

Indispensable both as a seasoning for the Kitchen and a relish for the Table
LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

A QUEEN UNCROWNED
— 02 —
THE STORY IN THE LONE INN.

CHAPTER XI.

"You had better not ask that question, sir."
"I am your friend, Disbrowe."
"I know it, sir; and for that reason I would not tell you."
"Alfred!"

The young man sprang from his chair, and began pacing violently up and down the room. Mr. De Vere looked at him in something like dismay.

"Lord bless me! It can't be possible!"

"What, sir?"

"That you have gone and fallen in love with—"

"Well!" said Disbrowe. "Make your mind easy on that point. My cousin Augusta is up among the stars—too high above my reach. It happens to be some one nearer the earth."

"Oh!" said Mr. De Vere, looking relieved. I thought, by your manner, it was some one here; and, as Augusta is the only one—"

"The only one! You forget you have another daughter!"

"What! Good Heavens!" exclaimed his uncle, in perfect horror. "It is not possible that you love—"

"Jacquetta De Vere! Yes, sir; I do, with all my heart and soul!"

He said, passionately, exclaimed Disbrowe.

Mr. De Vere felt back, perfectly speechless, in his chair.

"Yes; I love her so well that I would marry her to-morrow, if I could!"

"My dear Alfred, this is—is—is horrible!" gasped Mr. De Vere.

"What! Is it such an unheard-of thing, that a man being engaged to one, loves another?"

"No; it is not that. You do not know. Good Heavens! if you only did!" cried Mr. De Vere, perfectly aghast.

"Know what, sir?"

"Oh, I can't tell you—I can't tell you! My dear boy, this is the most unheard-of—the most shocking—I'm astounded. Captain Disbrowe! Love Jacquetta? Why, it's perfectly awful!"

"Really, uncle," said Disbrowe, coldly. "this is very singular, to say the least. Miss Jacquetta appears to be a sort of human Koh-i-noor—a female mysterious princess, whom it is high treason to look at. I do not see anything at all awful about the business."

"Oh, you don't know—you don't know. Good gracious! if you did! Does Jacquetta know this?"

"Yes, sir."

"She does! My dear boy, what did she say?"

"Say? She said so much that I would find it difficult to tell you. I

know she got into a towering passion and told me I had insulted her—which was far enough from my thoughts. Heaven knows! One thing you may set your mind at rest about—she doesn't care two coppers for me."

"Heaven be praised for that!" Disbrowe stopped in his excited walk, and looked at him, as well he might.

Mr. De Vere had recovered from his first paroxysm of horror and astonishment, and was growing calm.

"This is a most unfortunate affair—dreadfully unfortunate—the worst thing that could possibly happen! and I am very sorry for you, my dear boy. Yes; you must go—there is no help for it; but you must return again, sometimes—when you are married!"

A strange sort of smile flickered around Disbrowe's handsome mouth; but his only reply was a slight bow.

"Does she—Jacquetta—I mean—know you are going to-morrow?"

"No, sir."

"Will you tell her?"

"Most assuredly, sir!" said Disbrowe, haughtily. "You do not suppose I am going to steal off without bidding her good-by. I shall see her to-morrow."

"My dear Alfred, I am very sorry, and know you feel this deeply, but believe me, Jacquetta feels it just as much as you can possibly do."

Disbrowe thought of the scene in Jacinto's chamber, and again that bitter, mocking smile came over his face.

"You must try to forget her; you must try to be happy; you must love your bride. Will you, Alfred?"

"I will try."

"God bless you, my dear boy!"

Disbrowe left the library, and sought his own room, to arrange his affairs before starting. It occupied him until the supper-bell rang; and then he descended the stairs with a small pain at his heart, as he thought it was the last time, in all probability, he should ever hear it.

Neither Jacinto nor Jacquetta appeared, and he was glad of it. Frank was loud in his lamentation, and Augusta looked her regret at losing her cousin.

The clock struck eleven before his uncle and cousin left the drawing room that evening; and he found himself alone with his own thoughts—angry and disappointed, in spite of himself, at her absence. What if he should not see her at all before he left? He strove to persuade himself that he did not care—that she was nothing to him; he thought of her as he had seen her last; but all would not do. The thought that it was the very last time, perhaps, he should ever see her, softened his feelings. She rose before him bright and radiant, as he had first seen her, standing in the golden glory of the bright morning sunshine, and he could remember nothing but that he loved her with all his heart, and was about to lose her forever. With something like a groan, he sat down by the table, and dropped his head on his arm; and for more than an hour he sat there, as still and motionless as if death had stilled forever that impulsive heart. He was so dead to all outer things, that he heard not the door softly open, nor saw the light, delicate figure that stood in the doorway.

It was Jacquetta, paler, perhaps, than usual, but with a cold, proud look on her face, and the defiant fire still smoldering in her dark eyes, ready to blaze up again at one haughty word or supercilious tone. There was that in her look, half-hypheness, half-defiance, such as shines through the wild eyes of half-tamed

animals; but it softened as it fell on that prostrate figure and young, grief-bowed head. A pang smote her heart at the sight. There was something so forlorn and sorrowful in his attitude—so touching to see in one so proud. She could forget his taunts and bitter words, and remember, with a still softening heart, that she was the cause, and that on the morrow he was going away never to come back. She came over, and one little white hand fell softly and tenderly among the neglected locks of his rich brown hair.

"Dear Alfred!" she said, gently. He looked up, and the last trace of her anger faded away at the sight of his griefed face and sad, reproachful eyes.

"Oh, Jacquetta! have you come at last?"

"Yes; to bid you good-by."

"You know, then, I am going away?"

"Yes."

"And you are glad, no doubt," he said, with some of his old bitterness.

"We will not quarrel again, Cousin Alfred, if you please. We have had enough of that for one while. Let us part friends."

"Friends we never can be, Jacquetta!"

"I am sorry for it," she said, sadly.

"Something far more or something far less we must be to one another. As cousins we may part—never as friends."

"You will think differently by and by; you are angry now."

"Oh, Jacquetta! I wish to Heaven I had never come here!" he cried, vehemently.

"It is useless wishing that now. It might have been better for each of us if you never had; but what will be will be."

"Oh, Jacquetta! is it too late yet? I will give up everything for you! Perish wealth and rank, when put in competition with this dear hand!"

"Enough, Cousin Alfred. You are raving again. You say we cannot part friends; we will go to the other extreme and part enemies, if you keep on like this. Between you and Jacquetta De Vere lies a gulf as wide as that between Lazarus and Dives, and just as impassable. I will not see you to-morrow; so I have come to bid you good-by and God-speed to-night."

She held out her hand with a faint smile. He took it, and dropped his hot forehead on the cool, white palm.

"And it all ends here, Jacquetta?"

"Yes. Is it not a better ending than that Grizzle Howit prophesied?"

He started, and his face was crimson.

"I have lived in a trance since I came here—the pleasantest one I ever know, and it is very hard this awaking. Oh, Jacquetta! I never knew till now how dear you were to me!"

"You will forget me in a month."

"Never! he almost fiercely exclaimed.

"You will laugh at this in three months, and wonder you could ever have been such a—small I say it—simpleton. See if I am not a true prophet!"

He dashed her hand away, and sprang to his feet.

"Jacquetta, you are enough to drive a man mad! Your heart is as hard as a nether millstone! You have no more feeling than a block of iron!"

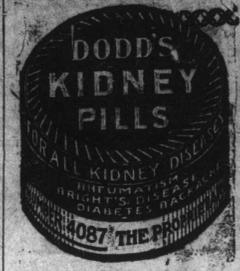
She smiled slightly, and looked at him with her calm, gray eyes.

"Don't look at me! You drive me frantic with your cold, icy eyes! Good heavens! hot with such a fire in my heart, you can stand before me such an iceberg!"

(To be continued.)

A very wholesome candy is homemade marshmallows, rolled in cocoanut, and then sugared.

Melted butter sauce for veal kidneys is improved by the addition of a few drops of lemon juice.



New Uses for Photo-Telegraphy

POLICE SEND FINGER-PRINTS OF HUNTED CRIMINALS BY WIRE.
(By NEWTON BURKE).

When engineers of the American Telephone & Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company recently perfected a practical, commercial method of transmitting pictures by wire, the process was acclaimed mostly for its value in the dissemination of news pictures. It was pointed out that newspapers, when the picture-transmitting stations were generally installed, need no longer wait for trains and ships to bring photographs of far-away happenings. The pictures would be available for publication almost as soon as reports of the events that they illustrated could be transmitted by means of the telegraph.

A few weeks ago, however, another and more dramatic use was found for the new photo-transmitting process. It was demonstrated to be one of the most useful weapons ever put into the hands of the police for their war against the criminal.

With the aid of telegraphed pictures, when a countryside search is instituted for a criminal, the police of distant cities need not depend on a telegraphed "description" of the fugitive. They can have a photograph of him immediately. More, they can have his finger-prints, specimens of his handwriting, or any other sort of identifying material that can be photographed.

As a test of the value of the photo-transmitting process in tracking criminals, the New York police selected a finger-print from the files at Police Headquarters, and telegraphed a photo of it to Chicago. The transmission required about four minutes, and scarcely was it completed when the Chicago police telegraphed back an identification of the man.

Insofar as its first purpose—the transmission of news pictures—is concerned, the new process proved itself beyond question during the recent Republican and Democratic Conventions at Cleveland and New York respectively. Photographs of convention scenes, delegates, and candidates were available for newspaper reproduction in cities near the receiving stations at New York and Cleveland virtually as soon as the telegraphed reports of the convention proceedings were received.

Many attempts have been made to transmit pictures by wire, and several different methods have been devised. This system is the first, though, that has proved practicable both technically and commercially.

The method is so simple that a positive film, made from any photographic negative, is suitable for transmission. The apparatus transmits a picture five by seven inches in a little less than five minutes, and the picture is received in such form that after the usual process of photographic development it is ready for reproduction. Line drawings, handwriting, and printing, provided it is not too small, also can be transmitted.

MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS
Fall Goods at Right Prices!

You are invited to inspect our Fall line of goods now on display. Seasonableness, style, quality and price are combined in these things in such a way as to make this announcement an invitation more than ordinarily important to you. The goods listed on this sheet give you an idea at the completeness and money-saving powers of our Fall lines. Necessarily only a few things can be shown here. Come in and see the others.

Men's Flannel Pyjamas.
Made of Troy Flannel, 4 silk frogs trim, made perfect in every detail; all sizes.
Each \$2.98

Men's Silk Neck Ties.
Medium colored silk, new shades with self colored, floral designs, and white hair-line stripes.
Each 49c. to 75c.

Men's Linen Collars.
Novelt collars, slip, easy band, more Madras cloth they carry to wear on all occasions; many shapes and styles; all sizes.
Each 35c.

Men's Dress Shirts.
Splendid percales, pearl buttons, French cuffs, faced sleeves in a beautiful design of broken stripes in the following shades: Blue, Lavender and Tan; sizes 14 to 17.
Each \$1.19

Men's Silk Striped Shirts.
Very high grade art silk stripes, colored Madras cloth they carry the best features found on high class shirts, faced sleeves, shaped shoulders and armholes.
Each \$2.49

Towels.
A Towel Sale of Unusual Interest. Housewives who are looking for just such an opportunity to replenish household towel supplies will make plentiful selection here. Towels of all kinds and sizes, variously priced, everyone a surprising value.
Each 19c. to 98c.

Boys' Novelty Suits.
Dark Blue, all wool serge, Russian style, collar and shield, yoke with 2 box pleats in front, emblem on sleeve, black tie; sizes 4 to 8 years.
Per Suit \$4.98

Men's Work Pants.
Through and through worsted, dark ground with neat grey mixed stripes, plain model; all sizes.
Each \$2.98

Leather Work Gloves.
Tan grain cape leather, fleeced lined outdoors, 3 row grey stitched back, black leather cut.
Per Pair 98c.

Palmolive Soap.
This soap has built its reputation on the fact that its ingredients are the same pure vegetable oils as used in Cleopatra's time.
Per Cake 12c.

Ladies' Wrist Watches.
Gold filled, plain polish, with 6-J Swiss movement; detachable gold-filled bracelet.
Each, \$9.98

Watches.
Open face, Nickel case, small model, plain back, stem wind and set.
Each, \$1.98

VIRTUOUS WRATH.
I am full of ire and dudgeon, for, although I'm sane and wise, I am taken for a dunder by the get-rich-by-faking-guys. Every day the mails are flooded with their bunk addressed to me, tales of oil wells lately spudded, tales of gold mines good to see. I have preached against the fakers, I have warned the sons of toil that to plow their stony acres beats a deal in phony oil. I have cautioned friend and neighbor to avoid the fakir's scheme, for the



The Season's Millinery Display

The most successful models of the new season are shown in these attractive displays. Becomingly draped and "over-the-face" hats, conservative sailor shapes and smart turbans are here for your selection; all shades.

Each \$2.98



Children's Coats.
Made of nice poplin lined throughout, with outside pockets, full row of large pearl buttons, cuffs on sleeves, nice fitting collar; colors: Lavender, Sky and Blue.
Each \$1.49

Boys' Sweaters.
We have just in a beautiful line of Boys' Sweaters, in Blue, Fawn and Brown; these are made of pure Canadian wool and will give good wear; all sizes.
Each \$1.29 to \$1.98

Coveralls.
For Neatness in the Kitchen—New Coveralls. The simple, becoming styles which all housewives like; styled singham in pretty light shades, some rick rack trimmed, square neck, belted styles.
Each \$1.49 to \$1.98

Cuticura Soap.
Medical toilet soap that has won great favor in thousands of homes. It is an antiseptic soap, especially recommended for skin eruptions.
Per Cake 35c.

PHIL MURPHY
317 Water Street

Store open every night and Holidays



Little Fellow's Suits.
Button-on sailor suits, pure worsted blue serge, fast indigo deep sailor collar, black tie, collar detachable shield and open cuffs, trimmed with black braid, embroidered 2-bar silk emblem on left sleeve; fit 2 to 6 years.
Per Suit \$4.98



Cuticura Talcum Powder.
One of the best powders made. You'll find this talcum powder refreshing.
Per Tin 39c.

Women's Flannelette Gowns.
Here is a new showing of these good quality Flannelette Gowns which have found such favor with our customers. Among the styles are gowns with double yokes.
Each \$1.98, \$2.25, \$2.49

Pro-ply-Jacite Tooth Brushes.
The best brush made.
Each 49c.

Men's Boots.
Only a few pairs left, all one size 6 1/2 dark tan, real \$6.00 boot, while they last.
Per Pair \$2.99

Blankets.
When you need warm Blankets come to us for them. It is a great comfort to sink your sleepy head into a soft fleecy blanket. We now have a new stock never such value before.
Per Pair \$1.98 to \$5.98

Tuxedo Sweaters.
Just slipping into one of these pretty tuxedo sweaters convinces every woman that these styles are unusually becoming. Their long open reverses give graceful lines; all shades and made of pure wool.
Each \$3.49 to \$6.49

Colgate's Tooth Paste.
Cleanses and preserves the teeth, sweetens the breath.
Small size13c.
Large size29c.



Suit Cases.
24 inches long, 6 inches deep, brass lock, steel' bound corners, metal bound, anchor handle.
Each \$1.98

Perfection Dressing Combs.
9 x 1 1/2 inches, polished stock, treated teeth, with initials inlaid in real blue block in centre of comb.
Each 49c.

to Help digest after a heavy meal you'll appreciate—
LIFE SAVERS
and they sweeten the breath
at all stores
GERALD S. DOYLE,
Distributor.

Dr. CHASE'S OINTMENT
Keeps Baby's Skin Healthy Prevents Chafing & Eczema
At All Drug Stores
GERALD S. DOYLE, Distributor.

Welcome! Welcome!

CATERING TO THE TOURIST TRADE.
Our store is wide open to the tourist arriving in our City, and we will be pleased to give any information that a visitor to our City may require. We carry a full line of Picture Post Cards, Books of Views of Newfoundland; and our office is at his disposal where he can write letters and address Post Cards.
Our stock of British and American Tobaccos, Cigars, Cigarettes and other Smokers goods, are of a very high grade.
A visit to our store will surely add to the pleasure of your trip.
CASH'S TOBACCO STORE,
July 17, 1924.

RICHARD HUDNUT
THREE FLOWERS FACE POWDER
The Face Powder that is Different Having the Particularly Desirable Quality of Adhering to the Skin and being free from the Offensive and Irritating odor of Three Flowers
In All Popular Shades

was of honest labor beats investing in a dream. One would think the fake promoter would have sited me up by now, saying, "Here's a wise old voter, with a high and bulging brow; he's observed my every caper, scrutinized my every trick, so I'll flood him not with paper, he won't buy my gilded brick." But my mailbox every morning holds five pounds of gaudy bills, gold and purple ink adorning circulars that throb with thrills. Oh, the circulars are beseeching and large fortune they assure; get rich is so blamed easy! Only chuckleheads are poor. But I wonder why the fakirs send their gilded bunk to me, offering their desert acres or a homestead in the sea. They must hope that their persistence will break down my will in time, and my patience they'll outdistance, and they'll get my bottom dime.
Ladies of refinement entrust their beauty to Ivory Soap with perfect confidence in its pure, mild, gentle cleansing power. —advt.—
WHO TOLD YOU THAT!
"That," remarked the prison governor sternly, "you here again!"
"Well, sir," answered the prisoner, "just look at the weather!"
MILNARD'S LINIMENT FOR HEAD-ACHE.

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