

PERRY DAVIS
Painkiller
The Home Remedy

TAKE IT FOR
CRAMPS—COLIC—DIARRHŒA

APPLY IT FOR
BRUISES—SPRAINS—SORE THROAT

THE Lady of the Night
Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER XXXI.
THE MASKED BALL.

Miss Deborah had forgotten the address, and her ladyship herself, long before the Ferrand car had reached home; and, though Nora thought a great deal of the incident, Miss Deborah was much surprised when, a couple of days later, she received a card for a fancy dress ball at 109, Kensington Palace Gardens. The card was enclosed in a note from Lady Ferrand reproaching Miss Hailton for not coming to see her, and begging her to bring her charming young companion to the dance. Nora dropped the card and the note on the table, expecting Miss Deborah to disregard them; but to her astonishment the old lady took them up, and after poring over them, said—

"I was once at a masked ball." She looked dreamily before her. "That's years and years ago." She sighed and fingered the card. "We'll go, my dear."

"But—" faltered Nora.

"You think I'm too old?" said Miss Deborah, with a smile. "Well, I've no intention of dancing; but there is no reason why you shouldn't. All young ladies like dancing, and I suppose you are no different to the rest. Yes, you'll go," she said resolutely. "I should like to see a ballroom again, to see the dresses and to hear the music."

"She lost herself in a reverie, and Nora hoped that she would forget the matter; but next morning she was startled to find that Miss Deborah had by no means relinquished her intention, for, producing four five-pound notes, she handed them to Nora, remarking—

"You'd better go and buy some things for the ball. I mean for yourself. I daresay I can find an old dress that will be suitable."

Nora's heart beat fast, and the colour rose to her face. "There is enough here to buy a dress for both of us," she said. "What is it, if you really mean to go?"

"Of course I mean to go," retorted Miss Deborah. "Do you think I don't know my own mind, child? You're like Cyril; you always want to argue. Don't bother, but do as you're told."

The invitation had evidently been sent as an afterthought; there were

only five days before the dance, and Nora literally flung herself at her task of preparation. With Nora's frugal ideas the twenty pounds seemed amply sufficient, and after she had purchased a handsome dress suitable for Miss Deborah, she had still enough to buy a black lace frock for herself. She had decided to go as Night, by no means an original character, but one which her means would permit her to adopt. Her costume was sombre enough, though somewhat relieved by silver stars and a moon; but it gave the impression which Nora desired; it hinted at mystery, at concealment, at something impenetrable.

With some difficulty she got Miss Deborah to try on her dress, and, with a few alterations, made by Nora herself, it fitted admirably; indeed, for the first time for many years, Miss Hailton looked what she was, a lady of position and consequence. But, alas! the old lady was absolutely indifferent to her own appearance; and it was not until Nora, blushing shyly, stood before her in her own completed costume, that Miss Deborah was aroused to interest and a somewhat reluctant admiration.

"Humph! you look very nice, my dear," she said, as she gazed up and down at the graceful figure and beautiful face which, for the moment, Nora had not covered with the mask. "Very nice, indeed. Yes, you look very nice. Now, I expect you will be come as vain as a peacock, like all the other young hussies."

No vanity stirred in Nora's bosom, though she trembled and fluttered with various emotions, as the cab bore them to Kensington Gardens; and her heart beat so furiously that the stars on her bosom twinkled like their prototypes on a frosty night. Dimly she heard their names shouted and passed by one footman to another as they entered the crowded hall; but she had time to master her tremor of excitement during their slow progress up the still more crowded staircase.

At the entrance to the ballroom Lady Ferrand stood, a piteous little commonplace figure, her face twisted into a mechanical smile, her huge bouquet hanging on her left arm, white with the right she shook hands with her multitude of guests.

She recognised and remembered Miss Hailton, and gave her a second shake of the weary hand.

"So good of you to come!" she said. "And I hope you will enjoy yourself, my dear." She added to Nora, "What a pretty dress! I must find you plenty of partners."

Miss Deborah and Nora were almost pushed on by new-comers, and saluted into the unknown sea of the ball-

room. It was Nora's first ball. She had learned to dance at some of the parties given by the farmers at Byeworth; and though it was long since she had danced, she had not forgotten how to do so; almost at her first moment of entrance her feet had unconsciously beaten time to the waltz that was playing, and her colour rose and remained in her cheek. Perhaps the brilliant scene affected Miss Deborah also, for she seemed to have cast aside her usual dreary attitude towards the world at large. She held herself erect, looked about her with an intelligent interest, and said to Nora quite brightly—

"I hope you will get some good partners, my dear."

They made their way through the throng to a settee at the end of the room, and seated themselves, and Nora looked round her with an excited curiosity. When Sir Joseph undertook to do anything, he did it well. He was playing a big game just at this time. It was his or mine, and he was necessary to his plans that he should loom largely in the eyes of London, and he was lavishing the money like water. He was absorbed in watching them, Sir Joseph was getting his money's worth on this occasion.

There were not only city people present, persons of actually good standing and rank. Sir Joseph had cast his nets broadly, but with discrimination, and his eye wandered from the centre of the room, he told himself with complacency that the thing was worth the cost. It would be written about, talked about, to an extent that would satisfy even his ambition and purpose.

For a while Nora's brain almost danced with the unaccustomed splendour of the scene, while her senses were stirred by the exquisite music of the waltz. Her eyes wandered from the centre of the room, he told himself with complacency that the thing was worth the cost. It would be written about, talked about, to an extent that would satisfy even his ambition and purpose.

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ROYAL YEAST CAKES

Good home made bread is the finest food on earth, and the wife that is a good bread maker is a real helpmate to the bread winner. Bread is the one food that perfectly combines in itself all the elements that give strength to the body. Children who eat lots of good home made bread thrive the best—they never get sick from eating good bread. Bread making is a simple operation. Bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes possesses a greater degree of nourishment, and will keep fresh longer than that made with any other.

AS A HEALTH-BUILDER, YEAST IS GAINING IN POPULARITY EVERY DAY. The simple addition to the diet of one to three Royal Yeast Cakes a day relieves constipation and removes boils, pimples, blackheads and other skin eruptions. Yeast is a food. It is not a medicine. It corrects deficiencies in the diet. It supplies water-soluble vitamins, which is essential to good health.

Royal Yeast Cakes will keep for months. It is therefore possible to have a supply always on hand. It is the most convenient and economical yeast on the market.

Complete directions and full details will be found in our booklet, "Royal Yeast Cakes for Better Health," which will be sent free upon request.

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As is sometimes the rule at masked balls, no introductions were necessary, and presently a gentleman, wearing the costume of a crusader, came up to her, bowed to Miss Deborah and Nora, and asked the latter for a dance. Nora danced with him, and found to her delight that she had not forgotten how to waltz. She forgot her self and her partner in the exquisite pleasure of moving in rhythm with the music; and she came to herself with a start when he said, with a strong nasal accent which proclaimed his Semitic origin—

"Tremendous, this affair of old Sir Joseph's, isn't it? He's done the thing in first-rate style. Got some big coup in hand, of course; you don't find our friend Sir Joseph doing any kind of thing for nothing. Well, I wish him well—I'm in with him, as most of the people here are."

Nora murmured a vague response; and the dance over, he took her back to Miss Deborah.

"You dance very well, my dear," she said, with evident satisfaction.

Nora leant back and fanned herself. She hoped that some one else would come and ask her.

A corner of the ballroom stood the monk and the young man in black satin, who might have represented Romeo.

"Fie, sight, isn't it?" said the monk, who was Wedderburn. "Why don't you dance again?"

Eliot shrugged his shoulders. For the black satin Romeo was "I will presently," he said.

"You're waiting for the fair Florence?" asked the monk. "Well, you couldn't have a better or more beautiful partner. By the way, have you noticed that girl over there, the one with the black dress and the filmy domino? I suppose she calls herself 'Night.' I've just been watching her, and, by Jove! if I hadn't gone long past my dancing days, I would ask her to take a turn myself. Go and dance with her, my boy."

Eliot made no response for a moment; then he made his way across the room and stood before the "Night."

"Will you give me this dance?" he asked.

Nora had seen him approaching her, and almost unconsciously her heart had begun to beat unevenly. At the sound of his voice she had seemed almost to stop—for it was the voice of Eliot Graham.

She seemed as if she could not move, could not speak. The moments passed, leaving her absolutely statue-like, apparently as lifeless as if she were deaf and dumb. What a surprise and some little confusion, Eliot bowed gravely and was turning away, as if accepting her mute refusal.

But as he turned, she rose, and her little hand fluttered like a bird on his arm.

(To be continued)

Just Folks

JONATHAN JONES AND REFORM.

Jonathan Jones was a serious man. Forever intent on a marvelous plan to better the world, and to make it a place

Fitter to serve every nation and race. He'd sit up at night reading ponderous books

And talk all the day, with the gravest of looks

On his visage regarding the duties of men

And the laws we should write, and he'd say to us then

That if only the world would adopt his great plan

There'd be nothing but peace and contentment for man.

To better the world, that was Jonathan's dream.

And seldom a day but he had a new scheme.

Yet Jonathan's garden was running to weeds.

And never at Springtime he planted new seeds;

And Jonathan's house was a tumble-down thing.

But Jonathan never bought-paint in the Spring.

And Jonathan's methods, it grieved me to say,

Were such that the grocer had marked him "slow pay."

And Jonathan's wife and his children were sad

For the want of the joys which they ought to have had.

Now it's little L-read in the dry dusty loam.

But a beautiful world must have beautiful homes.

And my logic's not deep—it is easy to trace.

If you'd better the world, you should better your place.

And Jonathan Jones would now own my regard

If he'd painted his house and had cleaned up his yard;

I'd have much more patience with Jonathan's views

If his wife were well dressed and his children had shoes.

And to sum it all up, since this earth first began

If we'd better the world we must start with the man.

COFFEE.

Evangeline is brewing a notorious drink; it might be laundry bluing, it might be brindle ink, but coffee she believes it. The beverage of death; and when her husband receives it he swears beneath his breath.

The two were lately married, the bonds of love are strong, the husband hasn't carried his grievance very long. He hasn't started brawling, the riot is delayed, though often he's recalling the coffee mother made. And inwardly he's quaking, he knows not what to do; Evangeline is making a most atrocious brew. Her coffee tastes like leather, it gives an awful jolt, and he is asking whether it's time for a revolt. He hates to hurt her feelings, but must he always drink a brew of carrot peelings that puts him on the blink? He hates to spoil the glamour surrounding love's young dream, but he has katechism-mer from coffee that's a scream. It can't go on forever, he'll dump the martyr's crown; some day his wrath will sever the bonds that hold him down; some day the galled possessor of grievances and cares will wreck a costly dresser and break a lot of chairs. Another home, once cheerful, all desolate will be; a young wife, sad and tearful, will ask for a decree! Though moralists are showing the customary bank no man can keep on loving where coffee is so punk.

Speeding Cars.

"Nobody more deplores the reckless driving of motor cars, either on our city streets or country roads, with all the dangers attending it," says the Quebec Telegraph, "than does the careful driver who obeys the law and respects the safety of others, for he is himself likely to be the principal sufferer from such offences, since the biggest risk in speeding is that of collision."

Household Notes.

An electric fan turned on wet sheets hung in a sick room will reduce the temperature.

A new way to serve the common cabbage is to stuff it with boiled rice and chopped nut meats.

Sweet potatoes are delicious candied with brown sugar and sprinkled with lemon juice.

The market basket will not chip it put into hot suds now and then and scrubbed with a brush.

Very good washcloths may be made from white stockings cut open. Crochet the edge with pink or blue.

If apples have lost a little of their snap, sprinkle a little salt over them before the crust is put on the pie.

Try a toasted cheese sandwich. Make the same as the usual cheese sandwich, and then toast it in the oven.

If you are short of baking powder, sift together one part bicarbonate of soda and two parts of cream of tartar.

Paraffine rubbed on the wrong side of a cushion tick will prevent the feathers from working through fine covers.

J. J. St. John

Still Lower Prices.

BEST FLOUR in Lines Sacks, \$1.00 stone.

BEST CREAMERY BUTTER, 37c. lb.

BEST CREAMERY BUTTER in 10 lb. tubs, \$3.60.

BEST GROCERY MOLASSES, 85c. gall.

BEST HAM BUTT PORK, 20c. lb.

SPARE RIBS, very fine, 19c. lb.

FINEST JAMS, assorted, 3 lb. tins, 70c. tin.

FINEST JAMS in glass, 40 and 50c.

CLEANED CURRANTS, packages, 1's, 20c.

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ODO-RO-NA

Disguises the unpleasant odors from excessive perspiration, imparting a sweet and dainty fragrance.

"ODO-RO-NA keeps the body sweet."

Price 80c. bot.

PETER O'MARA,
The Druggist,
THE REXALL STORE.

Healthy Mother Merry Children Happy Home

TO maintain a happy home the housewife must keep in good health. Her duties are many and various, and it seems as if every other member of the family depended very much on her.

"Where is my hat?" cries the boy.

"What did you do with my coat?" asks the daughter.

"I can't find any handkerchiefs," yells the husband.

The housewife is usually the advisor and general manager of the family.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helps women to maintain a happy home by keeping them in good health.

Toronto, Ont.—"I suffered with irregular menstruation, was weak and run down, could not eat, and had headaches. The worst symptoms were dragging down pains so bad I sometimes thought I would go crazy and I seemed to be smothering. I found one of your booklets and felt inclined to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I received the best results from it and now I keep house and go out to work and am like a new woman. I have recommended your Vegetable Compound to my friends and if these facts will help some poor woman use them as you please."

East, Owen Sound, Ont.—"I suffered for ten years with female organic trouble, neuritis and indigestion, and was weak and had such bad pains I could hardly walk or stand up at times. The last doctor I had told me he never expected me to be able to get on my feet again or able to do a day's work. One day one of your little booklets was left at my door and my husband said I should try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I thank God I did, for it relieved me, and I am now well and strong. I think there is no remedy like the Vegetable Compound for anyone who has my troubles, and have recommended it to my neighbors."

Mrs. HENRY A. MITCHELL, 1767 7th Ave. East, Owen Sound, Ont.

Thousands of women owe their health to

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Wellington's Victoria Victory.

On Wednesday, June 21, 1813, a decisive victory against the army of Napoleon Buonaparte, the first Emperor of the French, was won by Arthur Wellesley, the first and great Duke of Wellington, at Vittoria, just outside Portugal, on the frontier of France. The French lost their cannons, stores, and treasures, and a vast number of men killed or wounded. Portugal was thus saved from French invasion, and after Wellington's great and final victory in the Battle of Waterloo on June 18, 1815, a colossal monument was erected to this most famous British commander in Hyde Park, London. This was provided by ladies at a cost of £10,000. It was formed of the metal of which the cannons had been composed, which had been captured by Wellington at the battles against the French at Salamanca, Toulouse, and Waterloo; and in this way at Vittoria.

Evening wraps are of velvet brocade chiffon with fur collars.

Miardi's Liniment For Garget in Cows

"Goodness me— I've forgotten the name of that medicine—for the wife."

"What is it for, Sir?"

"It's to build up the system."

"I knew what you want, it's—"

Dr. Wilson's HERBINE BITTERS

a preparation made from Dandelion, Mandrake, Burdock, and other medicinal herbs. *Natural and harmless.*

A positive remedy for—Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Constipation etc. It purifies, enriches the blood and removes that tired, droopy feeling.

50c. please—Thanks. You can also get the family size (4 times larger) for \$1.

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Instantly, then its soothing influence soothes the wound. Egyptian Liniment is an all round remedy that every household should have for the prompt treatment of Cuts, Scalds, Burns, Frost Bites, Chills, Stings, Throat and Chest, Neuralgia, etc.

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