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"Flatterers"
 The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXVI.
 SHAKE HANDS ALL ROUND, GOOD FRIENDS.

What was there in Leonora's Leonard was handsome still, especially by candle-light. Presently the young lady took to wearing a certain sapphire ring given to her on a very memorable occasion. Upon that hint Mr. Villiers spoke, with the result that before another season began he was inducted as ostensible master of "Number twenty-three Gladys Crescent."

They suit in their new positions excellently. After his and her own will each admires the other to the top of their bent. But they never trouble each other with too much of confidence; so when one day Mr. Villiers read aloud from his paper the tragic end, in a San Francisco gambling-saloon, of a swindler of European reputation, whose description he well recognized, he felt under no necessity to confess that he had had many dealings with this questionable character, nor did he dream that the rascal put an end to by a Californian knife was at one time near standing in the marital shoes he now wore so easily.

Major Villiers took his son's settlement with moderate satisfaction. "It wasn't the one I wanted, more's the pity for you, Rupert," he said; and though fairly reconciled to life and his lot, Mr. Rupert once allowed himself to echo that regret.

It was at a big gathering the year after he had married, to which, after much toadying of a society magnate, he had got himself and Leonora invited, and where, among a throng of name and rank, they had found themselves nobodies. A good-tempered fellow seeing him tormented—it was Tuffin, by the way—spent five minutes in pointing out to him the notabilities of the evening—among them:

"That tall fellow with the brown beard. He's blind, though you'd never guess it. He's written a book on Upper Egypt that's all the rage among the blues just now. Some society got him up to lecture this afternoon, and my lord president nabbed him for tonight. That dark-eyed woman every one is looking at leaning against him, is his wife. Eh, do you see her, Villiers?"

Villiers did see her as she stood, one hand on the arm of her companion, who talked to a group of celebrities. Soon he was elbowing his way toward her.

"Mrs. Hurst," he said, accosting her with an air of delicate melancholy, "this is indeed a tri-pleasure. How little I guessed I was to meet you tonight."

"We stayed unexpectedly," he answered, a momentary shyness—for she remembered their last interview—enhancing all her charms.

"Is it too late," he said, in a lowered key, "or may I dare to ask if you hold me excused for—two years ago?"

Now she was self-possessed again; looked through him, down upon him, from the royalty of her beautiful young matronhood.

"I hold you fully excused," she said, "and am myself immeasurably grateful to you."

She turned to her husband with the perfection of contentment Mr. Villiers, very sorry indeed for himself, went and found Leonora in a remote corner, told her morosely she had powdered too freely, and took her off home without vouchsafing the information that her step-sister was one of the

brightest stars in the brilliant throng they were leaving.

But the Hursts are rarely in London, though pretreatment of society and science is ready enough for them there if they cared to take it. Stuart was in the market when they came back to England, and now, cleared to the last payable farthing of the debt poor John Alwyn died under, Stuart is their home.

There old friends and new come about them. Major Villiers often, the Comynghams once, Miss Ambler when she wills. Thence go forth other works by Gilbert Hurst and that collaborator whom only few know of, which earn him wide publicity and praise, and bring in revenue which now he little needs.

For under Richard Drayton's prudent management Grandlyde sends a steady stream of riches on them, and Sydney declares if she had not Gilbert to tell her what channels to turn it into she should be perplexed out of all enjoyment of this troublesome, ever-expanding wealth.

Troublesome, indeed! Why, what is it Mrs. Gilbert Hurst likes better?

This.

She came silently the other day upon her husband and their five-year-old daughter in deep converse under one of the bee-haunted blossoming limes in their garden. The sun shone through the leaves. The sky above was intensely blue. To life's beginner the world looked very fair. Said the little one, finishing a thought aloud:

"But it doesn't matter for that."

"And what does not matter for what, sweetheart?" her father asked.

"Your being blind, father, for just the things that are pretty. But, oh, I do wish you were not blind for something else!"

"What is it?"

"To see mother. She is such a beautiful mother."

Gilbert stretched his arm over the grass and gathered the child to him.

"I know that, little one, without any seeing. And shall I tell you something more wonderful? That dear mother of yours grows more and more beautiful to me every single day of our lives."

"Flatterers!" she said, happy tears in her eyes, her hand on her child's brown hair, her head on her husband's shoulder.

And there was Sydney Hurst's best-cherished wealth!

THE END.

"Flowers of the Valley,"
 OR
MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.
 CHAPTER I.
 (Continued)

Iris went white to the lips; she saw the young man raise his stick, heard it as it fell, apparently with the force of an iron bar, upon the bull's snout—upon which it seemed to have as much effect as a fly would have done if it had alighted there instead—and then she saw the bull lowered its head to toss him, she saw the man leap to the left and make for the gate.

The thing, the trick, was done so quickly, so cleverly, and so gracefully, that her heart gave a bound, and her cheeks flushed with admiration. But another emotion—the first, that of fear—as quickly took its place.

Quick as the young fellow was, the bull was quicker. Long before the gate was reached, while it still stood, as if mockingly, half open, at the corner of the field, the bull had gained upon the

The Body-building power of Bovril has been proved by independent scientific investigations to be from 10 to 20 times the amount taken.

"I think I like you better as BOVRIL"

man, its hot breath and foaming snout seeming almost upon him.

Then he turned, raised the stick and dealt the brute a second blow, and repeating the leap to the side, ran off again. But this time, of necessity, the direction he fled in was from instead of toward the gate!

Maddened by the blow and the cunning adroitness of his foe, the bull doubled his pace, and with flashing eyes and steaming flanks bore down upon his adversary.

Iris's heart seemed to have stopped beating. If she had wanted to cry out now she could not have done it, for her lips seemed fast locked. She looked round wildly, vaguely for help. But the farm was a mile away; not a soul was in sight, and as if in mockery of the human peril, the birds sang brightly in the trees.

The young fellow ran in a slanting line toward her, reached the hedge and stood there to gather breath. The bull came tearing along, its head down, its red, gleaming eyes fixed on the man. Once more the stick was raised, but this time it missed its aim, and losing its footing by the force of the blow, the young fellow fell to the ground.

It was a lucky accident, for, borne forward by the impetus of his onward rush, the bull passed clean over him, and the horns with which he had hoped to gore his adversary rent the empty air instead.

The man jumped to his feet, stood for the space of a breath, as if dazed, then made for the gate; the bull turned short on its haunches and was full pelt after him.

Confused by his fall and the tramping of the bull's hoofs, the young fellow ran crookedly, and it was evident that this time the bull would avenge his former fallings, and it would be maimed limbs and death for his foe.

The young fellow seemed to feel this, for he looked round the field as if he were vainly trying to find some spot in which he could come to bay; the bull drew nearer and nearer—another instant or two would settle accounts between them, and all in the bull's favor, when as if she had alighted from Heaven, Iris sprang over the hedge and dropped between them.

Her appearance was so sudden, so unexpected, that man and bull pulled up as if shot.

The man was the first to recover. Turning his white face toward her he shook his head at her, and, panting still, shouted:

"Go back! go away!"

A smile played for a second upon the face of Iris, that was as white as his own; and she galloped toward him. The bull had recovered by this time, and was after them, bellowing a mad, brutal longing for them both.

"The gate, the gate!" cried the young fellow. "Don't mind me! Oh, for Heaven's sake, go!"

But Iris smiled again. She had not been watching his mode of warfare for nothing, and instead of making for the gate, she swerved suddenly and rode toward the bull.

The young fellow stopped as if shot, and dashed toward her, uttering a cry of warning and despair. The bull, too, stopped, amazed and perplexed; but in another instant he made up his mind that a lady and a horse were better prey than one man, and he went for the pair.

Snorting with rage and terror, Snow rose on his hind legs, then Iris pulled him round and bounded aside, and the bull passed her.

She looked round then with something like a smile of triumph on her pale face at the success of her manoeuvre, but the smile died away as she saw that instead of making for the gate the young fellow was running toward her.

"The gate, the gate!" she cried, speaking for the first time.

"What! And leave you?" he shouted, with a reckless, maddened laugh.

"Come with me, then!" she called. "Put your hand on my horse's neck!"

He understood in a moment; ran quickly toward her, and flung his arms over the horse's neck. In her excitement, in the overpowering, overwhelming desire to save him, Iris laid her hand on his arm, and grasped it; then, together, they went across the meadow, and toward the gate.

A moment of suspense, a moment during which they heard the brute panting and snorting behind them—felt even the hot breath, as it puffed out at their backs—the gate was gained, and they were on the right side.

"With a shout," the young fellow let go his hold of Snow's neck, and hurling himself at the gate, clicked to the latch at the moment the bull dashed against it.

There was not a moment—half a moment to spare.

Pantingly the young fellow leaned upon the gate and surveyed their adversary, then he turned, and went up to where Iris, his preserver, sat upon her horse.

Her bosom, under its tight-fitting habit, was heaving, her lips were half apart, her eyes glowing under their long lashes, but otherwise she sat calm and motionless, the type of a goddess, who had descended from Olympus to preserve and succor poor humanity.

He stood and looked up at her a moment in silence.

His face was still pale, and there were drops like dew upon his golden mustache, that fringed his upper lip, and his broad chest heaved in har-mony with hers.

(To be continued)

If Bilious, Sick Take Cascarets For the Bowels.

Get a 10-cent box now. You're headachy! You have a bad taste in your mouth, your eyes burn, your skin is yellow, your lips parched. No wonder you feel mean. Your system is full of bile not properly off, and what you need is a cleansing up inside. Don't continue being a bilious nuisance to yourself and those who love you, and don't resort to harsh physics that irritate and injure. Remember that most disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels are gone by morning with gentle, thorough Cascarets—they work while you sleep. A 10-cent box will keep your liver and bowels clean; stomach sweet, and your head clear for months. Call-dread love to take Cascarets too because they never grip or sicken.

OLD FRIENDS.

Old friends drop in from time to time, and to stale histories give me long, and talk about the far-off clime where we dwelled when we were young. It always shocks me when I meet some friend I knew in days gone by, and who was eager, strong and spry. For we remember old time friends as we last saw them years ago, forgetting how time's passage leads to ruddy locks the sheen of snow. Just yesterday James Foster Prigg came feebly hobbling to my hair; once he was strong and bold and big, and fit to whip a grizzly bear. And he excelled in many games, untired he roamed the woodland ways; and thus I always thought of James, the hero of my younger days. And now he's bent and weak and ill, his voice a cackle, shrill and drear, and when he has to climb a hill he always shifts to second gear. I showed amazement as I stood and watched him creaking to my door; was this the hero who withstood the greensward champions of yore? "Great Scott," he cried, "can this be you, who once was pleasing to the sight? And now your girth obstructs the view, your plebeian whiskers are a sight." We waked old memories that slept, and dragged them forth at bitter odds; and as we talked we sighed and wept, each found the other such a treat.

Ballet Shippers in Black and White Kid for girls, only \$2.00 at PARKER & MONROE'S East End Branch.—sep7,21

Worth Millions if Feasible.

A Metropolitan engineer claims to have solved a problem that has defied practical scientists for half a century, namely, how, without the use of ice, to keep fish from decomposing rapidly. The process is a secret one, but it is said that the treatment takes only twenty to thirty minutes, costs less than one-thirtieth of a penny per pound, and keeps the fish fresh for weeks. Two Dominion Governments are said to be negotiating for the sole rights for their respective countries, but the British Food Ministry, though given every opportunity for testing the treated fish, declines to treat unless it is told exactly what the secret process is. The inventor, who was born in Ceylon, states that for the purpose of his laboratory experiments which extended over years, special thermometers had to be made to give readings showing how, when, and at what rate heat was generated in the flesh of fish by the development of decomposition.

TOO ILL TO GO TO SCHOOL.

Mother Tells how Daughter was Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Cobourg, Ont.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me for my daughter. She had trouble every month, which left her so weak and nervous condition with weak back and pain in her right side. She had these troubles for three years and frequently was unable to attend school. She has become regular and feels much better since she began taking the Vegetable Compound and attends school regularly. She is gaining steadily and I have no hesitancy in recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine.—Mrs. JOHN TOWN, Cobourg, Ont.

Standing all day, or sitting in cramped positions, young girls contract damaged conditions, and develop headaches, backache, irregularity, nervousness and bearing-down pains, all of which are symptoms of woman's ills. Every mother who has a daughter suffering from such symptoms should give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

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 It contains all the virtue of **Cod Liver Oil** without the nauseous grease.

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Don't fail to read the enclosed circular which gives our guarantee as well as a fuller description and more detailed directions regarding use. No. 1640

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Perhaps some of your customers would want as soon have sugar out of a barrel, which, if exposed in your shop, must contain dust, disease germs, manure, dried sputum, etc., which blows in from the street; but we believe most of them will prefer Lantic Sugar in dust-proof yellow packages.

COLIN CAMPBELL, Ltd.,
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The Tea Plant.
 The mysterious names given to different grades of tea do not, as is usually supposed, refer to different plants from which they are gathered, but to different leaves which may grow on the same plant.

A young shoot on a tea-plant has at its tip two very small leaves, which are naturally the juiciest and contain the least amount of fibre. Of these the smaller is called "flowery" and the other "orange" Pekoe. If the leaves are even smaller still, as in some very expensive brands, the name of "broken" Pekoe is given.

Just below this, travelling farther down the stem, come leaves slightly bigger. These are just plain Pekoe.

Still coarser are the "Souchong" leaves, which are often the basis of "household" teas. Lowest of all come the "Congou" leaves, which are naturally not so well advertised since their commercial value is small.

Each plant sends out new shoots four times every year. In China only the first to appear are plucked for the best beverages, though the custom is not followed in India or Ceylon.

To test your tea look at the leaves after infusion. They should be a coppery tint, and all of the same colour. At the end of the first five minutes they should not have unrolled themselves.

It is by this "out-turn" test that the professional tea-taster forms his judgment, after a sip of the liquid has proved satisfactory.

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