



**THE Nujol treatment of constipation is endorsed by leading medical authorities throughout the world.**

Nujol will help you obtain regular bowel movements. It works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to pass the food waste along and out of the system.

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## For Constipation

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Nujol Booklet, "Thirty Feet of Danger." (Constipation-auto-intoxication) is available in booklet form on application to sole agent for Newfoundland.

J. B. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland.

### THE Lady of the Night

—OR—  
Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER VIII.  
THE BLOW.

The spell was broken by the faint sound of wheels on the dusty road. Starting, she drew herself from his embrace, and looking at him and then around her, as if she had suddenly awakened from a dream, suddenly realized the import of what she had done, she went quickly to the gate saying, with a catch in her voice, as if she were breathless:

"I must go. Yes, yes, don't stop me. I want to go." She stretched out her hand as if to ward him off, and he stood, as deeply moved as she herself, and let her go.

Nora hurried home, walking fast as if to escape the thoughts, the sensations that flooded upon her. She tied up to her room and bathed her face; it seemed to be burning, especially the lips which his had touched. Presently there rose from the dining-room below the sound of Mrs. Ryall's voice. It was strident and hysterical with rage, and suddenly Nora heard her own name. She heard her father's voice raised in nervous excitement, calling to her from the hall. She paused a moment as if to get breath and possession of herself; then she went down.

Her father was pacing up and down the hall, his face flushed, his loose lips working.

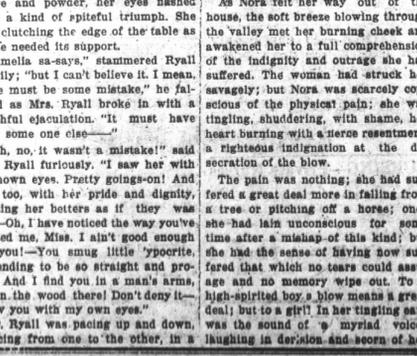
"I want you, Nora!" he exclaimed. "I want to speak to you, Amelia says."

Nora followed him into the room. Mrs. Ryall was standing by the table; her face was crimson, through its rouge and powder, her eyes flashed with a kind of spiteful triumph. She was clutching the edge of the table as if she needed its support.

"Amelia says—," stammered Ryall angrily; "but I can't believe it. I mean, there must be some mistake, he faltered as Mrs. Ryall broke in with a wrathful ejaculation. "It must have been some one else—"

"Oh, no, it wasn't a mistake!" said Mrs. Ryall furiously. "I saw her with my own eyes. Pretty goings-on! And her, too, with her pride and dignity, treating her betters as if they were dirt—Oh, I have noticed the way you've treated me, Mrs. I ain't good enough for you!—You smug little hypocrite, pretending to be so straight and proper! And I find you in a man's arms, out in the wood there! Don't deny it—I saw you with my own eyes."

Mr. Ryall was pacing up and down, glancing from one to the other, in a



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humiliation. It was as if she had been trampled by the mud, her very face and form so obliterated that she could not recognize them. At that moment it was not the vulgar, vicious woman whom she loathed, but herself; the stain of the blow seemed to be creeping over her like some horrible fungus.

She looked back at the house and shuddered with repulsion; it had been the scene of her shame. She thought of her father with something of repulsion also; for he had been a witness of the indignity, and had neither protected nor avenged her—the father whom she had loved, whom she had protected, for whom she had toiled and slaved. To go back to the house was impossible; Nora was not the girl to creep to her room and sob herself into a consoling sleep, to come down the next morning with the mark of Mrs. Ryall's fingers across her cheek.

The Grange was her home no longer; Mrs. Ryall had driven her from it, and her father had stood by without a word of protest. Her one desire was to put as many miles between the old house and herself as possible. She tried to think, to form some plan; but plans are difficult to make when there are no bases to go upon, and Nora, starting out into the night with eyes that burnt almost as fiercely as her cheek, did not know what to do nor where to go.

Presently she heard her father's voice calling to her in a nervous, guarded tone. She shrank, as if from a second blow; her mental attitude towards him had changed; she would still have laid down her life for him, but she could not bear that his eyes should rest on the mark of the blow which he had permitted. She drew back into the shadows, and waited; Mrs. Ryall shrieked his name hysterically, and Nora heard him go back to the house. When his footsteps had died away she stole into the passage, took her old roll-case from its hook, drew it round her, drawing the hood over the scarlet stain on her cheek, and went rapidly across the meadows, avoiding the avenue and keeping amongst the trees, with the vague intention of reaching the high-road in such a way that she could not be seen or traced.

To do so she must cross the Ferrard grounds. She paused a moment, then went on; there was a small plantation of firs between the Hall grounds and the road, and she felt assured that she would not be seen. The night was warm, feverish in her veins, and she threw back the hood of the cape unconsciously; she heard a heavy footstep through the plantation, and reached the fence, which she could easily

climb, when she heard voices near her, and saw two men pacing slowly on the footpath beside the drive. One was Sir Joseph, the other was Mr. Trunton, the lawyer from Nelsworthy, with whom her father had sometimes done business.

Sir Joseph's hands were thrust deep in his pockets, his face like a mask. The other man paced beside him, his head lowered, his eyes glancing from side to side in a fashion which Nora had always disliked. As they approached the tree behind which she was standing, the lawyer stopped, and said cautiously, but not so low that Nora could not hear—

"I may take it, Sir Joseph, that you are quite certain, quite assured, of the facts?"

"You may," said Sir Joseph. "Gilly and Roberts are most responsible people, people of the highest standing; I have never known them to make a mistake. The stuff is there all right, the thing is to get hold of it; and there ought not to be any difficulty about that. I know how the land lies; I know that you, or some silent of yours, it doesn't matter which, holds the mortgage. Now I want to take that mortgage over, and you can help me to do so, that's why I come to you. I always go to work in the most direct way; and, after all, there isn't anything underhand about the business. I'll be very straight with you, put my cards down on the table."

"Yes?" said Mr. Trunton, glancing at him. "I must say I am rather surprised, Sir Joseph, that you should do so."

"Ah, I daresay," assented Sir Joseph slowly. "But you see, I know my world—and the men in it. See here, now! Suppose I had come to you and offered to take over the mortgage with some cock-and-bull story why I wanted it. You, as a business man, would know that I should not want the land in the ordinary way, that I must have something up my sleeves, and you'd grow suspicious, and fret about until you had hit upon the truth."

### Mr. Herbert Osborn Tells How Cuticura Healed His Wife

"My wife began to be troubled with itching and burning of the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet. Later the skin cracked and became swollen, making walking or even standing very painful and preventing sleep at night. I was at a loss to know what to do, and I was unable to bandage both hands and feet."

"She was treated but obtained no relief. She saw an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample. She bought more and after using two boxes of Cuticura Soap and two boxes of Cuticura Ointment she was healed." (Signed) Herbert Osborn, 135 Sherbourne Ave., Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 2, 1919.

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Instead of which, I come and tell you at once, because I am prepared to offer terms. Neither you nor I want the place to get into the open market; we do not want to bid against each other, and so set other people fretting; I am prepared to give you one-third of what I make out of the business, and, if I do not make any mistake, it is more than you'd get in any other way. For the thing wants capital, a big sum of money; and I've got it, and from what I hear—no offence—you haven't."

"That's so," said Mr. Trunton. "Your way is decidedly the best for both of us. We will draw up a little agreement, Sir Joseph."

"That's all right," said Sir Joseph, with unaffected indifference. "My word's always as good as my bond—sometimes better. But you shall put the thing in proper form."

"Have you a plan?" asked Mr. Trunton after a moment or two.

"Yes," said Sir Joseph. "A rough plan, but it's good enough. I brought it out here. I didn't want us to shut ourselves up in the study; and there's no other place in the house, for these blessed people are all over it like rabbits. Come under the trees."

They came almost within a few steps of Nora, and she steadied herself against a tree with one hand, and waited impatiently for them to go again. Sir Joseph took a piece of transfer paper from his pocket, lit a wax match, and held it so that Mr. Trunton could see the paper.

"There you are," he said. "It's only in the rough, but it shows the place plainly enough."

There was silence for a while. Then Trunton said gravely—

"Does it lie only in this spot?"

"Only there," replied Sir Joseph. "It isn't likely to be all over the place, and it isn't I have been all over the land, on the strictest of course, and there are no indications anywhere else. The stuff is there, and there only."

"Then I'm afraid there will be more difficulty than you contemplated, Sir Joseph," said Mr. Trunton firmly.

"Eh, what?" snapped Sir Joseph thickly. "How's that?"

"This part of the land does not come into the mortgage," said Trunton.

"What the devil do you mean?" demanded Sir Joseph. "It's part of the estate."

"In a sense, yes," assented Trunton; "but our mortgage does not cover it."

"Here, no names!" interrupted Sir Joseph.

"Let us say the mortgagee, then. He has no control over this, has not even a life interest. Let me explain. This part of the land where you have made your find was, so to speak, unattached, and the mortgagee settled it on his wife and child. He cannot dispose of it."

Sir Joseph's thick lips twitched with impatience and annoyance.

"Then—we are done," he said, "unless—"

(To be continued)

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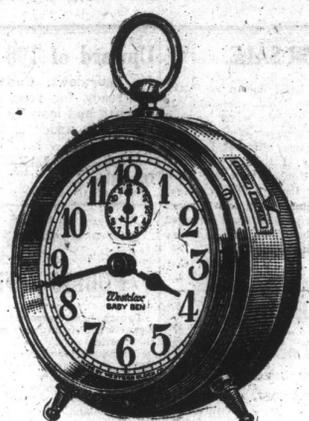
Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Truly!

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 calluses, without soreness or irritation.

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WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.  
Makers of Westclox: Big Ben, Baby Ben, Pocket Ben, Glo-Ben, America, Sleep-Meter, Jack o' Lantern.  
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### An Unusual Suit.

For damages which has been brought against the Quebec Telegraph by Mr. Armand Lavergne, K. C., because of the omission of his name from a report of court proceedings in out of the ordinary. Mr. Lavergne—a prominent figure, by the way, in Quebec politics a few years ago when he was one of Mr. Henri Bourassa's chief lieutenants when Sir Robert Borden and the Nationalist leader formed an alliance—appeared recently as the lawyer for a man charged with a serious crime. The case was hard fought and, on a conviction being entered, Mr. Lavergne in conducting the case for the accused was Mr. Albert Taschereau, K. C. In reporting the court proceedings the Telegraph mentioned Mr. Taschereau but made no mention whatever of "Mr. Lavergne. The latter gentleman now asks damages from the paper on the ground that the omission of his name was intentional and was done in continuation of a deliberate policy on the part of the paper of ignoring him. The case will be watched with a good deal of interest by newspaper workers and other people. To publish any statements designed or likely to injure any man professionally, is, of course, very serious business, and apt to prove costly for those who do it. But how far does the rule go the other way—what compulsion does a newspaper rest under to see that publicity is given to a professional man's connection with this case or that? It is an interesting question as a subject for argument; but, after all, it is not likely very often to be of much everyday importance, however it may be answered in the Lavergne-Telegraph case. Within certain broad limits newspaper business will continue to be conducted as newspaper owners please.—Sydney Record.

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