

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XIII.

"OH, HEAVEN! IT IS TRUE!" "Only a few days before your father what I felt then I feel now—yes, and words you have spoken, the—the ofcen times more deeply and strongly. I fer you have made! Never, never!"

Iris rose, pale and trembling, her hand grasping the back of the couch. "You-you say this, knowing all?" she breathed, amazedly.

love you—I ask you to be my wife to you—you cannot fail to have seen it! go back to Italy—" prove to you that I believe nothing of Don't send me away, Iris! The world this scoundrel's story; that L still —what do I care what it says? You think you the honored daughter of my are my world!" bld friend!"

Iris trembled like a leaf. "And-and-suppose, instead of this man's story being false, it should prove to be true?" she murmured, brokenly.

Clarence's face flushed. "Even if it should be true, it would make no difference to me," he said, boldly and simply. "I love you-you Miss Iris, and it is you I would marry! Why"-he went on, impetuously-"I remember vour father asking me that question-asking me if it wasn't Miss Knighton of the Revels I wanted to marry, and I told him that if you were plain Miss Smith or Miss Brown, I should love you as truly and deeply!' Iris covered her eyes with her

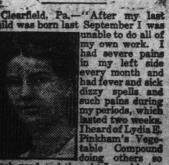
His simple words went straight to her heart, and, for the first time, the. tears welled to her hot, burning eyes; pleaded then she started as if he had struck

"He asked you that!" she said. swiftly. "He asked you-oh. don't you see"-and her voice rose in a wail of despair-"don't you see why he would not consent?-why he put you off?and why he asked you that question? Oh, Heaven, it is true, true, true!" and she flung herself on the couch.

Clarence turned pale. He had not seen the significance of the squire's question until this moment.

SYMPTOMS **WOMEN DREAD**

Mrs. Wilson's Letter Should Be Read by All Women



if it be true, I say what I have said! I we you-be my wife!"

Iris raised her head. "What!" she exclaimed. "Be your wife! Do you think I would take advantage of your love for me to drag you down in the gutter to which I have fallen-from which I sprang? I, a nameless girl, born in shame and dully, sullenly, lishonor, the wife of the Earl of Montacute! Oh, how little you know me! loved—before he died, I came to him and true, and noble you are, but I and told him that I loved you, and would rather die than do this! Butbegged hard that he would let me try but"—her voice broke, and the tears and win you. And—and though he ask—came slowly in great drops that roll—thing hasty—rash!" she pleaded. the number on it is read. A corrested me to wait, he said that there was ed down her white face—"I thank you! "Will you listen to me—" o one to whom he would more will- I am grateful! Believe that-I am ingly give you than to me! Miss Iris. grateful! I-I shall never forget the

"Accept my offer!" he said, imploraway, Iris. For the sake of old times, signoring remember that?" for the sake of the old friendship between us, don't send me away. Oh, if ing up and down again. I would have waited, as I have waited, ture wife. My mother knows what my

caught her hand.

Iris looked down at his pale face and ardent eves with a sad shadow in her own, and slowly drew her hand burning eyes from his grasp.

"I must send you away." she said, almost inaudibly, "This-this trouble that has come upon me, no one can help me to bear it—I must bear it

entreated, "See, now! If you will be my wife, nothing matters; the Revels Montacute-"

"No, no!" she broke in, sadly, desis you ask!" "Iris do not be cruel to me"

"Cruel? I am kinder to you than you are to yourself!" she said, the tears trickling down her face. "I cannot, will not, accept the sacrifice you

"Tell me," he said. "Is it becaus

you do not love me. Iris?" Her face flushed, but she met his gaze steadily.

"I cannot lie to you," she said, a low voice. "I do not love you!" He winched, and his lips quivered. "But-but you might in time. Iris!"

he pleaded. "I can and will wait!" "Oh, hush, hush!" she said, in roice of infinite trouble, "You do not know what it is you are offering! You are offering to dishonor your name, you are offering to place your coronet n the brow of one who is not fit to share the name of the lowliest laborr on your estate! No! I can bear no nore!" and it seemed indeed as if was so closely connected, made her

"I-I will say no more now," he said, in a low voice. "I will wait. I will not take your refusal as final, To-morrow some future time " he stammered and paused, but burst out, "Iris, to-day, to-morrow, next week, all my ife, it will be the same with me. I shall love you and you only, and I hall never marry any other womanever! Remember, whatever, happens that I am still waiting for you to ac cept my offer, that I am still your friend! You cannot refuse to let me re-

And with that he left her. CHAPTER XIV.

THE ROAD TO LONDON. The hours passed. The interview oon after he had gone, had found her

But though Felice had thought her deep, Iris was not sleeping. It was ther a condition of stupefaction than Toward dusk she awoke with art, and all her misery came back w and sudden realization. What was e doing there? She had no right all pertaining to it belonged to Lord Heron Coverdale, and she was here actually on sufferance. The thought sent the blood coursing through her veins like fire, and she sprang up wildly, as if she were going to fly from

Felice, who was in the dressing m. heard her and stole in. "Will the signorina let me dress her for dinner?" she said, trying to speak

Iris looked at her as if she scarcely heard or comprehended; then she eckoned to her to come nearer. "Felice," she said, with dreadful calm, "do you know that I have no

right to remain here?" The woman looked at her solemnly then lowered her eyes. "You need not speak," said Iris, "your eyes answer me. I have no right

Coverdale. Is not that what Mr. Barvoice, and with the same unnatural

"Do not call me signorina," exclaimed Iris, sharply. "I am no better"—she of China. What do you think your mother, the stopped-"better! Oh, Heavens! Felice, world, would say if I consented to let why did you keep this from me? No you make such a sacrifice? What would don't enswer. There is no time for holy medicine. A patient must pay a my own heart and conscience say? such questions. Something must be visit to the temple and take from the who was my friend, and whom I Oh, Lord Montacute, I know how good, done. I must go away from here—" altar a tube containing numbered

"Listen to you? Yes, it is my duty." "There can be no such word between us, signorian," said Felice, quietly. pents' liver is surely unique, but this "You are to me still Miss Iris, the is prescribed by the best Chinese docdaughter of Mr. Knighton. You can tors. Pigs' feet and deer's tendons are ingly, eagerly. "Don't-don't send me never be any one else to me. Will the prescribed for weak legs, and fishes'

"I say this, knowing all that this you knew how madly I love you! Why, "It will always be the same to me," and young people will have pieces of man has said," he returned, with a I have thought of no one but you ever continued Felice; "always! And that flesh removed to make medicine for a fervent look. "And I would not have since I was a boy. Every day and every is why I speak now. The signorina sick father! said it now but for what he has said. night I have looked on you as my fu- says she must go from here. Well, I say, yes! It is no place for her now. But I come now and tell you that I hopes has been, your father knew, and Where will she go? I say that she will

Iris shuddered. "To Italy," said Felice. "There is no Don't walt until you get sick-USE In his imploring earnestness he sank ina and me for I will go with her on his knee beside the couch; and wherever she goes! Well, I have thought of that. I have money. I have

my savings." Iris stopped and looked at her with

"And," said Felice, understanding the look, "if the signorina is too prou "Proud! I, proud!"-broke from Iris

lips, in bitter self-corn. "If the signorina would rather not be beholden to one who is now, and always will be, her servant, the signorina has jewels, her own jewels," can go-we shall not want it-and for she said, quickly. "They will produce

the rest, you will be the Countess of money-a good deal. With that we can get to Italy. Then the signorina can rest and think what else she will do. pairfully. "You do not know what it But wherever she goes, and whatever she does. Felice will go with her!" Iris sank on to the couch, and hid It was humiliation upon humiliation.

She must leave the Revels to avoid Lord Coverdale's charity, but to accept Felice's! What should she do?" "Will you leave me to think of it?" she said, in a low voice. "I must think over it all. All is dark and black be-

fore me. I must think, think!" Felice seemed to welcome the idea. "Yes, Miss Iris! Rest and think of it. In the morning you shall tell me what we are to do. Will you let me un-

dress you now?" "No, no!" said Iris; but Felice gently persisted, and Iris submitted. But, directly she was alone, she b gan to think over what Felice had suggested. Was there no way of escaping harity? She was young and strong,

the world was wide; was there nothing The idea of taking refuge in Italy, the country with, which her shame her powers of endurance were ex- shudder. Any place in the world seemed better than that. As she pondered Clarence touched the edge of her with a heartsthat ached in unison with dress with his lips, and rose pale and her head, there flashed upon her what Felice had said about her jewels.

After Childbirth

The depression and nerve fatigue suffered by women blots out interest in everything.

- Asaya-Neurall Nervous Exhaustion

ed from eggs), the form phates required for nerve

Nujol is a lubricant, not a laxative. Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestings can then see ntestines can then re-



Curious Chinese Cures.

In China the art of healing is still To the Chinaman evil spirits play to be here. The Revels belongs to Lord great part in all illnesses. The earth is supposed to be full of evil spirits

that the soul has left the body. It must be called back before the child can recover. Calling for the return of the soul is a custom prevalent in all parts

It is also the custom to pray for Felice put out her hand imploring- sticks. He passes the tube over the insticks falls out. This is picked up and tion is then handed to him.

As a treatment for apoplexy, serheads for headache and giddiness. Iris did not answer, but took to pac- | Human flesh is supposed to be efficacious in the case of certain illnesses

A Healthy Saving.

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PLEASANT READING.



Foolishly I keep inquiring, "Is the whole world staring mad Aren't people ev er tiring of the

me and the bad? Oh, this era of abasement! All our bulwarks seem a wreck!" and some buckshot, hits me in the neck. All the boys who they plug, and the cops are tired of running grisly slayers to the jug With my humble rushlight burning



peaceful time; when in safety one streets, where men assemble, I'm the a ratepayer, notwithstanding that his might travel up the highway, far and victim of a scare, and at home I residence may be outside the City. near, and no shotgun, charged with sweat and tremble lest the gunmen digest the daily gravel, with his jaunt would inter- find me there; on retiring I am fear- shall be entitled to vote individually fere. Motor bandits were unheard of | ful that they'll slay me while I snooze, in respect of property belonging to in those days serene and bright; it and on waking I am tearful, lest I such body, but every body corporate was seldom we had word of gunmen perish in my shoes. For the boys are being a ratepayer shall be entitled busy slaying, and the bullets whiz to one vote, to be given by any of its and whine; oh, that all of us were maying, as in days of auid lang

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St. John's Municipal Council PUBLIC NOTICE

REVISION OF THE APPRAISE OF PROPERTY, 1921,

Notice is hereby given that the I the Appraisement of property evised during the present year, been deposited with me, the City and are open to the inspection of public at the City Hall, Duck Street, each day during the mon November, from 10:30 a.m. to 3 pm Any persons who object to any praisement in which they are in ested shall have the right of an against such appraisement to Court of Revision, to be held di the month of December.

JOHN J. MAHON City Clerk's Office, City Hall,

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St. John's Municipal Council. PUBLIC NOTICE.

QUALIFICATION OF VOTERS The attention of the public is call to the following sections of the John's Municipal Act, 1921:-

8-The right to vote for the and Councillors of the City shall By all British subjects of the

of twenty-one years and upwar (a) have resided in the City for a year immediately preceding election; and

(b) are owners, lessees, tenants, occupiers of property rated City; or who are liable for the poll tax; and (c) are not indebted to the 8

John's Municipal Council is any arrears of taxes; and (d) are duly enrolled on the Ve ers' List; and

(e) are not disqualified by ment incapacity. By all bodies corporate, bei British subjects, which are owner essees, tenants, or occupiers property rated on the appraisement books of the City, and which an not indebted to the said Counc for any arrears of taxes, which are duly enrolled on the sail

Voters' List, Every such person and body cor porate shall be deemed to be, an is hereafter described as a rate

9-Each ratepayer shall only eititled one vote for the election the Mayor, and one for each of the 16-Where property is assessed to

firm or co-partnership, not being in corporated, each member of such firm or co-partnership at the time of such assessment shall be deemed to be assessed as a qualification for voting. 11-Any person who has a shop store or office in the City and has car ried on a business profession thereis previous to any election, being otherwise qualified, shall be deemed to be

officers appointed in writing by the body for that purpose. 13-When property is held by 31 cially entitled shall be held to be the

J. J. MAHONY,

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