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F. M. O'Leary, Muir Bldg., St. John's.
July 26, w.t.m.t.

Queens of Love.

Nell Gwyn—The Orange-Girl Who Captivated a King.

(Pearson's Weekly.)

At eight years of age, Nell Gwyn—"Sweet Nell of Old Drury"—was left to shift for herself. Her father was a drunken creature—no one knows where. Poor little Nell fell into the hands of a woman who ran a drinking shop. She set her to carry drinks for her customers. What surroundings for an innocent little girl of eight. Then, when she was ten, Nell became an orange girl at the theatre in Drury Lane.

In those days the theatre was very different from what it is to-day. There was a "pit" but it was an open place without seats, where anybody could stand to watch the play. The space between the pit and the stage (where nowadays we have the orchestra) was given up to what were known as the "orange girls," who stood with their backs to the stage and sold oranges to the audience.

Nell, with a number of other girls, made eyes at the audience, and shouted her wares.

"Oranges, Fresh oranges was her cry. In those days it was not considered for a woman to go to a theatre unattended. Certain gay ladies, however, who wished to indulge in flirtations, would go there masked, and they would send notes to their lovers during the play, using the orange girls as go-betweens. And Nell carried many a love letter when she was not selling oranges.

The occupants of the pit, would find many a challenge to the orange girls, gay banter and all kinds of chaff were exchanged, and pretty Nell readily acquired "the gift of the gab."

Then a lover came along. Nell was barely fifteen, but her knowledge of the world was that of a woman of twenty-five. Her lover, Duncan by name, spent quite a lot of money over Nell, who had grown tired of selling oranges, and who wanted to get on the stage.

Duncan was rich, and he had enough influence to manage to get for Nell her heart's desire.

Her first appearance on the stage was so successful it seemed as though fame, not five feet high, "with the little feet in all England," Nell's saucy smile won all hearts, and from that day her success was certain. She decided to play the part of a boy—principal boy, if you like—and to wear tights. Whatever else Nell would have done to win fame, she is certainly the first woman to wear tights on the English stage.

Nell swaggereed and laughed her way across the stage, and all London was at her feet. And then—

Duncan was forgotten. Nell fell in love again. He was poor, but honest, and they were to get married, but the young man wanted to spend more money on his Nell, so he decided to go to America to seek his fortune. The two young things clung to each other, and Nell promised with tears in her eyes to be true to him, while he swore to be faithful to his sweet Nell.

Alas, his ship went down. He was drowned, and after Nell heard of her lover's death she was a changed creature. Nothing mattered; she hid her sorrow—went on making a mock of life, with a smiling face. But there is no doubt that the bad news almost broke her heart.

Outwardly she was gay, her eyes danced with laughter, matching the twinkling feet, and many a man fell in love with the little laughing-eyed girl. She might have had many a Court gallant as lover. Instead she chose a fellow actor by name Charles Hart, and for a time she tried to forget her lost love. But she was one of those who never forget, and after a time she sent Hart away. Then she grew lonely again, and took another lover, but she tired of him too, and gave herself up more and more to her work. She was very successful, and all London rang with her praises. Although so young she was a complete woman of the world by this time, and when Lord Buckhurst fell in love with her and asked her to throw in her lot with him, Nell realized it was no good to mourn a dead lover forever, and for two years apparently they were happy together.

Was she a flirt? Remember what her upbringing had been, remember, too, the age in which she lived, far different from our own. She was only nineteen, but she had to earn her own living for ten years. Think of that as you hear the rest of the story.

The next man to fall in love with her was the King Charles II. himself. These were the days when the may-pole stood in the London streets, when milkmaids with garlands on their palls, and with fiddlers playing, danced on a May morning, when this land of ours was known as "Merrie England," and the King himself as "the merrie monarch."

People adored Nell. She was one of themselves, a poor girl who never pretended to be anything other than her natural self.

Once, soon after she had gained the royal favor, the King asked her what she would like best in the world expecting that she would ask for a diamond necklace or some other expensive gift.

Nelly only laughed and shook her wise little head.

"I would like to remain youthful-looking till I am forty," she cried. "Then I would like to fade out of life with the first wrinkle, but with the reputation of being only five-and-twenty."

The King laughed, as he always did at her sayings; although sometimes cheeky Nell said some things as made all the Court hold their breath and wonder what would happen next.

But it was her fearlessness, her naturalness, if you like, that kept the King her lover, although he had other ladies on whom he bestowed his favors. It was a change for him to be talked to as though he were an ordinary mortal and not a god, and being human, he enjoyed it.

Now and again in London, particularly in Chelsea, and its neighborhood, you may come across an old soldier wearing a scarlet coat, a vivid splash of color in some gay street, and you know that he is one of the Chelsea Pensioners, old warriors with a small pension, but with a lodging-place known as Chelsea Hospital.

This royal hospital for aged and disabled soldiers was built by Charles II. but it was at the suggestion of Nell Gwyn, whose tender heart could not bear to think that her countrymen who had fought and become disabled in the service of their country should go homeless. So she coaxed the King into doing this, and not only this, but many another kind deed, for which her country blessed her.

Is it any wonder that the people loved "our Nelly?"

Nell Gwyn, she remained to the last although the King intended to make her a duchess.

But he died without having carried out his intention, although on his deathbed he implored those around him to look after the girl he loved.

"Don't let poor little Nell starve," were his dying words.

All the other ladies of the Court were forgotten, but Nell he couldn't forget.

Poor Nell. She had very little money, she owed a great deal, and the new King, Charles II's brother, did not bother his head about her for a long time. So she nearly did starve, after all.

Finally, King James II. paid her

debts, gave her a house and settled a sum of money upon her for life, but Nell did not live long. She survived her royal lover only by two years.

She was thirty-seven when she died, and, according to the saying of the time, she was just a "light o' love," but it is difficult to blame Nell when one remembers the whole story.

Fatherless, with a drunken mother who abandoned her when she was only eight years old, is it not a wonder that she kept any ideas of honor or virtue at all? Yet many lived to bless her name. For even as she lay dying her thoughts went to the poor whose lot she knew so well, and amongst other bequests she set aside a sum of money to be spent in freeing poor debtors from prison.

Chelsea's memories of her, and one can never travel along the King's Road without realizing that this was the roadway made by Charles II. and so called because this was the way he journeyed to see his fair Nell. Nor can one catch a glimpse of one of the old Chelsea pensioners without recalling that it was for them Nell Gwyn pleaded and coaxed the King to build their royal hospital.

Her name will never be forgotten. Perhaps she did not love wisely, and perhaps she loved too well, but had she been a more selfish woman we should not speak of her to-day as they did in olden days—as "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," the orange girl who became the sweetheart of a King.

Every Woman Should Know

That cheap soaps and even some dear soaps will ruin her clothing, also good soap costs less than good clothing; therefore, when a woman buys cheap injurious soap, she loses more than she gains, because cheap injurious soap will rot her blouses, dresses, etc., and will also rot her husband's and children's clothes. Again cheap soap will hurt one's hands, will take the paint off doors and spoil linoleum.

Every woman KNOWS that Sunlight Soap is the very best kind of Soap, it is so good and so pure that it won't hurt a baby's tender skin. Sunlight Soap is made with the purest materials, procurable. Clothes washed with Sunlight Soap will outlast clothes washed with injurious Soap. Tell your washerwoman to use Sunlight Soap. It will be good for her hands, good for your clothes and in the long run will be best for your husband's pocket.—b7.f.t.f

Obituary.

MRS. TOBIAS McGRATH.

As the evening twilight brought the day of August 4th to a close, so did it witness the peaceful passing, to her eternal reward of an old and estimable lady, Mrs. Tobias McGrath. She was in her 73rd year, and being of a delicate constitution she succumbed to her last illness of a few months, though her friends entertained hopes of a recovery. She was of a quiet and gentle disposition, and her kindly spirit and hospitable manner gained for her an innumerable host of friends. She was constantly attended by Dr. Hogan, and Rev. Fr. Enright brought to her the rites and consolations of Holy Church to strengthen and fortify her for the "Homeward Journey." Her funeral took place on Saturday, when she was laid to rest in the family plot, near the many loved ones who had preceded her. The large attendance the many floral offerings with the deep expressions of sympathy testified to the great respect and esteem in which the deceased was held. Mrs. McGrath left to mourn their sad loss a husband, two sons, William Gushue at home and Edward in Boston, also Mrs. Capt. Tobin, Boston. To these and many other relatives we offer our sincere sympathy, and for the dear departed a fervent Requiescat in Pace.—Com.

St. Joseph's, Aug. 9th, 1922.

Mayflower Club.

HOLIDAY OUTING AT KELLIGREWS

The girls of the Congregational Mayflower Club are at present having a most enjoyable holiday at Kelligrews, C.B. The residence and grounds of Mr. Joseph Butler constitute the headquarters of the "camp," extra sleeping accommodation being provided at a residence in the neighborhood. Although the girls do not live under canvas, in all other respects camping conditions prevail. The daily programme is as follows:—

Prayers—9.00 a.m.
Breakfast—9.10 a.m.
Dinner—1.30 p.m.
Tea—4 p.m.
Prayers—10 p.m.
Lights Out—10.30 p.m.
Swimming, hiking and picnicing are the chief amusements, while "sing-songs" under the moonlight are a special feature of the camp-life. On Sunday, August 6th, the members of the Club were present at the evening service at All Saints Church, Fox Trap. Miss L. Cowan and Miss R. Carmichael, President and Vice-President of the Club, are in charge of this holiday camp which is proving as great a success as was the one held last year.

McGuire's Ice Cream now ready for delivery. Wholesale only. Phone 794.—b2c.f.f

Imperial Tobacco Co.

(Newfoundland) Ltd.



Anchor your Pipe to a good smoke.

When you have smoked one plug of **ANCHOR** You will be convinced the quality cannot be equalled at the price.

Still Going Strong

Save the "Bulldogs"

Ward's **ORANGE-CRUSH** **LEMON-CRUSH** and **LIME-CRUSH**

For Cash Prizes.

Oh, the snappy, refreshing flavors of Ward's Fruit Crushes; they go right to the centre of the thirsty spot and oh! the delightful fragrance, it makes you think of sunny fruit groves, and cool breezes.

Keep a corner of your ice-box vacant for Ward's "Crushes," and use them all the time; the fine tonic properties they contain make them beneficial as well as appetising.



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British Aerated Water Co.,

LIMITED.

Duckworth Street.

White Canvas Footwear

THE LAST CALL.

We have to-day thrown on our Bargain Counters several lines of White Canvas Boots and Oxfords to be disposed of at ridiculously low prices.
WOMEN'S WHITE 3 STRAP SALLY PUMP; sizes 6, 6½, 7. Were 4.00. Now 2.50
WOMEN'S WHITE 2 STRAP; medium and low heel; sizes 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7. Were 2.50. Now 2.00
WOMEN'S WHITE 3 BUCKLE; military heel; sizes 6, 6½, 7. Were 3.50. Now 2.25
WOMEN'S WHITE OXFORD; military heel; sizes 5, 5½, 6, 7. Were 2.25. Now 1.50
WOMEN'S WHITE OXFORD. Were 2.50. Now 1.80
WOMEN'S HIGH CUT WHITE BOOTS; military heel; sizes 6, 6½, 7. Were 4.00. Now 1.50
WOMEN'S HIGH CUT WHITE BOOTS; Spool heel; sizes 6, 6½, 7. Were 3.50. Now 1.00.

PARKER & MONROE, Limited,
The Shoe Men.

White Shoes!



"L. G."

The Daily News has the following say of Mr. Lloyd George:—

"There are those who say that he has sub-ordinated the interest of the Empire to international considerations, and that if the truth in the charge, it is because the vision that is his, and who say the vision is not divine?"

In this connection the subjoined poem from a recent number of Morning Post may be worth quoting.

DUAL CONTROL.

"My husband does not worry, does his best, and leaves the rest to Providence.—Mrs. Lloyd George."

"The secret's out! 'midst all the bustle and the hurry, There's one remains quite calm and sure."

L. G. declines to worry! He simply does his level best And with a faith intense He confidently assumes the rest To gracious Providence bequeathed.

"As an example of dual control, This is a fine example, For things are done in a dual way, And someone is to blame."

"Yes, Mrs. G., we'll like to know, Pray gratify our wish, and tell us To Providence what do we owe And what is due to him?" —W. H. B.

Congregational Boys Camp

"MENE MENTE TEKEI (PHEM)

Our days of camping are numbered, and soon we shall exchange liberty for the sober delights of civilization. We have caught trout and picked many berries and are growing weary of camp life (who burned the beans?) The event of the week was sports day, the total count of points the Victor Ludorum proved to be Victor Gaudium, closely followed by C. Freeman.

The swimming pool, after a very close race, was won by Wilfred Whitley. Thomas being a head behind. On Tuesday night the occupants of the tent were alarmed by a series of terrific explosions, which on investigation turned out to be a number of crackers. The authors of the explosion have not come before the Council for a hearing. We return home with happy memories and sunburnt faces.

COM.

Tor's Cove, Aug. 10, 1922.

(Extensions.)

Prince of Wales St. Cabot Street (G. Cabot, Duckworth St.)

E. G. Taylor, Patrons of the past week.

A meeting of the Directors of the Little River Coal Mining Company was held at Sydney on Saturday, and was presided over by S. Butt, President and General Manager. The Directors have appointed Mr. Robertson of Nova Scotia as Mine Manager, and Mr. Crooks as assistant. Mr. Crooks, we understand, has had many years coal-mining experience, and his credit. A diamond drill, other machinery arrived at Port Basques by the Kyle on Sunday, and boring operations at North West Cove will begin to-day. It is the intention of the Company, so we have been told, to push forward the developments just as soon as the boring operations at North West Cove are completed, and it is hoped to give the town of interest to give the town the next few weeks.

When you go trout fishing, don't forget to take a bottle of STANFORD'S MOSQUITO OIL. Bottle; Postage 3 cents extra.

Coal Mining Operations on West Cove

(Western Star.)

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There's no secret explanation of a woman's preference for Three E-E-E's Footwear. She buys her shoes as she does her provisions, insisting on the utmost "quality-value" for every dollar she spends. That's why the Woman-Who-Knows chooses Three E-E-E's Footwear every time.

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