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ABBEY'S SALT purifies the blood and tones up the entire system in a mild and gentle way.

It is a pleasant laxative and liver regulator—sweetens the stomach—relieves headaches—prevents constipation.

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J. B. ORR COMPANY, Limited, St. John's,  
Distributors for Newfoundland.

## For Love of a Woman; New Romeo and Juliet.

CHAPTER XXXIII  
OUT OF THE PAST.

"Everyone knows him, my lord." "And believes in him! That is an admirable joke! Well, he came to my assistance. My nephew—Cecil—had arranged to meet his 'lady love,' this actress girl, or to put a letter to her underneath a stone or in a hollow tree—the usual thing, Mr.—"

"Levant, my lord," said Percy.

"Thank you, thank you! Yes, Mr. Levant. And my friend—Spenser Churchill, the great philanthropist—suggested that I should send Cecil out of the way, and that he—Spenser Churchill—should forge a letter from Cecil dissolving the engagement, and place it in the hollow tree, or whatever it was, I forget—"

And he fell back, struggling for breath.

Doris sat motionless as a statue, with her hands clasped in her lap. Percy Levant bent over him and gave him some water.

"It was dangerous work, for Cecil had not left for Ireland, and— and if he had caught Spenser Churchill— He stopped and smiled significantly. "But I'll give Churchill his due. He risked the thing, and exchanged the real letter for the forgery, and—high, presto!—the engagement to this actress girl was done away with. The simple girl fell into the pit Spenser Churchill had dug for her, and— he waved his thin, white hand—"there was an end of her, thank Heaven!"

"Yes," said Percy Levant, grimly, his eyes still fixed on the white, wrinkled face; "and Lord Cecil, what of him?"

"Oh, he'll get over it in time," said the marquis. "I think he was hard hit. I remember when he came back from Ireland he was rather cut up. I think so. My memory is very bad. But he

could not have felt it much, for he proposed to Grace."

"And Mr. Spenser Churchill—did he have anything to do with the engagement, my lord?"

The marquis thought for a moment. "I don't know; but I expect he had. Oh, yes, he must have had, for I promised to give him a couple of thousand pounds the day Cecil and Grace were married, and I daresay he did his best to earn it. Trust Spenser Churchill for that!"

"Yes. And Lady Cecil and Lady Grace Peyton—are they married yet?" asked Percy Levant.

The marquis shook his head.

"No; they are waiting until I get better, and I am getting better! I shall be quite well directly; and, my dear, an idea has just struck me. You shall be one of Grace's bridesmaids!"

Doris started, and shrank back speechlessly. Suddenly she felt Percy Levant's hand upon her arm.

"Say 'Yes,'" he said, hoarsely.

"I cannot!" she almost moaned.

Percy Levant looked at her; then he took her hand in his, and held it for a moment.

"I understand," he said, and dropped it gently. "Your lordship is very kind," he said; "but Miss Marlowe is going to be married very soon, and, probably before Lord Cecil. You have not told us the name of the young lady whose engagement to Lord Cecil was so cleverly broken off by Mr. Spenser Churchill. What was it?"

Doris rose, pale as a ghost, and caught Percy Levant's arm.

"No, no!" she breathed. "No! Do not ask him that!"

The marquis knit his brows.

"Her name?" he said, in a low voice, and with a bewildered air. "I—I can't remember. I am an old man, you see, sir, and—her name? What was it?"

Doris, drooping like a lily bent by the storm, clung to Percy Levant's arm.

"No, you shall not ask him," she panted.

Slowly, painfully, he removed her fingers from his arm.

"There is no need," he said, inaudibly to the marquis; "you have told

me already. Her name was Doris Marlowe!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.  
"I, TOO, AM FREE."

"No need to tell me," said Percy Levant in a voice inaudible to the marquis. "I know!"

Doris sank back into her chair and covered her face with her hands.

The marquis leaned forward, regarding her with alarm.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he enquired, agitatedly. "What have I said—"

He broke down and began to cough and tremble, and the valet hurried to his side; but the old man waved him away with feeble savagery.

"What is the matter with her?" he demanded of Percy Levant as imperiously as his weak voice would let him.

"Miss Marlowe is not strong, and the heat of the room—Come, Doris," he broke off more gently, and he drew her hand through his arm.

She was going with a glance—a glance of reproach—at the thin, wrinkled face; then her heart seemed to yearn, and she touched the wasted hand stretched out to her.

"Heaven forgive you, my lord!" she murmured, with infinite sadness, and allowed Percy Levant to lead her away.

The marquis almost rose in his alarm and anxiety.

"Where are you going? What have I said? Come back—"

Then he fell on his side gasping for breath, and the terrified valet sprang to the bell and sent for the doctor.

Doris walked home in a state of mind easy enough to imagine but very difficult to describe. Imagine the emotion of a tender-hearted woman who for many weary months has deemed the man she loved with all her pure, ardent nature false, and then suddenly discovering that she was misjudged and wrongfully condemned him!

The sudden shock of joy that ran through her almost seemed to deprive her of her senses, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she could refrain from crying aloud, "Oh, my love! forgive me! forgive me!" And if she did not say it aloud, the prayer rose from her heart. The cruel letter, which she read and re-read daily in the hope that its perusal would crush out her love for him, was false! A fiend in the form of a man had betrayed them both, and Cecil was true! He had loved her—loved her, Doris—until he had received that letter which she had given to Spenser Churchill—had loved her and deemed her as false as she had thought him!

For a time her mind failed to realize the web and woof of the plot which the "philanthropist" had woven with such devilish cunning; but though she did not know all the threads and lines of the scheme, she gradually began to understand how completely she and Cecil had been deceived. But why? What was the motive? She put the question away from her, and returned to the delicious thought that, after all, he—Cecil—had not deserted her; that the wicked letter was a forgery; and that her faith in him was restored to her.

And Percy Levant watched by her side, tenderly supporting her trembling arm in silence. Love bestows a keen insight into the feelings of the beloved, and he knew all that was passing through her mind, and read it as one reads a printed book, and he kept silence.

They reached the villa, and he led her into the hall.

"Go up to your room and rest," he said, in a low voice.

"Yes," she said, with a little start, as if she had forgotten his presence. "Yes, I—I am tired—very, very tired!" and she pressed her hand over her heart.

"Rest," he repeated. "I shall remain in the house in case you should want me," and he dropped her hand, and, strolling into the drawing-room, walked to the window and looked out with the face of a man who has received sentence of death, and to whom all mundane matters can be of no consequence whatever.

Doris went upstairs to her own room slowly, and sank into a chair.

"Cecil was true! Cecil was true! Cecil loved me!" she repeated to herself a hundred times; then suddenly she started, for on a chair opposite her she caught sight of her wedding-dress.

It was as if a ghost had suddenly risen to dispel her newly received joy and happiness with a word, a breath.

Cecil had been true, yes, but he was engaged to Lady Grace; and she—

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2642—Seersucker, Cambria, gingham, lawn, percale, drill, linen and alpaca are nice for this style.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size Medium will require 2 3/4 yards of 36-inch material.

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

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Waist 2938, Skirt 2941.

This comprises a smart shirt waist, and a stylish comfortable skirt. The Waist may be of linen, crepe, satin, taffeta or flannel. The skirt of moire, serge, corduroy, gabardine, plaid or checked suiting.

Pattern 2938 supplies the waist. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 36 inch material.

The Skirt Pattern is 2941. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 3 1/4 yards of 32 inch material. The width at lower edge of the skirt, is about 1 1/2 yards.

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July 23, 1919

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made in a  
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They CAN  
them. Millie  
anything else

## BOW

"HI"  
The GOODRICH  
BOOT that

## Reservation U

Roumania Must S  
Albania Giving T  
of First League  
Back--Japan Get

MUST SIGN TREATY.

PARIS, Sept. 8.

The supreme council of peace conference to-day informed Roumania that she must sign treaty with Austria without reservation or abstain altogether from signing.

MUST SIGN WITHOUT RESERVATIONS.

PARIS, Sept. 8.

The Roumanian delegation has sent a note to the Peace Conference saying its intention was to sign the Austrian treaty with reservation. It appears unlikely that such signature will be permitted.

ALBANIAN DISTURBANCES.

PARIS, Sept. 8.

Anti Italian disturbances continue to spread in Albania according to despatches to newspapers here, it being reported that a detachment of three hundred Albanians was annihilated at Kastali recently. Advice say that the Albanians intend to send delegates to the peace conference to demand that their country be granted autonomy.

FIRST MEETING POSTPONED.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Sept. 8.

It is now practically certain that the first meeting of the league of nations will not be held in Washington in October as originally planned. The exact date depends upon the action of the United States senate in regard to ratification of the peace treaty containing the covenant which creates the league. Should the senate ratify the treaty in time to permit delegates to arrive for a meeting in November it probably will be held there but if the discussion is much protracted the meeting time is expected to go over until some time in January 1920. Premiers Lloyd George and Clemenceau have promised to attend first meeting if domestic conditions warrant their absence from home. Lord Robert Cecil is regarded as certain to be one of the British delegates.

BIG STRIKE IN JAPAN.

TOKIO, Sept. 6.

Six thousand five hundred arsenal operators have struck in Japan de-