



Nujol
For Constipation

IF you would keep well, avoid constipation. Nujol 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 squeeze the food waste along and out of the system.

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

Nujol
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
For Constipation
The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint

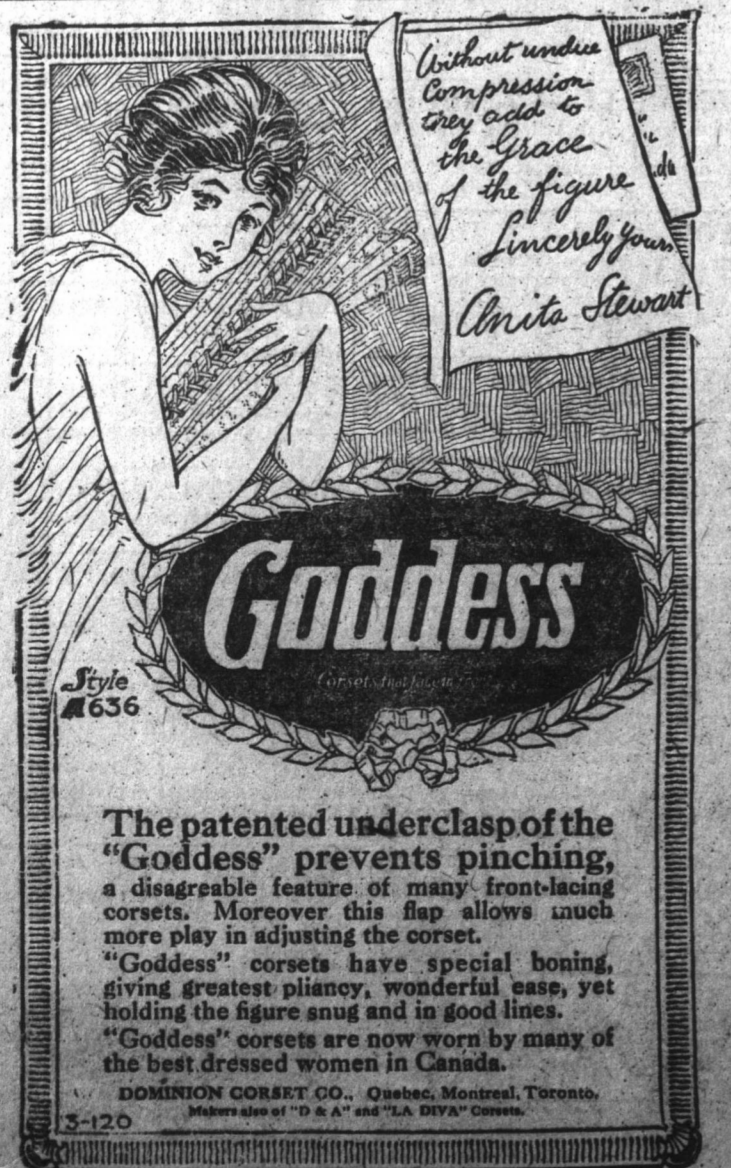
Nujol Booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger." Constipation-auto-intoxication in adults—will be mailed gratis on application to sole agent for Newfoundland.
J. B. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland

THE Lady of the Night
OR
Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER X.
AMELIA MAKES A SUCCESS.

She went up to her room, but Ryall remained downstairs. He was loathly cur; and at that moment he knew it, as he paced up and down, first the dining-room, then the long passage, and thought perhaps for the only time in his life, of all Nora had been to him and done for him. The time dragged on, the grandfather clock on the stairs wheezing out the hours, and as they passed Ryall grew more anxious, and, of course, not so much on Nora's account as his own. He was not quite such a fool as he now knows what a blow and a blow from her stepmother, would mean to Nora. He shivered as he thought that it was just possible she would leave them; there would have to be a search for her; people would talk; there would be a scandal.

He was not altogether unconscious of the fact that his marriage had aroused the adverse criticism of the place; he saw its indication in the faces of the Jenkinsons, as well as in those of the farmers, the people of the class below him. There would be a scandal, an outcry. The sweat stood on his brow as he helped himself to the whisky, and presently he was impelled to go out and search for her. He had to do so cautiously, for he did not want to awaken Ned and his curiosity. It was a pitiable sight, the wretched man floundering about the meadows calling upon the daughter whom he had cast off, he himself



Goddess

Without undue Compression they add to the grace of the figure.

Sincerely yours
Christa Stewart

Goddess

Style 4636

The patented underclasp of the "Goddess" prevents pinching, a disagreeable feature of many front-lacing corsets. Moreover this flap allows much more play in adjusting the corset.

"Goddess" corsets have special boning, giving greatest pliancy, wonderful ease, yet holding the figure snug and in good lines.

"Goddess" corsets are now worn by many of the best dressed women in Canada.

DOMINION CORSET CO., Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Halifax, St. John's, N.S.
Makers of "D.R.A." and "LA DIVA" Corsets.

3-120

WIFE TAKES HUSBAND'S ADVICE
And is Made Well Again by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Springfield, Mass.—"The doctor told my husband that I had to have an operation, otherwise I would be a sickly woman and couldn't have any more children on account of my weakened condition. I refused to have the operation. My husband asked me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For the first four months I could do but little work, had to lie down most of the time, and was very nervous, but my husband was always reminding me to take the Vegetable Compound, which I did. Of my eight children this last one was the easiest birth of all and I am thankful for your Vegetable Compound. I recommend it to my friends when I hear them complaining about their ill health."—Mrs. M. NATALE, 72 Fremont St., Springfield, Mass.

Sickly, ailing women make unhappy homes, and after reading Mrs. Natale's letter one can imagine how this home was transformed by her restoration to health. Every woman who suffers from such ailments should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial. It is surely worth while.

bound, hand and foot, to the tender mercies of the woman who had entrapped him. No response came to his call; there was no sight of Nora about the homestead or in any of the familiar places. He returned to the house wet through with the mist, which Nora, in the stress of her agony, had not noticed.

Mrs. Ryall had heard him come in, and appeared at the head of the stairs. "Found 'er?" she inquired. "Oh, you haven't? Well, let her alone."

"It's raining," said Ryall dispiritedly. "She'll be wet through. She's only a girl."

"Oh, she'll be all right," rejoined Mrs. Ryall. "She's used to it. You come up to bed at once. You can leave the door open; she'll come sneaking in when it suits her; she's only keeping out of doors to annoy you. She's a spiteful young cat, with all her demure ways."

"I'll come up presently," said Ryall, with a shake in his voice. "You go to bed and to sleep, or you'll be ill in the morning."

He heard the bedroom door slam viciously; then he went into the sitting-room and tried to smoke; but presently he went out again and looked in all the likely places. No Nora was to be seen. He passed the night in this fashion, and crept up to bed wet and shaking with apprehension, at the moment Nora was mounting the hill which overlooked Portash. He gave no thought to Mrs. Ryall's accusation against Nora; it is possible that he did not understand it. He tried to comfort himself with the assurance that she would come in to breakfast after her usual morning's work; but Nora was not there, and Martha met him in the passage with tears and the wringing of hands.

"She've been out all this blessed night, sir!" she cried, with mingled indignation and grief. "All this blessed night! I've kept watch for

The Blessed Virgin Mary

Mary in Greek, Maria in Hebrew; Miriam occurs in the Old Testament as the daughter of the only sister of Moses. According to tradition, Mary was the daughter of Joseph and Anna. She certainly was a native of Nazareth and a descendant of the Royal House of David.

On the Crucifixion day, Jesus Christ, his Son committed her to the filial care of that one of the twelve distinguished as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." John, son of Zebedee, undertook the care of her from that day and Mary became, no doubt, an example and source of encouragement for the early Christian community.

According to some authorities, Mary finished her days in or near Ephesus, as did St. John, but the evidence that her home was in Jerusalem is also strong.

But from the day when our Lord, just before his death, committed her tenderly to the care of John, there is very little told of Mary.

According to one legend the Virgin Mary was buried by the apostles, who, upon opening the tomb, after the lapse of a few days, found that it was filled with lilies and roses, but that the body of Mary, "Blessed among women," was gone.

The praises of Mary occupy a very large place in the devotion of the Greek and Roman Catholic churches, and, among other things, she is declared to have been translated straight to heaven, without tasting death, and without resting in Paradise, as did our Saviour, and to have been born free from all stain of original defilement.

"I'm a martyr to them myself. Must you really go? Won't you stop and have a cup of tea?" she said rather nervously.

By Sir Joseph declared regretfully that he must get back, and he took an offensive farewell, which left Mrs. Ryall smirking as the two men walked through the hall.

"Fine old place you've got here," Ryall remarked to Sir Joseph.

"It is of some age," said Ryall, drawing himself up. "It has been in our family for centuries."

"Quite so, quite so. Tat, tut!" stammered Ryall. "I'll take the coffee up, Martha. Now, do be quiet, there's a good soul. Tell Ned to get the pony carriage ready for me."

He drove over to Nelsworthy and made cautious inquiries, but he could hear no tidings of Nora, not on his way back, could he find any trace of her at the little village and hamlets where she was well known. Worried and anxious, he drove into the courtyard of the Grange, and saw a stylish phaeton standing there. He knew it was one from the Hall, and he hung about for some minutes before venturing to go into the house. A sound of voices recalled him as he entered; the drawing-room door was open, and he saw his wife and Sir Joseph Ferrand seated in conversation. The blood rose to Ryall's face, and he hit his lip nervously as he stood in the doorway. Mrs. Ryall looked up with a smile and a nod, and said in a tone of satisfaction and barely-concealed triumph—

"Oh, here's Reginald. 'Ow fortunate, come in, Reginald! Sir Joseph has done us the honour of a call."

Ryall's face grew redder, and he came in awkwardly; but Sir Joseph did not appear to notice his embarrassment, and rose with a suave smile and an out-stretched hand.

"How do you do, Mr. Ryall?" he said, as if he called were the most natural thing in the world. "I have done myself the pleasure of looking in upon you to make my apologies for trespassing on your land yesterday. I have explained the circumstances to Mrs. Ryall, who, in the most charming manner, has been kind enough to accept, on your behalf, my sincere regrets."

He smiled under his lid at Mrs. Ryall, who bridled and smirked. She had kept Sir Joseph half an hour while she had put on a "company" dress and made herself what she called "presentable." Sir Joseph's wily tongue had flattered her and smoothed her feathers, and she had made a favourable impression on the great man of the Hall, an impression to which she so devoutly desired.

"No doubt your daughter has told you of our meeting," continued Sir Joseph, sinking again into the rickety chair, which creaked ominously beneath his weight.

"I know nothing about it," said Ryall stiffly. "but I accept your apologies, Sir Joseph."

"It was sure you would, I was sure you would," said Sir Joseph, as if his advances had been met in the most genial way; but he thought derisively that the man was a proud and stiff-necked fool. "But that is not altogether the purpose of my visit this afternoon. Of course, I have heard of the advent of a new goddess—if Mrs. Ryall will permit me to call her so—Mrs. Ryall smirked and shook her head in a deprecatory way, but delightedly accepted the compliment—"and it occurred to me that we ought to avail ourselves of her presence in our midst. We have not too many nice people in this district—youth and beauty are not too frequent—and I was hoping that you and Mrs. Ryall would honour us with your company up at the Hall." Sir Joseph, notwithstanding his baronetcy, sometimes found a little difficulty with his 'n's. "I need scarcely say that Lady Ferrand would have accompanied me and paid her respects to Mrs. Ryall, but, unfortunately, she has one of her bad headaches. She is a great sufferer."

He shook his head mournfully, and Mrs. Ryall purred sympathetically. Ryall stood, stiff as a ramrod, his fingers clenching with each other behind his back. He was in Ryall's of the Grange, Sir Joseph was a more mushroom. He Ryall had vowed that there should be no acquaintance, friendship, between them.

"Now, what do you say to coming over to dinner to-morrow night, quite in an informal way?" continued Sir Joseph, before Ryall had time for acceptance or refusal. "We've got some rather nice people staying with us, but we are quite 'omey people, quite 'omey. My wife would be delighted to make Mrs. Ryall's acquaintance."

"I am much obliged, but I beg pardon, I am in a seriously proud fashion; but my wife, choosing a sharp, almost threatening glance at him, broke in with a smile and a gushing acceptance.

"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Joseph. It will be quite a treat for us; we see so very few people. And it's such a change for me—I mean this

duell kind of life—because I've always been used to mixing in society. Oh, yes, we shall be pleased to come. And I do 'ope poor Lady Ferrand's headache will pass over. I know what they are." She shook her head and sighed.

"I'm a martyr to them myself. Must you really go? Won't you stop and have a cup of tea?" she said rather nervously.

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"We shall be delighted to come, Sir Joseph. It will be quite a treat for us; we see so very few people. And it's such a change for me—I mean this

THE SICK WORLD.

Although we've long been clasp- ing the snowy flag of peace, the world is sick and gasping, and horrors never cease. Sad tales of fam- ily wrecks reach us from many a stricken land, for aid the starved bes- sech us, and raise despairing hands. By many an ancient river, on many a palmy plain, the people ask for liver, and ask for it in vain. And there is endless plotting, and there are ceaseless strikes; the Petes are always swatting and being slug- ged by Mike. And ousted kings are planning to try another throw, for- getful of the canning they got some time ago. And patrons are pursuing old paths, with martial brags, and governments are chewing all kinds of futile rags. The Germans, still deny- ing the justice of their debt, are evidently trying to waltz on every bet. The Russ still raises thunder, the Greeks scarp with the Turks; the world is rent asunder, there's carbon in his works. The world is shot to pieces, it's record's one of crimes, as I have told my niece a hundred thousand times. I weep when I am reading the daily gist of news; the world is sick and bleeding, and Peace is full of sores.

A black velvetten coat, with collar and cuffs of henna silk, is worn over a gray-and-henna checked wool skirt.

WILSON'S LINIMENT RELIEVES COLDS, Etc.

WILSON'S LINIMENT For Gargle in Cows



The Pride of Her Home
—Her Table

AND you can give her nothing for her table of such fascinating charm and lifelong usefulness as "Holmes & Edwards" silverware.

Its exclusiveness of pattern alone would delight her.

But, added to its distinctiveness and dainty simplicity, "Holmes & Edwards" offers features which stamp it as the finest silverware made.

It has the rich, gleaming lustre which only hand-burnishing (an exclusively "Holmes & Edwards" finish) and the generous use of pure silver can give.

Extra silver, too, guards "Holmes & Edwards" at the wear points. In SILVER INLAID solid blocks of pure silver are fused in on the back of the bowl and handle. In SUPER-PLATE these points are protected against wear by a heavy extra deposit of pure silver.

Your jeweller will be glad to show you suitable gift selections in "Holmes & Edwards" silverware—and also table appointments, such as tea services, bread and cake trays, or cassettes of "Holmes & Edwards" lustre and quality.

Manufactured Exclusively in Canada by
THE STANDARD SILVER CO. OF TORONTO, LTD.

HOLMES & EDWARDS
Protected Where the Wear Comes

Motorists' Ordeal.

The observation and presence of mind of a launch repairer was responsible for saving the lives of two occupants of a motor car which dived in the water and imprisoned them 20ft. below the surface. Benjamin Leffer, an electrician, and his aunt, Mrs. Annie Lazarus, were in his "sedan" car when it plunged off the barrier at Emmons Avenue and East Twenty-sixth Street, New York, into Sheep-head Bay, sinking in 20ft. of water.

William Fowler, a launch repairer, was at work on a nearby boat when he saw the car take to the water. Although it was completely submerged, Fowler says, he saw bubbles rising to the surface, and dove where the bubbles were thickest. He succeeded in opening the door of the sedan and brought Mrs. Lazarus to the surface, still conscious but nearly drowned. Leffer followed without assistance. Leffer told the police later that he had tried to make a quick turn, when he lost control of his steering gear and the car plunged into the water.

"Neither of us said a word or uttered an exclamation," said Leffer, in telling of the plunge. "I felt my suit crumple in the seat, and then came the splash. I thought perhaps the car would float, being enclosed, but the engine was so heavy that it sank like a plummet, and the water came pouring in through the bottom boards. As soon as we hit the water I started trying to open the door on my side, but pressure seemed to jam it, and I couldn't budge either side. My aunt was struggling at the other door, but I couldn't see her. Then just as I began trying to kick the glass out, I realized that Mrs. Lazarus was being dragged away from me. It seemed another hour to me before I reached the surface, but when I got there I knew all was well. My aunt was quite conscious and not much frightened. We both recovered very rapidly from the immersion."

Woman's Influence.

We all admire illustrious women. We love to read of those talented writers who have stirred the minds of thousands and of those who, with the gift of song, have thrilled the responsive hearts of men and women. Then there are women who have within them that secret and powerful influence which prompts others to noble deeds. Many great men have confessed that they owe all their success and greatness to their wives.

It is said that the life of Gladstone was influenced in no small degree by his noble and gentle wife. Possessed of all the sweetest womanly graces, yet alive to the practical spirit of the age, she was an ideal helpmate for her distinguished partner. Behind the brilliant public career of the great statesman was ever the unseen and tender sympathy of a true, thoughtful, and loving wife.

Lord Beaconsfield declared that he owed all his success in life to his wife, and that a great part of his knowledge was due to her criticism. And Professor Blackie was always delighted to acknowledge that he owed much of his success in life to the love and sympathy of his wife.

But perhaps our affections go out most of all to those who, with self-abnegation, go forth to minister to the sorrowful, the sick, and the dying. The names of Florence Nightingale and Grace Darling are immortalized. Their deeds have been seeds which have fallen into the earth and died, and have brought forth fruit a thousandfold!

Then think of those whose names we never hear—those brave women whose private life who never dream that they are heroines. We do not meet those who are sacrificing themselves to the caprice and selfishness of others, but those who are daily denying themselves so that they may do good, and thus follow in the steps of the Divine Master. The poor widow carrying her mite into the treasury little knew that the eyes of the Holy One were upon her. She never guessed of the glorious commendation that would come from His sacred lips. Her shrinking act of self-sacrifice was wholly unknown to the rich crowd who passed into the temple, and if it had been known, would probably have been ignored, if not despised.

No one need say, "Would God that I were rich." It is the motive that makes the gift noble or ignoble. From the peasant to the queen, the Divine approval—"She hath done what she could," is the highest praise that any true woman could desire.—ECHO.

A man stepped up Henry Ward Beecher one day and said, "Sir, I am an evolutionist, and I want to discuss the question with you. I am also an annihilationalist; I believe that when I die that will be the end of me." "Thank goodness for that!" said Mr. Beecher, as he walked off and left the man dazed.

Don't Be Deceived Most Teas look pretty much alike in the dry leaf - but there is a vast distinction in infusion

The enormous sale already created is proof evidence conclusive that the Quality and Value of

"SALADA"
is irreproachable

Sealed Packets Only - Black, Green or Mixed
BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS
ST. JOHN'S

PUBLIC NOTICE

The attention of all others is called to Regulations in respect to the Royal Gazette, published May 1920, under v.

(1) No nets or other articles shall be waders between Loaf and the Petty Harbour from noon on the 31st of May and noon on the 31st of June, and

(2) No Cod Trap before 8 o'clock on the 2nd day of May and 21st, 1921.

St. John's, Nfld., May 21st, 1921.

HY NOT?

A More Efficient Motor
A More Reliable Motor
More Miles per Gallon
More Speed as Required
Forget Your Engine

TRACEL MOTOR
Eliminates All Carbon
Builds the Consumption
Cool, and Provides, "Pep"
and "Pep"

TRACEL MOTOR-GAS
Solve Your Problem
Do you realize that you are spending much more money on gas than you ever knew of cutting down your gas bill?

Despite the increased cost of gas, Tracel Motor-Gas gives a low test of Gasoline. It contains many impurities, such as Sulphur, Iron and Sulphur, which cause a quick accumulation of carbon on the cylinders.

TRACEL MOTOR-GAS
A harmless chemical in its composition, easy to use, placed in the tank, it immediately dissolves any way stop or clog, and eliminates 90 per cent. of the carbon and cleans out all carbon.

S. MORGAN
Ohio Building, Montreal, Ohio.

TRACEL MFG. CO.
Toledo, Ohio.
Gentlemen: Enclosed is analysis of sample of Motor-Gas. The material is completely clean. It leaves no deposit in the tank. It is neutral in reaction and contains neither acid nor alkali. It will therefore act on the various parts of the engine with which it may come in contact.

It does not contain such irritating materials, such as sulphur or other and will therefore not injure the combustion of the engine.

Yours truly,
S. MORGAN

TRACEL MOTOR-GAS
John's by the Church Works, in Paris, France, will therefore act on the various parts of the engine with which it may come in contact.

2041

SKINNEE
Monumental
ST. JOHN'S.

(Established 1829 and 333 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.)
Large assortment of Monumental designs, etc., with price list every body. Our work is done in the day for Catalogue to-day for Catalogue. We have customers with orders of buying from us.

STANTORY
The man of the W. Printer, Nfld.
All persons having orders or after the King's Prof. St. John's, Nfld. should send their claims in writing, addressed to the St. John's, Nfld. office of the 21st day of May, A.D. 1921.

EMPIRE HAIR
This Puttee Hall and King's Road, St. John's, Nfld. is now open. It is a very fine place. It is a very fine place. It is a very fine place.