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Shot Gun Cartridges

REMINGTON UMC cartridges give maximum results in all standard makes of shotguns. Their unfailing accuracy, uniformity and evenness of pattern are a guarantee of good sport.

Remington UMC  
The Shooting Right

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REMINGTON UMC

REMINGTON ARMS COMPANY, Inc.  
25 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

Remington Arms and Ammunition are sold wholesale and retail by the leading hardware firms in St. John's.

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

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
A MEETING WITH SIR JOSEPH.  
Nora came down next morning pale and dejected. Miss Deborah was full of the ball.

"We must call on Lady Ferrand," she said. "We must do the proper thing. We'll call this afternoon."

When the afternoon came Nora pleaded a headache, and Miss Deborah went alone. She came back purring with satisfaction.

"Very nice woman, her ladyship," she said, "and her husband is very nice, too. Sir Joseph though not quite a gentleman, was very pleasant. He told me all about his new venture, the Byworthy Copper Company, and I have consented to take some shares. I had a very pleasant time. Is your head better? Cyril never had a headache, but there! you're a girl."

"I am sorry," said Nora. "I can't help it. I wish I weren't!"

Elliot did not pay his duty call on Lady Ferrand until two days later. He was full of the poor little woman, who looked worn and haggard. She was kind to him, as she had always been. While he was talking of the ball he felt his way towards speaking of the Lady of the Night, but, alas! Lady Ferrand could not be brought to any recollection of her, and Elliot had to go away unsatisfied.

He was consumed by an anxiety to learn something of the beautiful girl with whom he had danced and who had so strangely impressed him. To whom could he turn? As he wandered about the Park and the other resorts of fashionable society he half-unconsciously scanned the faces of the women who drove by him or passed him on the pavement, but he could not find her. He felt restless, unsatisfied, as if something within him were clamouring for he knew not what.

He had fallen into the habit of calling at the Bartley's rooms in Jermyn Street, nearly every day, but they were now closed to him for ever, and he was oppressed and weighed down by a sense of loneliness. It was, therefore, with a feeling of relief that, some days later, he found a letter from Mr. Trueman, stating that Miss Bartley had returned to Moorcroft, and requesting him to go down there and lay a statement of the proposed development of Lonsay before her. Glad as he was to get his marching orders, he was still reluctant to leave London, which probably still held the Lady of the Night whom he so ardently desired to meet again, and he did not start for the West until two days later.

He travelled by the night train and reached Byworthy early in the morning, and he walked from the station, and though he had to go out of his way to do so, he touched at Ryal's. As he entered the valley he was startled to see a large number of men at work on the mine. Short as the mine had been, they had made great progress; shafts had been sunk, and the

**SUFFERING OF YOUNG WOMEN**

**This Letter Tells How It May Be Overcome—All Mothers Interested.**

Toronto, Ont.—"I have suffered since I was a school girl with pain in my left side and with cramps, growing worse each year. I was run down, I was bad at times that I could not get up. I tried several doctors and patent medicines, but was only relieved for a short time. Some of the doctors advised me to perform an operation, but my father objected. Finally I learned through my mother of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and how thankful I am that I tried it. I am relieved from pain and cramps, and feel as if I had saved my life. You may use my letter to help other women as I am glad to recommend the medicine."—Mrs. H. A. Goodman, 14 Beckvale Ave., Toronto.

Those who are troubled as Mrs. Goodman was should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Those who need special advice may write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass. These letters will be answered, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

stream was muddled with the water from the pits.

He watched the men for some minutes, then he went to the house and stood gazing at it with varied emotions. The place looked more dilapidated than ever—indeed, it appeared as if it were unoccupied; but as he looked at it with his heart in his eyes the door opened and Mrs. Ryal came out. Elliot instantly noticed a certain change in her face and manner. The "make-up" was as crude and obvious as of old, but her unhealthy pallor showed distinctly through the powder and the paint; her countenance was that of a woman who had given herself up to drink, but even intemperance could scarcely account for her furtive manner, for she emerged from the house like a thief and paused to look from side to side as if she were fearful of being seen or seeing some one.

Instinctively Elliot turned away, but he stopped as if against his will. She did not see him until she was close upon him, then she stared and peered up at him.

"What do you want?" she said in a thick, husky voice. "It is Mr. Ryal you want, you can't see him; he's very ill—he can't do any business. Ah!" she caught her breath and shrank back. "It's you! What do you want? I can't wait—I'm in a hurry."

She put out her hand as if to ward him off, but Elliot stood almost in front of her, his eyes too appally on her appearance to leave her without a word.

"I won't detain you a moment Mrs. Ryal," he said gravely. "I have not heard of it."

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly. "It is very serious—it's a stroke—you can't see him—it's no use your waiting."

She tried to pass him, but Elliot again detained her by a firm but pitying gesture.

"I want to ask you about your stepdaughter," he said. "Will you tell me where she is, if you have heard from her lately?"

She shook like a leaf, and her pallor increased so that the paint and the powder flew off her cheeks like the colouring of a clown.

"She—she's in South America," she said, forcing a ghastly smile. "She's happy, as you know—they're very happy, she and her husband. I hear from them regularly. She is very rich."

"Because of the money she got from this mine?" said Elliot gravely.

She seemed speechless for a moment, then she laughed.

"Yes, yes—from the mine! I really can't stay any longer. I've important business. You'll remember that my husband is too ill to see any one, any one."

She flattered past him with uncertain steps, and Elliot, after watching the vulgar wreck, went on his way. He reached the cottage in which he had lived as Sir Joseph's servant, and, finding no one there, entered and sat down to ponder over the ruin which had overtaken a house of Ryal's. Presently he remembered what he had come for, the agreement between him and Sir Joseph, and he went into the inner room, found the box which he had left some papers and odds and ends, and came upon the thing he was looking for. He put it in his pocket, intending to read it later on, then he lit a pipe and sauntered about the place—and thought of Nora. It was well for her that she was so far away, and happy!

He was returning to the cottage, when he heard footsteps in front of him, and was surprised to see that it was Sir Joseph himself. Sir Joseph approached the cottage almost stealthily, opened the door softly, and went in, and Elliot followed in his slow way. Sir Joseph was not in the sitting-room, and Elliot was startled at seeing the baronet in the bedroom and kneeling beside the box from which Elliot had just taken the agreement.

He was so surprised that for a moment stood in the doorway without speaking; then he said quietly—"Good-morning, Sir Joseph."

"Good-morning, Sir Joseph," said Elliot. "What accounts do you want? I'll get them for you."

He unlocked the box, took out some books and papers, and held them out. Sir Joseph had stood close beside him, peering into the box with a sharp, covert scrutiny.

"Thanks, thank!" he said. "I've run down to see after the mine. We've floated the company, and it's going to be a big thing. Will you come up to the house? The mine is rather of colour but she would be glad to see you."

"I am sorry I can't," said Elliot. "Business. Have you got all the papers you want? If so, I'll take the box with me."

"Oh, yes; they're all here, I dare

say," said Sir Joseph easily. "Yes, take it with you," he added readily. "I must toddle back; some people to see."

He shook hands, and went off towards the Hall, and Elliot looked after him with a puzzled frown. The least suspicious of men, which well have had doubts of the truth of Sir Joseph's explanation of his visit to the cottage, and Elliot pondered over the incident on his way to Moorcroft.

CHAPTER XXXVII.  
PAUL GRAHAM'S SON.

He reached Moorcroft in the short twilight of the late season, was admitted by Jacob, and at once shown into the sitting-room which was almost in darkness. As he entered it some one left it by another door, and he caught sight of a skirt as the some one passed out. Miss Deborah was seated at the table; she peered up at him through her spectacles, and in an agitated voice exclaimed—

"Who is it? Who is it?"

She looked so frightened that Elliot advanced, and taking her hand, said soothingly—

"Fray, don't be alarmed, madam. My name is Elliot Graham. I have come to see you about some business."

He stopped abruptly, and his hand closed over hers with a sharp grip, for he saw that she was the old lady whom he had seen at the ball—the "mistress" of the Lady of the Night. He was so startled that he stood and gazed at her, still, unconsciously, holding her hand; and thus they both stood and stared at each other in silence. It was Miss Deborah who spoke first.

"Graham! Graham!" she exclaimed tremulously. "Are you—are you any relation of Paul Graham who went out to Australia long, long ago?"

"I am his son," replied Elliot in a low voice. "And you know him?"

Miss Deborah sank into a chair, it seemed as if she could not speak, though her lips moved.

"Why, yes," said Elliot, almost inaudibly. "There is a portrait of my father upstairs—I saw it when I was here a little while ago. You did know him—were a friend—?"

"My dear, I was—your father's sweetheart," quavered Miss Deborah, gazing at him through a mist of tears. "We were to have been married, but he was poor. My people came between us—he went to Australia—to make money that we might be married. But—"

(To be continued)

**BABY DAVIS.**  
**After Influenza**  
5, Hill Side Villas, Caldicot, Nr. Newport, Mon. March 7th, 1919.

Dear Sirs,

I am forwarding photos of my little boy, aged 3 years. At 3 months I commenced giving him "Virol." This is the result. I found it really wonderful food. He is just recovering from influenza, and again it proves his best food.

I strongly advise all mothers to try it.

Yours truly,  
J. DAVIS.

Virol is used in large quantities in more than 2,000 Hospitals and Infant Clinics. It is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother, whilst for children it supplies these vital principles that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk—it is also a bone and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol Bibles have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.

**VIROL** LAD, 118-120, Old St., London, E.C.1.  
BRITISH MADE. BRITISH OWNED.  
Sole Agents: STAFFORD'S PRESCRIPTION "A" will cure that uncomfortable feeling caused by indigestion and Dyspepsia. Price 35 and 70c. Postage 10 and 20c. extra.—226, St. MARK'S LINIMENT FOR DISTEMPERS.

**Dead Caesarina's Moving Love Marriage.**

The letters and telegram written by the late Caesarina of Russia to her husband, just published by the Revue de France of Paris, will be read with emotion by almost everybody.

There is little reason to doubt the genuineness, of which their largely intimate and domestic character is in some sort a guarantee.

The Caesarina's excursions into politics appear to have been prompted altogether by her jealousy for the Caesar's reputation, and her desire that his authority should not be impaired.

On Sept. 14, 1914, she writes:

"My darling, my sweet darling, I know that in your preoccupation you will have said our little family and our beloved son."

"His health will be better now that our friend" (these references to Rasputin are frequent throughout the correspondence) "has seen him."

"These telegrams cannot be very affectionate, for they have to pass through the hands of so many officers. You will be able to read between the lines my love and my longing for you. For ever, your dearest wife."

All these messages are couched in the same terms of endearment.

"My love bird," she writes, "God bless you, and keep you from all ill. We are in the middle of our meal; the children are chattering without cease, and it is very difficult to write."

But, she adds, "Good-bye, light of my life."

It is at the beginning of 1915 that the Empress began to show her hostility to the Grand Duke Nicholas, whom she charges with usurping the Caesar's authority and abusing the confidence reposed in him.

"It is evident in this telegram that she is acting under the influence of our friend," Rasputin.

In June she is urging her husband to have his own way. "My darling, always be pushing forward." He must be reminded that he is the Emperor, and have the right to do whatever he pleases.

In August the Caesar gave way, and she received the news of the Grand Duke's suppression with an outburst of joy.

"I cannot find words to tell you how full to my heart You have never shown so much decision, and it will not be long before its fruits become apparent."

"Good night, my ray of light. I await your kisses with impatience—Sunny."

The note of insistence on the autocratic power of the Caesar recurs again and again.

Shortly before the end Rasputin was advising the Caesar to close the Duma, and we find the Empress writing to her husband to be "firm as a rock."

In the following May it is from her prison that she addresses him:

"We have now been here three weeks" (she writes on May 8). "It has been raining all day. Marie has been writing sacred texts. Nicholas, as usual, has been reading the Bible and the gospel for the day."

"Baby (the Caesar) has hurt his knee. I have put him into Marie's bed. His sisters will sleep on mattresses on the floor in the next room."

"The last letter is dated July 16, the day before that on which she and the Imperial family were murdered.

"A grayish morning, but clear sunshine later. . . . I have been playing baccarat with Nicholas."

**The Witness Scored.**

As illustrating the danger of Counsel over-reaching himself in cross-examination, Lord Stensdale recently told an amusing story concerning a young barrister who was defending a man accused of burglary.

The principal witness for the prosecution was the mistress of the house, who identified the burglar as having entered her bedroom whilst she was in bed.

She made a pretence of sleeping, she said, but she saw watching him all the while through her half-closed eyelids.

Then came the youthful barrister's turn.

"Madam," he began, "what time was it when you saw the prisoner in your room?"

"About two o'clock in the morning," came the reply.

"Was there a light in the room?"

"No."

"Could you see your husband at your side?"

"No."

The lawyer frowned impressively, and shot a side glance at the jury as he fairly thundered: "Then please, madam, explain how it was you could see the prisoner yet not see your husband?"

"My husband," was the quiet answer, "was at his club."

**Fashion Plates.**

A "TRIM" AND SIMPLE HOUSE OR WORK DRESS.

Pattern 3617 is here attractively illustrated. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6½ yards of 37 inch material.

Figured percale with banding, piping or folds of a plain contrasting color would be pleasing for this.

Gingham, chambray, lawn, saten, mohair, rep and poplin are serviceable and appropriate. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

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**THE PROPHETS.**

The wise old prophets of the ring now figure in the daily news, and they explain, like everything, why Carp will win or why he'll lose. These seventh sons of seventh sons are always here to guide us—right, whenever pugilistic ones are scheduled for a drastic fight. The mantle of Elijah falls upon the wise men of the ring, and every dead game sport recalls that prophet-caring his sting. For if the prophets all unite to say that Jack will win the scrap, and Jack is beaten in the fight, how shall each prophet save his map? The prophets told me, years ago, that Willard had a lead pipe club, and after seven rounds or so, poor Jack would be too dead to pinch. And so I wagged all my means, according to the prophets' rede, and when the winners got their beans my bank account was gone to seed. The prophets said, in days of old, that Corbett was the prince of blows, and he would knock Fitzsimmons cold, among Nevada's ghastly snows. And so, to bet on Jim's success, I put my watch and cow in pawn; conceive my subsequent distress—I never was so badly broke. I shall not bet on Jack or Carp, no matter what the prophets say; while they predict I'll tune my harp, and spring a mad and merry lay.

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**A Few Suggestions**

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| <b>IN TINS:</b><br>Camp Bacon.<br>Camp Breakfast.<br>Lunch Tins.<br>Fresh Beef.<br>Sheep's Tongues.<br>Potted Meats.<br>Stewed Kidneys.<br>Luncheon Sausage.<br>English Sausages.<br>Oxford Brawn.<br>Ass'd Meat Pastes. | <b>Our Best Tea.</b><br>G. W. Coffee.<br>Coffee and Milk.<br>Coffee Biscuits.<br>Whitehouse Coffee.<br>Libby's Milk.<br>Carnation Milk.<br>St. Charles' Milk.<br>Krysalak.<br>Klim.<br>CREAM—<br>Super Cream.<br>Nestlé's. | <b>Marmalade.</b><br>Fruits (tins).<br>Jams (ass'd).<br>Pickles.<br>Sauces.<br>Sardines.<br>Lobster.<br>Cheese (tins).<br>Bacon (glass).<br>Bottled Ham—<br>Machine sliced. |
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