

Hemorrhoids

One of the troublesome and painful effects of continued constipation is hemorrhoids, or piles. Nujol relieves constipation by an entirely new method. 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

For Constipation

The Modern Method of Treating an Old Complaint



J. B. ORR CO., LTD., Distributors, St. John's.

THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XXIX. IN SILK ATTIRE.

And what could Nora do alone and friendless in London? She had already had a grim experience of the cruelty of the Great City, and knew that she could not face it again. As she paced up and down like a young tigress in its cage, passing now and again to cast furtive glances at her reflection in the glass, an idea darted into her active brain. It was a wild idea, so wild and so fetched that she would have thrust it aside as too impossible, but for Miss Deborah's peculiar idiosyncrasy.

Nora caught her breath and grew pale and red by turns as the idea grew into shape. She bathed her face and was almost gratified to find that it was pale and drawn, and that she looked really ill. She lay down on the bed again, and presently Miss Deborah came up and knocked at the door. She had a basin of hot feet in her hand, and she was evidently very anxious.

"Nora turned her face away from the light, and Miss Deborah leant over her and felt her forehead.

"Are you better, Cyril?" she asked. "I've brought you some—Poor boy! I wonder what's the matter with him. I hope it isn't one of the nasty fevers or things that are always going about London! I don't see any spots about him." She peered into Nora's face anxiously. "But perhaps I had better send for a doctor; I suppose I should be able to find one; there must be plenty of them in this unhealthy place."

"Nora sat up and took some of the best tea, while Miss Deborah, who had been on the arm with a helpless kind of sympathy.

"I don't want a doctor," said Nora. "There's nothing the matter with me; it's the London air, I should be able to get out of it for a little while."

Miss Deborah caught at the suggestion. "Of course!" she assented promptly. "You must go away. You must go to Moorcroft; I wish I could come too; but I can't leave London just now; I've got business to do with Mr. Stripling."

"I don't like leaving you alone," said Nora, with genuine reluctance.

Miss Deborah stared at her with innocent surprise. "Bless the boy!" she exclaimed. "Does he think I'm not capable of taking care of myself, that I want some one to look after me? How do you suppose I got on before you came up?"

"I don't know," retorted Nora. "If you'd only promise me not to try and cross the road without a policeman—but if you did promise, you'd forget it, Miss Deborah. If only there was some one I could leave behind me to take care of you!—Suppose I send some one, would you let them take my place?"

"You silly boy!" expostulated Miss

Deborah. "You seem to think that I'm a baby or a lunatic! I don't want any one to take care of me; I've taken care of myself all these years."

"By a special and merciful Providence," murmured Nora to herself; then aloud: "But if I send some one, you will let them stay? I'll come back as soon as I am well enough. If you will agree to that, Miss Deborah, I'll go; if you won't, I'll stay."

"There, there! have it, your own way," said Miss Deborah absently. "And you'd better start as soon as you are able to do so. You'll want some money."

She found her purse, fumbled with it, and upset some of the coins on the bed. Nora took a few pounds, restored the others to the purse, and gave it back to Miss Deborah.

"You had better keep this room," she said. "I may be back very soon. I shall try and sleep now, and if I feel better when I wake, I'll go at once. I won't go to Moorcroft; it's so far." Her voice faltered, and she grew hot as she proceeded with the easy task of deceiving Miss Deborah. "I will not go far from London; I shall be all right in a day or two; and I will write back and let you know when I am coming back."

Miss Deborah said "Yes, yes," soothingly, and toddled off with the empty basin and plate. Nora lay quite still for an hour or two, then she went down to the sitting-room with her bag in her hand and announced her immediate departure. Miss Deborah was deep in a book, but she roused herself and took an affectionate farewell of Nora.

"Good-bye, my boy," she said. "I hope you will come back quite changed."

Nora started guiltily at these words and bit her lip; and for a moment forgetting the imaginary difference between their positions, she put her arm round Miss Deborah's neck and kissed her, and there were tears in her eyes as she turned away and went out.

Her heart was beating fast as she reached the street, for she was aware that she was playing a difficult and dangerous game; but her apprehension was mingled with another feeling—that of a strange elation, as if she were going to recover something that had long been lost. She took a cab and had herself driven to one of the large drapers' establishments in Oxford Street; but the sight of the great front with its costly display of dresses and millinery daunted her, and she told the cabman to drive her to a shop in one of the smaller streets.

She fought hard against her nervousness as she made her purchase; for she knew that the shopwoman was eyeing her curiously, and wondering why on earth a young lad should be buying a more or less complete outfit for a girl; but Nora mumbled something about making a present to a sister, who was going abroad, and the woman appeared to accept the explanation.

Nora drew a long sigh as she drove back to the hotel, but it was a sigh of partial relief, for the most difficult part of her plot was still to be achieved. When the cab drew up at the door Nora got out and reconnoitred. Fortunately for her purpose, it was the blackest part of the day; the hotel; there was no one in the hall excepting

a page boy. Nora loaded him up with some of the parcels, and, carrying the others, reached her room. It was exactly in the condition in which she had left it, so she concluded rightly that Miss Deborah had not told the hotel people that the room would not be occupied.

She locked the door, and plumped on to the bed with a kind of gasping sigh; then suddenly she sprang to her feet, cut the strings of the boxes, and feverishly taking out their contents, spread them on the bed and gazed at them rapturously. With the same feverish haste she tore off her boy's clothes, and, more slowly now, as if the action were one of subtle pleasure, she dressed herself in woman's attire. The very touch and feel of the things were an exquisite delight; her colour came and went as she put on one article after another. She would not look at herself until the whole was complete, then, when she had put on her hat and coat, she went slowly to the glass—and started back with a commingling of emotions.

It was so long since she had seen herself in her proper raiment that she was struck by a sense of unreality; but this was at first; and presently she began to glow with satisfaction, and the blood mantled in her cheek, and her eyes sparkled like stars in a frosty night. Her lips unconsciously parted with a smile, her blush grew deeper; then it faded, and the lips drooped with a sudden sadness. Yes, she might be pretty, but she was not, could not be, as beautiful as the girl who went driving about with Elliot Graham; and even if she were as beautiful, what good would it be to her? She must not let Elliot see her; she must keep out of his sight.

She walked about, for the pleasure of feeling her skirts, of hearing them swish as she turned, or they rustled against the furniture, and now and then she cast glances at herself in the glass. Presently she regarded her face directly; would Miss Deborah recognize her? She ventured to hope not, for the change of attire, the feminine arrangement of the hair, had metamorphosed her so completely as her former change into boy's clothes had done; but presently to her dismay she found she was taking long steps and carrying herself like a boy, and she spent the rest of the evening in the endeavor to get back to woman's gait, and the hundred and one indescribable little movements which mark her sex.

She was fearfully hungry, but she dared not leave the room in search of food, and so at last she went to bed and fell asleep, her eyes fixed to the last waking moment on the feminine clothes lying across the chair.

CHAPTER XXX. ON THE ICE.

Nora got up early in the morning, before any of the servants were stirring, hid her boy's clothes in a bag, dressed herself for outdoors, and slipped unseen out of the hotel. She got some breakfast at one of the tea-shops, and then went for a walk to pass the time which must elapse before she could present herself to Miss Deborah.

She felt strangely shy, just as shy as she had felt when she had first put on her boyish disguise, and she had a feeling that every one was looking at her curiously, especially the women. Many persons did, indeed, stare at her, but with admiration, not suspicion; there was probably no more beautiful girl in the London streets than Nora. At last, with a fast beating heart, she went back to the hotel, passed up the stairs, and knocked at the door of the sitting-room. She had to knock thrice before Miss Deborah noticed the summons; then she said, "Come in," and Nora opened the door slowly and entered.

Miss Deborah was gazing over a book as usual, and she started at the graceful, tastefully dressed, young lady with evident astonishment. Nora gilded across the room so that she stood with her back to the light, and she spoke in a soft voice, as unlike Cyril's as she could make it—

"Miss Deborah—Miss Ralston?"

"Yes; I am Miss Ralston," said Miss Deborah, still staring with amazement. "Do you want to see me? Who are you? I seem to know you—and yet, I can't remember."

"I'm Miss Merton," said Nora. "Ada Merton—Cyril's cousin. He sent me up to you. I am to take his place while he is away—if you will let me."

Miss Deborah leaped back and still stared. "Well! I never!" she exclaimed at last indignantly. "The impudence of that boy! To think of his audacity in sending me a girl! And he knows I don't like them, that I never have anything to do with the hussies!"

"I'm not a hussy, I assure you," said Nora, her lips opening with a smile; for her spirits rose at the success, so far, of her daring scheme.

"Yes, you are," retorted the old lady. "All girls are hussies—and I suppose you call yourself a girl!"

Nora's high spirits fell again at this innocent thrust, and she stood with down-cast eyes, shrinking from Miss Deborah's stare.

"I don't want any one to look after me," said Miss Deborah. "I told that impudent boy so. You'd better go back to where you came from. I've no use for girls, hussies or not—can't bear them!"

"I should be afraid to go back," said Nora. "Cyril would be very angry with me. Please let me stay, on—on trial. You will find that I shall be very useful—not so useful as Cyril, of course; but you might let me stay with you for a time. Please do not let me go."

Miss Deborah dignified in her chair and rubbed her chin hesitatingly.

"I'm sure I don't know what the world's coming to," she remarked peevishly. "I wish that boy were here; I'd teach him to play his monkey tricks on me!"

"He did it for the best," said Nora gently. "He is very fond of you, Miss Deborah; and, indeed, I am not surprised for you have been very good to him."

Perhaps a quaver in Nora's voice touched Miss Deborah, for she shrugged her shoulders pettishly and said grudgingly—

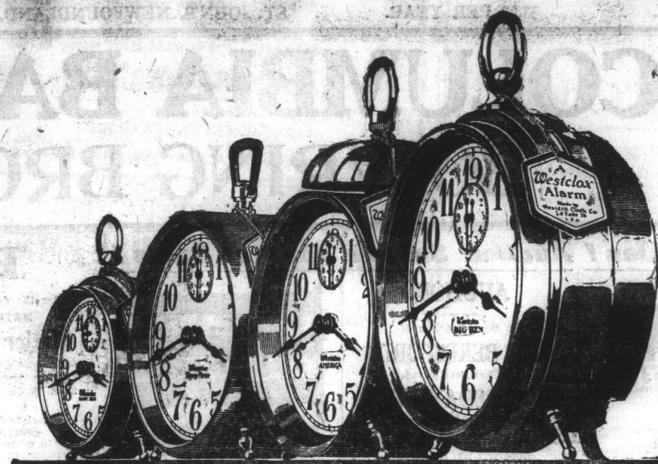
"Oh, well, now you are here, I suppose you had better stay—for the day at any rate. The impudent young monkey!"

Nora knew that the battle was won, and she was about to spring across the room and hug the old lady, but she fortunately checked the impulse.

"You'd better go and take off your things," remarked Miss Deborah with a sigh of resignation. "You can have his room; it's a number—number something; I forget, but you can ask the people."

"Thank you, thank you very much! Cyril will be so pleased," murmured Nora, and she moved to the door.

(To be continued.)



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Harbor Grace Notes.

We note that Nurse Jean Munn of the General Hospital Staff, St. John's, has just passed a fourth most successful examination, this time averaging 95 1/2 per cent, and finishing her course six months in advance of the time limit. Nurse Nellie Dwyer, in the same examination, followed next in the record of Miss Munn. These two young ladies are both Harbor Gracians and we tender our hearty congratulations, with very best wishes for their future success in the high calling they have chosen.

Messrs. John Burke & Sons of Carbonar schooner Lena, Captain John Wiseman, arrived in port and went on dock on the 13th inst. She came off again yesterday, repairs having been effected. In the recent race between Captain E. Burke of the schooner Cape Pine, and Captain Doyle of the Miriam H. from Sydney, N.S., to St. John's, both coal laden, Captain

Household Notes.

Heavy watermelons are always the best.

A cupful of anything means a half pint.

The perfect apple cover has wooden handle.

Tomato juice will remove ink stains from fingers.

The flavor of meat should not be destroyed by the flavor of its gravy.

Airproof and moistureproof containers should be used to store coffee.

Washed and dried cherry pits make fine filling for kiddies' beanbags.

The water in which potatoes have been boiled will clean flat silver very well.

Rural Route, No. 1, Masouche, Quebec, the Miriam's Lieutenant People.

Sirs—I feel that I should be doing a wrong if I neglected to write you. I have had four tumors growing on my head for years. I had them cut off by a surgeon about fifteen years ago, but they grew again till about three months ago I had one as large and shaped like a lady's tip on the very place where my hair should be parted, and it was getting so embarrassing in public that it was a constant worry to me. About three months ago I got a bottle of your Lintment for another purpose and saw on the label good for tumors. Well, I tried it and kept at it for exactly two months, with the result that it has entirely removed all trace of the tumor, and were it not that they had been cut fifteen years ago, no mark would be seen. I have not been asked for this testimonial and you can use it as you see fit.

(Signed) FRED C. ROBINSON.

P.S.—I am a farmer and intend using Miriam's Lintment on a mare for a strained tendon, and am hoping for some results. FRED C. R.

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FREE RUNNING Table Salt

CONVENIENT ON EVERY TABLE

IS CLEAN SANITARY AND FREE RUNNING

The Habit Stuck.

A hard drinker was told by his doctor that he could be cured if every time he felt that he must have a drink he would immediately take something to eat instead.

The man followed the advice and was cured, but the habit of asking for food had become so fixed with him that once he was nearly locked up as a lunatic.

He was staying at an hotel, and, hearing a great commotion in the room next to his, he peeped in to see what the matter was. He saw, and rushed madly down to the office, shouting to the clerk:

"The man in fifty-three has shot himself! Ham and egg sandwich, please!"