

Remington "Wetproof" Shotgun Cartridges

Are supplied under four trade marked brands known the world over.

- "NEW CLUB" with black powder loads.
- "REMINGTON"—a moderate priced smokeless cartridge of excellent quality.
- "NITRO CLUB"—known for sportiveness everywhere as a smokeless powder cartridge of superior quality and dependability.
- "ARROW"—the cartridge de luxe with a one-inch brass base and other features making it the highest type.

There are four types or kinds but only one grade—the HIGHEST.

All cartridges loaded at our factory are now being treated with the Remington special exclusive patented "Wetproof" process which prevents damage from rain, dampness, or similar conditions frequently met in the field and deterioration which often results in worn damp climates from storage of ordinary cartridges.

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

THE Phantom Lover.

(By the Author of "A Bachelor Husband.")

"It was a rotten thing to do, but I wanted to help you."

"You did help me . . . and—Micky."

"Darling . . . can I—will you give it back to me?"

"I do—"

"Say it then," he urged gently.

For a moment she did not answer; she was still a little afraid of him; she still felt something of pride and constraint between them; though she knew it was for her to sweep away the last barrier.

She looked up at him, the sensitive colour rushing to her face.

"I love you," she said softly. "Oh, Micky, some one will see—"

But Micky only laughed.

The train was running on to Dover Harbour before Micky realised it. He looked at Esther with pretended dismay in his happy eyes.

"And pray, what am I to do with you, madam? Do you realise that I'm going to Paris?"

"I know—"

She laughed. "I'm going there too—of course, if you'd like to travel in a different train to me."

She was a very different Esther from the pale, frightened-looking girl who had said good-bye to June at Victoria. Her eyes were dancing now, and her face was radiant. Micky regarded her with proud satisfaction.

"You look years younger and prettier already," he said. "And that's after only an hour of two of my wonderful society; so what you'll look like when we've been married for years and years . . ."

He stopped, and a sudden emotion filled his face.



BABY COATES.

"Once Weak and Delicate."

65, Ellerslie Road, Clapham Park, S.W.4.

Dear Sirs—At three months old our baby was weak and delicate, causing us a great deal of anxiety. We were advised to try "Virol," and did so, with the result that now at 11 months of age he is as bonny a baby as any mother could wish to have: he weighs 22 lbs. 2 ozs., is firm and well proportioned. We feel confident that this is due to the regular use of Virol, and should advise all mothers to use it.

I am, yours truly,
E. COATES.

Virol is invaluable for the expectant and nursing mother, because it supplies the children with the essential vitamins that are destroyed in the sterilising of milk: it is also a tonic and tissue-building food of immense value. Virol babies have firm flesh, strong bones and good colour.



THE Lady of the Night

OR Amelia Makes a Success

CHAPTER II.
THE HERO.

She was an extremely handsome girl, with a mass of yellow hair, seeming all the lighter by contrast with her dark eyes; they were not only dark, but sharp and keen-looking; but notwithstanding its beauty, there was something in the face, some expression, which repelled Nora. And she felt that of all the women there she would least like to be seen by this young girl.

Presently she heard the girl say, "There's tea in the drawing-room; let us go in and get some," and the men and women passed into the house again. The young fellow who had been sitting on the rail had disappeared; the coast was now clear, and Nora continued her pursuit of Brindle. The tracks skirted the lawn, then went in the direction of the shrubbery; Nora followed them, and saw the heifer grazing, with the peaceful enjoyment of the successful sinner, in a little clearing ahead of her. She was approaching it cautiously, when some one came out from amongst the shrubs and intercepted her. It was the young man she had been on the terrace.

"Hello!" he said, with surprise and inquiry, "who are you? What are you doing here?"

Nora was silent for a moment, and bit her lips in annoyance. A light cloud had come across the moon, and she was standing in the shadow; but she could see him plainly; saw, with a girl's quick eye, that he was extremely good looking; and, with a girl's quick ear, she knew that his voice was not that of a servant. All in a moment she decided that it was not only a handsome face, but an extremely pleasant and open one; and half-unconsciously she wished that her hair was a rich chestnut like his, and that she could speak as abruptly and masterfully as he had spoken.

"Well?" he inquired, not impatiently, but good-temperedly and with a faint smile.

"I have come after my cow," said Nora; "she has broken and strayed on to your land; she was just in front there a moment ago, but she has moved."

She had drawn her tam-o'-shanter well over her head, the old cape, which might have been a man's or

"What shall we do, love of mine?" he asked tenderly. "Shall we go on, or shall we go back?"

She shook her head.

"I don't mind—either way, I'm afraid you'll have to pay for me," she told him saucily. "June rushed me off so, I forgot my purse—Mr. Rochester got me a ticket, but . . ."

"We'll go on," said Micky hurriedly. The train was almost at a standstill. "You said you hated Paris—but you won't hate it with me. We'll get married as soon as we get there—I'll take you everywhere."

Her eyes fell.

"I haven't any nice clothes—I only brought a small case; I never thought you . . . you . . ." She stopped, stammering.

"Paris is full of clothes," he told her. "We'll stay just long enough to buy what you want, and then we'll go south. Either, you've never seen the south of France in springtime, have you? I'll take you there for our honeymoon."

She drew back a little.

"But, Micky—there's June—what will she say—what will she think?"

"She'll think that you've behaved sensibly—at last!" he answered, audaciously. "June knew she wouldn't see either of us again for some time when we left her at Victoria—June is a most discerning woman."

"She's a dear," said Esther warmly. "I owe all my happiness to her."

Micky pretended to look offended.

"I was under the delusion that you owed it to me," he said with dignity. "To you!" Her face changed wonderfully; she bent her head and kissed the sleeve of his coat.

"I can't talk about what I owe you—it's just—everything!"

Micky drew himself up, a dignified inch.

"I'm beginning to think I'm a very wonderful man, do you know?" he said, addressing some imaginary person.

Driver appeared at the door. He hesitated for just the faintest possible moment when he saw Esther, but his face was as stolid as ever.

Micky rose to the occasion, though he turned rather red.

"Driver," he said, "let me introduce you to my wife—"

Driver touched a respectful forehead; he felt surprised he did not show it.

He took Esther's suit-case down from the rack.

"Was you—was you wanting to send a wire, sir?" he asked stolidly.

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But June might have been expecting the wire, judging from the calm way in which she received it; she showed it to Rochester as if it were nothing out of the way; she looked over his shoulder as he read it.

"Married in Paris this morning. Love from Mr. and Mrs. Micky."

She laughed and met Rochester's eyes; there seemed to be an inquiry in his. June hesitated a moment, then she nodded.

And, forty-eight hours later Micky and Esther read her reply just as they were leaving for the flower-fields of France—

"Married in London this morning—June and George."

"Some people have no originality," Micky complained in pretended disgust.

"But if they're half as happy as we are," Esther said shyly.

Micky looked scornfully sceptical.

"Oh, well! if you're going to expect impossible . . ." he submitted.

THE END.

PAINS IN SIDE AND BACK

Caused by Woman's Ills and Helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Grafton, Pa.—"I was troubled with inflammation and pains in my sides and back. After doctoring with different doctors and not getting relief, I had almost given up hopes when my sister told me of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and knowing that she had really been helped by it, I purchased it. I was unable to do my work at that time, but after taking several bottles of the Vegetable Compound I can now do anything about the house or farm that a woman should do. I have a four-months-old baby that is the healthiest and biggest baby for his age that I have ever seen, and I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound all the praise for his health."

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woman's, covered her short skirt, and just showed the long boots.

"I suppose you come from Ryalist's?" he said.

"Yes, I come from the Grange," she replied as bluntness and abruptly as she could.

"I will help you get the cow," he said cheerfully.

"Thank you," said Nora. "She's troublesome sometimes—but she's a good heifer."

He walked beside her, and she knew, without looking at him, with the extraordinary faculty which her sex possesses, that he was glancing shyly and curiously at her.

"There it is," he said. "Couldn't one of the men have come after it?"

"No," replied Nora shortly; "they were busy. Besides, I have come myself."

"It's wet and heavy under foot for a girl to be tramping after a cow; and at night, too," he remarked.

"I don't mind it," said Nora. "I am used to it. And don't trouble, please. You'd like to go back and listen to the music."

His face flushed, and he looked at her, not angrily, but rather shamefacedly.

"You saw me on the terrace?" he said in a low voice. "Yes, I was listening to the music; I am fond of it. That lady was singing well. I suppose I ought not to have been there," he added reflectively, and with just the faintest touch of bitterness. "I might have been seen."

"Would they have been very angry?" asked Nora. His voice was as pleasant as his face, and there was something in both that appealed to her, attracted her, she saw that, big as he was, he was only a little older than herself; in fact, of the two, she seemed the elder; for a girl, especially a girl like Nora, is far older than a boy whose years exceed hers by five; in her own eyes she was a grown-up woman, while this big fellow was just a frank and now somewhat bashful boy.

The note of trouble in his voice interested her, and aroused her sympathy.

"I don't know why you should mind being seen," she said, with a little toss of her chin. "If I were a boy—man—I would not have minded sitting there and listening to the music. Who'd object? You weren't doing any harm. And if any one objected, I'd tell them what I thought of it."

"I believe you would," he said, with a laugh, looking down at her small, straight figure with amusement and a touch of the man's admiration of woman's audacity.

"I thought you were one of the people," said Nora, with the casualness with which a girl masks her curiosity.

"The lad brushed against his blushes were as ready as, more ready, perhaps, than a girl's."

"You did?" he said. "Well, I am, in a sense, I am Sir Joseph's cousin, or something of the sort."

He made the announcement quite quietly, without any pride, with a note of gravity strange in so young a lad. They had come up to Brindle by now, and Nora covered her surprise by scolding the heifer and driving her forward.

There was a little awkward silence; then, as if she could not help it, Nora asked—

"Then, why were you sitting there by yourself? Why weren't you with the others, playing and singing, and dancing? They're dancing now; that's a waltz tune."

"Ah, why aren't I?" he said.

"That's rather a long story. I am Sir Joseph's relative, but I am not one of the family, so to put it. My father—but why should I bother you with my affairs?"

"You need not, if you don't like, of course," said Nora; "and I am sorry I asked the question. I am not curious."

Oh, Nora!

"Oh, that's all right," he said good-naturedly. "Seeing me there, on the terrace, it was natural enough for you to ask. It's just this way. My father—came to grief; never mind what it was about. He's dead. There wasn't any money; I couldn't get anything to do. Sir Joseph helped about it—about the trouble, I mean—and he offered me a place down here. He's breeding horses, and I am looking after them. I'm just a kind of stable hand; though I haven't anything to do with the house stables, and only manage my own. I know what you are thinking; that I am rather young for a berth like that."

"Yes, I was thinking that," said Nora.

"I have been used to horses all my life," he said. "We lived abroad, in Australia, and bred them ourselves. Oh, I can manage all right," he added, with a quiet confidence, which he displayed for the first time.

"Yes, I am sure you could," said Nora. "But I wonder—"

She paused, and he waited, then said—

"Why don't you go on? What is it you wonder?"

"Well," said Nora, "I am surprised that Sir Joseph should like to have a relation at the Hall; and treat him like a—"

"Servant!" he said, without any show of resentment. "Yes, I don't suppose he likes it; but then nobody knows—excepting you."

(To be continued)

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For Father's Birthday

Dad's a pretty Good scout after all. He has worked Pretty hard For a good

But we've noticed That when he feels Well enough He goes out To hear a concert By the band In the park. He says it rests him. So we're going to get Him some private bands And orchestras And singers And everything

Many years And he put Us through school And got us Good jobs And he has Backed us up And cheered us up Ever since

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The Home of Good Shoes. 218 & 220 Water St.

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We have now in stock:
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