

HORSES
for
Lumber Camps.
We have a selection of young horses, weighing from 1300 to 1800 lbs.—a selection that will enable you to buy exactly what you want.
For fifty-five years the firm of J. W. Jacobs, Limited, has been in business—giving satisfaction to its customers and building up its reputation for honest dealing and fair prices. Our experience is valuable to you; our reputation is your guarantee.
J. W. Jacobs, Limited
29 HERMINE ST., MONTREAL.
Telephone Main 1639.

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

CHAPTER VIII.
THE BLOW.
"I call that pride, beggarly pride," she said; "it's a stuck-up way of looking at things. I don't 'pose they care a fig whether you ask them back at all; I know I shouldn't if I was in their place. Besides, there's Nora 'ere; she's getting on in life; she ought to have a chance. There's a lot of young men up there—"
Nora rose, her face scarlet. "Excuse me, father," she said, "I ought to go and look at the lams."
"Lams!" exclaimed Mrs. Ryall with a snort. "That's all you think of—working on the farm like a labourer's daughter; and yet I darsay you call yourself a lady. You'd be much better employed making friends with such people as the Ferrands, who might be of some use to you. But it seems to me I might as well talk to the wind as to you two. A pretty future I've got before me! An unmarried girl about my own age 'anging about my skirts."
Nora escaped, went on, and was about to saddle the pony when she remembered that Mrs. Ryall had announced that she was going for a drive that evening. There was nothing for it but to walk, so she took her stick, called Bob, and set off. Her ears were still burning, her cheeks still hot, at Mrs. Ryall's vulgar tirade, notwithstanding that it was not the first that Nora had been compelled to endure in her life. The woman's insolence hurt her pretty badly, but the fact that her father never came to her rescue was still more bitter to bear. They seemed to be drifting farther and farther apart every day, and the rapidity of his deterioration filled her with despair. Up to the present he had always been a temperate man; but the perpetual presence of the whisky bottle, his wife's example, and the fatal desire of the weak man, when in difficulties or worried, to fly to the sham sense of alcohol, were producing the usual results. On more than one night he had gone to bed in a hazy and fuddled condition.
With a heavy heart Nora crossed the narrow bridge over the river, and went up to the hills where the sheep lay. As she came round a bend Bob pricked up his ears and barked, and looking in the direction in which he was pointing, she saw a man stooping down as if he were examining something on the rough and uneven ground. It was a short figure in a covert coat, and with a cap the universal cap of these days.
"Some one else from the Hall trespassing," said Nora to herself. "I shall have to take Elliot's—I mean Mr. Graham's—advice and put up a notice board."
By this time she had got near enough to see that it was Sir Joseph, and she stopped short and watched him with natural curiosity. Why had he left his gay company to wander about the hills, the Ryall hills, alone? What was he looking for, examining? He was so engrossed in his occupation, whatever it may have been, that he did not hear her—for, with a mo-

tion of her hand, she had kept Bob quiet—until she was almost close upon him; then he looked up with a start, thrust something that looked like stones into his pocket, and stood gazing at her with confusion and embarrassment on his fat, sallow face. He recovered himself almost instantly, however, and raising his cap, said, suavely and respectfully—
"Miss Ryall, I presume."
Sir Joseph, possessing quicker perceptions than his son, knew at a glance that he was in the presence of a lady, and, indeed, was assisted to that knowledge by certain details of Selwyn's disaster, which Sir Joseph had wrung from him.
Nora inclined her head, and was passing on, for the dialike which she had taken to Sir Joseph when she had seen him on the terrace was by no means lessened on this occasion.
"I ought to apologise, Miss Ryall," said Sir Joseph, "for trespassing; indeed, it ought to be a double-barrelled apology, for I am told that my son was an earlier offender. He might plead ignorance as an excuse, but I am afraid that I am without even so poor a one. You must please let me explain. I had a little headache—one of those little headaches which we business men suffer from—and I got away from the Hall for a quiet stroll. I wandered over the boundary, and my attention was attracted by these charming little—or—orchids." He took two or three quite ordinary flowers from his pocket, and held them up with an ingratiating smile. "I am an ardent botanist—but really I cannot lay claim to the title," he added hastily, remembering that he did not know even the name of the flowers he had picked as a blind. "I trust I shall have your forgiveness, and that you will also extend it to my son."
"You are quite welcome to the flowers, Sir Joseph," said Nora; "please take what you want."
"Now, that's very kind of you," returned Sir Joseph, with a paternal smile which might have done credit to Mr. Stripleby—"very kind and very neighbourly. And we are neighbours—close neighbours, ain't we? It has always been a regret to me that I have not yet had the pleasure of making Mr. Ryall's acquaintance. I trust that pleasure has only been deferred. Mr. Ryall is no doubt a busy man, and much occupied, and I—he shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands—"I will take the pleasure to-morrow of calling upon Mr. Ryall and apologising in person."
Nora coloured. For many reasons she did not want her father to make acquaintance with Sir Joseph; but at this moment was predominant a feeling of shame that Sir Joseph should see the kind of woman her father had married.
"It is not necessary," she said in her direct fashion; "my father is very much occupied—the truth is—we do not see many people—make many friends; we live very quietly."
"Quite so, quite so," assented Sir Joseph, beaming at her. "I may have an opportunity on some future occasion of meeting Mr. Ryall. What a beautiful evening! You are taking a stroll like myself?"
"I have come to look after my lams," said Nora. "Oh! and that reminds me: one of our cows strayed on to your land a little while ago. I am afraid it did some damage. It is my turn to apologise, Sir Joseph."

"Not at all, not at all, my dear young lady," returned Sir Joseph. "Very little damage was done, I believe, and I am more than partly answerable for it; we can't have kept up our fences properly. I hope you did not have much trouble in recovering your cow?"
There was something in the way in which he put the question—a tone of expectancy, of inviting a continuance of the subject, which almost forced Nora to say—
"Oh, no, not very much; some one came to my help."
"Yes? One of my men? Ah, yes, I remember. Elliot—Elliot, Graham—a very worthy young fellow. I am glad he was of assistance to you. But I will see that the fences are put up at once, so that you may have no further trouble."
"Thank you," said Nora. "Good-evening."
She went up the hill, and Sir Joseph walked slowly in the direction of the Hall. During the short interview his left hand had remained in his pocket, and it remained there still, turning over the stones which he had concealed as Nora came up.
"Did she see?" he asked himself, his brows knit, his lips pursed. "Did she take in that fairy tale about the towers, I wonder? She looked sharp, deuced sharp. But if she saw she would not know—would not guess. Anyhow, I've got to chance it."
About an hour later Nora came down from the hills. The sheep had wandered to the extreme boundary, and she was enjoying the quietude of the evening as much as she had enjoyed anything recently; for her loathing for her step-mother and her increased anxiety about the farm were telling upon her. She felt not only tired, but rather sick at heart—a novel feeling for Nora. She was reluctant to turn to the house, and she strolled to a small plantation beside the road, seated herself upon a bank, and propped her chin in her hands and her elbows on her knees.
It seemed to her as she reflected deeply—far too deeply and sagely for so young a girl—that all her efforts would not avail to avert the ruin which threatened them. She did not know exactly how the mortgages were arranged, but she knew that interest appeared to be always falling due, and that if they were not paid the mortgages could come down on the old place. She could not expect any help from her father, who had become more foolish and helpless than ever; she had no friends to whom she could go for advice. Trouble weighed very heavily upon the young shoulders that evening, and she looked pitifully forlorn, sitting there alone in the wood, trying to bear up the heavy weight on her shoulders.
That is what Elliot thought as he came to the gate of the wood and caught sight of her. His heart stirred with something warmer than pity, and he longed to go to her; but a boyish shyness kept him back until he heard a deep sigh, as if drawn from the bottom of Nora's heart. He opened the gate; Bob, wagging his tail, ran to meet him, and Nora rose with a blush on her unusually pale face.
He came straight towards her, the shyness from him, and he gripped her hand with a man's inspiriting grasp, which sent a thrill through Nora, and seemed for a moment to lift the load from her heart.
"Why are you sitting here alone?" he asked. "Is anything the matter? Oh, it's no use shaking your head; I saw you a minute ago, heard you sigh. You looked as if—as if you were in trouble."
"Yes, I am," said Nora, almost against her will. "But what can't be cured must be endured. I am going home now, Good-night."
"No, don't go!" he said. "You weren't going when I came up; stay for a minute or two. Tell me what your trouble is. I have no right to ask, I know, but I might help you."
Nora shook her head again. For the moment their positions were reversed, and it was he who was masterful, but in a gentle way.
"How do you know?" he persisted. "Anyhow, it will do you good to tell me; trouble shared is trouble halved, don't they say?"
Nora forced a laugh, but as she glanced up at the handsome face, at the grave regard of the sympathetic eyes, she yielded to the man's influence.
"Oh, it's soon told," she said. "The farm is going wrong—well, no, it is not exactly that—we are very poor, and in debt, and we want some money worse than ever just now. My father has married again—"
Her voice broke slightly, notwithstanding her courageous effort to keep it steady. She sank on the bank again, and Elliot seated himself beside her, and unconscious of his audacity, took her hand.
"I know," he said in a low voice; "he had seen Mrs. Ryall, and had heard some of the gossip about her. Young as he was, he understood how acutely Nora must have suffered."
"The estate is heavily mortgaged—it's no secret I am telling you, everybody knows it."
"And you have got to bear the brunt of it," he said, his voice thrilling, his face reddening with indignation. "Oh, I understand. It's a shame! Why, it would be a large order for a man; and you are only a girl, and all alone, with no one to help you. No, you are not all

Unparalleled Offering

OF

Ladies' Costumes, Silk & Serge Dresses, Silk, Charmeuse and Fancy Skirts.

COST NOT TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION.


As a Special Offering from now until **EMPIRE DAY** we offer the contents of two large display cases in our Showroom at **ONE HALF ORIGINAL CASH PRICE.**


Also, All Ladies' Hats at Same Reduction.

ANDERSON'S, Opposite Post Office.

may 19, Thurs, 1921

alone, for I— But I don't know what to do to help you, I don't know what to say. If only I were rich, as we once were! But I am only—well, you know what I am."
"I know you are very kind," said Nora in a low voice, and with a strange lump in her throat. "I don't know why you are so kind, why you should trouble about my trouble."
His voice was low, and there was a certain note in it that sent the blood rushing to Elliot's head, and then back to his heart, which beat furiously with a sensation so novel, so profound, that it filled him with a blind wonder and made him tremble.
"Don't you?" he said almost inaudibly, and as if speech were difficult to him. "I didn't know myself till this moment. But I do know it is because—I love you. Yes, that's what it is. I am thinking of you all day; I can't get you out of my mind; I am always longing to see you; I am happy when I am with you—with a curious kind of happiness—Oh, I can't explain! Are you laughing at me? Don't! And don't be angry; I don't want to offend you. I would not have said—that I love you, but it came out unawares. But I am glad I have said it, and I will say it again. It is because I love you that I am sorry for you, and want to help you. Now, you are crying—I say, don't cry!"
"I am not crying," she said, dimming the eyes she lifted to him were dim with tears. There was wonder in the eyes, and in her face; wonder, the startled maiden fear, the questioning of herself and him, and with it all a strange thrill of vague joy, of fierce delight.
"And you are not angry?" he asked.
He had still got hold of her hand and his grasp was so tight that it almost hurt her; but under certain circumstances such pain is an ecstatic pleasure.
"I am not angry," she said, trying to laugh, trying to recover her old boyish self-reliance, "though it is so silly. No, no, I didn't mean that—that was ungrateful of me, and I am very grateful, though I don't understand. Why, you have only known me—"
"What does that matter?" he demanded desperately. "I feel as if I had



"Don't Be Down in the Mouth"
When perhaps your liver is the cause of it all.
Stafford's Prescription "A" cleanses the system and will make you
"Cheer Up."

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON,
Wholesale & Retail
CHEMISTS and DRUGGISTS,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

50-60 FAT BACK

Original Mess **Selling at Lowest Prices in Town** Choicest Ham Butt

HARVEY & CO., Limited

Nora Bayes



THERE'S only one Nora! She is the only actress appearing before the American public today who has a theatre in New York City bearing her name. Hear this exclusive Columbia artist of nation-wide popularity in her newest song hits. Come in and play her latest Columbia Records yourself.

U. S. PICTURE & PORTRAIT CO.,
Grafonola Department.

Household Notes.
Sweet potato waffles are delicious. To 1 cup mashed sweet potato add 1 cup flour, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter, 1 egg milk and 1 egg.
When fresh fruits are plentiful, it is a good idea to bake a number of tart shells in advance and fill them with the seasoned fruit just before serving.
A good dressing for fruit salad is made by adding to 1 cup of plain mayonnaise 3 tablespoons of sweet whipped cream and 1/2 cup of grated cocconut.

To look your best, your corset must be a perfect fit.
La Diva corsets, fitted on living Canadian Models, and made in Canada's most successful and largest factory, are produced in styles to suit every figure. Materials are of the best.
Sold and recommended by leading corsetiers.

La Diva

NON-RUSTABLE CORSET

"Yes,....."
The test shows that your blood is in a very poor condition, you are completely run-down. You have Dyspepsia, Liver-Trouble and Constipation, too. My recommendation to you is a bottle of
Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS
an old, reliable family remedy, made from the principles of Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock and other purifying herbs, remedy for common illnesses that lead, through fevers and build up the entire system.
50c. a bottle. Family size, four times as large. At all drug stores.
The Brayley Drug Co., Limited, St. John's, N.B.

French
United
Bolshe
Consta
lem Da
BRITAIN (NT)
The Government
was interpellated
on 17th May on
regard to Germany
spoke to-day and
down for speeches
the discussion over
when Premier Bri
ask a vote of con
Chamber. The fir
were Andre T. die
ry D'Arson, Roy
gaine, Radica, A
M. Bri. and his
take strong assu
guarantee. Rom
charged M. Bri
David Lloyd Cor
Minister. M. Mar
Monrois appear
upon the United S
ing European robl
he said, to show h
Europe the peace
needs.
BRITAIN (AN
France indicat
the Versailles T
pionier line betw
Poland in Upper
Briand's disclai
driving newspaper
retreated the late
Saturday, when a
George's address h
French M. Bri and
David Lloyd Cor
Minister. M. Mar
Monrois appear
upon the United S
ing European robl
he said, to show h
Europe the peace
needs.
L. G. EN
Newspapers of
greater unpopula
rity. Lloyd George
the British stud
Nora Bayes, made
to his almost sen
before the House o
Friday. The morn
a dissenting rem
parations and in
he caption "Nora
the newspaper decl
to be a success
NORVA (NT)
Declarations ma
and and signed b
George yesterday, a
ritation to the R
hero was Hite. cr
ere was made a
political editor of
aid regarding the
Roy George. "Ple
as it possible th
at speech before t
ions. The air is
with to be getting
to be a success
CONSTANTINOPLE
CONSISTENTLY
Anxiety over the
autonipole appar
ed officials here
ndits are animos
ons. Large numb
re arriving at th
masonry is under c
allow. Turkish N
at hardening bet