

Nujol

For Constipation

GOOD health cannot be maintained if constipation is allowed to poison the system.

Nujol works on an entirely new principle. Without forcing or irritating, it softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles in 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 Booklet—"Thirty Feet of Danger." (Constipation-auto-intoxication in adults)—will be mailed gratis on application to sole agent for Newfoundland.

J. E. Orr Co., Limited, New Martin Building, St. John's, Newfoundland.

THE Lady of the Night

Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER III.

Strangely enough, the fact that the people on the terrace had shared his mistake did not fret her; for them, and their kind, she had nothing but contempt; but the handsome, good-looking, bashful boy, who had so good-naturally come to her aid, was a different matter. He was a man, and she would have liked him to have seen her at her best. After all though, it did not matter, she decided, with a shrug of her shoulders; she had to run the farm, and in doing it, was obliged to wear suitable clothing.

Incidents were rare in her life, and her simple annals contained none more interesting, more dramatic, than this little scene with the cow and the lad. Naturally enough, she was interested in his story; it seemed to her a mean thing that Sir Joseph should employ him as a servant, and conceal the fact that they were related; and she wondered what "the trouble" had been which had ruined Elliot Graham's father and cast the son on the charity of Sir Joseph, whom Nora had seen for the first time that night, and whom

she thought a fat and horrid-looking man.

She went to sleep at last, but she dreamed of steers and Minerva hens instead of Elliot Graham, and though she thought of him the next morning, he was soon driven from her mind by the pressure of her work; for, in addition to the daily routine, she had to make preparation for her father's visit to London; he announced at breakfast that he must go the following day. One would have thought that a stage portmanteau could have been packed without much fuss, but not so Mr. Reginald Ryall; he left in a hurry, and could have accomplished the task in half an hour; but her father insisted on hovering and fidgeting round her, changing his mind about every article of clothing, and covering the room with things that he could neither decide to take nor leave behind.

Nora was patient herself, and the portmanteau was packed at last, and she was free to go on her daily rounds. The weather had cleared, and, cantering down the valley and over the hill, with Bob at her heels to round up the sheep, was pleasure enough. The temperature of Devonshire is almost as variable as that of Ireland; yesterday was winter, to-day there was almost a touch of spring in the air, and Nora scampered over the hills, singing to herself with all a young girl's delight in the warmth and sunshine. Towards evening she was riding homewards along the level of the valley,



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 packet of Lux—a bowl of warm water—and dainty hands can cleanse delicate fabrics in a delightfully easy manner.

The beautiful pure Lux flakes are whisked into a creamy, bubbly lather in an instant. Gently squeeze this cleansing foam through and through the soiled texture—then rinse in clean water and hang to dry. Lux cannot harm a silken thread. It coaxes rather than forces the dirt from the clothes.

LUX
FOR DAINTY FABRICS

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

when she saw Elliot Graham coming towards her. He was mounted on a big, raking chestnut, a young horse which he rode as if he and the animal were one. He pulled up—blushing, of course—as he came to her, and raised his cap, and there was a pleasant look in his face, as if he were glad to see her.

"Good-evening, Miss Ryall," he said, with the faintest emphasis on the "Miss Ryall." "I am afraid I am trespassing; but this is the only long bit of straight near home, and I thought you wouldn't mind my stretching this young 'un on it."

"Not in the very least," she said. She had not blushed—at any rate while he was near enough to see her—and she met his gaze as frankly as she had met it the night before. "Come here whenever you like. That's a good horse."

"Yes, he is," he said; "young and a little hot at present, but I'm getting him into shape. That's a fine pony of yours; thoroughbred Exmoor, isn't it?"

Nora nodded; with her it was "praise me, praise my pony." "Yes, he's a very good one; I don't think there's a better. He is very fast. I believe he could race that horse of yours, taking the rough and smooth together."

"I have no doubt of it," he said. "I have seen those little buggers come down the hills. Shall we try them?"

She opened her lips to accept his proposal eagerly; then she checked herself, for it suddenly struck her that he might think she had provoked the challenge.

"Some other time," she said, a trifle coldly. "I am late, and must go home. Good-evening."

He looked rather disappointed, but he refrained from pressing the point, raised his hat, and made way for her to pass. Nora looked down at her stained skirt and shabby jacket, and frowned and bit her lip.

The next morning she drove her father to the station. His departure was attended by all the fuss which had accompanied the packing of the portmanteau. He mislaid his ticket as soon as she had bought it for him; he could not decide upon a compartment until the train nearly started, and when it had he remembered that he had left a certain necktie behind, and, in a fever of excitement, called to Nora to get it up to him. Find as she was of her father, Nora drew a breath of relief as she watched the tail of the train disappear round a corner.

She was rather thoughtful during that day, replied at random to some of Ned's questions, and in the afternoon went up to her room, opened the wardrobe, and looked at the few contents with a reflective air. Once she shut the wardrobe door and turned away, with a little gesture of impatience and self-contempt; but presently she went back again, and, turning over the clothes, took out a coat and skirt, got a white blouse from a drawer, and put them on. She brushed her hair carefully, drawing it down at her brows and making it into a knot behind; and, surveying herself in the wardrobe glass, was surprised by the change which had been made in her appearance. She laughed, she blushed a little also, as she thought that if Elliot Graham had seen her in her present get-up he would not have mistaken her for a farm hand.

"Why, where be you a-goin', Miss Nora?" exclaimed Martha, as she surveyed her mistress with surprise and fondly admiring eyes. "One would think 'twas Sunday, seem' in your best things. Be you a-goin' a-visitin', or be there any one a-comin'?"

Nora laughed a little shamefacedly. "I don't know that I am, Martha," she said. "I may go down to the Rectory—I don't know."

"Well, you do look sweet and prettied enough to go anywhere," remarked Martha proudly. "Them's the kind of clothes you ought always to be wearin'; and so you should if I had my way."

"All sorts of funny things would happen if you had your way, Martha," said Nora. "These things may be very pretty, but they are not nearly so comfortable as my old skirt and jacket, and I don't suppose I shall have them on long."

"No," agreed Martha, with a sigh. "You'll like a boy for the love of old clothes; fact, I'm sometimes almost forritin' as you are a girl—a young lady."

"So am I," said Nora, with a laugh, as she went out.

She went down the road leading to the Rectory, but presently she stopped and hesitated. She was very fond of the old rector and his wife, but a visit to or from them was always something of a trial to Nora, for, though they were as fond of her as she was of them, Mr. Jenkins was a very deaf and Nora had to shout to him until she was well-nigh hoarse, and dear old Mrs. Jenkins would insist upon reading Nora lectures on the boyishness of her conduct, and the impropriety of tearing about the country astride on a pony; for some busy-body had caught Nora in that un lady-like attitude, and, of course, had promptly reported it to the parson's wife.

YOUNG WOMEN AVOID PAIN

This One Tells How She Was Benefited by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Regina, Sask.—"For two years I suffered from periodic pains and nausea so it was unable to get around. My mother had no take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I am much better and able to go about all the time, which I could not do before. I recommend Vegetable Compound to my friends if I know they suffer the same way, and you may publish my letter if it will help any one, as I hope it will."—Miss E. G. BLACKWELL, 2078 Cedar Place, Regina, Sask.

Every girl who suffers as Miss Blackwell did, or from irregularities, painful periods, backache, headache, dragging down pains, inflammation or diarrhoea would only give this famous root and herb remedy a trial they would soon find relief from such suffering. It hardly seems possible that there is a woman in this country who will continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, after all the evidence that is continually being published, proving beyond contradiction that this grand old medicine has relieved more suffering among women than any other medicine in the world.

For special advice women are asked to write the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of forty years experience is at your service.

not been altogether a success, for they had unwisely given her a class of boys, and the laughter which had arisen from the scholars and the teacher plainly demonstrated that Nora, as a Sunday-school teacher, was worse than a failure.

This evening she felt that she could not face the ordeal of the Rectory, so she turned off the road, and, following a narrow sheep track, went down the valley and by a strange coincidence, in the direction of the stretch of level grass upon which she had given Elliot Graham permission to ride. She had no reason to expect that he would be there, and she would have been ashamed to admit, even to herself, that she would have liked to have seen him, or rather, that she would have liked him to have seen her in her lady-like clothes. But she was turning back, half-conscious of a feeling of disappointment, when she saw a man fishing a little way up the river.

Now, though the Ryall lands were supposed to be carefully preserved, no one was refused permission to fish in the river that ran through the estate, but it was always expected that permission should be asked. The man was a stranger; he was young, and dressed like a gentleman, with too much of London about the new Norfolk suit and shining shoes. Nora wondered who he was, and went on slowly to inspect him more closely. She watched him make two or three throws, and smiled to herself. His fishing was an unportsmanlike as his get-up. She distinctly saw him miss two fish, and lose a third. She was a keen angler, and could not stand it. Going up to him she said—

"They are rising short; you must strike more quickly."

Her step on the short turf had been noiseless; he turned to her with a start—the start of the nervous cigarette smoker—and, almost dropping his rod, stared at her. At first it was a stare of surprise, then it slowly grew into one of half-insolent admiration.

"Beg pardon," he said, twisting an incipient moustache, and smiling with a complacent, would-be gallant air. "Did you speak?"

Nora had come up to him frankly enough, thinking only of his blustering attempts to hook the trout; but as she saw the face, with its insouciant, conceited, and half-insolent expression, her face grew cold, and her voice became hard, as she said—

"Yes, I said that the fish were rising short, and that if you wanted to catch them you must strike more quickly."

"Oh, thanks, thanks!" he drawled. "I am not very keen about it, I'm only just amusing myself. You fish yourself, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Nora laconically. "Ah, live about here, I imagine?"

"I live here; yes," replied Nora.

(To be continued)

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(Established 1874.)
229 and 325 Duckworth Street.
A large assortment of Headstones and Monuments always in stock. Latest designs, etc., with prices and sizes to suit everybody. Outport customers can save time and money by writing to-day for Catalogue of designs and Price List. Outport customers many customers with our mail order system of buying from our photo designs.
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The President's Remark.

The impromptu speech by President Harding, to the officers and men on the flagship Pennsylvania, at Hampton Roads, recently, in which he stated "America wants only that which is righteously her own, and by the eternal, we mean to have it," is causing considerable comment in many American papers, which do not think his remark was real good judgment on his part. "Is it tactful to make such a declaration at the present time?" asks the Boston Post. "What the American people, at the present time, want," says the Boston Post, "is Peace with Honor. We do not need to display a chip on our shoulders. The first duty of the new administration is to maintain peace with all nations. No more vacant chairs, by reason or war, are wanted at the tables of American homes. The American people, who always have to pay the bills of warfare in blood and treasure, depend upon you, Mr. President, to maintain Peace; and to make Peace the cardinal policy of the State Department."

This Republic is too big and too powerful to need any touch of bragadocio. We hope that President Harding and Secretary Hughes will not be led astray by the enthusiasm of the moment or any impulse of patriotism or National pride, to add a single brand to the fire of the loose-thinking war talkers. "Let us have Peace," and do nothing and say nothing at conflict with that aspiration. All the hopes of mankind for better conditions depend upon the maintenance of peace. The honor of this great Republic is entirely safe. We can well afford to be the good-natured "big brother" among the nations of the world, without detriment to our dignity, loss to our self-respect or injury to our substantial interests.

Let us have enough real courage to declare that there shall be no more war; if we can prevent it. That is the truest and the highest ideal of national policy for the United States and we should strive for it."

FREEZONE
Corns Lift Off with Fingers

Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. It doesn't hurt a bit.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the calluses, without a particle of pain.

Calls Upon the Federal Govt. to Resign.

Winnipeg, May 5.—(By Canadian Press)—Passing of a "no confidence" vote in the Federal Government and calling upon it to resign as having no mandate from the people of Canada to carry on and endorsement of the organization's federal political platform with a few additions, feature the morning session of the Grand Army of United Veterans convention to-day.

In view of the expected amalgamation of all veterans organizations next September it was decided that the present federal political platform should be endorsed en bloc with two classes added. One clause provided that in regard to gratuity claims that the next should include widows and dependents next of kin of all men who paid the supreme sacrifice and the other clause was that no discrimination should be shown ex-service men not now domiciled in Canada.

A resolution was passed calling upon the federal, provincial and municipal governments to refuse to award contracts to firms, on tender who do not employ at least five per cent. disabled men included among returned men. The convention went on record as favoring a series of resolutions introduced by the Kitchener branch as follows:

"That a tax be placed on the monies of alien nationalities leaving Canada permanently for their own or other countries."

"That the income tax act be altered so as to increase the minimum taxable amounts of veterans from one to two thousand in the case of single men and from two thousand to three thousand in the case of married veterans, or widows of veterans. The dependents allowance to remain as at present."

C. M. Schwab Refused German Bride.
D. P. Kingsley, President of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, at a luncheon given by the Chamber in honor of Mr. Schwab, steel manufacturer and chairman of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, during the war, made the statement that a bribe of \$100,000,000 had been offered by Germany to Mr. Schwab to get back contracts he had with Lord Kitchener, Great Britain, learning of the offer, had offered \$150,000,000, but Mr. Schwab had laughingly refused both and had kept faith with Kitchener.

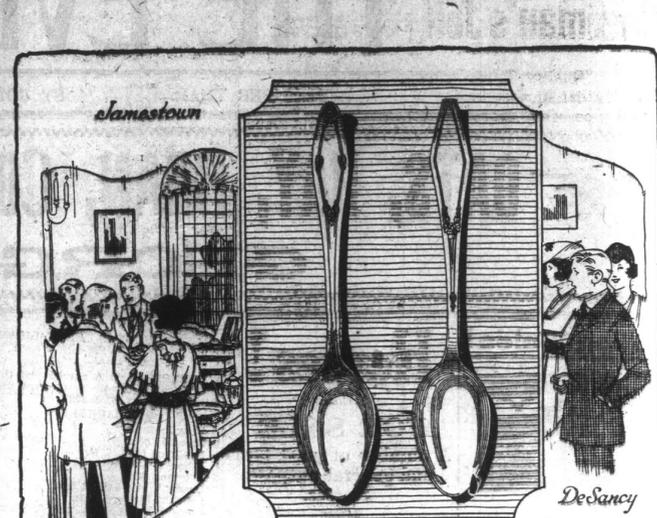


Table Appointments

of Gleaming Beauty and Fascinating Design

WHEN you choose "Holmes & Edwards" silverplate you are choosing beauty that will fascinate for years.

More silver is used in "Holmes & Edwards." As a result it is tableware of the most enduring sort. And coupled with the old-time hand-burnishing methods, this exceptional quality of plate gives a rich, gleaming lustre that adds welcome brilliance.

It is the highest quality silver-plate made. Those pieces most often used are protected against wear—in SILVER-INLAID by solid blocks of pure silver fused into the back of the handle

and bowl; in SUPER-PLATE by a heavy extra deposit of silver at the points where friction causes wear.

The better stores will be glad to show you the charming designs—patterns whose exclusiveness alone would command your interest.

And of the same quality—gleamingly lustrous and the finest of craftsmanship—can be had "Holmes & Edwards" table appointments in silverware such as tea services, compots, bread trays and casseroles.

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"Protected Where the Wear Comes"

PIE PROFITEERING.

The cost of living has been shrinking—and well it might; it was too high; and still the profiteers, I'm thinking, are charging us too much for pie.

We chase ourselves to eating places when hunger is due season calls, and there we sit and feed our faces with soup and greens and codfish balls. The staple things bear modest prices, the cornbeef hash and garlic stew; the prunes and shredded beans and rice the poorest man may eat and chew. But when we come to pie the charges induce a pious man to swear, by Cleopatra and her barges, that someone's rake-off is unfair. They cut a pie in fourteen pieces, and charge us fifteen cents a slice, and we would summon the police in our disgust at such a price. A pie brings in about two dollars, and that is going pretty swift; what wonder that the pie hollers, inquiring, "Whither do we drift?" Pie is tired nature's sweet restorer, our staff and solace if we die, and oh, it makes us sore and sorer, when profiteers get rich in pie! Pie banishes the widow's sorrow, and it the orphan's tears will dry, and we should outspice to-morrow the men who overcharge for pie. Far better overcharge for chicken, for sardines packed in olive oil; pie is the comfort of the stricken, the stay of those who weep and toil.

Mayflower Defeated Schr. L. A. Denton.

CANSON, N.S., May 5.—Defeating the Gloucester schooner L. A. Denton by approximately eight and a half hours in a race from Shelburne to this port, the Boston schooner Mayflower arrived here this morning for ice. To-morrow morning the Hib flyer will sail for the Magdalen Islands for bait, thence to the fishing grounds, Captain Hogan, master of Gloucesterman, is not yet satisfied that the Mayflower is

the faster craft and to-day was changing the trim of his vessel. He hopes to have her ready for sea to-morrow morning, so that he may get away with the Mayflower for the Magdalens so as to complete the race from Gloucester to the Magdalens. "Oh, she's not so very bad," said Captain Larkin, master of the Mayflower, when asked to-day how his vessel behaved on the run along the Nova Scotia coast from Shelburne. He had moderate northerly winds most of the way to Canson, with some easterly. Once in a while there was enough wind to carry lee scuppers, but nothing beyond that."

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Instill into your children a love for good music. Gladden your dull hours with gay dance tunes. Soothe your worries with melodies of love, life and laughter. Refresh your spirits with inspiring band music and glorious orchestral selections. Entertain your friends with a programme of great music, just as it is sung or played by famous great artists.

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