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JOSIAH H. NEAVE & CO., Portland, Maine, U.S.A.

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

CHAPTER VII  
**MR. STRIPLEY SUSPICIOUS.**

He was eating as he talked, and the second plateful was rapidly going the way of the first. By way of assisting it, Elliot poured him out a glass of ale, and Mr. Stripley performed the amazing feat of gulping down the whole of the ale as a draught while his mouth appeared to be full of solid food. Elliot prevailed upon him, without much difficulty, to accept a third helping, and, this having been demolished, Mr. Stripley leaned back and bestowed upon his host a smile of insatiable content.

"A pipe?" inquired Elliot.  
"Thank you very kindly," said Mr. Stripley; "it soothes the nerves after a good meal. I have a pipe, but I'm afraid I haven't any tobacco."

Elliot handed his pouch, and Mr. Stripley lit up and beamed like an amiable dog-convictor. He looked round the comfortable little room with a touch of envy.

"You've got cosy quarters here," he remarked. "May I be so bold as to ask the name of the gentleman who has done me so well?"  
"My name is Graham—Elliot Graham. What's yours?" said Elliot, who was only bashful in the presence of ladies, especially with one who happened to be named Nora Ryall.

"Stripley, Ebenezer Stripley," replied that gentleman. "I've come down from London to-day on business—going back by the night train. Are you engaged in business here, may I ask?"

Elliot nodded.  
"Yes, I am managing Sir Joseph Ferrand's stud."  
"Stud?" repeated Mr. Stripley, as if he were wondering whether it were Sir Joseph's collar or shirt stud, and why he wanted a man to look after it.  
"Horses," explained Elliot.

Mr. Stripley's face cleared. "Ah, yes, of course," he said, "delightful occupation! Extremely fond of horses myself—though I have never driven or ridden one," he added hastily, as if he feared a mount might be offered him. "Are you a native of this place? Excuse my curiosity."  
"That's all right," said Elliot in his favourite phrase. "No; I was born in Australia."

Mr. Stripley happened to be stopping his pipe with what he would have called his little finger, and he kept it in the pipe so long that he burnt it, and withdrew it suddenly with an exclamation which partly denoted a sharp start of surprise and quickened interest. His small eyes scanned Elliot's face, then seemed to turn inward as if he were reflecting on the information he had just received, or trying to remember something.

"Wonderful country, Australia," he said. "Not that I've ever been there. I generally go to Margate when I get a holiday."

"Country's all right," said Elliot. "Great fortunes made there," remarked Stripley suggestively.

"And lost," said Elliot.  
"Quite so, quite so," admitted Mr. Stripley. "There's few countries in which you can't lose money. So you preferred old England to Australia?"

Elliot shrugged his shoulders. "Beggers can't be choosers," he said. "I came to England because I had to."

"And you found employment with Sir Joseph?" said Mr. Stripley with an inviting smile.

"I found employment with Sir Joseph, as you say," assented Elliot.

"Nice man, Sir Joseph," remarked Mr. Stripley, gazing at the ceiling with what might have been taken for ecstatic admiration and approval—"so kind and considerate, and so clever! I should say there isn't a cleverer man in the City of London than Sir Joseph. And so you came from Australia to better yourself, Mr. Graham?"

"Yes," said Elliot. He was the least secretive of young men, and he was smoking a good pipe after a good supper. "My father lost his money—we lost forty thousand sheep in one season."

"Dear, dear, what a lot of mutton that represents!" remarked Mr. Stripley, wiping his lips reminiscently. "And so you happened on Sir Joseph just by chance? Strangely convenient, Providence, sometimes!"

"Scarcely by chance," said Elliot. "I knew Sir Joseph, or, rather, he knew me." He stopped, for he suddenly remembered that he was trenching on the fact of his relationship to Sir Joseph, which was not to be known.

"Have some more ale!"  
"Thank you, thank you kindly," re-



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The first thing to do in restoring dry, thin and falling hair is to get rid of dandruff, itching and irritation of the scalp. Rub Cuticura Ointment into the scalp, especially spots of dandruff and itching. Next morning shampoo with Cuticura Soap and hot water. Soap 25c. Ointment 25c. Sold throughout the Dominion. Canadian Depot: 245 St. Paul St., Montreal. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the worthy old couple at the Rectory were almost as much shocked by the new arrival as Nora had been; so that there was no prospect of anything like friendship between the new mistress of the Grange and them. As for the farmers and their wives, Mrs. Ryall turned up her nose at them, and declared that she was not in the habit of mixing with that "class of persons."

"Why ain't we friends with the people at the Hall?" she demanded one evening after she had been expressing her unfavourable opinion of the country, the people generally, and the Grange in particular. "Now, they seem the right sort; they keep up a proper establishment, and enjoy themselves. Why don't you know them, Reginald? What's the matter with them? I suppose it's because they won't know you—and, upon my word, I don't know why they should. They have nothing to gain by the acquaintance while we—I mean we—would be all the better for being friends with them. I declare to goodness it mortified me yesterday to meet them driving down the road in a stylish phaeton, while there was I in a miserable little pony carriage! Why don't you 'old out' an 'and' to them, Reginald? I'm sure Sir Joseph looks a palish sort of man, and would meet you 'art way. We might have a good time then, and see a bit of life, instead of being shut up in this dreary 'ole."

Ryall glanced nervously at his wife and at Nora, whose eyes were fixed upon her plate, reached for the whiskey, which now made its appearance on the dinner table regularly, and was seldom far from Mrs. Ryall's reach, and, clearing his throat, said—  
"I don't think you understand, Amelia. These Ferrands are quite—quite new people. They have stuck up a gaudy house almost within sight of the Grange—a dreadful piece of bad taste—and they flaunt their wealth in the most offensive manner. They are not the sort of people I care to know. I have always held myself above them."

"Nora could not refrain from glancing at her stepmother, and reflecting how much lower her father had fallen from his vaunted superiority by marrying such a woman than he could have done by making the acquaintance of the Ferrands."

"Then there is another thing," he went on, fidgeting with the glass which he had emptied, "they are very rich and we are very poor. I could not accept their hospitality without returning it; we could not entertain—"

Mrs. Ryall pushed her plate from her, and leant back with a gesture of impatience.  
(To be continued)

Beat the whites of 2 eggs until stiff and dry and add 2 cups of plain mayonnaise. This makes a deliciously, fluffy dressing.

"Better fill up your pipe again," said Elliot. "You know the way? Follow this path to the lodge, turn to the left, and go straight along the road."

"Thank you—thank you very much," said Mr. Stripley, bowing and waving his hat. He expressed his sense of the kindness with which he had been treated until he had retreated backwards down the garden, then he stopped, and in the casual way of an interested stranger, said—  
"Beautiful country, charming! Is all this Sir Joseph's land?"

"As far as that belt of trees," replied Elliot. "Beyond that is the Ryalls'."

"The Ryalls? Quite so, quite so. Good-bye, sir, and thank you very much."

He bowed himself away at last, and, sucking at his pipe meditatively, he made his way to the lodge, passed through the great gates, and went down the road. Several times he stopped and stared at the ground, frowning thoughtfully, as if he were trying to remember something, and suddenly he pulled up and smote his huge hand against his leg.

"I've got it!" he muttered. "Graham! Of course. That's the name of the man who came from Australia to see Sir Joseph years ago. I can see his face at this moment; and it's this Elliot Graham's, only younger. This young fellow must be his son. And he's working for Sir Joseph. Now, what does it mean, I wonder? He looks like a gentleman, every inch of him, and he's looking after horses. And Sir Joseph has a letter from Australia every month which he doesn't want any one to see. And there are copper mines here. Sir Joseph's a deep one! It's a stupid habit that of sealing letters!"

CHAPTER VIII  
**THE BLOW.**

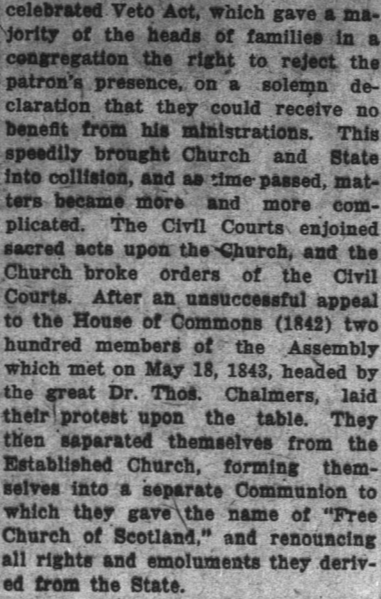
The Ryalls had been going slowly down-hill for many years, but the advent of Reginald's new wife gave their fortunes an evil impetus. The trouble had begun on the night of her arrival, and each day matters grew worse, and Nora's life less and less endurable. The money which she had set aside to pay the interest on the principal mortgage went to buy new furniture, a pony carriage, new dresses for Mrs. Ryall, and in the discharge of some old debts which appeared to have escaped that lady's notice at the time of her marriage, but which she insisted upon her husband paying now.

The disappointment with her new home and its surroundings, which Mrs. Ryall had expressed so freely on her first acquaintance with them, increased as she found that the only "company" which the remote spot afforded was the old Rector and his wife, and one or two farmers of the better class.

**The Scottish Disruption.**

This severance from the National Church was in reality the culmination of what had long been simmering in many minds. Great dissatisfaction was felt at the Patronage Law of 1711, which gave the patron power to place any minister in a charge, however unacceptible he might be. In 1834 the Church's General Assembly passed the celebrated Veto Act, which gave a majority of the heads of families in a congregation the right to reject the patron's presence, on a solemn declaration that they could receive no benefit from his ministrations. This speedily brought Church and State into collision, and as time passed, matters became more and more complicated. The Civil Courts enjoined sacred acts upon the Church, and the Church broke orders of the Civil Courts. After an unsuccessful appeal to the House of Commons (1842) two hundred members of the Assembly which met on May 18, 1843, headed by the great Dr. Thos. Chalmers, laid their protest upon the table. They then separated themselves from the Established Church, forming themselves into a separate Communion to which they gave the name of "Free Church of Scotland," and renouncing all rights and emoluments they derived from the State.

**Fashion Plates.**  
A SMART GOWN.



Comprising Waist Pattern, 3538 and Skirt Pattern, 3548. The Waist is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. The Skirt in 7 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. To make this dress for a medium size will require 7/4 yards of 38 inch material.

Crepe de chine or serge with floss or chenille embroidery or linen embroidered would be good for this model. It is also attractive in satin and taffeta. The width of the skirt at the foot with plait extended is 2 1/2 yards.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL SET FOR A YOUNG CHILD.



Pattern 3531 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 6 mos., 1, 2 and 3 years. A 2 year size will require 2 yards of 36 inch material for the Dress, 3/4 yard for the Sack, and 1/4 yard for the bonnet for which 1/4 yard of lining is also required.

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**RIPE GORGONZOLA CHEESE**  
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"BOVRIL"  
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Blocks of every size, including Snatch Blocks. Blaying Pins, Rouse Chocks. Gin Blocks.

**JOB'S STORES, Ltd.**

**Trees Which Hate Each Other.**  
Trees, says a well-known naturalist, are very like human beings. They have their sympathies and aversions. Most of them like company, and grow better in clumps, but many are very particular about the company they keep. When they have what they like they flourish. When they have un congenial neighbours they are stunted and often die.

The real truth of the matter that a young tree must be protected from the wind. If it is not it gets a set back from which it never recovers. But it does not pay to plant a young tree near to one which is already in full growth, and especially in this case if the older tree be a pine or a Scotch fir. The pine will simply push its roots out and absolutely strangle its younger companion.

Almost all evergreens exercise an evil effect upon the so-called deciduous trees the ones that lose their leaves in winter. The worst of the

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