

TAKE IT FOR
**CRAMPS—COLIC—
DIARRHOEA**
APPLY IT FOR
**BRUISES—SPRAINS
—SORE THROAT**



**PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The
Home Remedy**

**THE
Lady of the Night**
—OR—
Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XXII.
SIR JOSEPH'S DISCOMFITURE.
He looked straight into Elliot's eyes; then, with a sudden pallor, he said in a low voice, very quietly—
"Are you sure?"
Elliot inclined his head. Sir Joseph stood quite motionless for a moment, gazing straight before him as if he were unconscious of the presence of the other two; the pallor of his face increased, his thick lips twitched, and his heavy, swollen lids concealed the protruding eyes. It was a horrible moment for Elliot; he feared that the man was going to have a stroke. But Sir Joseph turned aside and, by an upraising of the eye-brows, signified to Elliot to follow him.
When they got out of hearing of Stripley, Sir Joseph said in an attorney's expressionless voice, as if it were that of a talking machine—
"She did not sign it?"
"No," said Elliot; "it is a forgery."
Sir Joseph nodded; he seemed scarcely to breathe. "That accursed woman!" he muttered hoarsely, almost inaudibly.
There was silence for a moment; then he turned to Elliot. "I don't deny it. But I swear that I acted in ignorance. I didn't think she was capable of it. It had none enough. She has dishonored me; I see it all now! I admit it; but to you only, here, without witnesses. I shall make a fight for it; and if I'm beaten I'll send that—" he used a dreadful word, "to penal servitude."
He paused, then continued, "How will you like that? You're going to marry Ryall's daughter; how will you like her stepmother to be doing time for a common forgery? Miss Ryall will have to appear as a witness against her father's wife—Bah! The stink of the thing would cling to her, you and all the family for ever and ever. I've been a fool, a fool to trust the woman; but you'll be worse than a fool if you hound me down and ruin me. For it will mean ruin. I'm in difficulties, have been relying on this coup to pull me through. See here, now, Elliot, you're a sensible man. You have got to compromise. I will make terms with you, with your wife. You shall have the Wally Hollow money and estate, and I'll give up half the mine and shall make on the mine. Better accept my terms. Drive me hard, and I'll keep you out of every penny. Think it over. Come up to the Hall to-night. But don't bring that cur with you," he broke off with momentary fury, "or I shall probably kill him!"
With a nod he turned, and went slowly and painfully in the direction of the Hall, where the brilliant party of egotistical capitalists awaited their acknowledged chief.

CHAPTER XXIII.
CYRIL AGAIN.
Some months later, on one of those early spring days which in Devonshire almost rival those of midsummer,

Nora was arranging some primroses in a large bowl. At the table sat Miss Deborah, her eyes dwelling fondly on the slim, graceful figure, clad in a soft afternoon frock—black, because soon after the return of his long-lost daughter, Reginald Ryall had been laid to rest in the little churchyard which stood almost within the shadow of his ancestral home.
Nora's grief had been great, but it had passed, and the face that bent over the flowers was as bright and sunny as that which had been worn by Nora the tom-boy, who used to scamper on her pony's back about the narrow lanes.
There was expectancy as well as joy in her face. She glanced at the grandfather clock, the tick-tick of which she had listened to for so many hours in the past. The voice of the clock was the same as it had always been; but the clock itself was cleaner and rejuvenated; so also was the rest of the room, the house itself; for now two servants reigned in the kitchen, and Jacob had been relegated to the stables; and there were comfort and order instead of the old happy-go-lucky condition and disorder of the past.
"The train is sure to be late," said Miss Deborah wistfully; "it always is."
"Especially when you are waiting for some one," assented Nora.
As the minutes dragged on, her face grew even more wistful than the old one bending over the book; but presently she heard the roll of wheels, ran to the door, and was caught in Elliot's arms. They paused in the hall for a minute or two, naturally enough; then they went into the sitting-room, and Miss Deborah's turn came; and shortly afterwards he was seated between them, as they ministered to him with tea and scones and piled him with eager questions; for Elliot had been absent for many weeks on Nora's business and his own, and had an intensely interesting budget to unroll.
"Better let me tell you everything from the beginning," he said at last laughingly; "you'll understand it easier that way. First, then, let's take Sir Joseph. You'll be pleased to hear that I have settled with him; we have come to terms."
Nora breathed a sigh of relief, and Miss Deborah nodded with satisfaction.
"It was rather a tough business. Sir Joseph is a very clever man; and I am quite sure that if it hadn't been for Stripley I should have got the worst of it; but, thanks to Stripley's assistance, I don't think we've done so badly. First of all, we've got the terms that Sir Joseph offered us in the matter of the mine; he has made over half his interest in it to you, so that you possess a large portion of the Great Byeworthy Copper Mine; which means, Nora, that you are already a wealthy young person and that you will probably be a still more cozy one."
"But your money, the Australian money, Elliot?" she inquired with an eagerness which she had not displayed about her own fortunes.
(To be continued.)
When cake-mixing, sift the soda thoroughly with the flour.
Embroider an arrowhead over that, run in your stocking.

"Flatterers"
—OR—
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER I.
(Continued.)
**"STUARTS" AND ITS MASTER,
SHOWS HOW AN OLD BACHELOR
MAY BECOME A NEW HUSBAND.**
He straightened himself up at that suggestion about Eve, and began to wonder within himself whether fifty-eight could be called exactly "old." He looked at his reflection in a deep-framed concave mirror over the sideboard when he took his fair guest in for refreshment, and flattered himself his diminished figure had a decidedly juvenile air. Mrs. Villiers was charmed with the china, with the spoons, with the room, with everything; and the more she admired his possessions the more she admired her taste. She caught sight of musical paraphernalia through the open door of the library, and must needs inspect his Cremona—"the only instrument on earth worth studying," she declared, admitting quite apologetically that she could not play upon those wretched things, pianos, and sing—a little. "Ah!" turning over a well-used score—"here was that delicious tune of Beethoven's 'How she loved the mott.' And with a voice rich and well-trained she set forth the melody. "But, oh, if Mr. Alwyn would play it! Where were the rest of the quartet? Not all here! Ah! then she couldn't hear it, and she was so sorry!"
But then and there her infatuated host remedied the disappointment.
"If Mrs. Villiers were remaining over Wednesday, and, with Mrs. Morton, would dine with him, he and his fellow-performers would, promptly, do their best to please her." And the following week positively witnessed a state dinner in the fascinating lady's behalf, to the amusement and disgust of the old servants, who saw in it only too clearly the beginning of the end.
And such it was.
Mrs. Villiers, graciousness itself to every individual of the quartet, preserved an attitude of extreme interest through three sonatas, and moved about the stately drawing-room in the intervals, so charmed with every piece of quaint old blunterie, looking herself so bewitching in a long, graciously-sweeping robe of soft dark satin that when she left, and her host returned to the vacant room, it seemed as though she alone, to the extinction of others' presence, had been adorning it; her single absence left it desolate.
It was only a few days after that evening that Stillcote-Upton was electrified by the news that Mr. Alwyn was to be married, and at once.
The widow may have felt that all delays are dangerous, and so prudently avoided any when once her suitor was fairly at her feet. A brother from the south of England appeared upon the scene to attend to the matter of settlements—"for, please don't speak to me about them," begged the lady; "I'm such a baby about business!" but as her relative was quite the reverse, a very handsome arrangement was made for the bride-elect, whose first husband, from his civil service income, had left her but slenderly provided for.
Now twelve thousand pounds were to be hers and her one child's, Leonora Villiers, a little demoiseille of five; the dependent income, six thousand more interest, the mother's solely as an inventory placed with the same trustees as part portion for any future offspring, the interest to be the wife's only till any such came of age. Further fortune for the same would, of course, be provided by will. And these deeds were accomplished, the fair widow had re-

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A Fight With a Leopard.

Two Cheshire soldiers, Sergt. Wm. Grimshaw, of Hyde, and Sergt. Robert L. Hall, of Stalybridge, had a thrilling encounter with a leopard in the East African Jungle on July 5, 1918, which became a life and death struggle with the beast, for Grimshaw sustained severe wounds before the leopard was shot dead by his comrade. The two men went into the bush on a shooting excursion and met the animal. Hall fired but only succeeded in wounding it, and the beast charged them. Both shot it in the chest as it sprang, but leaping by Hall it caught Sergt. Grimshaw and bore him to the ground. Grimshaw tackled the leopard and they rolled about on the ground together, finally falling over a five foot rock. Grimshaw succeeded in getting his arm in the leopard's mouth, and with his legs round its body prevented it from gripping his throat. Being so close together Hall found it very difficult to get a shot in the animal's body, but fired whenever possible, and at the ninth shot the brute rolled over dead. Grimshaw was badly wounded in the right and left arms, and he also lost a bit of his right ear and two teeth. His lower lip and the inside of his mouth was badly torn, while there were numerous severe cuts about his head.

Fashion Plates.
A SIMPLE HOUSE DRESS.



Pattern 3178 supplies this model. It is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 yards of 38 inch material.
Striped seersucker, chambray, gingham, percale, linen, and drill, saten and flannellette could be used for this style. The sleeve may be finished in close fitting wrist length or with cuff at elbow length. Width of skirt at lower edge is 2 yards.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR MOTHER'S GIRL.



Pattern 3620 was used for this style. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. A 10 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 37 inch material. Figured challie, voile, batiste, gingham, linen, pique, pongee and crepe would be attractive for this design.
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Nelson's Ship in Danger.
Attention was drawn some weeks ago at the annual meeting of the Society of Nautical Research, held at the Royal United Service Institution, Whitehall, to the condition of the Victory. The Marquis of Milford Haven stated that the vessel was likely to sink at her moorings. As the Admiralty had no funds with which to preserve her, the Marquis thought that something would have to be done privately. The meeting agreed that estimates should be obtained as to the probable cost of preserving the Victory as a public memorial, and it was suggested that cement or steel casing round the hull might be made.
Jelly bags, pudding cloths and strainer cloths are more easily washed if thrown into warm water immediately after using.