

Have You Tried  
**"SALADA"**  
 TEA  
 (BROWN LABEL)  
 Your Grocer sells it  
 for **55c** per pound.  
**BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS**  
**ST. JOHN'S**

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

CHAPTER XL  
**SIR JOSEPH'S TRIUMPH.**  
 The wagonette proceeded to the house. Mr. Stripley remained in the vehicle, and Elliot, with Nora's arm in his, led her up the drive to the entrance. They had been seen, and Maria came hurriedly and breathlessly to the door. She had Nora in her arms in a moment, and for a while neither of them could speak; but presently Nora could still her sobs sufficiently to ask for her father.  
 "Take me to him at once, Martha!" she said. "I did not know that he was ill. I only heard of it last night. I must see him—she, Mrs. Ryall, must let me see him."  
 "You should see 'em, Miss Nora, dear. It's a hundred Mrs. Ryalls stood in the way. But she hasn't here; she went early this morning, before I was up. She stole out of the house like a thief. But don't 'ee take no heed of she, dearie. Come to your father." She held Nora back for a moment, and looked at her anxiously. "You'll be prepared for a change, dearie? He's altered terrible."  
 "Oh, let me go to him!" cried Nora. She went up the stairs and into the "Marked" room. Her eyes sought the was and worried face lying on the pillow, and she sank beside the bed and took the hand that lay on the coverlet. He was lying as if he were incapable of sight or hearing or comprehension. With the tears streaming down her face Nora spoke the sacred name of "Father" thrice, and she dreaded that he would remain unconscious of her presence; but presently she thought she saw his lips twitch, a gleam of intelligence come into his eyes. She spoke to him again, and, to her infinite joy, she caught the murmur—  
 "Nora!"  
 She rose and put her arms round

him, and drew him to her until his head lay on her bosom.  
 Elliot saw her for a minute or two, after half an hour had passed. He was loth to leave her, but he had a duty to perform—the duty of looking after her interests.  
 "I must go, dearest," he said. "I will come back as soon as I can."  
 She understood and let him go, though she cared nothing for the mine and her prospective wealth—nothing but for him and her stricken and dying father; for she saw that the end was near.  
 Elliot joined Stripley, and they went on foot to the mine. A huge marquee had been erected in the centre of the works, and it was filled by a crowd, which massed also at the entrance. There was intense silence, but for one voice, the suave, persuasive voice of Sir Joseph, who was making a speech. The squat, rotund figure seemed inflated with satisfaction and self-importance; figure and face were eloquent of prosperity, success, and gratification.

CHAPTER XLII  
**SIR JOSEPH'S DISCOMFITURE.**  
 Elliot and Stripley quietly fought their way into the tent, and were in time to hear the conclusion of Sir Joseph's speech.  
 "Not only on my own account," Sir Joseph declaimed unctuously, "nor on the account of my valued friends beside me, who have helped launch this great enterprise, do I triumph in its successful progress and its marvellous promise. I am thinking of you also, my dear friends and neighbours, for the Great Byeworthy Mine will transform this place from a Sleepy Hollow to a—er—land flowing with milk and—er—copper."  
 He smiled at the joke, and the crowd cheered.  
 "For many and many a year the mine will provide work for a large number of 'ands; it will bring trade and plenty of money to the locality—in short, every man, woman and child will share in the general prosperity. And it gives me the very great pleasure to stand before you as the person who was the means of—er—discovering the source of our mutual prosperity."  
 (To be continued)



**LUX**  
 When Choosing the Material for a washable Frock for the growing child—  
**MOTHER** naturally thinks of the possibilities of the fabric shrinking in the wash. It is therefore a relief to her to know that the fabric will not shrink or lose its charm if Lux is used for its cleansing.  
 Durability, charm of colour, quality of texture, the freshness of newness—these are preserved to all good fabrics washed with Lux. A package of Lux—made of warm water and daily hands can cleanse delicate fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.  
 The beautiful pure Lux fibres are washed into a creamy lather that cleanses and softens the fabric and leaves it as fresh as when first it came from the mill.  
**LUX**  
 THE LUX COMPANY, ENGLAND.

**"Flatterers"**  
 The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER I  
**"STUARTS" AND ITS MASTER.**  
 SHOWS HOW AN OLD BACHELOR MAY BECOME A NEW HUSBAND.  
 It is a good many years now, though there are people living in the old West-country town who recollect it still, since the time when a prominent figure in their midst was John Aloys, magistrate, councillor of the borough, counsel-man on matters pecuniary, personal, domestic, or civic to numberless fellow-burgers; last surviving representative of a high-class legal firm, which through three generations had held honorable rank in the country, and foremost place in the society of Stillcote-Upton.  
 He was a tall, fine man, this lawyer, bearing his more than half-century of life with the ease of one who has always owned perfect health, few cares, and a full purse; liberal-minded, and cordial intercourse with every grade betokened; trusted and trustworthy; heartily liked by a smaller circle of intimates.

That this need not have been small goes without saying, for not a house in Stillcote-Upton but would gladly have welcomed Mr. Aloys for his guest—and a full family but would have been delighted to visit at his red-bricked dwelling, "Stuarts," as it had been named long ago, when for an hour it sheltered a royal fugitive from a fatal field; and which, with front first floor dedicated to clerks and offices, stood at the main entrance of the town, faced by an iron palisaded inclosure of smooth-shaven lawn, through which curved a crescent drive, beginning and ending with tall gates flanked by sturdy brick pillars, each wearing as its crown a huge lichen-tinted stone ball; but the burden of general visiting—the master of this mansion had never cared to incur. As a bachelor he had not been expected to cultivate the art of entertaining. There were dozens of ways by which he could—and did—regulate such hospitality as he received of other folks. For the rest, he liked nothing better than to keep his house as it had been in his father's time before him, solid and handsome in all its equipments, unchanged by fluctuating fashions of the day, and to spend his evenings mostly in the solitude—to him never wearisome—of a well-stocked library.

But this rule of life knew one exception. Once every week post-prandial seclusion gave place to another arrangement, which might almost be called an institution.  
 On every Wednesday the leather-covered table in the study retired to a bay-window overlooking a long garden; four stands, residing side by side in four corners of the room, were brought forth and set in unvarying array before four chairs, which would be presently tenanted by the host and a trio as devoted to the intricacies of classical instrumentation as he himself.  
 Never had Beethoven a more devout worshiper than the leader of this weekly quartet, and never, perhaps, was his life to know happier moments than those spent in affectionate interpretation of some minute as graceful as the scent of a new-blown rose in sweet, or some rondo so crisp and fresh as to put the long-drawn discords of latter-day harmony to shame.  
 For three hours these coadjutors would follow supper—plain, but excellent as epicure could wish; and then, as the timepiece between the windows rang forth "Auld Lang Syne," and struck eleven, the party would break up. Second violin and cello—one the widower-rector of the chief church, St. Clement's, the other a physician of ample means and leisure—would go off arm-in-arm toward the west end of the little town, while the viola would turn down High Street to a more modest abode.  
 Socially, he was somewhat less than the others; by name Jacob Cheese, chief of the copying and what may be called "general grudgery" department in Mr. Aloys's office—a man of great devotion to his employer, but of peculiar ability, since he gained an upward step in his employment from youth to age, save what long plodding service entitled him to.  
 People were amused at the lawyer's patronage of his subordinate when it began years before, and though he might have chosen, as sharer of his tastes and companion of his two daily walks, some one more suitable than an interior employee. But Mr. Aloys had a habit of following his own prejudices. Possibly he may have had other reasons for taking to Jacob Cheese over and above their mutual love of one harmonious mistress; but, at any rate, the kindly notice of the quiet, shy man never slackened. By now the clerk's place in the quartet was as well established as his master's; while year in and year out, as half-past nine chimed from St. Clement's tower, the lawyer would emerge from his door, and bend his steps eastward as far as Mr. Cheese's domicile; then the two would return, reaching the office invariably at ten, reappearing to make precisely the same journey at four o'clock to the minute.

(To be continued)

**TO GET TRUE ASPIRIN**

Warning! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting Aspirin at all. Nothing else is Aspirin.



**SAFETY FIRST!** Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains directions worked out by physicians during 21 years and proved safe by millions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain. Made in Canada.  
 Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages, Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer, Manufacturer of Monoaceticacid of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

**Side Talks**  
 by Ruth Cameron

**WHY SHE WAS HAPPY.**  
 A friend of mine came over to my porch in a most jubilant mood the other morning. She had just received a letter from a friend with three sheets of profit-sharing stamps in it. "That will almost 'all my book,'" she exclaimed, "I ought to get it finished next week and I have planned just what I am going to buy with it."  
 One would think the stamps she waved so triumphantly represented a gift of considerable magnitude. I took them up and glanced at their money value as stamped upon them. It was 33 cents. If someone had given that woman 33 cents would she have felt half so delighted? Of course not.

**The Rich Man Who Collected Coupons.**  
 Isn't it funny the way we all love things like these profit-sharing stamps? I used to know a really wealthy man who religiously saved certain coupons that came with his tobacco, and who was terribly put out when a package came once without a coupon in it.  
 And yet perhaps it is not so strange, that one of the most powerful and primitive human instincts finds expression in collecting stamps, coupons and the like. The first law of life is self-preservation, and it seems to me the third is the desire to acquire, to add bit by bit to some form of property—in other words, to collect.

**Febbles And Paintings, Stamps And China.**  
 The small child who gathers shining pebbles on the beach and shouts in triumph that he has more shining pebbles than the other children; the boy who collects cigarette pictures and stamps; the adult who collects old furniture or china; and the millionaire who collects priceless paintings; and the woman who saves trading stamps—all are following the same inevitable instinct.  
 If some one gave that woman a book of stamps outright she would never get half the fun out of them that she does by saving them one by one, day by day, seeing her books grow fuller, planning what she is going to buy, changing those plans, finally achieving the joy of attainment in the last few stamps—and then starting all over again.

**Vast Size of the Sun.**  
 It may surprise many people to learn that the sun, which is by no means a large star, as stars go, could easily contain within its boundaries the entire earth and moon and also the distance between them. In fact, three systems like that consisting of earth and moon could be strung out in a row through the centre of the sun, without coming within 50,000 miles of his surface on either side.

**Restoring Nerve Power.**  
 In many people the tissues of the nerves have suffered from the strain of War and from the shortage of fats. You can restore your nerves in a natural way by eating "Skippers." The pure olive oil in which they are packed is worth its weight in gold to those who suffer from "fat-starved" nerves.  
 Your retailer will supply you with a tin of "SKIPPERS."  
 A guarantee on every can.  
**"Skippers"**  
 Are Briling with good points.  
 ANGUS WATSON & Co., LIMITED,  
 Newcastle-on-Tyne, England.

**STOVES**

of all kinds at  
**BEST PRICES.**  
 See Our Assortment and be convinced of the values we are now offering.

**JOHN CLOUSTON,**  
 140-2 Duckworth Street,  
 P. O. Box 1243. Phone 406.

**IDEAL - Arcola Radiator - Boiler**  
 The ideal heat for small homes!  
 Gives even warmth in whole house—and at small cost  
 This hot-water heating plant gives healthful warmth to all rooms and requires no cellar or water pressure. Boiler serves as radiator for room in which it stands. Its surplus heat warms three or four other rooms through water circulating through inconspicuous pipes to radiators. Quite of indestructible cast-iron requires little attention and coal. No danger of fire.  
 Estimate gladly made for you without obligation.  
**EDSTROM & O'GRADY,**  
 66 Prescott Street. Phone 566.

**NOW LANDING,**  
 Ex S. S. VENUS,  
**Best American ANTHRACITE COAL.**  
 Nut size . . . . . \$25.50  
 Stove size . . . . . \$27.00  
 Egg size . . . . . \$26.50  
 Furnace size . . . . . \$25.00  
 Sent home while discharging.  
 — ALSO —  
 Ex Schrs. EXCELDA & SALADIN,  
**Best Screened North Sydney Coal.**  
 sent home while discharging,  
**\$18.00.**  
**M. MOREY & CO., Limited.**

**Ellis Make Clothes**  
 Have that REAL STYLE that MEN recognize at a glance. They are carefully TAILORED by FIRST CLASS workmen, from the BEST ALL WOOL British Fabrics, and the latest LONDON and NEW YORK STYLES.  
 All goods have been marked down to meet the drop in prices. Order your SPRING SUIT and OVERCOAT now.  
**CHARLES J. ELLIS,**  
 English and American Tailor,  
 302 WATER STREET.

The Car  
 Manufa  
 ASPI  
 A.P  
 TARRER  
 COAL  
 ROOF P  
 We respect  
 about lines. Ca  
 Peace B  
 U.S.  
 mes Prote  
 ence--D'A  
 Limelig  
 Anglo-Ja  
 ACE BY ACT OF CO  
 WASHINGTON  
 ctment of the compro  
 ending the state of wa  
 and Austria finally, w  
 day by Congress, an  
 will be sent by a spe  
 to-morrow. He is  
 immediately.  
 CONFERENCE SEC  
 LOND  
 test against the s  
 ting the Dominions C  
 by the London T  
 "No Camarilla r  
 peoply has guarded  
 proceedings more J  
 vinced disciples of  
 and democracy rule  
 in Downing Street.  
 D'ANNUNZIO AG  
 FIUN  
 gain D'Annunzio's a  
 ganizing their forces  
 which will respond  
 which arises here.  
 gone out to the form  
 post-soldier, and t  
 sting here, and have  
 sent a body called "se  
 nunzio has sent out  
 Legionaries saying  
 It belongs to Leg  
 in one vast and  
 nacy of the politic  
 the city prevents  
 rument functioning,  
 hairs in in the hand  
 dant, commander of  
 in Fiume. Reports  
 ross, between Fiume  
 be separated from  
 to Jugo Slavia his  
 excitement here. Ju  
 ng tried by the Su  
 said to plan the  
 as a port. The Leg  
 they will "save Fium  
 led by the loss of  
 hunean parties con  
 is an integral part  
 tuma, although th  
 illo coded it to the J  
 al of seven men k  
 was held here a  
 solemnity.  
 FEMER LEADER  
 DUB  
 erty after release  
 a of Arthur Griffin  
 BUTIC  
 HEAD  
 ECZE  
 All over baby's  
 for blisters and then  
 the. Sages to feel  
 to soothe his  
 used to reach. P  
 figured. Trouble  
 usually. Cuticura  
 set. Use one cake  
 from Ointment when  
 from almost any  
 Mrs. Ellis, Water  
 For every purpose  
 Shamp Soap, Ointm  
 preparations.  
 Cuticura  
 Ointment, Cuticu  
 Soap, Cuticu  
 Soap, Cuticu