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CHAMBRAY, in a good Blue, only 15c. yard.

CHAMBRAY, in Blues, Pinks, Green, Heliotrope and Champagne—Superior Quality, only 18c. yard.

PERCALES at 17c. and 27c. yard.

DARK COLOURED VOILES, only 20c., 30c. and 35c. yard.

WHITE PIQUE, only 33c. yard.

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LADIES' HOSE—Superior Quality—Colours: Black and White (Brown temporarily sold out) 17c. pair.

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MEN'S BLUE OVERALLS—Superior Quality, well made goods, only $1.15 each.

MEN'S DARK STRIPED PANTS—Good looking Pants, but built for hard wear, only $2.50 and $2.70 each.

MEN'S BALBRIGGAN UNDERWEAR—Shirts and Drawers at 65c. each. Shirts only (Drawers of this lot sold out) only 49c. each.

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If you are, and desire to be relieved of the detail work of the Estate, we would be pleased to act as your agent. The law gives you the right to employ us, and our charges are very moderate.

Consult us about your Will.

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ROYAL BANK BUILDING. F. T. Paffrey, Mgr. St. John's.


## Obituary.

JOHN FOLEY, POST MASTER OF HARBOR GRACE.

(H. F. SHORTIS.)

Although not wholly unexpected, the people of this community, and Harbor Grace in particular, were shocked as well as grieved when it was announced by telegraph yesterday that Mr. John Foley, Post Master of Harbor Grace, had suddenly passed away from amongst us. Mr. Foley had been in failing health for some time past, but, notwithstanding this fact he was always found at his post of duty, which he ever discharged with courtesy, kindness and ability. So passed away a great soul. That he did much good there is no doubt. That a great deal of it never will be known in this world there is just as little. Deeply religious, an exemplary Catholic, in all things his supreme idea was to save his soul by leading others in the way they should go. No word of unkindness ever passed his lips. Charity and geniality animated his every act. Our deeds of disinterested charity are recorded in the Book of Life. On the great day of recompense our Blessed Saviour will say: "Come, ye blessed of My Father, possess the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." What Shakespeare says of mercy pertains also to charity and kindness: "It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heaven; it is twice blessed; it blesses him that gives and him that receives." Also, "Happy is he who has charity for every one," says the blessed Egidius of Assisi, "happy is he who performs great service for his neighbor, yet does not trouble about receiving anything in return." John Foley was a man who was widely and deservedly popular, and a great reason for his popularity lay in the intensely human character of the man—human in the absence of all pretence and pretension, human in his manful desire to take part whether of work or play, human, above all, in his humanity to man. The principles of honesty and integrity marked his character through life, and being united with gentlemanly manners, and an amiable disposition greatly endeared him to his friends and a numerous circle of acquaintances. John Foley was born in Harbor Grace sixty-four years ago, and being intimate friends from childhood, the writer can speak of his sterling qualities, his official abilities and his great popularity amongst all classes of the community. For several years Mr. Foley was in the employ of James Ryan & Co., merchants of Bonavista, as bookeeper, and during the summer months was the agent of that enterprising firm on Labrador. About thirty-five years ago, he entered the public service as an official in the Post Office at Harbor Grace, and on the death of Mr. A. T. Drysdale, for many years post master, the Government of the day appointed Mr. Foley as his successor. Seldom has an appointment been more popular. As Manager of the Government Savings Bank, he always retained the full confidence of the people and as Sub-Agent of the popular and time-honored institution the Queen Fire Insurance Company, he gave every satisfaction to the Directors and all who had business transactions with that company. He was a prominent member of the Knights of Columbus and during the past forty years took the deepest interest in the welfare of Harbor Grace and its people. The old officials of the General Post Office knew the worth of John Foley, and they one and all had full confidence in his ability and carefulness in the discharge of his various duties, and any business matters coming from Mr. Foley were always known to be correct even before they were examined by those in authority. Such was the confidence the Post Master General and Mr. George Lemessurier, as well as the general public reposed in him. The deceased leaves a wife (nee Miss Bransfield of Carbonear), four children (two in the United States) and hosts of friends to mourn their sad loss, and Newfoundland is the loser by the passing of one of the most competent, reliable and courteous officials in the public service of the Colony. **Requiescat in pace.**


## AH! THE RELIEF

You give your skin when you anoint it with "the cream of ointments." Blackheads, pimples, ringworms, eszema, hemorrhoids, permanently cured.

Athletes' pains from bruises, muscle strain or overexertion relieved at once. A wonderful muscle lubricant. Unequalled for sunburn, heat-irritation, flybites, stings, &c.

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GRAND REGATTA DANCE —Prince's Rink, Regatta Night. Wonderful crowd, wonderful music by the C. C. C. Band (25 instruments), and a wonderful time. Don't miss it. Slogan: "Follow the crowd".—jly31,1i

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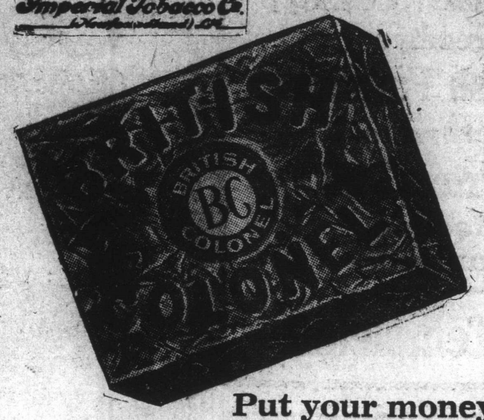


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Put your money on

# BRITISH COLONEL

The "Utmost"

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# QUEENS OF LOVE

## The Romantic Love Story of Cleopatra---"The Serpent of Old Nile."

(Pearson's Weekly.)

A little, plain featured, red-headed girl of sixteen, and already a breaker of hearts.

That is Cleopatra, "Serpent of Old Nile," as one of her lovers named her, a woman whose name has been handed down through all the generations, a heroine of one of the greatest love tragedies of the ages.

She was not beautiful, as so many seem to imagine, although Cleopatra must have been possessed of infinite charm to fascinate men as she did.

She was only sixteen when her love affairs began, but even before that it was hinted that she had begun to fascinate those about her. And she lived fifty-two years, B.C., in the days when this country of ours was peopled by a race of semi-barbarians.

Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy the Piper, King of Egypt, and on his death, she and her baby brother shared the throne. But the country was in a state of anarchy, many Greek adventurers scheming and plotting there, and finally Cleopatra was driven off the throne, although her baby brother remained.

Perhaps the wily Greeks recognized in that red-headed girl a being with a will of her own.

Immediately Cleopatra began to plot and plan how she might regain her throne, and hearing that the great conquerer, Julius Caesar, had come to the city of Alexandria, the stronghold of her enemies, she made up her mind that she would see him.

Yet how? It would require great daring, for Cleopatra knew that if she were captured by the Greeks it would mean her death.

She was equal to the occasion however. With a single slave she made her way in the dusk of the evening to a small boat, and they rowed to the outer walls of the palace. Alas, it was too well guarded. There was no entering that way.

Then one day Cleopatra heard that Greeks and Egyptians alike were trying to curry favor with the great Caesar by presenting gifts, and a brilliant idea sprang into her mind.

She would give herself to Caesar!

In a great hall, in a place of honor, sat Caesar, hawk-nosed, with an eye like that of an eagle, but with fast greying hair crowned with a wreath of laurel. Caesar—the hero whom everybody sought to please. Before him a mighty throng of people, all anxious to gain his ear or his eye, and behind him and around him were heavily armed guards.

One by one mighty warriors advanced before the conqueror, each carrying a present, until the tessellated floor in front of Caesar was heaped high with gifts of all shapes and sizes. Rolls of Tryian silk, dyed marvellous shades, bales of fabric from Eastern lands, pictures, statuary, pottery, perfumes, all things lay there.

Then came two black slaves carrying a roll of Persian carpet, a rare thing of wonderful blues and greens. They set down the roll, departed, and Caesar waited.

But not a single man amongst the assembled throng claimed the roll of carpet as his gift, and with a feeling of half suspicion, the great Caesar leaned forward the better to examine the roll.

Then the unexpected happened. The carpet was flung suddenly open and from its folds there stepped out a queen-like, wonderful girl.

That was Cleopatra's way of getting to see Caesar, and of making Caesar see her.

Of course, Caesar rell m love with that slender, red-headed girl, and he carried her back with him to Rome. This was not quite what Cleopatra wanted, for she had expected him to make war on her enemies and set her on the throne of Egypt. Instead, Caesar set her in a great marble villa in Rome, and proceeded to squander money on her.

Never was a queen more royally treated. Cleopatra had only to express a wish and it was granted. The man who conquered the world was at her feet.

Then came the day when Julius Caesar was assassinated, and Cleopatra had to flee from Rome, taking with her the son she bore to Caesar. A few faithful slaves accompanied her, and back to Egypt she came as nominal queen, although subject to Rome.

The men who had assassinated Caesar were dead, and Rome was ruled by three great men, one of whom is known to the world as Mark Anthony.

The news reached Cleopatra that Mark Anthony was coming to Egypt.

Cleopatra was no longer a girl of sixteen. She was a woman now. A woman who had taken pains to cultivate every art a woman needs to charm.

It was this woman who set out to meet Mark Anthony.

She went, dressed as Venus, reclining in a boat, down the river to where Anthony was staying. The stern of the boat was covered with gold, a gold-embroidered canopy was over her, the sails were of fine purple and the oars were of silver.

Rosy-cheeked boys, dressed as cupids, stood fanning her with fans of peacock feathers. Maidens, the most beautiful of the day, attended her, incense was burned, and all down the river people crowded upon the banks.

Like Caesar, Mark Anthony was quickly at her feet. He forgot ambition, forgot everything save the woman he loved and worshipped.

Cleopatra, wonder-woman, fascinated him. He returned with her to Alexandria, and troubled nothing over Rome and the affairs of State. This ""Serpent of Nile" as Anthony called her, was a veritable temptress, but she knew how to return love with love and she knew how to keep a man. Rome might call, statecraft might beckon, but so long as his adored Cleopatra held up her little finger for him to stay, Anthony stayed.

Extraordinary tales are told of the two lovers—the most schoolgirlish pranks of Cleopatra, and the infatuation of Anthony.

She would dress up as a slave and accompany him on all sorts of midnight adventures; she knew no fear, and she loved to share every pursuit of his. She hunted with him in the day, when hunting was a dangerous sport even for men, and there seems little doubt that she really loved him.

Once, when Cleopatra made a bet with Anthony that she would drink wine worth a King's ransom at a single sitting, he wagered her it could not be done. But the queen called for a goblet of vinegar, dropped into this the biggest pearl of Egypt, which dissolved in the acid, and then drained the goblet.

Such extravagances made the royal pair disliked, and news finally reached them that Rome intended to make war on Egypt and seize the throne. The fight was fought out on sea, and Cleopatra accompanied her lover in a galley of her own.

Through the battle Anthony's thoughts were with his queen. All at once he saw her galley making its way towards the shore, and fearing that she was wounded, gave up every thing save Cleopatra, and went after her. His followers, thinking their lead er was running away, were seized with panic, and the battle became a rout. Anthony was beaten, and knew it.

So, too, did Cleopatra, and she made a bold bid for the favor of the conqueror, Octavius, hoping to ensnare him as she had Julius Caesar and Mark Anthony.

But this was hopeless, for stories reached her that Octavius boasted that he would make her walk barefoot through the streets of Rome.

Determined not to be captured, Cleopatra fled to a monument she had had prepared, locked the doors behind her, and with two faithful servants, Iris and Charmion, gave out to the world that she was dead.

Anthony heard this, and believing that there remained nothing in the world worth while to him, drove his sword into his body.

Alas, just at that moment news was brought to him that Cleopatra lived, and Mark Anthony, prince of lovers, with almost superhuman strength, dragged himself up, and commanded his slaves to carry him to her that he might breathe his last in her arms.

But the doors of the monument tomb were blocked up.

But Cleopatra wanted him, so she endeavored to hoist him up by ropes to the room where she and two maids were hidden. It was a pitiful sight indeed, Anthony stretching up his hands to the woman he adored; red-headed Cleopatra, stricken with grief and remorse, straining to pull him to her.

The lovers were united, Anthony died in her arms. It was all he wished for.

Cleopatra lived but little longer, for when the soldiers broke open the doors of her room, Cleopatra, dressed in all her ornaments, lay upon her golden bed, dead, two small red marks upon her arm. One of her maids lay dead at her feet, the other was dying.

So none knew how she died for truth, but the story goes that a basket of ripe figs were carried to her by her desire, and that under the fig-leaves there lurked the tiny green asp of Egypt, a poisonous reptile indeed, whose sting causes almost instant death.

Greeting the little grey asp with a smile, she held it deliberately to her bosom.

Cleopatra, queen of lovers, was dead.


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EASE ELEGANCE ECONOMY

Everybody needs smart Shoes for Regatta Day and for the many dances and parties on Regatta Night.

The "Woman-Who-Knows" buys Three E-E-E's Shoes only for "hurry" occasions, because she's sure of perfect comfort (no pinched toes or blistered heels) from the first minute she puts them on.

There is a style for every occasion in Three E-E-E's Shoes. Regatta Day there'll be an occasion for every style. Ask for Three E-E-E's and be satisfied with no others

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JOLLY ROLLS.
COCOANUT SLICE
and
The Famous Mixtures of The KATAHDIN LINE.
(You'll like them all).

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## NOTICE.

Tenders will be received up to the 31st day of July, 1922, for the Stock-in-trade and goodwill of the business carried on under the style or firm name of HENDERSON'S, Theatre Hill. Parties desiring to inspect the stock may do so by making application at the premises.

The highest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

Dated at St. John's this 20th day of July, 1922.

M. MacLEOD, Manager.

jy21,9i

## NOTICE.

NORTH SYDNEY TO ST. JOHN'S.

S. S. SABLE I. leaves North Sydney every Saturday at 2.30 p.m., and St. John's, Nfld., every Tuesday at 10.00 a.m.

HARVEY & CO., LTD., Agents, St. John's, Nfld.
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