

Ninety in the shade! Humidity high! won't affect

REGAL

FREE RUNNING Table Salt

It never cakes in any weather. "Regal" is always at your service—running free.

The Canadian Salt Co., Limited

The Handy Little Spout Lets The Salt Run Out.

MADE IN CANADA 1919

For Love of a Woman; New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XI.
LOVE'S SUBTLE SPELL.

"Do not say that," she said, in a low voice, almost inaudible indeed.

"You are as beautiful as an angel, and as clever. Why you are famous already! And I'm—he laughed, with self-scorn—"I'm just an ordinary fool of a fellow. Of course there is no hope for me, and yet somehow I felt that I must tell you. You won't laugh, I know. You'll tell me that I'm very foolish, and that we mustn't meet again, and touched her arm reverently—"and you'll send me away and—perhaps forget all about me in a week or two. While I—well—he pushed the short, crisp hair from his brow with impatient gesture—"well, I shall get over it in time. No!" he said, simply, passionately, "I shall never forget the other day when I opened my eyes and saw you bending over me, or those next two nights when I looked at you in the theatre! I shall never forget nor cease to love you! I know it as surely as I stand here!"

He rose and thrust his hands in his pockets, and looked down at her, his handsome face set hard, his eyes dwelling upon her with the hungry look of the man who loves and yet does not hope.

"And now I've told you," he said, with a short breath, "and now I suppose it's good-bye, Lord Neville. I hope you will be happy and—" His voice broke, and he knelt beside her and caught her hand. "Miss Marlowe—Doris—if—if there is the slightest chance for me, if there is the least bit of hope in the world, give it to me! I'm—I'm like a man pleading for his life! For his life! For more than that—his happiness."

He drew back from her in a feint of leaving her, and her small, soft hands closed upon him.

"No, no!"

He asked for no more. With a cry of joy he drew her to him and kissed her all unrebuked this time.

"My darling! my beautiful!" he murmured. "Oh, Doris! is it true—can it be true? Tell me, dearest; I can't believe it otherwise. Tell me, do you love me just a little?" and he looked

into her downcast eyes as if he would read her soul.

She put her hand upon his arm and raised her eyes to his slowly, and let them rest there.

"Yes," she said, as if the effort cost her much. "I do love you!"

A linnet, perched upon a branch of the tree above them, burst into song; a lamb, that had been regarding them curiously, drew near and bleated, the brook bubbled over the stones; all Nature in its lappy springlike seemed to take up the harmony of these two souls bound in love's subtle spell, and to find voice; but they were silent.

At last he spoke.

"It is like a dream!" he said, removing his eyes from her face for a moment and looking like a man awakening from sleep. "Like a dream! Tell me once more, Doris; just once more!"

"Is it so difficult to believe? Well, then I love you!" he murmured, and a smile—the first fruit of love—beamed from her eyes.

"Difficult to believe!" he said. "Well, I should think so! Great Heavens! what on earth do you see in me to love?"

"Quite enough," she said, the smile growing sunnier, as she looked at his handsome face and ardent eyes.

"It's wonderful!" he said. "Just look at the difference between us; you, so beautiful, so clever, such a genius; oh I know! Why, you will be famous—are famous already. I daresay—and I!" he laughed with self-scorn. "It is wonderful!" and he drew her hand to his lips and kissed it.

"Isn't it?" she said, slowly, with loving mockery.

"Yes, it is," he asserted. "Simply wonderful! And to think that you belong to me! You—you—you!" and his eyes flashed upon her lovely, bewitching face. "By Jove! I shall wake up presently, and find it really only a dream."

She started, and would have withdrawn her hand if it had not been so tightly clasped in his.

"It is only a dream," she murmured. "Only a dream?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said. "A—very pleasant dream—"

"Thank you."

"But a dream still, Lord Neville—? Your name is Cecil, I'd have you to know!"

"Lord Cecil—"

"Cecil without the 'lord,' if you please."

"It is only a dream! We must wake now! I—and you—have forgotten!"

"Forgotten what, dearest?" he said.

"Forgotten who you are, and what I am."

"You are an angel!" he remarked, seating himself beside her and stealing his arm round her waist.

"I am an actress, and you are a viscount," he said.

"I believe I am," he said, smilingly. "But, all the same, you are angel! Every moment I expect to see you spread your wings and fly from me."

"So I shall directly," she said, with a smile that was half-sorrowful. "I am an actress—one of the people. One who has no status, no standing in the world; and you are a nobleman. You will be a marquis some day, will you not?"

"I daresay," he assented, carelessly, trying to decide whether she was more beautiful, grave or smiling.

"There is a gulf between you and me, Lord Neville."

"Cecil, if you please."

"A gulf—"

"Which love can stride across," he said. "That is, if you are going to draw up a list of comparisons. As if there could be any comparison between Doris Marlowe, the great actress, and Cecil Neville, the stupid dragon!"

"And future marquis," she said. "Ah, I know. Yes, there's a gulf."

"Look here, Doris," he said, taking her hand, which she had withdrawn, and kissing each finger separately, "don't talk nonsense. I'm a future marquis. All right. I don't deny it."

"You cannot."

"Just so—I cannot. But I'm not a marquis at present. I'm simply Cecil Neville. I'm not even a dragon, for—confound him!—the marquis made me retire. I'm simply nothing, while you—you!"—he emphasized the pronoun by raising one edge of her dress and kissing it—"you are a great and famous actress—"

"And outside the pale of society," she said with sudden wisdom.

"Society!" he exclaimed, "what do I care for that! I never cared very much for it. At this moment I care less. You are society enough for me!"

No woman could have been otherwise than touched by his devotion. She allowed him to retain her hand.

"If you only knew what a sacrifice you are making, my darling!" he said, smilingly. "Why, presently you will appear in London, and will find the world at your feet; and they will all be in love with you, peasants—only there, are no peasants in London—and peers! I daresay you would have an offer from a duke. Think of that! And you have pledged your truth to a simple viscount!"

"I am satisfied," she said, with a smile.

"And precious little you have to be satisfied with!" he said, "for I am a poor kind of viscount. I am entirely at the mercy of the great marquis—the Marquis of Stoyie. He forced me to leave the army, when I had a chance, and he keeps me on starvation allowance. Oh! you had better have waited and hooked your duke, Doris!"

She laughed softly, but the laugh was rather a grave one.

"What will the marquis say?" she asked, looking at him, with her brows drawn, her lovely eyes half-curious.

Lord Neville smiled.

"He will be sure to say something disagreeable; he always does."

"But tell me," she insisted, gently. "Or shall I tell you?"

"You couldn't," he said. "That beautiful face of yours couldn't manage to look like the marquis's hard, stony one; and certainly your voice that is just like music—"

"Shall I get up and curtsy?" she put in, with a faint smile.

"You needn't. It's no compliment. No, you couldn't harden your voice to anything approaching the marquis's steely, icy tones."

"No?" she said, absently; then suddenly she sat upright, and her face grew set and cold and her eyes hardened with a disdainful hauteur. "So, Cecil!" she said, and her voice was stern and cuttingly scornful, "so you have made up your mind to marry what is it?—a dairymaid—no, pardon me!—an actress! An actress, a social paria, a person one pays one's money to see upon the stage, to make us laugh for an hour or two, but with whom one would rather not be seen walking in the public streets; and you propose to marry this—this girl? Well, do so; but remember that in marrying her you cut yourself off from me and the world in which you belong, and that you sink into the mud from which she sprang, and are utterly ruined, a social suicide!"

Lord Neville sat and stared at her.

SPEAKING FROM EXPERIENCE

THE DOCTOR: "Why, restless and fussy, Give him a Spoonful of Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."

STEEDEMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS
Contain no Poison

Fashion Plates.



2871—Here is a model for which any of the pretty wash materials of this season, will be appropriate. It is also good for gabardine, serge, flannel, and velvet. The right front overlaps the left to the closing, at the side.

The Pattern is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

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

GIRL'S DRESS AND SUN BONNET



2860—Here is a comfortable "warm weather outfit" which will please any little girl who likes to play or work out in the sunshine. Gingham, percale, seersucker, linen, drill, pique, or poplin could be used for both the bonnet and dress. With bloomers under this dress, petticoats may be dispensed with.

The Pattern is cut in 5 Sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for the dress and 3/4 yard for the bonnet.

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

No.

Size

Address in full:—

Name

LONDON DIRECTORY,
(Published Annually)

enables traders throughout the World to communicate direct with English MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS in each class of goods. Besides being a complete commercial guide to London and Suburbs, it contains lists of EXPORT MERCHANTS with the goods they ship, and the Colonial and Foreign Markets they supply; also

PROVINCIAL TRADE NOTICES of leading Manufacturers, Merchants, etc., in the principal Provincial Towns and Industrial Centres of the United Kingdom.

Business Cards of Merchants and Dealers seeking

BRITISH AGENCIES can now be printed under each trade in which they are interested at a cost of 1/6 for each trade heading. Larger advertisements from 1/12 to 1/60.

A copy of the directory will be sent by post on receipt of postal orders for 87.50.

The London Directory Company, Ltd.,
25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.

And the Worst is Yet to Come—



Entire Body Covered Doctors said it was Scrofula

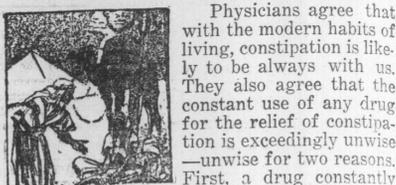
Would my few lines help some sufferer from skin disease? A year ago I was a fright, you could not put a pin on my whole body. I was tormented beyond words. I could not sleep. I tried several doctors. They said it was scrofula. Then Mrs. Ryder, of Brookvale said, "Try D.D.D." It helped me and I think it will help you." I used two sample bottles and three dollar bottles. I have seen no sores or pimples for five months, thanks to your wonderful D.D.D.

JOHN M. CLARK,
Brookvale, N. B., Canada.

Remarkable results have been accomplished by D.D.D. in healing all forms of skin trouble from pimples and blackheads to severe cases of eczema. It should reach your case too. Ask your druggist about it. Your money back unless the first bottle relieves.

D.D.D.
The Lotion for Skin Disease

كتاب متوع للاسائيه New Relief For Constipation, "LES FRUITS"



Physicians agree that with the modern habits of living, constipation is likely to be always with us. They also agree that the constant use of any drug for the relief of constipation is exceedingly unwise—unwise for two reasons. First, a drug constantly used loses its effect and requires a constantly increased dose. Second, because the constant use of any drug is bad anyway.

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.

SOLD ONLY AT
Ellis & Co., Ltd.
203 WATER STREET.

Sir William Crookes Scientific Lenses

The greatest protection for sensitive eyes known to the optical world. They eliminate heat rays, which are the great source of irritation, particularly at close work under artificial light, such as reading, writing, etc. The finest Glass made for people who visit the movies. Let us explain these truly wonderful Lenses to you.

R. H. TRAPNELL, Ltd.,
THE EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS.

MEN'S Lighter Underwear At Lightest Prices

- MEN'S BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS and DRAWERS, all sizes 55c. each
- MEN'S SUPERIOR BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS and DRAWERS. Very special value, at 85c. each
- MEN'S NEW-KNIT NATURAL CASHMERE SHIRTS and DRAWERS, at \$2.35, \$2.60 and \$4.00 each.
- MEN'S STANFIELD NATURAL CASHMERE COMBINATIONS, at \$4.00 and \$8.00.

In Boys' Lighter Underwear

- WE SHOW
- BOYS' NATURAL BALBRIGGAN SHIRTS, at 55c. each.
- BOYS' STANFIELD NATURAL CASHMERE SHIRTS and DRAWERS.
- CHILDREN'S STANFIELD NATURAL CASHMERE COMBINATIONS & SLEEPING SUITS.

HENRY BLAIR

Advertise in the "Telegram."