearst, Premier of the Province of Ontario. Nominations will be held on the previous Monday, October 13th. The date of the elections was generally anticipated, but it was not till after a meeting of the cabinet this afternoon that the announcement was made.

REPUBLICANS RUN THE SENATE.  
WASHINGTON, Sept. 23.  
The Republicans took actual control of the Senate to-day. By a three vote margin, the first after the election, being waged about the part with the League of Nations Covenant, came a motion by Chairman Lodge, of the Foreign Relations Committee, to postpone for one week consideration of some forty odd amendments, which would relieve the United States from service on commissions created under the Treaty. The formal motion was a fixed date, was put before the Senate, after the Vice President had signed a point of order by Senator Hitchcock, leader of the Administration forces for ratification against a motion for indefinite consideration and it was reported on and was accepted.

IMPROVING LABOR CONDITIONS.  
LONDON, Sept. 23.  
(Reuters' Despatch.)—The Transport Ministry came into existence yesterday, when Sir Eric Geddes began as Minister of Ways and Communications, the huge task of bringing under a single control, the whole transport of the country, Sir Eric believes, it will result in economies by being the means of eliminating competition between the docks and the railways. He hopes to eliminate empty haulage and terminal delays. Sir Eric recently wrote that transport must be handled with housing. Visualize, he said, the dock laborer of the future living in a garden city, with a branch Lake Exchange in connection with the dock area, and putting in his free time in his garden, from which he will be called by telephone to his work at the docks. This will do away with bargaining about public houses in congested and cramped areas of our seaports. To do this however, we must have adequate and quick means of conveyance between the workers home and the docks. That has to be worked out.

BOLSHEVIST MASSACRE CONSPIRATORS.  
LONDON, Sept. 23.  
A Bolshevik wireless despatch to-day reports the discovery of an anti-

## NOT

Newfoundland Coastal M

Freight for will be received at Bowring Brothers, to-day, WEDNESD

JOHN C. Minister of

## And the Worst is Yet to Come

