

Watch One Corn end in this way—then decide

Learn now the right way to end corns.
Apply Blue-jay—the liquid or the plaster—to one corn. Mark how the pain stops. Watch the corn, in a little while, loosen and come out. Stop paring corns—it is dangerous. Put aside the old, harsh treatments. Try this new way once. Blue-jay is the scientific

Plaster or Liquid Blue-jay

The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER & BLACK Limited TORONTO CANADA
Makers of B & B Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

the distance was between them. Nora felt the blood rise to her face, and her heart gave a quick little jump of pleasure.

One evening she heard the roll of wheels, and knew that a carriage was coming up the valley. She thought it was one belonging to the Hill, and she was startled when one of the Nelworthy files, turned in at the gate. She thought it was some visitors, and she was still more startled when she saw her father's face at the open window, for Mr. Ryall's return was always attended by as much fuss as his departure, and he had not written to say that he was coming back—had not, indeed, written to her at all.

She ran down the stairs, calling out joyfully, "Father! father! here!" and hoping, as she made the announcement, that there was something in the house for his dinner; for in Mr. Ryall's absence Nora indulged in that favourite feminine meal which is known as a "high tea," and consists principally of boiled eggs, bread and butter, and jam.

She ran through the hall and down the steps to open the door for him and greet him; but she stopped suddenly and stood as if transfixed, gazing in amazement; for Mr. Ryall had got out of the carriage, with unusual alacrity, and was assisting a lady to alight. Nora, her mouth open, and her eyes like saucers, stared at this lady. She was not young, though she affected more than the airs and graces of youth; she was rather good-looking in a staid style, with a mass of reddish-coloured hair, dark eyebrows, and a striking complexion. But there was something strange about the hair, eyebrows, and complexion. Even at that first moment it seemed to Nora that they were not real.

The lady looked not only as if she were tired of the long journey, but as if she were not in a particularly good temper; and as she stepped from the carriage she threw a somewhat contemptuous and disappointed glance at the house and its surroundings. Mr. Ryall himself appeared to be embarrassed, and his smile was one of feeble apology and timorous anxiety, fully commingled. He wore a new light suit and lavender gloves, and before Nora could get over her astonishment at his appearance and the presence of his companion, he led the lady up the steps with an air of juvenile jauntness, and said in a voice that shook a little, for all his audacity.

"Well, here we are, Nora! Taken you by surprise, eh?—This is my little girl, Amelia. Nora was about to throw her arms round her father's neck and kiss him as usual, but at this astounding familiar address to a perfect stranger, she stopped short and regarded the lady with an expression which was a comprehensive interrogation. The lady drew her thin lips into a wintry smile, and nodded half-triumphantly, half-defiantly, at the amazed girl.

"I am your stepmother, my dear," she said in a voice which, to Nora's acute ears, sounded as unreal as anything she had ever heard. "You look surprised; and so you are, of course." She giggled as Nora had never before heard any one giggle, and wagged her head with an affection of archness. "Reginald and I thought it best to keep our marriage a secret. I do so hate a fuss! We thought we would just drop in on you unawares, and so avoid explanations. Explanations are so tiresome, aren't they? Well, aren't you going to speak to me, to say that you are glad to see me?" she asked, her natural colour rising, her smile still more obviously forced, and an unpleasant little glitter coming into the greenish-brown eyes.

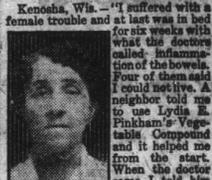
Nora swallowed down a lump in her throat, resolutely drove back the tears that had threatened to start to her eyes, and, holding out her hand, said very quietly.

"How do you do?"
"Oh, come, that's not the way to welcome your stepmother," remonstrated the lady, with a would-be winning air. "You must give me a kiss, my dear." She bent forward, and though, if her life depended on it, Nora could not have avoided shrinking back, the new Mrs. Ryall succeeded in bestowing a kiss—and a dash of powder—on the tip of Nora's nose.

"That's better," she said—Nora thought it was, indeed, better—she shall be your friend, I see. Oh, yes, we shall be like sisters; you must not treat me like a stepmother, of course, you would not be able to. I am, you young, you see," and she sighed and looked at the happy bridegroom, who, by the way, was not looking particularly happy at that moment, and then yawned behind a cheap, badly-fitting glove. "I am so tired! It was such a dreadful journey, I really thought it never was coming to an end."

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word from Nora—"Father"—arrested him, and he wavered in the library. Nora stood by the fireplace and looked at him, but said nothing. The silence would have been unendurable even by a stronger man than Reginald Ryall, and he was compelled to break it. Flushing and paling by turns, his light blue eyes furtively looking her face, and then as furtively averting, his loose lips twisted into an apologetic smile, his foot shuffling and his hand fidgeting with his chin, he said—

"Perhaps after all it was, rather foolish to take you by surprise, Nora; but as Amelia said, we did it for the best. The fact is, I thought you might—er—cut up a bit—though if I told you I was going to be married again—you see, you have been mistress here so long, that I daresay it never occurred to you that your father was still young; and that he might some day"—he emitted a foolish laugh—"lose his heart. You might have cut up rough and tried to dissuade me—not that it would have made any difference," he put it drawing himself up with a pitiful show of courage and determination, "because, as you know, when I put my foot down, well—er—I put my foot down. But there! We have got over the business; and I hope, as Amelia says, that you will soon grow fond of one another. She's as amiable and charming as she is beautiful; nobody could help loving her; and I am sure—"

Nora broke in upon the feeble drivel; not violently, not even reproachfully, though her heart was aching as if it would break.

"Where did you meet? Who is she? How did you—?" she asked almost chokingly.

He coughed nervously, and kicked at a piece of coal with the toe of his new boots.

"Where did I meet? Well, the fact of it is, Amelia is—er—quite a famous lady." He smiled and nodded with an affection of pride. "She is, or rather, I should say, she was, a celebrated actress. On the music-hall stage—only the high-class music-hall of course."

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THE Lady of the Night OR Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER III.
THE BOUNDER.
"I were you I should tell your father when you get home to have a notice board put up," he said presently. "You don't want to have all sorts of people trespassing on the land and the river; some more of them may come down from the Hill."
"My father is not at home," said Nora. "Besides, what would be the use of a notice board? We haven't a keeper; we can't afford one. We are very poor."
He glanced round the starved lands, and then down at her with a sympathy that was very tender and gentle in such a big young fellow.
"I wish—" he began shyly, then stopped. "I wish I were your brother or your poor relation instead of Sir Joseph's. I could help you with this," he jerked his head towards the meadow.
Nora looked up at him and laughed; then she said, rather wistfully, "I have never had a brother. Yes, it would be nice; but you see, you are not my brother, and you are not rich enough to afford poor relations."
"All the same," he said, "I'll keep a look-out on the river, and I'll take precious good care Mr. Selwyn does not bother you again."
"I don't think he will," said Nora, "but mind," imperiously, "you have promised not to speak to him, quarrel with him."
"That's all right," he said simply. "I always keep a promise. I suppose you think I should be hurt?"
"Perhaps I do."
He laughed, and they began to talk of other things—that is to say, Nora led him on to talk, and listened with a deep interest which she concealed under an air of polite attention. She learnt that he lived an almost solitary life, and judged that he was too proud to consort with the servants of the Hall, and that a greater pride caused him to avoid Sir Joseph's family and

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