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THE poisons of constipation affect more distinctively and harmful changes in the body than perhaps any other cause. Keep your system free of these poisons by thorough, daily movements.

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along and out of the system.

It is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. Try it.

"Regular as Clockwork"



"Nujol Booklet—'Thirty Feet of Danger.' Constipation-auto-intoxication in adults—will be mailed gratis on application to sole agent for Newfoundland."  
J. B. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland

## THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

CHAPTER XXXVII

"I hope you'll have a good time," she said cheerily. "Have you got anything to read?"

"I shan't want anything—I'm not in reading mood."

Micky was urging to ask about Esther, but pride prevented him.

The guard was blowing his whistle; doors were slamming; June gripped Micky's hand.

"Be a good boy, and have a good time," she said. There was a furious excitement in her eyes.

He made a grimace.

"I'm not expecting to have a good time," he answered.

The train was slowly moving; June made a few steps to keep up with it. Micky blurted out his question at last.

"Miss Shepstone . . . Esther . . . is she all right, June?"

June smiled.

"Oh, she's first rate," she said airily. "She's gone away for a holiday. . . . Good-bye." She fell back laughing and waving her hand.

Micky kept his head out of the window till a cloud of smoke from the engine blown backwards shut out all sight of her, then he drew in, dragging the window up with a slam.

"Well—it was nothing to him. He turned round to go back to his seat in the corner then stopping dead, staring as if he had seen a ghost; for Esther was sitting there, just behind him, looking up at him with scared eyes.

"For a moment Micky did not move; he was like a man turned to stone. Then the blood rushed to his face in a crimson tide; he broke out into stammering speech.

"You . . . you . . . what . . . what . . . I thought . . . He waved forward a little and caught her hands.

"You are real—I thought . . . I thought I was just imagining it all; I thought . . . Oh, what a moment . . ." He sat down and leaned his head in his hands.

"He felt sure that he must be mad or dreaming—the world had turned upside down and pitched his thoughts fifty chasms; he was sure that when next he looked Esther would no longer be there—he dreaded having to raise his eyes.

"Esther stretched a timid hand to him; her voice shook as she said—

"Oh, I thought . . . I thought perhaps you'd be glad to see me—just . . . just a little—glad . . ."

"Glad!" Micky echoed the word with

almost a shout. He got up and went over to her; he looked down at her with an agony of doubt and fear in his eyes.

"Why have you come?" he asked hoarsely. "If this is only a joke—if it's any nonsense of June's . . . by God, it's the cruellest joke you could have played on me . . ."

Esther covered her face with her hands.

"If that's all you've got to say to me," she began tremblingly.

"Esther . . ."

He drew her hands down; he forced her to look at him; for a long moment his eyes searched her face disbelievingly, not daring to hope . . .

Her cheeks flamed, but she met his eyes bravely.

Micky drew a long breath; he passed a hand across his eyes as if to wake himself.

"Then all at once he seemed to realize that this was in very truth the woman he wanted, sitting beside him; that she was here, and for his sake, that he was alone and unhappy no longer; and that after all the weeks of hunger and restlessness he had got his heart's desire.

He looked down at her tremulous face with eyes of passionate tenderness.

"Is this my wife?" he asked hoarsely, and Esther answered—

"If you still want me."

"Want you?" Micky caught her to him. "Haven't I always wanted you?"

Fortunately the train was not very full, and the corridor immediately outside their carriage was deserted, or somebody might have had a very interesting demonstration of how to kiss a woman who had refused for months to be kissed.

Micky was like a boy in his happiness. He looked years younger than the gloomy man who had dismissed Driver ten minutes since. He could not take his eyes from Esther—he could not believe in his own happiness even while he was engulfed in it. His arm was round her regardless of chance wanderers in the corridor—he held her hand to his lips and kissed it passionately.

"What have you done with . . . that other ring you used to wear?" he asked jealously.

She turned her face away.

"I threw it out of the window when we came back from Paris," she told him.

"I'll give you another. I'm going to give you everything you want now."

"You've been too good to me already," she said. "I can never repay you."

"You've given me yourself. There is nothing else in the world that I want." He laughed happily.

He bent his head towards her.

"Esther . . . when did you . . ."

when did you first . . . think that you loved me . . . just a little?"

Her head drooped; he could not see her face.

"I don't know," she said in a whisper.

"In Paris," he urged, "or before? Tell me."

"I think it was in Paris—after . . . after I saw . . . Raymond! You were so kind . . . so different."

He laughed ruefully.

"I was never hating you then than ever in my life."

He saw the colour creep into her face. "You've told me ever so many times that you hated me," he went on quickly, "but you've never told me that you . . . loved me, Esther!"

He waited, but she did not look at him.

Then suddenly she took his hand in both of hers; she bent her head and kissed it with a sort of passionate gratitude that brought a mist to Micky's eyes. He seemed to see her all at once as he had first seen her that New Year's Eve; alone, unhappy—with nobody to care what she did, or what became of her.

"You're so much, much too good for me," she said brokenly. "You've done everything for me, and I've done nothing for you—I haven't even been . . . almost I can't tell you what I feel about it all—I only know that—just lately—you've— you've made everything seem so different—since you wrote me that letter—it makes me feel in my heart that it's always really been you—always you, and never . . . never any one else . . ."

"Darling," said Micky huskily. "And perhaps—some day—do you . . . do you . . . think . . . you could ever care for me more than . . . than you cared for . . . that other fellow, confounded Alvin?" he added fiercely.

She looked up at him and smiled.

"I think," she said, slowly, "that I only . . . only really began to care for him—when he went away—and when those letters began to come; and so you see—it was always you, because it was you who wrote them."

(To be continued.)

## Mrs. A. Crawford Tells How Cuticura Healed Little Girl

"My little girl's trouble started with small pimples on the back of her head and they spread down her back. The pimples were hard and red and they itched and burned terribly. She scratched and scratched and then she later developed into sore eruptions. Her hair fell out and became thin and dry, and scales fell off on her clothing."

"I used a free sample of Cuticura and the pimples continued to dry up. I bought more and when I had used one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment she was healed. (Signed) Mrs. A. Crawford, 43 Parker St., Bangor, Maine, Jan. 22, 1920."

For every purpose of the toilet and bath, Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Tablets are wonderfully good.

See the famous Dr. J. C. Jackson, Sold throughout the world, at all drug stores, 124 N. Paul St., W. Montreal. Cuticura Soap always without cost.

## Boston Society People

Use Home-Made Brew at Social Affairs.

Boston, April 29.—A still, operating full blast, was found in the fashionable Back Bay section to-day. Prohibition enforcement officers, arresting the still, arrested Louis Agassiz Shaw, a clubman socially prominent and an assistant in applied physiology at the Harvard Medical School. Arraigned before a Federal Commission on a charge of illegally manufacturing intoxicants, Shaw pleaded not guilty and was released in \$500 bond.

The Federal agents, who made the arrest, in a statement regarding their raid at the Shaw residence at 8 Marlborough street, quoted Shaw as saying that there were others in that district who were producing their own stock of liquor from stills operated in their houses, and that there was rivalry among them to see which could turn out the most successful product.

The liquor was sampled at social affairs, according to the agents. They said that after they found the still in a room close to Shaw's ballroom he told them that he had had friends in from time to time to test out his stuff and that in turn he had tried out the products of others in gathering at their homes. "All the boys have stills," he was quoted as saying.

The still they reported finding there was described as one of the finest that has yet come to light here, capable of producing ten gallons of high-proof whiskey in 24 hours. It was in operation at the time they reported. Nearby was a stock of five gallons of its alleged product and a quantity of mash.

## A Scotch Mist.

Why should a drizzly mist be "Scotch" any more than it should be "Irish" or "English"? These compounds of heavy mist and dreary drizzle certainly occur in Erin's Isle as well as in our own country. Yet it is always "Scotch" mist.

The fact is that Scotland has to suffer in reputation because of her hilly nature, for it is the presence of these uplands that are responsible for so many thick mists being experienced.

It comes about in this way: Scotland lies fairly in the track of wet weather systems travelling from some westerly to some easterly point. These systems—cyclones or depressions—being a vast quantity of low-lying clouds, whose lower edges trail along only a few hundred feet above sea-level.

Now the northern part of Scotland particularly has a very extensive area elevated several hundred feet above sea-level, and of course, when the frequent great rain-clouds are travelling across the country, they actually touch the surface of this elevated area, and when they do there is a Scotch mist.

Hence, a Scotch mist is a rain-cloud trailing its watery, clinging mass along the ground. Clouds may be very beautiful objects to gaze upon from a distance, but they are depressing and uncomfortable things to be enveloped in.

# Only The NEW EDISON Gives You!



Free—Portrait of Mr. Edison

Franklin Booth, who has made famous portraits of Lincoln and Roosevelt, has just completed a fine etching of Mr. Edison as he looks today. We will be glad to give you a proof, done on offset paper, suitable for framing, size 12x18. This proof bears a fine etching of Mr. Edison. Come in and ask for it.

The New Edison is the only phonograph that RE-CREATES singing or playing so perfectly that the RE-CREATION cannot be distinguished from the original performance.

It plays needle records better than the talking machines. It also gives you the ultimate achievement in sound reproduction—the RE-CREATION of music from Edison RE-CREATIONS.

The New Edison is the only phonograph with all models made in pure period designs—it adds a real furniture treasure to your home. Ask us for our book, "Edison and Music."

The New Edison brings to you all the world's good music at its best—the gayest dance music, the loveliest vocal selections, the most stirring instrumental performances, everything!

The New Edison has a perfection of mechanical construction worthy of Thomas A. Edison. "It is built to last a lifetime. No needles to change."

If you love music—your credit is good here. A Gentleman's Agreement is all we ask—pay cash or suit your own convenience. Ask us to explain our easy-pay Budget Plan.

FRED V. CHESMAN,  
Edison Dealer, St. John's.

## THE Lady of the Night

### Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER II. THE HERO.

She crossed the paved way, calling to Ned; but no response came, and she went into the shuppen and the stables in search of him. At last she found him in the barn, lying fast asleep amongst the fragrant hay. He was only a lad, little older than herself, and Nora looked down at him pityingly. He had a very heavy day, a long tramp to Nelsworthy, and back in the driving rain, and he was sleeping as soundly as ever a farm-boy can sleep. She had not the heart to wake him, and she went back to the shuppen to see that the cows were all right.

They were all there but one, a troublesome heifer, of which, probably because she was troublesome, Nora was particularly fond. She saw what had happened: Brindle had strayed as usual, and Ned had intended going in search of her after he had not the other cows in, but had fallen asleep. There was nothing for it but to go after Brindle, and, slipping on an old pair of high boots which she kept in the stable, Nora took Ned's stick and sallied forth. In the clear moonlight she could see every object plainly; the heifer was not in any of the home fields, and she crossed them and went towards the boundary which divided the Ferrands' newly-bought land from that of the Ryalls, calling the heifer as she went; but Brindle did not respond, and was not to be seen.

But presently Nora came to a recently-made gap in the hedge, through which the heifer had evidently forced her way. Nora had the greatest reluctance to trespassing on the Ferrands' land, but she feared that the heifer might do some damage, for the laws and ornamental grounds ran very close to the boundary; she got through the gap, and, not calling now, continued her search, came upon the tiresome creature's tracks, and, to her dismay, saw that they were heading towards the house.

She hesitated a moment or two, then followed up the tracks. They brought her quite near the terrace, and with the sound of the music of a piano and a woman's voice. The big new house and the wide terrace which ran along it gleamed white in the moonlight, and, as Martha had said, the place was blazing with the "new-fangled" electric light. Nora stood and listened. She was passionately fond of music, and though she could not play, often sang to herself in her rich contralto voice. There was a certain fascination in the brilliant scenes made by the big white house and its shining windows, and Nora, forgetting Brindle for a moment, half-unconsciously drew a little nearer. Then she stopped suddenly, for she saw a figure sitting on the coping of the terrace.

It was a young man, a lad, sitting, with his chin in his hand, his head bent, his eyes not fixed on the house, but on the ground. His attitude was a moody and a melancholy one, and Nora wondered who he was. At first she had thought that he was one of the guests;

but she saw that he was not only not in evening dress, but in rough riding cords. She was half-inclined to think that he might be one of the grooms or stablemen; but she knew that a servant would not venture to be setting there; and there was something about him that placed him in her mind above a groom or a stable-boy.

She drew back into the shadow of some laurels, hoping that he would go away; for, if she followed the tracks, she would have to pass rather near him. As she waited impatiently one of the tall French windows was thrown open, and some ladies and gentlemen came out; they were laughing and talking; one of the ladies, probably she who had been singing, was humming the song which had just been sung. Nora looked at the group with interest and curiosity—some of the women were beautiful; all were richly dressed—and Nora caught the glitter of diamonds as the wearers moved about the terrace or leant over the rail. But there was no envy in her regard. Strangely enough, she coveted neither the handsome frocks nor the glittering jewels; and there was no jealousy of the wearers' beauty.

If the truth must be told, Nora had something of contempt for what, in her own mind, she called a fine lady; it is true she had only seen a few of them, and those only at a distance; but she had formed her own conclusions: fine ladies could do nothing but wear beautiful gowns, which wobbled about their legs and impeded their movements. There were times when Nora despised herself for being a girl; and often and often she had wished with a great longing that she had been made a boy. Boys wore no stupid clothes, such as frocks and petticoats; they could go where they liked, do what they liked, without remark. It seemed to Nora that this world of ours was made for men, and that women were not an after-thought, but a superfluity. She could get on very well with men, old or young; all her little troubles arose in contact with members of her own sex.

At that moment she wished with all her heart that she was a boy instead of a girl; for if she had had the luck to be a boy she would have marched past them all, and if any one asked questions she would have answered sturdily, as a boy should. "I've come after my cow." But, being a girl, she shrank from the notice of these grand people, their surprise at her appearance, and their scornful smiles. She was so near the terrace that she could distinguish the faces of those upon it quite plainly; and she was struck by the appearance of the young girl who was leaning against the rail, with a cigarette between her lips, as she talked to a man standing beside her.

(To be continued.)

## Hard Thinking Good for Long Life.

Nothing reacts so favourably upon the various functions of the body as strong, vigorous, mental exercise. Nothing else will take the place of clear, forcible thinking. It is a perpetual tonic. It is well known that great thinkers are long lived, as a rule, than indifferent thinkers.

A celebrated English physician says that to attain a long life, the brain must always be active when not asleep, and he lays great stress upon the necessity of everybody having a hobby outside of the vocation which gives him a living. This hobby must be one in which he takes real delight, one which will exercise pleasantly and agreeably, without unduly taxing his mental faculties.

Nothing will destroy itself quicker than an idle brain. If there is anybody in the world to be pitied, it is the one who thinks he has nothing to do, no motive to impel him out of himself, no ambition which will exercise his brain, or his ingenuity, and call out his resourcefulness or exercise his energies.

## Cuticura Soap

IS IDEAL For the Hands

Immodest Attire.

(From the Quebec Telegraph.)

To the warnings uttered by the clergy of every denomination, from Cardinals and Bishops down, against the demoralizing tendency of the immodest fashions of the present day in feminine attire, are now heard words of wisdom from the Bench. One of the leading American authorities, Judge Arthur Tuttle of Detroit, has just declared that "American morals—the future of our race—are speeding toward destruction, because of a growing delinquency among the country's school, tolerated, yes, fostered, by unsympathetic and careless mothers and fathers. Modern clothes spell ruin for the young women of today; fashionable immodesty is the greatest menace to our national life; a disappearing institution—the family sacred—must be revived to save the American girl in her ideal form. As a nation we are losing our home life."

BUY NOW—but buy NEW. FOUNDLAND-made goods—m3.61

## The Pin Industry.

Judging by the stupendous number of pins and hairpins manufactured in the United States every year, the task of the fair sex in keeping up their "crowning glory" and pinning their clothing together must be something astonishing.

Also, according to the number of needles manufactured each year, the American sewing must be some job.

Four billion of toilet pins are produced annually.

The yearly crop of metal hairpins is 1,250,000,000.

The value of this pin and needle crop is \$13,000,000 at the factories.

There are 49 factories engaged in the making of these articles; the total capitalization being \$9,424,000.

Back in 1859 there were only four

pin factories in North America. They had a combined capital of \$164,000. It will thus be seen that the growth of this industry has been tremendous.

Thorns and fish bones were used as a means of fastening clothing long before the discovery of pins and needles and thread. Among the remains of the lake dwellers of Central Europe have been found a great number of pins—some of bone, others of bronze. Some of them are quite long, having ornamental heads, while others are very crude. Some have double stems and a few have been found that were made exactly like the safety pins of to-day. Among Egyptian and Greek ruins have found many specimens of artistically made pins. Ancient Roman bronze pins and hairpins, with fancy heads, have been found at Pompeii—Montreal Gazette.

## REGAL

FREE RUNNING Table Salt

Runs freely let the Weather be wet or dry



THE HARMFUL LITTLE SPOON LETS THE SALT RUN FREE

## CORNS

Lift Off with Fingers



Don't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freesone" on an itching corn. Instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freesone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without soreness or irritation.

Minard's Lignum Lumberman's Friend.

## Car Marvels.

"A car you can put in your pocket," admirably describes an automobile now being put on the market by a London firm. It weighs but 115 lb., its petrol consumption is extraordinarily low, as also its price. One reason for the lightness is that the chassis is made of plywood, as used in the construction of aeroplanes, where every ounce counts.

For this car it is claimed it may be carried on the owner's back without fatigue; it can be stored in the hall at home without inconvenience; and it can even run over an intertidal footpassage without the least injury.

Major engineers on the Continent are devoting their attention to another tiny roadster, called "a little basket on wheels." Square in design, and four-wheeled, it is driven by two electric batteries. A large dog-kennel will suffice for garage, and when one

## Have You Tried "SALADA" TEA (BROWN LABEL)

Your Grocer sells it for 55c per pound.

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