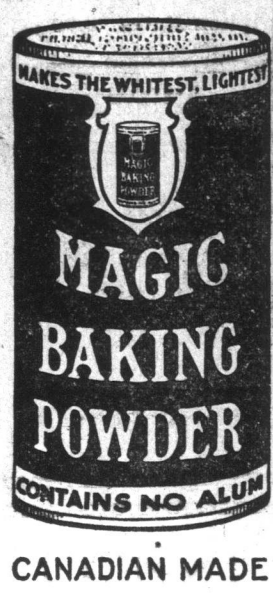


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 WINNIPEG TORONTO, CANADA. MONTREAL, CANADA

**"Flowers of the Valley,"**  
 OR  
**MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.**

CHAPTER XXI.  
**MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.**  
 A gentleman in an ulster with the collar turned up—the stage was rather draughtily—stepped forward, and clutching his umbrella in one hand and a sheet of music in the other, remarked, in the tone he would have used if he had been ordering a mutton chop for his lunch:

"The night approaches, and all is dark and drear; yet would my heart beat gladly if she—if she were near!"

Then he burst into song, singing something about the way of life and the path of love, and singing in the most indolent, devil-may-care fashion. It was very strange to Mrs. Stapleton, who recognized the man by this time as one of the most popular actors, and knew that he would, on the night of performance, be all that was fascinating in some brilliant costume. But it was very singular indeed to see him drolourously gesticulating with his umbrella, and singing from behind the utter collar.

Then a young lady came forward, and the two indulged in a dialogue, exactly as if they were talking about the weather, and presently broke out into an act.

By this time Mr. Stapleton was getting anxious, for no Miss Alfrede had put in an appearance.

"We must go on!" he said, irritably. "Cut out her part and get on with the rest. She'll be here directly, I dare say."

The rehearsal proceeded, but it soon became apparent that it could not go on to its close without the missing lady. Mr. Stapleton stamped up and down the stage, swearing under his breath; the author threw himself into a chair and clutched his hair; the actors and actresses exchanged glances, and muttered audible complaints of Miss Alfrede, the manager, the author, and each other.

When the confusion and general ill-temper were at its height, the call-boy ran on to the stage with a note, which Mr. Stapleton took, and tore open as a lion rears a lamb.

Then he uttered a yell of rage and impatience.

"Yah! Look here! Just what I expected!—Miss Alfrede's compliments and her throat is too bad to attend rehearsal!"

There was immediate and profound silence.

The author groaned.

"We'd better all go home," said the tenor, beginning to roll up his music resignedly.

"Yes!" shouted Mr. Stapleton. "Yes, that is the only thing you can do! But I tell you what, and he clinched his fist and shook it at no one in particular; "you can stop there! I won't be hangered and baited like this any longer! I won't produce the opera at all; I'll shut the theatre! I'd sooner never open it again than endure this treatment! Here am I risking a fortune, and slaving night and day, and I'm to submit to the whims and foolishness of a girl that I've treated like one of my own children! No! I'll shut the theatre, and—and go and take a farm!"

The climax, uttered in the wildest of voices, produced a roar of laughter. Mr. Stapleton on a farm was a little too absurd, even at such a moment as the present.

"You think I don't mean it!" he said, actually pale with anger. "Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the usual notice! The treasurer will pay you your salaries, and—the Lyric is closed! Good-morning!" and he dashed his hat on his forehead and stalked toward the wings.

They laughed no longer. Instead, they exchanged glances of dismay and horror. The tenor hurried forward and caught the retreating manager's arm.

"Can't something be done, Mr. Stapleton?" he said. "Miss Alfrede will turn up to-morrow, no doubt—"

"I don't risk it!" he retorted.

"And—and all will be right," said the tenor. "Look here; can't some one read and sing her part this morning? That will tide us over this rehearsal."

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She felt sorry for all of them, and very sorry for Mr. Stapleton. With all his roughness and vulgarity, she felt that he was generous and good-natured, and she pitied him.

As she sat and watched, wondering what they would do, she felt some one touch her arm, and, looking down, saw that it was Paul leaning over the orchestra barrier.

"Oh!" she said, with a little start; "is it all over? Are you coming?"

"Mabel!" he said, in a low voice.

"Yes!" she answered.

"Mabel, I wonder whether—oh! but I dare not."

"What is it, Paul?" she said, gently, for he looked pale and distressed.

"Did you hear what has happened?" he said, in a whisper.

Mabel nodded.

"Yes; Mr. Stapleton says that he will close the theatre. It is a pity, is it not?"

"A pity! Ah! you don't know what it means," he said, sadly. "To all of them it is a blow, and means a loss; but to some of them, to those poor people at the back there—the chorus—it means right down privation, and—and perhaps starvation. For it is a bad time to get a rough engagement, you see. And all the fault of Miss Alfrede! And he has treated her so well, and given her such a tremendous salary, too. She caught cold going down after the theatre to a supper party at Richmond, and she don't care how she inconveniences the rest of the company; she cares nothing for anybody but herself."

"I am sorry, Paul," said Iris. "Poor things."

"Yes," he whispered, sadly. "And—and it will make a difference to me, too, Mabel; but that doesn't matter so much. I haven't got little children depending on me, as some of them have."

"To you?" said Iris.

"Of course; I shall lose my engagement," he said, quietly.

"Oh, Paul! Cannot something be done?" she said, anxiously, for his own loss had brought that of the others home to her.

He looked up at her quickly.

"Yes, something can be done, Mabel; and you can do it!"

"It!" she exclaimed, amazed.

"Yes, you, Mabel, didn't you hear what he said? That none of them could sing her part at sight. And it's true; they couldn't save their lives, none of them! But you can!"

"You can! You would do it beautifully! And the rehearsal would go on without her, at any rate, this afternoon. She would come to-morrow. Oh, Mabel, say the word! Quick! Look, they are beginning to go, and when they have gone it will be too late! Mabel, let me speak to Mr. Stapleton!" As she still shrank back he con-

tinued, pleadingly, "Think of all those poor people, Mabel! Shall I?"

Her face paled, then went crimson. "If you think—" she murmured.

Paul did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence. Limping forward, he called Mr. Stapleton, who stood in the centre of the dismal group.

"Well, what is it now?" he demanded, irritably. "Oh, it's you, is it? What do you want? I am just going."

"Mr. Stapleton," said Paul, timidly, "Miss Howard will take Miss Alfrede's place this afternoon, if you like!"

Mr. Stapleton stood still. Some of the actors, who had heard Paul's stammered words, pressed up closer and stared into the dim theatre.

Iris shrank back as far as she could. "Oh! Miss Howard?" said the manager. "Can she read at sight?"

"Try her!" said Paul, proudly. "Oh, Mr. Stapleton, it is not for herself—she does not want to, and I have had hard work to get her to say she would—but it is for you and for all!"

Mr. Stapleton jumped down from the stage and approached Iris.

"Is this true, Miss Howard?" he said. "I will try, if you think I can do it!" said Iris, in her quiet, gentle voice.

"Try for Heaven's sake!" he exclaimed. "I am as anxious to keep the theatre open as any one can be, but I can't stand up against continual annoyance and disappointment. Come and try, and—and we shall all be very much obliged to you."

He held out his hand as he spoke and assisted Iris, by the help of a chair, to mount the stage.

The group, expectant and curious, eyed her scrutinizingly.

"This lady," said Mr. Stapleton, "is a friend of Mr. Paul Foster—the lady who sang at the Duchess of Rosedale's yesterday"—they exchanged glances, and the eyes bent upon Iris grew more interested and even respectful.

"This lady has kindly volunteered to sing Miss Alfrede's part—confound her! Now then, where's the music? Take you are, Miss Howard. We'll take it as slowly as you like. There is the book of the words. We'll all help you in common gratitude."

"Yes, yes," said some voices, eagerly.

Iris took the music, and, pale and confused, looked round.

"I will do my best," she said. "I am very sorry that it should be necessary."

The actors looked at one another. Here was a very different person to the absent Miss Alfrede; but perhaps, after all, she would fail!

Paul sat trembling at the orchestra, his ardent blue eyes fixed upon her. He, at any rate, knew that she would not fail.

"Now then," said Mr. Stapleton, "let us begin. Stop us when you like, Miss Howard, and take all the time you like."

They began. When it came to the speaking part of the character, Iris read from the little book they had given her, and, though her voice sounded rather tremulous, it was so clear and distinct that Mr. Stapleton nodded and perked his hat over his eyes to hide his satisfaction.

Presently she came to the vocal part. All eyes were bent upon her. A moment she would decide whether she could accomplish what she had so bravely attempted. Unflatteringly, though low and somewhat slowly, she sang the music. A murmur rose, a murmur of surprise and satisfaction. The rehearsal went on. They came presently to the first solo; the clear, sweet voice rose and filled the theatre. Without a false note, without a moment's hesitation, she sang it to the end, and then looked round almost frightened, for a silence, profound and appalling, reigned everywhere. Had she broken down, sung it wrongly? What was the matter?

(To be continued.)

Stafford's Liniments for sale at Knowling's Stores, East, West and Central.—nov14,tf

**Just Folks**  
 BREAD AND BUTTER.  
 I've even chicken a la king And many a fancy dish. I think I've tasted everything The heart of man can wish. But nightly when we dine alone My grateful praise I utter Unto that good old stand-by known As mother's bread and butter.

Some think it very common fare And may be they are right. But I can take that wholesome pair At morning, noon and night. And there's a happy thrill I feel That sets my heart a-flutter. As I sit down to make a meal. For mother's bread and butter.

Though poets sing their favorite foods And each unto his different moods Tells what he likes to eat, I still remain the little boy Who gleefully would matter A youngster's gratitude and joy For mother's bread and butter.

So now for all the joy I've had From such a wholesome pair Since first I was a little lad In a hanger's deep design I hold the finest food of all— Though epures may sputter And sneer me from a banquet hall— Is mother's bread and butter.

**Women of Middle Age**

THE critical stage of a woman's life usually comes between the years of 45 and 55, and is often beset with annoying symptoms such as nervousness irritability, melancholia, heat flashes which produce headache and dizziness, and a sense of suffocation. Guard your health carefully, for if this period be passed over safely, many years of perfect health may be enjoyed.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted to help women through this crisis. It exercises a restorative influence, tones and strengthens the system, and assists nature in the long weeks and months covering this period. It is prepared from medicinal roots and herbs, and contains no harmful drugs or narcotics. Its value is proven by many such letters as these:

Regina, Sask.—"I was going through Change of Life and suffered for two years with headache, nervousness, sleepless nights and general weakness. Some days I felt tired and unfit to do my work. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and found good results, and I also find it a very helpful Spring tonic and useful for constipation from which I suffer much. I have recommended Vegetable Compound to several friends, and am willing you should publish this."—Mrs. MARTHA W. LEINSAY, 810 Robinson St., Regina, Sask.

Lascelles, P.Q.—"During the Change of Life I felt so weak and run down I could hardly do my work. The perspiration would pour over my face so that I couldn't see what I was doing. We live on a farm, so there is lots to do, but many who felt as I did would have been in bed. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it did me a world of good. I tried other remedies but I put Vegetable Compound ahead of them all, and I tell every one I know how much good it has done me."—Mrs. DUNCAN BROWN, Lascelles, Prov. Quebec.

Letters like the above do influence women to try  
**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**  
 LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

**Side Talks by Ruth Cameron**

IF WE WOULD ONLY SPEAK OUT.  
 The other day I heard two men talking over a business deal. One man wanted to make a certain business arrangement with a newly established firm, but was afraid that the firm to which he sells most of the product he manufactures might hear of it and not understand his reasons.

"Well, if they ever hear of it and don't like it you can explain to them exactly why you did it. I think your reasons are absolutely justifiable," said the man whose advice about the step had been asked.

Never Sure What the Trouble Was.  
 "There is no doubt of that," said the man who was contemplating the step, "and if they came to me and told me that they didn't like it, I have no doubt I could make them understand why I did it and remove any resentment they might feel. But the trouble is, they wouldn't come to me. A coldness would arise that might have come from that or half a dozen other things. They would probably show it by complaining that my goods weren't up to the mark. It wouldn't be anything I could put my fingers on."

They would vanish into Thin Air.  
 So many times the frank bringing to the surface of little misunderstandings and feelings of offense mean that they would vanish into thin air like the bubble that comes to the surface of the water. If you can forgive and forget a small offense without threatening it out that is best of all. But if you can't forgive it until you have brought it out and had it explained, or if you forgive but do not forget, better bring it out. Frankness is justice in such cases. Indeed, I think that in friendship, in love, and in business, we shall all get on vastly better with about five times as much frankness as we use.

**THE MOON.**  
 The learned Professor Pickering finds life upon the moon; there men, perhaps, are mooning, and chasing the double moon. We've always thought it tenantless, and cold and gray and dead, without baseball, a n d penmanship, with none to paint it red. But now Professor Pickering sees

**The Influence of Virol on development.**



**"No trouble during teething"**  
 92, Esme Rd., Sparkhill, Birmingham.  
 Dear Sirs,—  
 The enclosed photograph is of my son, who is nine months old, and I am glad to say it is due to Virol, with cow's milk, that he is such a bonny lad.  
 He is very strong, and his flesh is quite firm, and he weighs 27 lbs. 3 ozs.  
 A happier child one could not wish for, and even though he has seven teeth he was no trouble during teething.  
 It is a pleasure to give you this letter of testimony, and I hope others may benefit by my experience.  
 Yours faithfully,  
 O. E. FRANCIS.

**VIROL**  
 Virol, Ltd., 142-148, Old St., London, E.C.1.

life signs everywhere, and men are liquoring in soft drink bottles up there; and maybe states politicians, as gifted statesmen pose, and speakers, dourly critical, denounce the movie shows. We've viewed the scenes through telescopes, its craters and its valleys; though fakers, in their yellow scopes, framed up some dizzy tales of living beings dwelling there, we thought their tales were bunk, and orators were yelling there, no statesmen peddled bunk. We gave no time to bickering, our platform was no strong; but now Professor Pickering has shown us where we're wrong. He's found a lot of greenery, strange plants that grow and thrive; and that ghastly scenery some cows feed on; alive; and—is it merely vanity—such green things appear, there's some to be humanity on hand, to profess. The learned Professor Pickering to our beliefs says, "Scat!" So play him on your Chickering and paste him to your hat!

**Some Fresh Arrivals This Week**

- ELLIS & CO. LIMITED.**  
 203 WATER STREET.  
 Fresh Canadian Chicken.  
 Fresh Canadian Turkeys.  
 Fresh P. E. I. Ducks.  
 Grape Fruit.  
 Naval Oranges.  
 Seedless Lemons.  
 Bartlett Pears.  
 Ripe Bananas.  
 Tokay Red Grapes.  
 Almeria Green Grapes.  
 Dessert Apples.  
 FRESH EGGS.

- New Celery.  
 Ripe Tomatoes.  
 Parsnips.  
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 Beetroot.  
 Sweet Potatoes.  
 White Pickling Onions.  
 California Onions.  
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 Holland Rusks.  
 Shredded Wheat.  
 MARSHMALLOW CREAM.  
 Filled Figs in Glass.  
 Washed Figs in Glass.  
 Filled Dates in Glass.  
 Maraschino Cherries.  
 Creme De Menthe Cherries.



All school children in the United States are now compelled to have their eyes examined. This is wise legislation and caters this wholesome message to all older people: "Prevent a host of physical troubles by having your eyes properly examined."  
 The piercing headaches, tight ligaments of neck and shoulder, stooping, unsteady steps and a dozen other disorders are traced to eye trouble.  
 Come and have YOUR eyes examined by me—it will not cost you a cent.

**KARL S. TRAPNELL**  
 Eyesight Specialist,  
 307 Water Street, St. John's.

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