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## "Flatterers"

### The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SYDNEY DRIVES A BARGAIN.

"Our taking it," he answered hastily, "could make no real difference to your happiness, Miss Alwyn. It would destroy all chance of mine. Will you let that have some small weight with you? Spend your wealth with him who will soon claim you. Forget, though I shall not, that you ever made this generous offer."

She hung her head. "No one will claim me," she said, with a wondrous soft distinctness, "I suppose. It—that was all a mistake of Miss Jean's."

At this an ungovernable exclamation escaped him. He started violently. Out from their hiding-place dropped the withered flowers.

Sydney had them in an instant.

"You have only lost all come worthless roses, Mr. Hurst. I will fling them away."

"They are mine, Miss Alwyn. Give them to me," with hand extended in desperate earnest for his treasure.

"Let me gather you fresh ones."

"No, no; those, if you please. I must have them."

"You shall not," she said, "till you promise to take that money."

"Then rob me, if you choose," he cried, worked into all but frenzy by passionate pain, "but I will not rob you."

"You need not rob me at all," she said, just loud enough for him to hear; "take—me—too!"

There was a long minute's pause. Gilbert Hurst fell back, then stood at bay. Sydney stole to him as only a true woman would have dared. He put his hand out to repel her. She took it, clasped it softly in her own.

"I did something else, the most wicked of all," she whispered, "but I am not sorry for that. I was by the window a little while before I spoke. I saw you—I heard you."

He gave a sigh that was grievous.

"And would marry me—God forbid—for pity!"

"No, Gilbert," she said, with a splendid boldness that bade his soul be comforted, "for love, only for love!"

And when his arms were about her, his heart to hers, her sweet kiss answered his, he believed at last, with such a deep rejoicing as made the hour sacred to both forever.

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## "Flowers of the Valley,"

### OR

### MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER I.

(Continued.)

Iris rode on, with a sigh of relief. She didn't dislike Clarence, Lord Montacute, by any means, and she would have liked him very much if he hadn't been so obviously and palpably in love with her. She had been dreading all the time they had stood talking, that he would ask permission to accompany her, and even as she rode away she feared that he would follow in pursuit, and it was not until she had reached the confines of the heath, and had got into a pretty lane, that she felt quite safe.

The Holt, to which she had told Lord Montacute that she was going, was one of the outlying farms—of course belonging to the manor—and was in the occupation of an old nurse of her father's. Iris often rode or drove over to see her, and was received as a young goddess, deigning to bless the earth by alighting on it for a few short hours.

She was so pleased at having escaped Lord Montacute, that, looking round first to see that she was quite alone, she began to sing; and it was just as if a nightingale had mistaken the sun for the moon and had burst into song. Snow, who knew his beloved mistress' ways, dropped into a walk, the reins fell loosely upon his neck, and Iris, forgetting everything, glided unconsciously from song to song. Now it was an old English ballad, then an Italian barcarolle, and again the soft, plaintive chant, which she could remember the sweet and gentle-voiced nuns singing at vespers.

Suddenly, so suddenly that the song died upon her lips as if smitten by a blow, and Snow, started and got on his hind legs, there came upon the air the sound of a huge, voluminous bell.

Iris smiled and patted the horse. "You stupid!" she said. "It is only the old bell!"

But the following increased and grew so furious, that, more to pacify the horse than to satisfy her own curiosity, she rode up to the hedge and looked over. The smile that still lingered on her lips vanished suddenly, and in place of it came an expression of alarm and disquietude.

She was looking over into a large meadow surrounded by a high hedge, having a four-barred gate at the corner. Near the gate was a big and particularly purrulent-looking bull, and just below her stood a young man.

The man and the animal stood looking at each other steadily, the latter evidently working himself up into a bovine fury, striking the ground with his front feet, fashing his tail and waving his head; the former as evidently wondering how he was to get to the gate, and how long before the bull came dashing across the meadow at him.

Iris looked from the bull to the man; he was young and straight as an arrow—for he had drawn himself up in an unconscious attitude of defiance and readiness; his bare head—his live worn and battered hat—lay on the ground—above his head was a golden sun, and a head of brown hair touched with gold can alaze; his suit—leggings and shooting jacket both—bore evidences of time and stress of weather, and his hands—as was the back of his neck—were tanned by the sun.

In the first momentary glance Iris knew that he was a gentleman. Presently, without seeing her, he turned his head, and she saw that he was handsome.

There was a suggestion of a smile in his dark brown eyes, and about the lips half hidden by a golden moustache which certainly indicated anything but fear, as if he found the situation rather amusing than otherwise; and Iris reflected the smile. But it was only for a second, for she knew the bull and realized the danger.

A word of warning rose to her lips, but for some reason which she did not analyze she remained silent and simply waited.

The bull set his head down and uttered another series of bellows, struck at the ground with increased viciousness, and, with the cunning of a brute who wants to make sure of his prey, moved slowly toward the spot where the young fellow stood.

He waited a second, then began slowly and steadily to meet the animal, keeping his gaze fixed upon the small eyes of his foe, and tightly grasping a short and serviceable oak stick.

Iris sat immovable, her lips apart, her brows contracted with anxiety and suspense. Snow watched the scene with pointed ears and calm, observant eyes, and it is probable that he was, being a horse, mentally laying heavy odds on his friend the bull.

Slowly the two combatants approached each other. Iris wondered if it could be possible that the young man thought he could meet in fair fight and hope to overcome that huge brute with a sliver of walking stick.

But whatever his thoughts and hopes were, he went, as it seemed, to his own death, and undoubtedly the

Save the surface you save all

Those Two Houses were built at the Same Time

ONE was owned by a man who thought he knew and the other was the house of one who listened to experience. One painted for effect, thinking that any paint that looked nice would do—the other knowing that surface protection was more important than decoration, painted regularly for protection.

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proceedings on the part of his foe were so unexpected that the bull stopped as if astounded for a moment, then, as if enraged by the audacity of the man, he uttered a louder roar than any that had preceded it, and came tearing upon him.

(To be continued)

### THE ACCIDENT.

Oh, jings, how sick a driver feels, when he looks down and sees a voter tangled in his wheels, with his legs and arms hanging down through the spokes of the wheels, and his head banging against the top of the car. The voter, borne upon a door, is taken to the town, and babbles of the hat he wore, when he was stricken down. Oh, never, my friend, let your car be a danger to others. Buy a pair of safety shoes, and never let your car be a danger to others. Buy a pair of safety shoes, and never let your car be a danger to others.

### Money in Sharks.

VICTORIA, B.C., Sept.—(Canadian Press Limited)—Sharks in the waters along the British Columbia coast are to be turned into leather, liver oil, fertilizer, jewellery, and finally dollars, according to plans of Sidney Buckle, head of the Consolidated Whaling Company, who has resigned to launch the new industry. Organisation of the new company has been completed, and the reducing plant will be erected on the Alberni Canal.

Shark fishing, like whaling, is to be carried on along the west coast of Vancouver Island, where, Mr. Buck says, examination has shown that the huge sun sharks, some of them weighing

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# Just Folks

WORK.

You don't fancy work and the dreariness of it. There's nothing about it can make you to love it. You hate it, you tell me, it's ugly and trying. And sets you to fretting and grumbling and sighing. You work, not because you are eager and hot, but merely because you know well that you've got to.

Just suppose that an ugly old man came and told you: "If in my arms now and then I may hold you, I'll leave you my fortune. If you will walk my way, I am ugly and churlish and not very tender. But if you will love me I'll crown you with splendor."

Now suppose that that ugly old man often bored you. Yet always at night was the first to reward you. And showed you the way how to rise far above him. And helped you to win. Would you hate him or love him? Well, work is the ugly old friend of this story. Who gives us our chance both for riches and glory.

If the point of your amber knitting needle breaks off, dip the needle in hot water for a few minutes, then shape to a point and smooth with sandpaper.

### The "America's" Ghost.

(From the New York Herald.)

When the famous old schooner yacht "America" sails through the waters of the port of New York late this month she will be moored somewhere on the waterfront long enough to have a brass plate bearing the seal of the city inserted in her rail to commemorate her passing from private to government ownership. Those who witness the scene will be looking at a faded ghost of the world renowned yacht that won in 1851 the cup which bears its name. For of all the fabric that swept by the finish the Isle of Wight on that occasion is told on the authority of a Dorset East yachting historian that the portion remaining is the original story of the jack-knife that had the new blades and two new handles. The story is still the same knife. The ghostly thing about the old yacht is not what she is, but what she represents.

Brick's Tasteless can be purchased at T. McMurdo & Co., Water Street. Price \$1.20. Postage 20c. extra.—sept15.17

## Fashion Plates.

### A PLEASING MODEL FOR HOUSE OR PORCH WEAR.



Pattern 3766 was employed to make this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 6 yards of 36 inch material.

Percale, calico, gingham, chambray, dannel, gabardine and linen may be used for this design. The width at lower edge of skirt is about 2 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.



Pattern 3730 was used for this model. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material.

Gingham, galles, serge, twill, corduroy and velvet may be used for this model.

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

NOTE—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, water, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c.

To clean sinks and drain pipes

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Dissolve 1/4 to 1 package in a pail of boiling water, and pour slowly down sink.

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