

entre to it subconsciously. The two men behind her had moved out to the doorway; she could still would have given her soul to have hear them talking and laughing to- been able to lean her head against his her to get up and follow them to tell she had just heard and all the miserthem that she had heard what they able hope and fear that had tortured sate, to tell them that it was all a lie her for the past few weeks, -a shameful lie. But she could not ously. hove.

She told herself that if she kept quile still for a few moments she she remembered that he, too, had hated It was all part of her dream, that it She rose to her feet, holding fast to was not real warmth which she felt the chair-back to steady herself. on her face at all, that those leaping "There isn't anything the matter; flames were only pictures of her but I should like to go home—I'm tir-

There was something so kind in his two men with the racing car. voice that a moment she felt as if she "Those two fellows who came inthey didn't annoy you, or anything like gether. Something within her urged shoulder and sob out the truth; all that, when I was out of the room?" She shook her head. "Of course not; they never spoke to me." "If you won't tell me what I've done, "What is it?" Micky said again anxihe said. She dragged her hand free of his; It was always like this, he told himwould wake and find that she had just | Raymond, that he, top, would be glad self savagely; one little step onward change . . . dreamed it all. She stared hard into when he knew of this nightmare that and a dozen back. He did not speak the glowing fire, trying to believe that had suddenly swooped down upon her. again till they got home.

Esther got out of the car without waiting for him, and went on into th house.

imagination, that even if she thrust ed, that's all; I'm only tired."

me other man of whom her. It was only when the train startney had been speaking, some other ed away that she leaned back and closed her eyes

THE EVENING TELEGRAM. ST. JOHN'S. NEWFOUNDLAND, APRIL 20, 1921-2

She heard Micky laughing with the "I am going to Paris; I can't live. ndlady as he paid for the coffee and without him any longer. Please don't ns, and she felt that she hated him worry." Over and over she found heror not guessing how she suffered. self repeating these words in her walked down to where the little brain. She wondered where she had ar stood waiting. If only he would heard them and what they really e quick and take her back; she could meant.

io nothing till she got back to Enmore, . "I am going to Paris; I can't live and each moment was so precious. without him any longer."

It seemed an eternity until Micky They were true anyway. She was bined her. He avoided looking at her, going to Paris because she felt she hough he bent and wrapped the rug could no longer live without Raymond. arefully over her knees before he took She opened her eyes with a little his seat. gasp; they were her own words. She

The other car with its two occupants remembered that she had written them had vanished down the road some min- in the note she had left utes since; only a small cloud of grey cushion for June.

Poor June! She would be angry. dust on the horizon showed which And Micky. . . . A little throb touchway they had gone. Micky drove back faster than he had ed her heart. She had not been very come. Once or twice he looked down kind to Micky. She hoped he would at Esther with an anxious pucker be- soon forget her. Her eyes closed again. How long did it take to get to Paris? tween his eyes. What had happened in those few She had not the least idea. She had minutes to make this sudden change? not got much money with her; she tried to remember how much, but somehe wondered. She had been happy and smiling how her brain refused to act: she

enough this morning; now all that he took out her purse and tipped its concould see of her face, half hidden in tents into her lap. She started to the hig upstand collar of the coat he count it, but after a moment she gave had given her, were two pitcous blue it up with a helpless feeling and put eyes staring steadily ahead of her it all back again.

down the road "Tubby Clare's little widow They had gone some miles almost Who as Tubby Clare? she wondered. ilently when he felt that he could She laughed foolishly. What a name bear it no longer. He stopped the car But he had left his widow a great almost savagely and turned in his deal of money, and money was every

thing nowadays. Nobody could b "What's the matter? What have I happy without money; Raymond had done now?" he asked roughly. "You told her that months ago; a man with weren't like this when we came out. money has the whole world at his

She thought of Micky-he was one of the richest men in London, and yet She forced herself to laugh. It would be the last straw if she broke down he was not happy. She had never thought that he looked happy; she wondered if it was really because he "How absurd!" she said in a highpitched woice. "Nothing is the matter. loved her.

She wished she could stop thinking. She was so tired, she wanted to sleep; but the wheel of thought went on and "You're not telling me the truth." on in her brain.

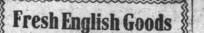
he said. His mind searched anxiously The miles seemed to crawl by Soor back to the short time they had stayed the fields and open country were left in the inn. What could have happened? behind; the houses were closer to They had seen nobody there except the gether; presently they crowded one another, almost jostling each other out of the way, it seemed.

> What an ugly place London was. She sat up with a little shiver. Strange how cold she felt, and yet her head was burning hot.

Would this journey never end? Surely they had been travelling for days how can I hope to put things right?" and days already. The train stopped with a jerk.

"Paddington . . . all change-all Esther stumbled to her feet."

(To be continued)



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alks 10C 3 Ruth Cameron

on April 19, 1925, never to return. In the cone of the volcanic Island glow-Venice he spent his nights in riotous ed a lurid red. As undisputed victor, behaviour with Italian girls, asserting he broke away the silver from a that he would give the world some wreck-strewn harbour and a shore grounds to talk for the unfair stigma 'thick with evidences of the fight. After in had put upon him. At last he tired so notable a victory, it is pathetic to of his futile life, cast it behind him, reflect that the admiral breathed his

her hand into them they would not burn her, but would just melt away into the silence around like phantoms. a grip of herself again. She stood for The phantom lover! June's halfmocking words beat dully against her street, her hands clenched. brain. June had always hated Ray- It was only for a little while, just mond; she would be glad if this were until they got back to Enmore, that true. She suddenly realized that she was and then-then. . .

shivering in every limb. With an effort A sudden wave of tragedy swept she dragged her chair closer to the through her soul; oh, it could not be

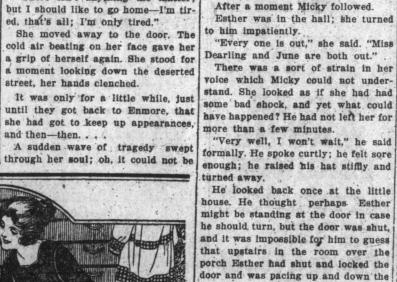


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room, her hands' pressed hard against her eyes, sobbing-great tearless sobs that seemed to rend her very heart. "It's not true-it's not true," she said over and over again under her breath. "It's not true-it's not true.

The striking of a church clock in the village seemed to rouse her. June would be back soon, and Miss Dearling She dabbed her eyes with her hand-

kerchief; they felt hot and burning. She looked at herself anxiously in the little mirror-such a white face; she urned away impatiently. Twelve o'clock; there was a train up to town at half-past, she knew. The confusion in her brain seemed to have passed all at once; she felt quite calm and clear. She would go to Paris-she would

see Raymond, and hear from his own Steak and Kidney Pudding Lamb and Green Peas lips what a lie it was. She ought to have gone before. She had been a fool Veal and Green Peas to listen to Micky; of course he would not wish her to go. Palethorpe's Oxford Sausages Cambridge Sausages Stafford Sausages

She put a few things into a bag. She took the last letter she had had from Raymond, and kissed it before thrusting it back into her dress; she scribbled a pencil note to June and fastened it to the pincushion. With the little suit-case in her hand Ox Tongue in Glass Oxford Brawn in Glass Tomato Brawn in Glass Chicken & Tongue in Glass Whole Chicken in Aspic she went downstairs and out into the

There was nobody about, and she almost ran to the station. The porter ho had witnessed her meeting yesterday with Micky stared at her won-

The London train was due now, he told her. She'd have to hurry. . . . She was gone before he finished his ow speech.

She found an empty carriage and got in, sitting as far away from the door as possible in case any one should MINARD'S

LINIMENT FOR DIScome along the platform and recognise TEMPER.

COLOR AND CLOTHES.

ors again? I know it is just family, who held that white was be- for which purpose he joined their ness. In him the nation lost one of the other day coming to everyone.)

that I sang the "Every gown we wear should have fore the end was attained. song of color- some distinct color appeal.

Life Tragedy.

the color of sun- "Unless one can wear a gown only sets and sunris- occasionally, one should never have es, of florists' a whole gown of any obvious color. windows and of Choose for the basis of a gown either milady's gown - one of the subtle colors, or the oband 'rejoiced that vious color veiled."

joy that flows from music to the ear- wear things which will cause color fatigue in others.

But to-day I want to talk about color from a single standpoint, the Lord Byron's standpoint of clothes.

The Opinions of An Expert. And the reason I want to talk about this subject is that I have the No student of human nature has opinions of an expert to pass on to

you-the opinions of a woman who ever yet solved the mystery of Lord has made a study of clothes and of Byron, that strange genius, whose handsome, melancholy face fascinat-Here are some of the hints she ed all the women of his time. As a Maunder's, selected from gives in regard to one's color choices young man Byron was much envied when selecting one's wardrobe: by his fellows. At Cambridge he was a splendid variety of "Consider the background against renowned as a dandy and a wit, and which your clothes are to be mostly later he took London by storm with British Woollens, cut by displayed when selecting them. The his "Childe Harold" and other poems. home background should be origin- Every great house in London was ally planned, when possible, to har- thrown open to him, and although he

minded.

then be selected to fit this back- the face of a Greek god-which fact ground. and the second states the fair sex. Hidden secretly in his Look Out for Cold Greys.

"Beware of the 'grey and silver a girl named Mary Chaworth, who was spring' which the fashion makers his ideal, but they drifted apart, and workers, costs you no have planned for us. Only the very she married a man much beneath he young, the transcendantly beautiful, in social status. Disappointed, Byron and a few women with silver hair, married Anne Milbanke, who adored can wear the colder greys without him; and this was the beginning of disastrous effect. the poet's life tragedy. Possessing. "Black also should be left for the self- conscious virtue, and a jealou young and brilliantly beautiful. nature, she unbraided him with in-"Midnight blue is the ideal color fidelity, and with Sunday school texts for business wear, but it can be re- of morality constantly remonstrate

lieved by a touch of some other color with him, until she drove him to see or a bit of embroidery. consolation elsewhere. Many women "Gold and the metallic fabrics are were anxious to thrust their love excellent for everyone in combina-tion with most colors and especially ford and a young actress named Jane with black. Claremont outrageously, but kept on

"Red should not be used except as the safe side of the danger line. His an accent and in infinitessimal quan- wife became so desperate that she concocted a tale of her husband's llicit attachment for his own sister,

White is Hard to Wear.

which was, of course, without any "Only a glowingly rosy young girl foundation, but public opinion became ald ever be sent into a ballroom fired to a fever heat, and Byron was n a cold color or white." (This de-hissed and slandered, and his name became a byword of immorality. Shun-

and adopted the high ideals which had last just as the "St. George" entered always lurked beneath the dregs of Blymouth Sound on the seventh of Are you willing thing to wear and that most young his character. With a noble enthusiasm August following. There is no doubt to talk about col. girls look better in delicate colors- he was led to back the effort of re- he was worn out with a life of conwhich opinion was scoffed at by my covering the independence of Greece, stant toil, aggravated by severe sick-

> army of liberty, but died of fever be- her heroes of the grand old Puritan stock, the predecessor of those gallant men who in the recent European war

Blake's Last Victory. so nobly and modestly upheld Britain's great naval traditions.

It Screws in

You can use all the Soap

On the bede-rool of Britain's heroe WELL DRESSED AT SMALL there are few names more glorious COST .--- If you do not intend to than that of Admiral Blake, who on get a Suit or Overcoat for the the eye-minded Remember that it is other people April 20, 1657, achieved his splendid holiday season, you can at least

THE CAMERON have this source and not you who have to look at and last victory at Teneriffe. He be well dressed by having your of enjoyment, as keen to them as the what you wear, and be careful not to tracked down the silver ships of clothes Cleaned and Pressed at Spain lying in the harbour of Santa SPURRELL the Tailor's, 365 Cruz, and round the curve of the bay. Water Street, and it will cost Forcing his way in the gallant admiral you about \$1.50. Do you need a

silenced the Spaniards with a can- new Velvet Collar on your Overnonade, and burnt their ships until coat?-m,w,f,tf

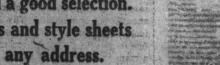
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