

PURE AS SNOWFLAKES

**REGAL**

FREE RUNNING  
**Table Salt**



**SNOW** white, fine and absolutely pure. Runs freely, be the weather wet or dry.

MADE IN CANADA

The Handy Little Spout lets the Salt run out

THE CANADIAN SALT CO., LIMITED

**For Love of a Woman;**

OR,  
**New Romeo and Juliet.**

CHAPTER III.

"IF I SHOULD FAIL!"

"I am so sorry I've kept you waiting, Jeffrey," she said, humbly, as she threw her hat on the sofa and went to the table.

"No matter," he said; "you have been walking up and down in the fields studying, I know," and he noticed. "It is just the hour—the mystic gloaming—when the brain quickens and ideas are born."

"Yes," she said, her long lashes covering her eyes. "I have been in the fields; and Jeffrey, I've had an adventure!"

"Cows?" he said, absently. "There is nothing like the open air for such work as you have in mind. Rachel, the greatest actress of her time, or any other, did most of her work in the open air."

"It wasn't cows," she broke in, trying to speak in a matter-of-fact voice; "it was a horse," and she laughed a little nervously.

"My kingdom for a horse," he quoted, failing to see the unusual colour in her face, and not observing that she was making a mere pretence of eating, just breaking a piece of toast with her fingers and sipping her coffee. "And are you more satisfied now? I have only just come from the theatre. The booking is the heaviest they have had for years. I have persuaded the manager to increase the orchestra. Have you seen your dress? It has come, and I had it sent up to your room."

"I did not go up. I will try it on directly."

He pushed his chair back, and began walking up and down the room, his hands crossed behind his bent back, his head drooping, his glittering eyes fixed on the floor.

Doris knew that it was hopeless to attempt to speak of anything but the dress, but she made another effort, for conscience's sake.

"Do you know who lives in that house on the hill, Jeffrey, the Towers, it is called?"

He shook his head with distinct indifference.

"Some marquise or other. What matter?" he added, impatiently.

"I saw the nephew of the marquise," he said, "this afternoon, he fell off his horse—"

"He said, with profound indignation, 'I remember a man fell off his horse on in the first scene of Romeo and Juliet.' It was effected so unnecessary. By the way, how do you arrange your train for the room scene. Leave Romeo to get near you without having to do so on one side; it attracts attention from the acting of the play at

but for you since"—he stopped abruptly—"since you became my care. Day and night early and late, I have worked to one end—to make you great and famous and happy. If I thought—"

He wiped the perspiration from his brow, and looked at her almost wildly.

"I know, I know. Dear, dear, old Jeffrey!" she murmured, soothing him with touch and voice. "No, I don't know, but I can guess all you have been to me, all you have done for me. And I am happy, very, very happy. And I will be great and famous if you wish it. You shall see!" she said, nodding, and smiling through the tears that veiled her lovely eyes. "Wait till to-morrow night. There! It is you who are excited now. And now I'm going to try my dress on. We must look the Juliet if we cannot act her," and she stooped and kissed his forehead and ran from the room.

The old man stood where she had left him, his hands working behind his back, his brows knotted into thick cords, his eyes fixed on the ground.

Doubt, almost remorse, were depicted on his countenance, with an intensity almost terrible. He sank into a chair, and, covering his face with his hands, seemed lost in a dream. Presently the door opened, and Doris, like a vision of loveliness, stood in her white satin dress before him.

She held the long train in one hand, and in the other a candle above her head, and stood with a grave smile upon her beautiful face, waiting. He looked up, then with a sudden cry, threw out his arms.

"Lucy! Lucy! I did it for the best—for the best!"

"Jeffrey!" exclaimed Doris. "Jeffrey!" and she hastened towards him in alarm; but the sound of her voice had recalled him to himself, and, passing his hand across his forehead, he rose and looked at her.

"Yes, yes," he said, still in a half-dazed manner. "Yes, it will do. Doris, you are very beautiful."

She coloured and shook her head.

"What a wicked thing to say, you flatterer! But, Jeffrey, why did you call me Lucy?" she asked, bending over him, her brows drawn together anxiously.

"Did I?" he replied, evasively. "I—must have been dreaming. There! ask me no more questions. The dress is perfect. Perfect!" he repeated, emphatically, but looking at her face and not the dress. "Walk across the room." She did so. "Now, stand as I showed you. So! Yes, yes," he murmured, with a sigh of satisfaction; "perfect! You look the part, Doris. Not one of them could look it better—no! and to-morrow—" he stopped and regarded her with an earnestness that was almost fierce. "Child, if you fail to-morrow you will kill me. Go now; go to bed and rest. Go!" he repeated, still looking at her, but waving her away with his hand as if she recalled some memory too painful to be borne; and Doris, stooping and kissing him, went up to her own room again. There she stood before the glass and looked at herself with a scrutiny that she had never used before.

Jeffrey had called her beautiful! Was she really beautiful? Did others think her so—did he? She took up the handkerchief and looked at it dreamily; then, still in her Juliet dress, she joined her hands together as she had done when she made a cup for him; and as she did so, the warm blood rushed to her face, for she could almost fancy that even now she could feel the touch of his lips and the golden moustache upon the soft, pink palms.

Rest! If to lie awake until the clock struck midnight, and then to fall asleep and dream that she was still bending over the handsome face, all pale but for the thin streak of red; to hear in her sleep the strong, musical voice murmuring "Will you forgive me?" was rest, then Doris was resting indeed!

CHAPTER IV.  
AT THE TOWERS.

Cecil, Viscount Neville, rode off at a hard gallop at first, but presently he pulled up into a walk, for he wanted to think. Something had happened besides his tumble that afternoon to "shake the soul of him," as Tasso says. The blood was coursing through his veins at racing pace, and his heart was beating violently with a new and strange emotion. It seemed to him that he had been in fairyland. Just as Doris had taken out the

**WOMEN EVERYWHERE**

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as the Greatest Remedy for Women's Ills.

New Haven, Conn.—"For two years I suffered with a female weakness, pains in my back and painful periods, and I was so weak and tired that I was not able to do my work. A friend told me to use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it gave me great relief. My pains left me and I am now able to do my work and feel fine. You can publish my testimonial and if your Vegetable Compound does others as much good as it has me I will be very much pleased."  
—Mrs. CHARLES E. MORGAN, 37 Sea Street, New Haven, Conn.

The reason Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so successful is because it contains the curative, strengthening properties of good old-fashioned roots and herbs, which act directly on the female organism.

These are women everywhere who long for children in their homes yet are denied this happiness on account of some functional disorder which in most cases would readily yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Such women should not give up hope until they have given this wonderful medicine a trial, and for special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of 40 years' experience is at your service.

handkerchief and looked at it to convince herself that she had not been dreaming, so he put his hand to the cut on his forehead to help him to realize that imagination had not been playing panks with him.

He had seen beautiful women; in the language of his world he had had some half a dozen of them at least "pitched at his head;" but this one—

He stopped the horse, and recalled her face as it had looked down upon him when he came back to consciousness.

"I thought I was dead and that she was an angel!" he murmured, his face flushing. "There never were eyes like hers! And her voice! And I don't know her name even! And I may never see her again! I must, I must! And I might have ridden over that beautiful creature—she might have been lying there instead of me!" he shuddered. "I ought to have killed myself, clumsy, awkward idiot! But she forgave me, yes, she forgave me!" and he tried to recall, and succeeded in recalling, every word she had spoken. "I wonder who she is?" he asked himself for the hundredth time. "Why didn't I ask her name? No, I remember I could not. I—I never felt like that before—never! I felt actually afraid of her! I've half a mind to ride back. "Would she be angry, I wonder? I didn't thank her enough. Why, I behaved like a fool! She must have thought me one. I'll ride back and beg her to tell me who she is. I must know!" and he was about to turn the horse when the clock of the Towers solemnly chimed the hour.

He started and looked at his watch. "Dinner-time," he murmured, "and it's a mortal sin to be five minutes late! No matter, I must go back," and he swung round. Then he pulled up again. "No; she will not like it! It—it would seem as if I were forcing myself on her, and after all her goodness to me. But not to know her name even!" and with something between a sigh and a groan, he put the horse into a gallop and rode towards home.

(To be Continued.)

**FOR THE HOLIDAY**

TAKE A KODAK WITH YOU.

Our stock of **KODAKS, BROWNIE and PREMO CAMERAS** is complete.

Also a full stock of Eastman Roll Film, and Film Pack to fit every size camera at

**TOOTON'S**  
The Kodak Store,  
320 WATER STREET.

**Fashion Plates.**

A SMART GUMP AND STYLISH SLEEVELESS JACKET



2869—The gumps form a very attractive part of a coat suit. It may be of satin, silk or cloth in contrasting color. The jacket is nice for warm weather wear. It may be nice with a skirt of material to match the collar, or of contrasting cloth, silk, crepe or linen.

The pattern for these desirable styles is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42 and Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 1 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the gumps, and 2 3/4 yards of 30 inch material for the jacket.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE PLAY SUIT



2815—This size comprises a kimono waist, with wrist of short sleeve finish and sleeveless rompers, which close on the shoulders. Gingham, percale, khaki, drill, seersucker or galatea may be used for this style.

The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years. Size four requires 1 1/2 yards for the waist, and 2 3/4 yards for the rompers, of 27 inch material.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

**European Agency.**

Wholesale indents promptly executed at lowest cash prices for all British and Continental goods, including: Books and Stationery, Boots, Shoes and Leather, Chemicals and Druggists' Sundries, China, Earthenware and Glassware, Cycles, Motor Cars and Accessories, Drapery, Millinery and Piece Goods, Sample Cases from \$50 upwards, Fancy Goods and Perfumery, Hardware, Machinery and Metal, Jewellery, Plate and Watches, Photographic and Optical Goods, Provisions and Grocers' Stores, etc., etc.

Commission 2 1/2 p.c. to 5 p.c. Trade Discounts allowed. Special Quotations on Demand. Consignments of Produce Sold on Account.

(Established 1814.)  
25 Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.  
Cable Address: "Annuaire, Lon."

**William Wilson & Sons**

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

**Ladies' SPRING and SUMMER Coats,**  
American Makes, in Navy and Mole.

These have just arrived having been considerably delayed in transit. These Coats are all wool and are splendid value at

**\$23.00 each.**

Other late importations from America and England include:—

Colored Check and Stripe Dress Silks, Black Merv and Taffeta Silks, Georgette Crepes and Silk Crepe de Chines. Hats and Hat Shapes. New Ribbons for Hat Bands.

**HENRY BLAIR.**

**Republic Motor Trucks,**  
7 Models, 3-4 Ton to 5 Ton.

In the United States REPUBLIC leads in every State in the Union as well as in every foreign country.

The reason can be summed up in two words: **QUALITY and SERVICE.**

**T. A. MACNAB & CO.**  
Distributors for Nfld.

**Railway Passengers Assurance Company, Ltd.**

OLDEST.	SAFEST.	BEST.
Capital .....	.....	\$ 5,000,000.00
Claims Paid .....	.....	\$10,000,000.00
Reserve .....	.....	\$ 2,000,000.00
Claims Paid in Nfld. .....	.....	75,000.00

Insurance Policies issued covering the following:—ACCIDENT, ACCIDENT AND SICKNESS, EMPLOYER'S AND PUBLIC LIABILITY, MOTOR CAR AND TRUCK (Full Covering), ELEVATOR, TEAMS, PLATE GLASS, BURGLARY AND GUARANTEE BONDS.

**Henry C. Donnelly,**  
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WATER STREET,  
Manager for Newfoundland.

**NOTICE!**

We have secured the services of M. R. GEO. ELLIS to take charge of our **OXY-ACETYLENE WELDING DEPT.** All descriptions of castings welded.

**R. G. SILVERLOCK,**  
210 New Gower Street.  
P. O. Box 532. Phone 65A.

Advertise in The "Telegram."