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THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

And she was offering him leve; love in his solitary, loveless life. Nora was lest to him for ever; the boy Cyril, whose friendship, affection, had almost made up to him for the loss of Nora, had vanished; at that moment he felt his loneliness as he had never felt it before. And this heautiful creations, shame, pity, perplexity.

"I did not know," he stammered. "I swear I did not know!" felt it before. And this beautiful creature was offering to sacrifice herself, to share his poverty, his insignificance—for Eliot attached no importance to her hint of a mysterious fortune. Why should he not take this gift from the gods? He did not love Florence, even at this moment, but doubtless would come to love her; he had read of men who had learned to love their and steadily at the beautiful face, the downcast eyes now almost hidden by their lids, as she drooped towards him; then he rose and his arms op-ened as if to draw her to him. At that moment, that moment in which his fate, and hers, hung 'twixt

heaven and earth, a voice, low and soft as a lute, breathed "Eliot, Eliot!" The sound broke the intense stillness. Bliot's arm dropped, and he stared at the spot from which the voice had seemed to proceed. It had come from behind the portiere; it had been like a sigh, a murmur in the air. But low and soft as it was, there was a note in it which recalled the past, the ast in which Nora—and yes, Cyril!
his hands into his pockets, and sighhad moved. In an instant Florence's
ed. Only one period of his life had had moved. In an instant Florence's spell was broken. Eliot drew back from the beautiful form which had ment when he found that Cyril had come over the cliff to save him. The atiful woman at his side, he sprang

Bartley. She was standing now, her hand pressed to her heart, her face white, her attitude and expression that of disappointed hope. For a mo-ment there was silence, then he said, his face pale, his lips twitching-For God's sake don't trouble about me don't think about me! I'm not worth thought of yours.—Oh I can't thank you. a thought of yours.—Oh, I can't ex-plain!"

She sat with her head bowed, her

"You need not explain," she said very quietly. "I am nothing to you, I have waited and watched in vain. I have given you all my heart; and you —you have no heart to give. Oh, go,

you have no heart to give. Oh, go, go! The sight of you is torture to me. I never want to see you again!—I want to forget you!"

Naturally enough, Eliot moved towards her with a man's mistaken idea that sympathy can atone for the lack of love, but she shrank from him and

enot stood, torn by connecting eme-tions, shame, pity, perplexity.
"I did not know," he stammered. "I swear I did not know!"
"You are blind," she said bitterly. "But the fault is mine. I gave all my heart to you, and you have none to give me. There must be some one give me. There must be some one else!"
"There is," said Eliot desperately.

"I have loved one woman all my life.
I love her still. She is lost to me. But let that be my excuse, if excuse is possible." The curtain at the doorway stirred; but he did not see it. "She is lost to me, but I can't ferget her. Otherwise—oh, what can I say?"
Florence Bartley drew herself erect, with a pride which helped her to play her part, the awful part of a woman

rejected.
"You have said enough," she said, her bosom heaving, her hands clenched. "I hope that I may never see you

CHAPTER XXXV. THE MYSTERIOUS VOICE. With an imperious gesture Florence swept past him and entered the ball-room. Eliot sank into a chair, thrust

soft, low voice breathing his name "Eliot!" rang in his ears. It sounded towards the doorway. There was no one there, no one in sight; and yet he thought he caught a glimpse of a black robe with silver stars.

"Eliot!" rang in his ears. It sounded from the temptation to which, manning to him like the voice of Nora. It had come at the very nick of time; it had saved him from sinking beneath the spell of Florence Bartley. spell of Florence Bartley. Whence had it come? Had some human being uttered it, or was it a freak and his father, where was it? He look-

of fancy? He entered the ballroom and looked round him. Half-unconscious-Night. She was nowhere in sight.

stood Sir Joseph. "Ah, Eliot!" he said. "Hope you've whole attitude one of despair and enjoyed yourself? Had a good time, humiliation.

eh? Been a successful evening, I

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MOTHER naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric

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air. He got a cab, and made his way to the "Cecil." Mr. Wedderburn was awaiting him at the entrance.

"Oh, here you are!" he said. "I've just got back. Splendid affair, wasn't it? Wonderful man, Sir Joseph! I've taken a thousand pounds of shares in this copper mine of his."

"Have you?" said Eliot. "I want a drink badly. Come in here," and he drew him into the refreshment-room.

"We had better change these things, hadn't we?" said Wedderburn.

"Oh, confound them, yes!" said Eliot. "What fools we must appear!"

They changed and went into the smoking-room; Wedderburn ast musing with the slow smile on his face which a man wears when he has done a good bit of business.

"I only got those shares as a favour," he said. "Of course, you'll get some; you're one of the family."

Eliot shook his head.

"No," he said; "I shall not. I've no money to speculate with."

"My dear fellow!" exclaimed Wedderburn promptly. "That needn't trouble you. I could let you have a thousand—or two, for that matter."

"It's very kind of you, Wedderburn," Eliot said; "but how on earth should I pay you back?"

Wedderburn looked sur prised.

"Why, you must have plenty of money." he said. "unless you spend it

"Why, you must have plenty of money," he said, "unless you spend it as you get it. But there, that's your business, not mine," he added hastily, business, not mine," he added hastily, as Eliot gazed at him with what Wedderburn thought was a frown of offence. "And if you haven't got the money, you've got the money's worth. Look here, you know that south-west corner of Wally Hollow? It runs right into my ranche; it would be very convenient to me, and it's not much use to you. Sell me that, and I'll give you a thousand on account." The care here a thousand on account; we can t valued, or decide together upon the

it valued, or decide together upon the price afterwards."
Eliot's frown grew deeper, and he stared at Wedderburn. "The land's not mine to sell," he said. "You know Sir Joseph took it over when—when my father smashed up."
Wedderburn looked perplexed. He did not want to seem to pry into Eliot's private affairs.
"Oh. ah. yes." he said in an embar-

"Oh, ah, yes," he said in an embar rassed fashion. "I didn't know—

mean that I know there was an agree-ment between your father and Sir Joseph, but I didn't know what the understood from you that you wer doing well, and I naturally concluded that the Wally Hollow estate had righted itself."

Eliot shook his head. "No," he said.

"I didn't intend to give you that im-pression. I'm doing well in this sense that I'm earning my own living."
"Oh, quite so," said Wedderburn shyly. "Anyhow, Eliet, my boy, you can have a thousand or two if you want it, to put into the great Bye-worthy Copper Mine." "Thanks," said Eliot, with sincere

gratitude, "but I don't. It's fearfully late; hadn't we better go to bed? I shall never forget your kindness." They parted for the night, or rather morning, and Ellot went up to his room. His brain was in a whirl; that voice murmuring "Eliot, Eliot!" rang in his ears. To whom could it have belonged? Who was it had interver at that critical moment to save him from the temptation to which, may through the tangled mass in his mind

Deciding that he must have left it at the cottage at Byeworthy, his mind at once returned to the incident of the ballroom. The remembrance of the Lady of Night, the "Eliot, Eliot!"
haunted him till he fell asleep, and he dreamt of Nora.

Nora did not sleep at all that night, and as she tossed to and fro in the bed that seemed to burn her she was at one moment hot with love and jeal-ousy and shame and the next cold with as consuming a fear. Concealed by the portiers, she had seen and heard all that had passed between Ellot and Florence Bartley in the antercom. In her agony she had called to junc his name and so prevented his surrender to the famous beauty; she had called to lim almost unconsciously, but now the fact that she had done

The origin of golf is uncertain. So far as I have been able to ascertain as a result of an exhaustive research in founded a perusal of the Bible in all the sixty odd languages in which it has been ousy and shame and the next cold with as consuming a fear. Concealed by the portiers, she had seen and heard all that had passed between Ellot and Florence Bartley in the antercom. In her agony she had called to him almost unconsciously, but now the fact that she had done

The origin of golf is uncertain. So far as I have been able to ascertain as a result of an exhaustive research in forgive one for breaking their clubs. I suppose the Editor will be growling at the amount of space I am taking up with this digression so I shall continue it next week. Let would-be golf-ence though a trifle indefinite is none one of the early chapters we find that Cain hit his brother Abel with a club?

Two TOPICAL LIMERICKS.

The time has again come along

The origin of golf is uncertain. So far as I have been able to ascertain as a voided because one can always rely on the good nature of one's friends to forgive one for breaking their clubs. I suppose the Editor will be growling at the amount of space I am taking up with the is a shall continue the principal to the state of one's friends to she raid about or state university."

Nelly.—"No, it's not."

Anita.—"Yes, it is, hecause my father saids on the raid approach the raid so, and my father said approach the raid approach to stitched in tinsel.

Solling in the soll because one can always

"I declare it's quite like old times, my atar," she had said when they reached the hotel. "I've been buried so long—yes, it's just as if I had been buried and had re-visited the glimpses of the moon, as Shakespeare says. You look very protty, my dear; you raminded me of my girlish daya." She sipped the tea Nora had made for them, and said suddenly, "There was a young man there—I think you danced with him—called Eliot Graham. That Mr. Stripley introduced him—I must find out who he is. I knew—knew a man of that name. He must have been a relation." She sighed heavily and gazed before her with perplexity. "There was no time to ask him any questions; Mr. Stripley took me away. He was very handsome and very like——" She sighed again. "But you must go to bed, my girl; you're looking quite pale and done up. You can give me a kiss if you like."

(To be continued) "I declare it's quite like old times,

Fads and Fashions Plaid silk parasols are being fe

lack gowns. The new tea gowns show a Spanis THE OVERHANGING DJUSTABLE

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MIV COLUMN

(By the CUB-EDITOR)

GOLF. The origin of golf is uncertain. So great deal of unnecessary expense is far as I have been able to ascertain as avoided because one can always rely

ly, but now the fact that she had done cain swiping Abel with a club") with so tortured her with a humiliation aldisastrous results to poor Abel. When most intolerable. It was as if she had said in so many words—"I love you, Elliot; oh, don't leave me!"

disastrous results to poor Assaid ther the club was a putter, a mashie or a brassie. I really cannot say, but the use of Bliot; oh, don't leave me!"

The ball had been a social success for her; she had been besieged by men eager to dance with her; but she had insisted on Miss Deborah leaving immediately after she herself had stolen away from the ante-room, though Miss Deborah had expostulated and wished to remain; for Miss Deborah had expostulated and wished to remain; for Miss Deborah had been quite excited by the ball and Ada Merton's success, and was pleased and satisfied by her own appearance and her re-entry into society.

The brassie. I reany call to the use of clubs in other parts of the Bible and in various other books. The game, according to Caesar's commentaries, was quite popular amongst the ancient Britons also, but it took the Scots to bring it to its modern form. Golf, as it is to-day, is a game which whilst providing the requisite number of the use of lurid language, is a splendid recreation for all becieve.

natience, an excellently vivid vocabul-

Lift Off with Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little Precione" on an aching corn, inshortly you lift it right off with fin-

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the llusses, without soreness or irrita-

ary, an unlimited supply of money and spare time, and an immense amount of confidence. There is no nection.

"Oh! ay, it's a' that, but it's no' a bit bigger than the Bailie thocht himsel'."—Tit-Bits. essity to give the reason for the first requirement. Anyone who has tried to play the game knows it only too well.
The second is of course consequent The second is of course consequent little fib." on the first. Money is only necessary Anita. if one cannot obtain the loan of a story, and a story is the same as a friend's clubs. If this can be done a lie." Nelly.—"No, it's not."

The time has again come along When baseball fans go thousands

strong To St. George's Field To tell players they wield Their bats, as if playing ping-pong.

Will the Council please note that they Hurry up and "lay" all the dust That pedestrians meet Pervading each street,

When of wind there is but a slight THE CUB-EDITOR.

Beyond Art.—"These love scenes are rotten. Can't the leading man act ment and the use of lurid language, is a splendid recreation for all between the ages of six weeks and 101 years. To begin golf at a late stage in life requires the embryo player to be possessed of an infinite amount of possessed of an infinite amount of louisyille Courier-Journal.

Strenuous Diversion.—"Would you advise me to travel formy health?"
"No," replied the doctor. "A man wants to be in first-class physical condition before he takes on the worries of travel nowadays."—Washington Star. Looks That Way.—"Who won the war?" asked the bright young goof behind the soda-counter.
"Huh," ejaculated the ex-sergeant gruffly as he dug up the war-tax. "I think we bought it."—The American Legion Weekly

Gloomy Suspleion.—'The train pulled out before you had finished your speech."
"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum.
"As I heard the shouts of the crowd fading in the distance I couldn't be sure whether they were applauding me or the engineer."—Washington

Legion Weekly.

Comprest Motion. "What was he inched for?"

"Oh! ay, it's a' that, but it's no' a

A Real Authority.-Little Nelly told little Anita what she terms "only a suit-gilets. Anita.—"A fib is the same as a sleeves."

A white knitted silk cape is edged principally at the sides.

Fashions and Fads.

Most of the fall models show long Chenile motifs are a unique tri ming idea.

The French use fancy fabrics i

One fall suit of black veldyne. Printed foulard turbans are in fa

Early Fall blouses will feat brushed wool trimming.

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frock of Canton crepe.



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