

## Remington UMC Repeating Rifles

These rifles represent an advanced thought in rifle construction. They provide the shooter with five cartridges ready for instant service, one at a time or successively, with astounding rapidity.

They have a solid breech, and many other points of superiority which make their use a pleasure and provide every means for safe shooting.

Ask your dealer to show you Remington rifles. If he does not stock them obtain them for you. They are made in calibres 24, 26, 28, and 30. Catalogues sent free upon request.

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, INC.  
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Remington Arms and Ammunition are sold wholesale and retail by the leading hardware firms in St. John's.

### THE Lady of the Night

#### Amelia Makes Success

CHAPTER XXX.  
ON THE ICE.

As she did so, Miss Deborah looked up, and started.

"Bless my soul!" she exclaimed, "how like you are to that young imp! What do you say you are—his sister?"

"His cousin," replied Nora demurely. "Yes, I am very like him, and I hope you will be as kind to me as you were to him. I can't help being a girl."

"No, I suppose not," retorted Miss Deborah with a snort, "or you wouldn't shut the door after you, most hussy leave them open."

Nora was as much amazed as she was delighted at the success of her plot. It is true that her heart smote her for the deceitful part she was playing, but she tried to soothe her conscience by telling herself that her beneficence would sustain no loss. For some little time, for a few hours really, Miss Deborah regarded her new companion suspiciously and endeavoured to keep her at arm's length. Day by day, however, she resisted the blandishments of her Nora.

In the evening a visitor was announced. It was Mr. Striple, and he entered with his usual humble and deprecatory mien. Nora was sitting at needlework with Miss Deborah, and Mr. Striple's eyes and mouth opened like those of a man who had just seen when he saw the beautiful young girl, and there was perplexity plain depicted on his face as Nora passed him with a slight inclination of the head.

"Dear me!" he said, "that's a very beautiful young lady. A friend of yours, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Miss Deborah, "she is—my companion. I suppose you would call her, she is a sister or a cousin or some kind of relative of my boy Cyril."

"Ah! that accounts for the extraordinary likeness I noticed," said Mr. Striple, as he proceeded to get out a packet of papers, which he endeavoured, with more or less success, to explain to the old lady. This was his third visit, and Mr. Striple was almost in despair for Miss Deborah was so absent-minded and so incapable of returning a consecutive piece that Mr. Striple found that at each interview he had to begin all over again with the mysterious business he had in hand, and on this occasion he went away shaking his head and shrugging his shoulders and muttering—

"She's not a head like a sieve; you can pour away all day, but it all runs through. I don't believe she can remember anything for five minutes together. If there was only some one to help me with her! That young lady looks interested. I wonder if I could trust her? But no! I can't risk it! If a word gets out before the time is right, if that old fox scents mischief, he'll beat us dead. Oh, dear, what a troublesome world this is!"

### WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

May Pass the Critical Period Safely and Comfortably by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"I was going through Change of Life and not for two years with headache, nervousness, sleeplessness and general weakness. Some days I felt tired and unfit to do my work."

"I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and found good results, and I also find it a very helpful Spring tonic and digestive. It has relieved me from all the constipation from which I suffer much. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to several friends, and am willing you should publish this."—Mrs. Martha W. Lindsay, 910 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.

If you have warning symptoms such as a sense of oppression, hot flashes, headaches, dizziness, or a general feeling of weakness, or if you have any of the following symptoms: variable appetite, weakness, irregular menstruation, or a general feeling of uneasiness, get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and health will be yours. It is the only medicine that will help you as it did Mrs. Lindsay.

Notwithstanding the success of her plot, Nora was very wretched; her mind dwelt continually upon Elliot and Florence Harley, and her very ignorance of the actual relations between them added to the strain. It was well that she had Miss Deborah to think of, and that the old lady demanded from her a good deal of attention. There was evidently something on Miss Deborah's mind, for she would often stare before her in a fit of abstraction, and that she would murmur to herself, as if she were trying to grasp some fact which constantly eluded her.

Nora would have asked Miss Deborah what was worrying her; but she was not curious, and was pretty much absorbed in her own heart trouble.

The second morning after her appearance as Ada Merton, the two went out to do some shopping. Nora could now take Miss Deborah's wardrobe in hand, and she determined that her benefactress should be dressed as became a lady of her wealth and position; and as Miss Deborah was taken utterly indifferent as to what she wore, Nora knew she would find it an easy task to exchange the grotesque garments for more tasteful and appropriate ones.

As usual, Miss Deborah had her reticule with a book in it hanging on her arm, and while Nora did the shopping, her companion pored over her book, apparently unconscious of all that was going on about her. Without her book she would not have consented to remain in the shop five minutes, and Nora moved about from counter to counter with a perfect assurance that the old lady would remain anchored to her seat until the volume was taken from her, replaced in the reticule, and she was led out. So it had been when Nora, masquerading as Cyril, had accompanied Miss Deborah, and Nora, without any misgiving, left her charge, while she herself went to the mantle department where she intended purchasing a mantle to replace the old garment which Miss Deborah wore at that moment.

Imagine her dismay when returning to the place where she had left Miss Deborah she found the chair empty and the old lady gone! The shop assistant informed Nora that the lady had left some minutes ago, and Nora hastened out in search of her, but though she went up and down Oxford street and hunted the streets in the vicinity, she could see nothing of her, and she hastened to the hotel hoping to find Miss Deborah there; but she had not arrived, and Nora called out again to renew her search. When she returned an hour later there sat Miss Deborah with her outdoor things on, and, of course, a book in her hand.

Her skirt and cape were smeared with mud, and her bonnet was well over one eye and one ear, but she looked up placidly as Nora sprang to her and gave her a hug that was half a shake.

"Oh, how could you, Miss Deborah!" she exclaimed. "You frightened me terribly. Where have you been? What happened? You're all over mud!"

Miss Deborah gathered her wits together and appeared to be rather indignant.

"Why did you leave the shop without saying a word?" she demanded. "But there! that's just like a hussy of a girl, my boy, Cyril wouldn't have done it."

"I didn't leave the shop; I duly went to another department," retorted Nora. "But never mind that. How did you get into such a mess?" she inquired, suddenly, as she began to take off the muddy things.

"I met with an accident," replied Miss Deborah serenely. "It was at that crowded corner at the top of Oxford Street. I was crossing, when a carriage came along, and in getting out of the way, I slipped and should have quite fallen if the policeman had not caught me. They really are very attentive and obliging, and had great difficulty in getting the man to accept half a sovereign. There was a gentleman sitting in the carriage, very nice people, and the lady was very frightened and upset than I was; for, you see, I really had not fallen or hurt myself—thanks to the policeman. They insisted upon driving me to the hotel here, and the lady wanted to wait with me until you came back, but I assured her I wasn't hurt, and so she went." She looked round the room as if to satisfy herself of the fact. "Quite a nice, homely lady. She is coming to inquire after me to-morrow, though I assured her it wasn't necessary. She gave me her card—let me see, what did I do with it?"

"They proceeded to hunt for the card, and at last Nora discovered it between the pages of the book, sitting as a marker. Nora started and uttered an exclamation, for she read—

LADY FERRELLAND  
109, Kensington Palace Gardens.

Nora sank on to a chair and stared fixedly above Miss Deborah's head. Here was the long arm of coincidence indeed! Her heart began to beat; for the name recalled old days, Ryal, her father, all the past she had seemed to

leave so completely behind her. Would Lady Ferrand recognize her? It was not very like that her ladyship would; but Sir Joseph might do so. However, her first thought must be for Miss Deborah's future safety.

"You must never do such a thing again, dear Miss Deborah," she said. "I mean that you must never leave me. But there—I will never leave you. You must go and lie down and rest now. Oh, but you must indeed! I am sure Cyril would insist upon it if he were here. You shall take your book with you, if you like."

CHAPTER XXXI.  
THE MASKED BALL.

The following afternoon Nora saw, from the window where she was waiting for it with her trepidation, the Ferrands' car drive up to the hotel in state. With a sigh of relief she noted that Lady Ferrand was alone, and presently her ladyship was ushered in. Nora noticed that Sir Joseph's meek wife was very much aged and looked wan and anxious. Her nervousness was increased at the sight of the beautiful girl, and she stammered and stammered as she greeted Miss Deborah.

"I am so glad to see you up and about!" she said, with the common-place manner which her intercourse with "society" had not been able to destroy. "I was afraid I should find you lying up by the shock, and Sir Joseph was quite as anxious as I was. It seems that you come from the same county as ourselves, that we are almost like neighbours, and he knows all about you, Miss Ralston. I really don't think you ought to go out alone—you are near-sighted like me, aren't you? No, you ought not to go into the crowded streets without a companion."

She glanced at Nora as she made this observation, and Nora said—

"Miss Ralston was not alone—at least, it was only through a misunderstanding. I had only left her for a minute or two."

"My young friend, Ada—Miss Merton," said Miss Deborah, by way of introduction.

Lady Ferrand held out her hand instead of bowing and nodded pleasantly and with evident admiration.

"I quite understand, my dear," she said. "I am sure you take every care of yourself. I mean, I mean, I stammered, as Miss Deborah gave a little indignant snort, "I am so glad to meet you. We must be friends, Miss Ralston; we must indeed. You must



BABY COATES.

"Once Weak and Delicate."

63, Eldon Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

Dear Sir,—At three months old my baby was weak and delicate, causing us a great deal of anxiety. We were advised to try "Virol," and did so, with the result that now at 11 months of age he is as bonny a baby as any mother could wish to have; he weighs 22 lbs. 2 ozs., is firm and well proportioned. We feel confident that this is due to the regular use of Virol, and should advise all mothers to use it.

I am, yours truly,  
E. COATES.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother, as it supplies the children with the best food. It is a sterilizing milk; it is also a good and strengthening food of consequence. Virol helps to give firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

## VIROL

BRITISH MADE. BRITISH OWNED.

come and see me. I desire you two ladies and it rather dull all by yourselves in this big London. Sir Joseph will be so glad if we can be of any use to you and try and make your visit to town bright and amusing."

At this moment Nora was called out of the room by one of the servants, and Lady Ferrand continued—

"What a beautiful girl, Miss Ralston! How lucky for you to have such a sweet young lady for a companion! Where did you get her from? It is so difficult to get a really nice lady-like girl."

Miss Deborah knit her brows and rubbed her chin.

"She is a relation of my boy, Cyril's. Now, I come to think of it, I quite forget where she comes from. It doesn't matter."

Lady Ferrand laughed, much amused by her new friend's oddity.

"Wherever she came from, it is evident, wherever she has been properly brought up. Well, I must go now. I've got a lot of people coming to tea, she might wear, and you'll be late. Remember, you must come and see me. You have the address." (to be continued.)

## Just Folks

Robert A. Green

THE NEWSPAPER MAN.

Bit of a priest and a bit of a sailor.  
Bit of a doctor and bit of a tailor.  
Bit of a lawyer, and bit of a detective.  
Bit of a judge, for his work is corrective;  
Cheering the living and soothing the dying.  
Raking all things, even dare-devil flying.  
True to his paper and true to his class—  
Just look him over, the newspaper man.

Sleep! There are times that he'll do with a little. The work till his nerves and his temper are brittle; Fire cannot burn him, nor long hours Gold cannot buy him and threats cannot curb him; Highborn or lowborn, your own speech he'll hand you. Talk as you will to him, he'll understand you; He'll go wherever another man can. This is the way of the newspaper man.

Surgeon, if urgent the need be, you'll He'll give the other and never once falter. Say the last rites like a priest at the altar. Which is proved now and then when his keen eye grows teary. Facing all things in life's curious plan. This is the way of the newspaper man.

One night's work may be rest from his labor. One day at home to be father and neighbor. Just a few hours for his own bit of leisure. All the rest's gazing at other men's pleasure. All the rest's tolling, and yet he rejoices. All the world is, and that men do, his voice— Who knows a calling more glorious than The day-by-day-work of the newspaper man?

A Bishop of Fifty Parson-Power.

Captain Monckton, for many years Resident Magistrate of New Guinea, some remarkable stories of his life ready appeared in these columns, tells some remarkable stories of his life among the diggers in the Yodda gold-field.

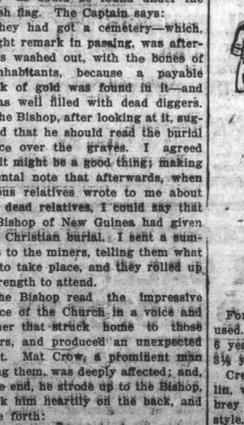
The Yodda miners, we are told, were about as hard-bitten, hard-swearers and utterly reckless a lot of "hard cases" as could be found under the British flag. The Captain says: "They had got a cemetery—which, I might remark in passing, was afterwards washed out, with the bones of its inhabitants, because a payable streak of gold was found in it—and it was well filled with dead diggers."

"The Bishop, after looking at it, suggested that he should read the burial service over the graves. I agreed that it might be a good thing; making a mental note that afterwards, when anxious relatives wrote to me about their dead relatives, I could say that the Bishop of New Guinea had given them Christian burial. I sent a summons to the miners, telling them what was to take place, and they rolled up in strength to attend."

"The Bishop read the impressive service of the Church in a voice and manner that struck home to those miners, and produced an unexpected result. Mat Crow, a prominent man among them, was deeply affected; and, at the end, he strode up to the Bishop, and, with hearty on the back, and broke forth:

"Boys, this is kind of the Bishop. There's Alligator Jack and Red Bill, there is Hank and Blank and Blank planted here, and nobody knows what they were like, and we know what the Warden is like who read prayers over them; he was better than nothing; but he is no good along-side a person and a Bishop is fifty-parson-power in one. Boys, I move a vote of thanks to the Bishop, with three times three; and may we all have a sign to plant us. Alligator Jack would be a proud man today if he knew what was being done for him."

"Bishop Stone Wigg led, as the vote of thanks was carried with enthusiasm, and the cheers for the fifty-parson-power person echoed over the graveyard."



A SIMPLE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.

3598

For this style Pattern 3598 was used. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 2, 4, and 6 years. A 4 year size will require 6 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Crepe, percale, linen, pongee, poplin, voile, lawn, also gingham, chambray and pique could be used for this style.

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

No. ....  
Name .....  
Address full: .....

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advances in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of Patterns to 15c. each.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

### Legion of the Lost.

Every year no fewer than thirty thousand persons disappear in the city of London alone. Some of them are never seen or heard of again; others, after months or weeks of absence, return and take up the threads of their former life as if they had never left it.

"I recall my case," said a New Scotland Yard official, "in which a City man sent a telegram to his wife informing him that he had been called away to the Continent on urgent business, but hoped to be back within a week. But years passed without receiving a trace of him. Ten years later he walked into the house, kissed his wife, and began to talk about home and family affairs as unconcernedly as if he had left her that morning. And it was not until some months later that it was discovered that he had spent the entire period of his absence in Clerkenwell, less than a dozen miles away, where disguised and under an assumed name, he had made a living by keeping a small grocery shop."

"In another case a barrister left his children in the Temple, telling his clerk that he would be back in an hour for a consultation. When he failed to return, his friends grew alarmed. Six years passed before he was discovered in the guise of a waiter in a New York hotel. When he was challenged he declared that his name was not that by which he was addressed. He was persuaded to return to London, where he resumed his work as naturally as if he had left it the day before. But to this day he vows that he has no recollection whatever of the period of his absence or why he left London so mysteriously."

### Fashion Plates.

A Dainty Frock for "PARTY" OR BEST WEAR.



3621

Pattern 3621 was employed for this pretty style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 38 inch material.

Orsandy, batiste, voile, lawn, dimity, dotted Swiss, silk pongee, poplin, repp, crepe and crepe de chine are attractive for this design. The sleeves may be made without the puff.

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

### SILVERWARE FOR THE BRIDE.

Nothing gives the Bride more pleasure and lasts longer than a well finished piece of Silverware. We will take pleasure and pride in showing you Gift Suggestions in this beautiful and exclusive line.

Also a complete assortment of

### Holmes & Edwards' Flatware.

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Jewellers and Opticians.

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We can offer Storage for the next six months on any class or quantity of goods.

### A. H. MURRAY & CO., LTD.

Beck's Cove.

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For those who prefer to give a Wedding Gift that is distinctive and of real value, the selections we have to offer you cannot fail to appeal to your individual taste. Our stock of Wedding Gifts is specially selected so that your gift is exclusive as well as beautiful and lasting.

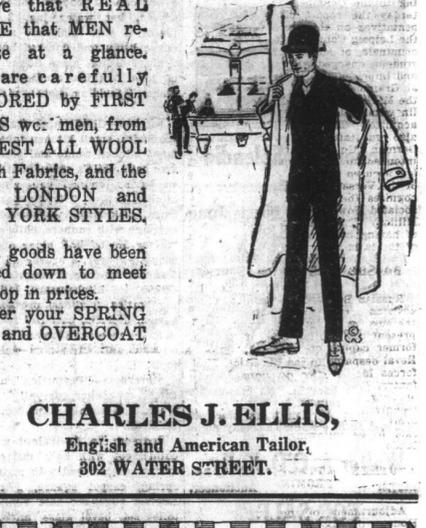
### T. J. DULEY & CO., Limited.

The Reliable Jewellers and Opticians.

### Ellis Make Clothes

Have that REAL STYLE that MEN recognize at a glance. They are carefully TAILORED by FIRST CLASS workmen, from the BEST ALL WOOL British Fabrics, and the latest LONDON and NEW YORK STYLES.

All goods have been marked down to meet the drop in prices. Order your SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT now!



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302 WATER STREET.

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Also a complete assortment of

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If you're not insured you're a loser. Take time to see about your policies. We give you the best companies and reasonable rates.

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### Forty-Two Years in the Public Service --- The Evening Telegram