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St. John's, Nfld.

### "Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XI  
A STORY OF SHAME.

"She, and no other!" replied the signor, emphatically.

"It is a lie!" exclaimed Lord Clarence again.

Mr. Barrington motioned to him to be silent.

"Let us understand each other, if you please, Signor Ricardo!" he said, gravely. "You, whatever your ignorance of the English law may be, must be aware that this statement is of great and terrible importance to Miss Knighton—to my client!"

"Yes, I fear so!" said the signor.

"And you persist—you still repeat that it is your conviction that Mr. Knighton and the Signorina Corstia, the mother of Miss Knighton, were not married?"

"I do," said Ricardo.

"Slowly, surely, the significance of his words forced themselves upon the mind of the girl behind the curtain. She uttered no cry, scarcely moved; but one hand went to her heart, and the other to her brow, and so she stood, in an agony unexpressed, indescribable.

She was a Knighton; the Knighton blood ran in her veins; she had all the Knighton pride, and she had to realize that she was nameless, the daughter of an undying, ineradicable shame. What pen can describe the horror that fell upon her? It can only be imagined, and that, how faintly!

As she stood, leaning against the wall, white, almost breathless, the door opened softly, and Felice entered. She hurried toward Iris with quick and sharp alarm, but Iris held up her hand to silence her and motioned toward the curtain. The two women stood and listened.

Lord Clarence's voice broke upon their ears.

"I repeat, this is an infamous and—stupid lie!" he said, with con-

temptuous anger. "Mr. Barrington, I think we have listened long enough to this—this man's foolish story. I—I thought him a scoundrel the first time I saw him—"

Ricardo rose threateningly, then shrugged his shoulders and sank into his seat again.

"I forgive his lordship's language in consideration of the circumstances," he said, with a sinister smile. "What do you say, Mr. Barrington? Do you think my story so foolish and so false?"

Mr. Barrington looked at him sternly.

"I decline to give an opinion," he said. "I may think it false or true! How do you account for Mr. Knighton acknowledging Miss Iris as his daughter, and presenting her to the world as such?"

Ricardo waved his hand.

"Tut!" he said. "That is easy enough to explain. You, sir, are sensible and reasonable. I answer you willingly; to his lordship there, I delga no reply. Ask me first why Godfrey Knighton did not marry the signorina."

Mr. Barrington nodded.

"Because he was proud. Look you, he was an Englishman, great and noble by birth. He would not lower his name by giving it to an opera singer. You understand! Why did he not put the child away from him? Because, though he was so great and mighty, he was not inhuman. He loved her—kept her with him until it was too late to put her away and disown her. Then there was another thing. Yes! If he had no child, the property would go to one he hated—a Coverdale! He would do much to prevent that, and it was so easy to acknowledge this girl as his lawful daughter! So, you see, it is easily explained, is it not?" and he flicked his fingers triumphantly.

Clarence groaned and moved impatiently.

"Send this man away, sir, for Heaven's sake!" he said. "I can listen no longer to this tissue of lies!"

Mr. Barrington held up his hand once more.

"Signor Ricardo, your story is a plausible one; but I will not give you the opinion of it you asked for. I think it is utterly false!"

"Good!" said Ricardo, resignedly; "nobody will be better pleased than Baptiste Ricardo if he should prove to

be wrong. Peste! have I not seen and admired the beautiful young creature? Am I not an old friend of her father's—her mother's? Why should I seek to do her harm? Saints and angels, no! But"—he gave a quick look at the lawyer's impassive face—"it is easy to prove the truth. Surely Mr. Barrington has discovered the marriage certificate among Godfrey Knighton's papers?"

Mr. Barrington's face grew red for a moment. He had been thinking of the certificate.

"He has not found it!" said Ricardo, smoothly.

"I have not found it," admitted the lawyer, grimly.

"Good. Then he has heard his old friend and client talk of his marriage; often, no doubt."

Clarence looked appealingly at the old lawyer.

Mr. Barrington shook his head.

"Mr. Knighton was not one to talk of the past," he said, gravely.

"Good! He has not heard him even speak of his wife? No? No certificate, no mention of the marriage. Why does, then, Mr. Barrington think I—I, Baptiste Ricardo, the soul of honor—? What does he think I have to gain?" and he extended his hands in indignant appeal.

CHAPTER XII  
UNDER ARREST.

Mr. Barrington was silent for a moment.

"It is not for me to guess at your motives, Signor Ricardo," he said, at last, coldly.

"Good!" retorted Ricardo. Then he drew his chair a little nearer the table.

"And now you have heard my story, what will you do?" There was silence.

Clarence listened, spellbound by the man's voice and face, as a bird is fascinated by a serpent.

"I will tell you!" said Ricardo, lowering his voice. "Just go on as if I had not told my little romance. You think it is false; act accordingly. Let Miss Iris take all this beautiful place, and all this heap of gold and miles of land, and—ask no questions."

He stopped, and watched the lawyer's face keenly.

There was silence.

"This Lord Hereon, this Lord Coverdale, who would come into the money and the lands, and all, why should he know anything about it, eh? Why should he be told? We keep our lips closed, and who is the wiser? So! Nobody!" and he twisted his moustache.

"As for Baptiste Ricardo, he is an honest man, and he has a tender heart, and rather than turn his old friend's daughter an outcast into the streets, he would cut off his hand. His lordship here, who has given me such hard words, he will not speak for his lover Miss Iris—is it not so?"

Clarence turned his head away.

"And you—why, you are a man of law, and men of law are proverbially silent. Come, my friends," he said, insinuatingly, "let us say no more about this matter, this romance of Italy! Let the beautiful Miss Iris take her money and her lands, and all will go as merry as a marriage bell!"

Mr. Barrington rose, plump and pale.

"Silence!" he said. "This story of yours, true or infamously false—and I believe it to be the latter—must be inquired into. My lord—and he turned to Clarence—"you know how true a friend I was of my late clients; you know that, as this man says, I would rather cut off my hand than injure his daughter, but"—the old lawyer's voice shook—"I have another client; I have Lord Coverdale to consider! I wish to Heaven I had not! But I must do my duty, I am an honest man, my lord. I trust, in all humility, that I have lived a long life without reproach. I have my honor to think of, and in honor I am bound to consider Lord Coverdale!"

Clarence passed his hand across his brow. The signor watched the two men as a cat might watch a pair of mice, a chisler smile in his eyes.

"It," continued the old lawyer, "if this man's story is true, then Lord Coverdale is the heir of Knighton and Beverley, and every penny of Godfrey Knighton's—this is, if no will can be found, and I fear it cannot!"

The signor shook his head sadly.

"What—what am I to do?" exclaimed Mr. Barrington, in deep agitation.

"One thing is clear. I must discover the truth or falseness of this man's statement. I will send—go to Italy, to this place—"

The signor interrupted him softly.

"Pardon me," he said, with a bland smile; "you can ascertain the truth much more easily than taking so long and tiresome a journey."

Mr. Barrington turned to him with a frown.

The signor wagged his forefinger impressively.

"If, gentlemen, you have paid close attention to my story, you will remember that I spoke of the signor's sister, who lived with them, and who was a second mother to the child, Miss Iris. Do you remember her?"

"Yes—well!" said Mr. Barrington, sternly.

"Well, gentlemen, the woman is in this house at the present moment. Her name is Felice!"

Mr. Barrington frowned to hide the start his announcement caused him.

"Felice," continued the signor, suavely. "She knows the truth. Send for her and ask her if Godfrey Knighton and Miss Iris' mother were married, and if so, by whom, and—where. Send for her."

(To be continued)

### BOWEL POISON MAKES YOU SICK.

Your bowels may seem regular—usually from bowel poison. Hurry! One or two Cascarets tonight will clean your bowels right. By morning all the constipation poison and sour bile will have, out—thoroughly! Cascarets will not sicken you—they physic fully, but never gripe or inconvenience.



### Spain's Tragedy in Morocco.

"Spain seems to be in danger of losing what is practically the last of her Colonial Empire," says the Scotsman. She is fighting hard to retain her hold on Melilla, where, so long ago as 1597, she first planted her foot in Morocco, with the intention of making it the base of that great conquest of North Africa which the Catholic Sovereigns had planned as the sequel to the capture of Granada.

"It would be a curious example of the irony of history, if, as the enemies of the existing Government and political institutions of Spain are busy prophesying, and perhaps plotting, the fall of Melilla were to bring down along with it the Spanish Monarchy. Melilla has not yet fallen, however, though it appears to be hard beset. Its garrison are bravely defending it. While another reverse in North Africa would no doubt further imperil the unstable condition of Spanish politics and finance, the prediction that it will bring on a republic is probably founded chiefly on the wishes of the prophets.

"It may be said for Spain that if she first led into Morocco by ambition, she has remained there, and in late years has been pushed deeper into Moroccan territory, by force of circumstances and the incitations and example of other European Powers rather than by her own choice. The Spaniards have never yet set themselves in earnest to colonize and develop the African land that lies in sight of their own shores. The main reason may be that it has never repaid any outlay of blood or treasure they have expended upon it. The slices of territory they have acquired in the northern and in the southern part of the land of the Moors are the most unprofitable sections of what used to be the Sherifian Empire; France has fallen heir to the possession, or to the charge of the 'middle cut,' containing the most of what is of political and economic importance, and her title has been confirmed by the Versailles Treaty, which assigned to our Ally all the rights that Germany surprised and diplomatically acquired in the country. The financial, military, and the political situation at home might be eased if Spain could make up her mind to give up, until a more convenient season, attempting to keep order among the Rifles. The question will probably be settled as much by the movement of events in Madrid, Barcelona, and elsewhere in Spain, as by what happens in front of Melilla."

### How the Japanese Wipe Out Insults.

Hara-kiri, or seppuku, the honourable death, is the Japanese method of wiping out insults.

Unlike our duels, there is no element of chance; and, unlike the old trial by ordeal, there is no appeal to a higher power. Hara-kiri means death. There is no escape. It is the royal road to immortality; it is the sure escape from disgrace.

It is short, it is painless, raised from a sin to become the virtue of heroism.

It is strange to us that an insulted man should deem his own death the

### EAST RIDING.

My car's so easy riding it gives no jar or shock, and in it I am gliding by the clock; and, as might be expected, my chores are oft neglected, and creditors, neglected, are wishing I would walk.

And every mile I travel provides new, pleasant thrills; but, as I throw the gravel, and climb the gentle hills, the morbid undertaker, the butcher and the baker, protest that I'm a fake who doesn't pay his bills. All day you see me striving to make speed laws a jest, and if I cease my driving to give the car a rest, I'm boned by merchant princes for pay for prunes and quinces, and every one evinces a spirit I detest.

Oh, why do men like tailors insist on being paid? And why so many waiters amid the marts of trade? Why do they always chatter of things that do not matter? Why do they splash and splutter in language that's decayed? "You ride in your four-wheeler," the village banker cries. "But you should pay the dealer from whom you bought your pie; if one has paid the tinner, the webster and the spinner, the seeder and the sower, the boy-riding then is wise. But if a man be owing for milk and garden sass, he then is wicked, moving his coin for sparkling gas; and this heebs are doing, all heedless they are choosing, while owing for the bling, alack, and eke ake."

### "BRICK'S TASTELESS"

The selection of a tonic is a matter of great importance, as your health depends upon it. To fight disease successfully during the changeable autumn months the system should receive a tonic up. The facts we state about Brick's Tasteless silenced all criticism.

Watch yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase.

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Wholesale and Retail Chemists and Druggists,  
St. John's, Newfoundland.

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### Ladies' Fall Costumes,

Made of heavy All-Wool Cheviot Serge, in colors of Brown, Taupe, Burgundy, Green, trimmed with Black Military Braid, the kind you have been paying \$30.00 to \$40.00 for, Special Bargain Price, \$14.75.

### Ladies and Misses' Sweater Coats HALF PRICE.

LADIES'—In dark colors of Grey, Brown, Maroon, Navy, that were \$3.50 to \$6.50, Bargain Price, \$1.75 to \$3.25.

Better grade and better styles, in colors of Corn, Rose, Sage, that were \$7.50 to \$17.00, Bargain Prices, \$3.75 to \$8.50.

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# STEER Brothers.

## Men's Heavy Working Boots

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### FIVE DOLLARS A PAIR

## MEN'S BLACK BELLOWS TONGUE BOOTS

WORK SHOES with Solid Leather Insoles, two full Outsoles to skank. Guaranteed Sole Leather Heel Stiffener, only

### \$5.00 the pair

Also

## Men's Dark Brown Norwegian Calf Bluchers

Half Bellows Tongue, Solid Leather Insoles and Outsoles

### Only \$5.50 the pair.

Also Men's Heavy Grain Bellows Tongue Boots  
Solid Leather Insoles and Outsoles

### Only \$5.50 the pair.

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### Household Notes.

Dry crusts of bread browned in the oven are most appetizing with cheese and fruit.

When you make plum pudding, grease the cover of the mold as well as the mold itself.

Stew and strain apples and use as you would pumpkin for a custard. Thicken with flour.

Keep a jar of cold cream over the kitchen sink and use after having your hands in water.

Stockings which are stained from the inside leather of a shoe can be cleaned if one teaspoonful of borax is put in the water in which they are washed.

Polished furniture should be rubbed off about twice a year with a cloth wrung out in warm soapy water and dried with a dry cloth.

# WRIGLEY'S

"After Every Meal"

Next time you want to concentrate on a piece of work just slip a stick of WRIGLEY'S between your teeth.

It's a wonderful help in daily tasks—and sports as well.

Hazards disappear and hard places come easy, for WRIGLEY'S gives you comfort and poise—it adds the zest that means success.

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