

GEORGE NEAL Box 313 St. John

THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success CHAPTER VI. MISS FLORENCE AT WORK. Florence had a suspicion that the young man Eliot Graham was other than he seemed, and that he was playing an unconscious part in some eme of Sir Joseph's: the young fellow was evidently a gentleman, yet he occupied the position of a servant. She was not an impressionable girl where the other sex was concerned. for she had long since told herself that she could not afford to be; but she was conscious that Eliot Graham ful face. had made an impression on her. That he-should have done so was logical enough. He was a man, every inch of him: the gravity of his manner, the frankness of his speech, in vivid contrast to the finicking ways, the affected languid drawl of the young men in whose society she moved, impressed her deeply. Had he been a young countenance. fellow of wealth and position; she would have laid herself out to win him; for he was just the kind of man to whom such a girl as Florence Bartley would have surrendered body and gle," replied Eliot. youl. "One must love the highest,"

and she knew that he was the best that had yet crossed her path.

gradually lost himself, and forgot the ady he was ciceroning. Miss Florence expressed the greatest interest, and now and then got into so newhat danity with some of the Once she approached too near neels of an equine lady who was in the habit of res as the mare let out, Ellot caught Miss ence bodily, and whisked her out of the reach of harm as if she were a bundle of straw. "Oh, thank you!" she exclaimed

with a little catch of her breath, and a dash of colour in her London com "How strong you are! If ever had the ill-luck to offend you," should apologise before you had time to strike. I am awfully obliged to you for taking so much . trouble in showing me your horses. They seem very fond of you," .she added, as a shortempered mare nuzzled her soft mouth

against Eliot's waistcoat. "You. are ated the woeful-looking Selwyn. widently very kind to them. But Miss Florence glanced from one trong men are always kind and genthe other, from the stalwart youn le, aren't they?" man, cool as a cucumber, to the nar

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"Are they?" said Ellot, unmoved row-chested Selwyn, who was fuming the outrageous flattery. with impatience and irritation. She

"I must come and see them again," longed to see the fun brought to a said Miss Florence. She still felt the climax, but her sharp ears had caught pressure of the strong arm, and she the sound of footsteps coming through looked at him with a lingering side the brake behind them. It did not suit lance which is one of woman's most her to be caught in the present situaffective weapons. and she took up the reins, say "I shall be very pleased to ing them to you at any time," said Eliot,

"Can I give you a lift home, Mr quite unconscious of the glance; and Selwyn? yet half such a glance from Nora But Selwyn Ferrand's self-consci ould have made his boyish heart

ousness shrank from the prospect of driving up to the Hall, in his present They were returning to the jingle condition in Miss Bartley's ironic when a pitiable object came in sight. company. It, was Mr. Selwyn Ferrand, coming "Thanks, no," he drawled, "I think home by a back way. He looked a dewould rather walk; I might take a plorable specimen; for it must be adchill. nitted that even the most presentable

of men must appear to disadvantage might divide between them, she drove when he is wet from foot to crown, off, and the two men were left conand his drenched clothes are sticking fronting one another. to him like the shirt of Nessus. Miss "Look here;" said Ferrand, with an Florence's lips twitched, her expresair of hauteur which was sadly insive eyelids quivered, and a smile of congruous with his dilapidated condiderisive enjoyment lit up her beautition. "I don't know who you are or

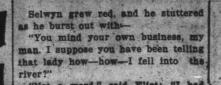
"Why, Mr. Ferrand!" she exclaimed "I know," he said suddenly; "I have you are one of our-my father's-servants? fallen into the water-after a big Eliot nodded. "That's right enough." trout. It's of no consequence." he said; "I am Sir Joseph's servant." He had heen staring at her with a "Well, you are behaving very badself-conscious terror, of ridicule; but ly," said Selwyn-Miss Florence's now his light eyes wandered to Eliot, smile was still rankling, and Mr. Fer who stood with a perfectly grave rand was growing warm, notwith

standing his wet clothing. "You seen "What are you doing here?" he de to me to be an impudent fellow, and manded blusteringly. one who requires to be taught his "I am putting this lady into the jinplace."

"I don't think so," said Eliot, "I will do it," said Mr. Ferrand; his slow, good-tempered smile; "I "and you may go about your business," know mine right enough, and it isn't whatever it is." at the bottom of the river. If I were Filiot led her to the stables, and, in . Eliot, as if he had not heard the or- you, I should go home as quickly as a business-like way, conducted her der, helped Miss Bartley into the possible and change; rather a keen

from stall to stall, showing her the diminutive vehicle, handed her, the wind blowing this evening, and you mares and their foals; and, of course, whip, and closed the door; doing it might catch cold."





word," said Elliot: "I had dean forgotten you." "Well, I'll give you cause to remen Salt of Enviable ber me," spluttered Selwyn.

"What, now?" responded Eliot, with seerful alacrity. Then his face fell, for he remembered his promise to Nora. And yet what a world of good a sound hiding would do the fellow! Selwyn shrunk back a' little a Eliot's tone, and he made haste to 'explain that his intentions were no ugilistic "I shall speak to Sir Joseph my father," he said; "it is quite evident that he does not know the kind of man you are, or he would not keep you about the place, You. will find yourself discharged to-morrow

Eliot shrugged his shoulders. "I an not so sure of that," he said, in a reflective way which maddened Selwyn "I don't know much about Sir Joseph but I fancy he knows when he has go a good servant; at any rate, he is not the kind of man to discharge one

without sufficient reason.' "Oh, you think so, do you?" said Selwyn, with something like a snarl. "Then you can take your discharge from me."

"I should prefer it from Sir. Joseph, remarked Eliot, as if he were saying that he would prefer a fine day. At this moment the footsteps drew nearer, but both men were so much engrossed that neither of them heard

"You insolent scoundrel!" cried Selwyn, and he was so carried beyond himself by the imperturbability of his With a nod and a smile, which they opponent that he was unwise enough to advance a step or two and raise his arm.

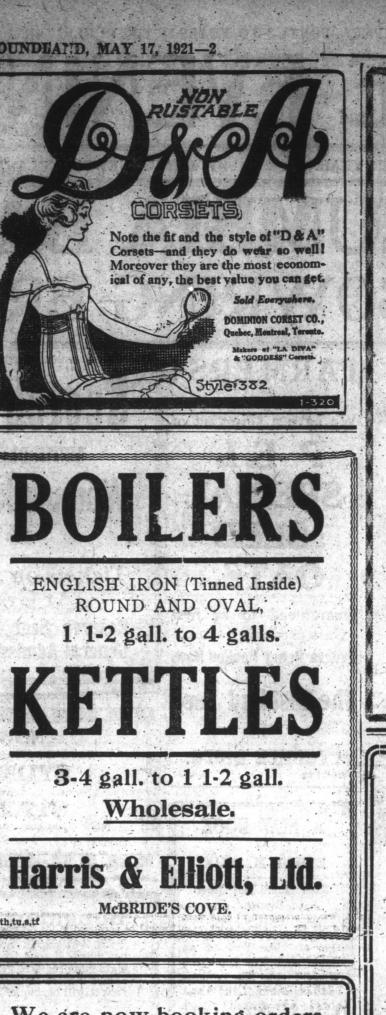
Eliot caught it in his left hand which closed like a grip of steel. His right hand was raised, and it looked for the moment as if Mr. Selwyn's chilled frame were going to be effectuwhat you are, my man; but I suppose ally warmed; but Eliot again remembered his promise, and checked himself. with an inward groan.

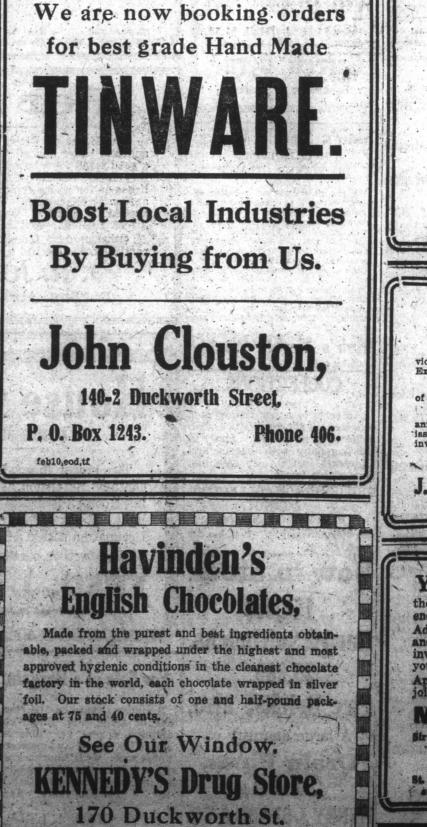
At this psychological moment the god out of the machine appeared. "Hullo!" cried a voice, and Eliot. glancing over his shoulder, saw Sir Joseph's pursy form approaching. "What the devil are you two fellows about?" he demanded. Sir Joseph was a little out of breath, for he had heard the voices raised in anger, and had hurried to the spot with quite unusual speed. He stood, with his hat in his hand, wiping his wet brow, and looking from under his thick eyelids at the two young men. "What is it, Selwyn?"

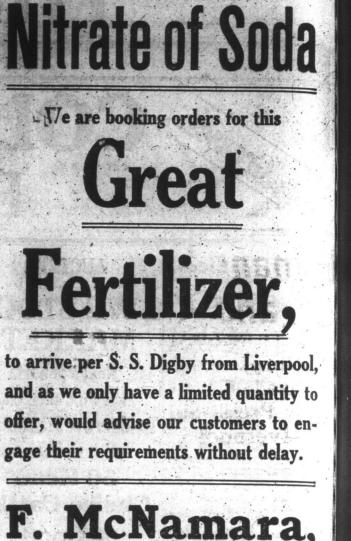
Eliot had released Selwyn's arm, and Selwyn rubbed it unconsciously as he stammered and stuttered-

"This fellow, this man here, has been insolent. He is an impudent beggar; kind of man who ought not to be about the place. I. was-discharging him."

Sir Joseph put on his hat; the hard square one of felt which the City man considers appropriate to wear in the country. His flat, sallow face Was







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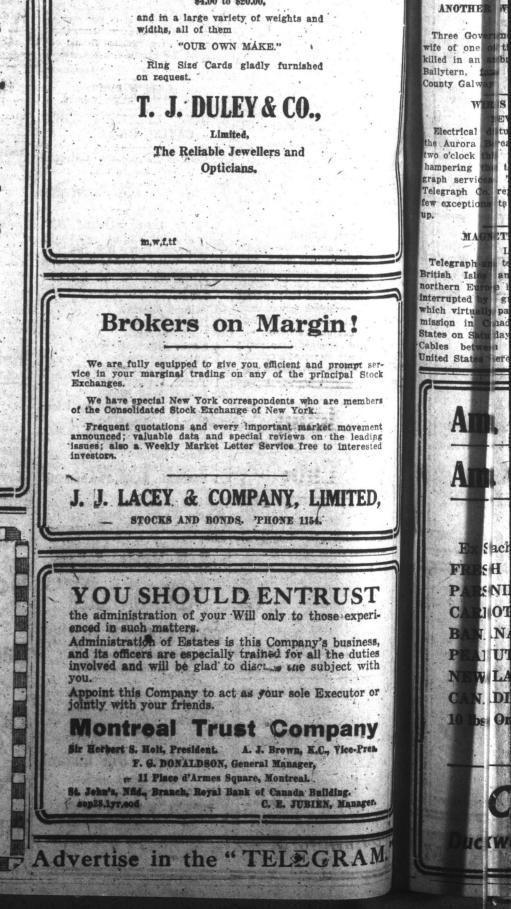


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quite impassive, but his small, beady eyes shot a sharp glance from under their heavy brows. "What has he done?" he asked. "And what have you been doing? You seem

to me to be wet through, drenched to. the skin."

"I am," said Selwyn, biting his lip. n annoyance; "I-I-had an accident -fell into the river. There was a girl " he stopped and bit his lip again. Sir Joseph's lids drooped until they hid his eyes; he took out a gold cigar case, lit a cigar, and drew some preliminary puffs before he said-. "A girl! I see"; he nodded once or twice, and turned the cigar over between his thick lips, as if . he were lubricating before proceeding to swallow it. "The usual game, I suppose, Selwyn? And Eliot here interfered, eh? Yes, and you got the worst of it. What have you got to say, Eliot?" .\_\_\_ "Nothing," replied Eliot succinctly. Sir Joseph shot a glance of reluctant admiration at him. "This man ought to go," blurted out Selwyn.

"I dunno about that," responded Sir Joseph quietly. "I will see, You had better go up to the house and get changed. You go on, and I will catch you up directly."

Few of his dependents were in the habit of disobeying Sir Joseph, and after only a momentary hesitation Selwyn walked away, with as much wyn walked away, with as much dignity as he could command; there was not a great deal of it. . Sir Joseph sucked at his cigar in silence for a moment or two, his face

a sallow mask; presently he raised his eyes and said-

"Pitty you should quarrel with my son, Eliot; you have got a hot temper, I'm afraid. That's a pity-for your sake. A man with a hot temper had better keep it under ice, or he won't get on in the world. You need not pay any attention to what Selwyn said. I am master here, and you will stay un-till I tell you to go. Understand?" Ellot laughed; he had quite recover-ed his habitual good humour by this

"It is not difficult to understand," he said.

"You had better keep out of Se wyn's way," said Sir Joseph. "You wo bloods are better apart." (To be continued)