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smile: "we shall see her at the theatre

"Rather?-very!" returned

thing between them?" she said.

The other lady smiled.

haps, it is only the friendship between

beautiful enough to catch any man

"Just so." assented her companion.

him-a girl. I think: surrendered the

"Very kind of her!" responded the

other, with a laugh. "I wonder why?"

"I don't know," said the first; "no

"Hush!" whispered the other. "Here

Pale and trembling with a new emo

She, then, was the girl who would

property without a word!"

enough as it is!"

is Lilian Foyle!"

fectly clear to her.

The other lady made a little moue.

bad form, wasn't it?"

here?"

Heron's."

close to Iris' feet: "and, what is more "Flowers of the so refined and cultivated; that goes for so much with me, you know. I wonder who she is? I will ask Staple-Valley," son, the manager of the Lyric; her discoverer. I suppose?" "Yes," said her companion, with

MABEL HOWARD. OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XIX. AN ARTISTIC TRIUMPH. "Certainly I will excuse you," she said. "Pray rest and take some refreshments before you go!" and she glided away with that serene hauteur which

is the most pointed form of rebuke from such personages. Paul had gathered his music to gether, and, a little frightened and dismayed by the applause—the sensation she had created, and, more than all, by the duchess' evident displeasure and Mabel's agitation, he limped into

the ante-room. Iris, still with her hand upon his arm, followed him. Lord Heron took when he—Lord Coverdale—was quite free, you know!" a step as if to accompany them, but at that moment a thin, cracked woice

"Hallo, Coverdale! Smitten like the rest of us? How do? Just come in to find the tea cold, and the great singer finished. Just my fortune."

The speaker was a little shriveledup old gentleman, as small and wiry you must admit that Lady Lilian is as a jockey; his face—yellow as parchment and close-shaven—creased into and she has so many advantages in her father being an old friend of Lord a thousand wrinkles as he laughed, and the admirably-made wig rose up-

on his forehead. It was his grace the Duke of Ross-

his aside, and his grace stood right. between him and the disappearing

"Quite a sensation, they tell me! Serry I didn't hear her. Who is she, eh? Hem! Not Miss Alfrede: know her!" and he chuckled, Lord Heron second willingly have taken the ducal mance seems to throw an interesting Let us go home." pigmy in his arms and pitched him halo round Lord Coverdale's head, sout of the window, and he did look so and, goodness knows, he's interesting the park and breathe the air. I feel, as might not her jealous Kelvinside col- the names of, say, Horatio Nelson Botsternly and coldly that his grace stared surprised and curious, "What's the matter Coverdale?" he said: "look onite upset." and he grinned.

Lord Heron forced a smile. than acknowledge to be jealous. Iris "I was never better in all my life." The said. "You must ask the duchess if turned her head and saw a tall, fair you want to know who the young lady girl coming from the saloon. She was

"But I have asked her!" retorted his ful, with the kind of beauty which grace; "and she doesn't know-no- suited her name. Tennyson's descripbody knows! Jove! I'll go and ask her tion, "faultily faultless," would have Heron. grace: "and she doesn't know-nobody knows! Jove! I'll go and ask her myself; if her face is as pretty as her she made her way, leaning upon the voice-

Lord Heron's face flushed, and he ly and placidly as if the way was perfaid his hand on the duke's arm and detained him gently. The duke looked up at him, then grinned!

"Oh, I see! Poaching on your pre- golden hair and straight, low brows, serves, ch'? Well!" and he shrugged and her heart ached. his shoulders, "you young fellows have scuttling round the world in that yacht less singer and social outcast. of yours. I'll be bound. Come and have a cigar and some soda and brandy in Lilian stepped down the stairs, smilafternoon is worse than ever."

With a sigh and an anxious glance ! toward the anter-room, Lord Heron Paul and Iris shrank, Iris heard him surrendered himself, and they forced | say: their way through the throng toward

peared to, I wonder?" the duke's smoking-room. Iris, meanwhile, had hurriedly carelessly. caught her music together, and, drawing Paul's arm within hers, had hastgo into the smoking-room with him." ened down the stairs into the Hall.

But even the hall was crowded with people, waiting for their carriages, and she was compelled to stand back in a recess until the crush diminished. They were still talking of her, and Paul pressed her hand to call her atention to them.

"A really beautiful voice," said a lady, who was seated at the stairs

her wrap round her. wash the dishes with __ ammonia softens water-cuts grease

Fordingbridge, gallantly.

the new singer, Lady Lilian?"

his place!'

Lady Lilian smiled as she retorted:

"I am afraid you wish yourself in

"Not for a kingdom," retorted Lord

Fordingbridge, "What did you think of

She paused a moment as she drew

"Oh, very good," she replied, with the serene superiority of her class for the class below her; "a very good voice, indeed, but rather affected,

Iris' cheeks burned. "Oh, do you think so?" responded Lord Fordingbridge. "It struck me as being very natural and unconvention

"Was it? I am no judge, I dare say "Was it? I am no judge. I dare say
it was very good of its kind."

"She made a very great sensation,"
said his lordship, "and the duchess is known lumberman of 7 Cordova St., quite pleased at discovering so great an attraction. I dare say we shall hear

her again." "I dare say," said Lady Lilian, languidly, "that kind of person is not wont to hide its light under a bushel. Is this my carriage?"

At that moment a tall figure came

of the lobbies, looking down at the crowd anxiously, and, as it seemed, eagerly. It was Lord Heron. "There is Lord Coverdale," said Lord Fordingbridge, "He is looking for you.

I dare say." Iris looked at the fair beauty to see everywhere. how she would take the speech, but directly. By the way, did you notice Lady Lilian's face did not change col-

that Lord Coverdale made his way to the piano? He looked to me as if he "I am big enough to be seen, if he meant to try and speak to her. Rather should be." she said, laughingly. "Lord Heron came down the stairs with the same searching look on his offspring a collection of front names other; "especially as Lady Lilian's face, and was brushing past the cou- for the bestowal of which they may ple, when Lord Fordingbridge said: "Here, Coverdale; here is Lady Lil-

"Do you really think there in any-Lord Heron pulled up. "Well, they say so. It would be a great thing for Lady Lilian. You know the father, Lord Foyle, is a needy Scotch peer, and Lord Coverdale is proper thing to do. one of the wealthiest, if not the Iris saw him lead her through the

wealthiest, in the peerage. He is seen about with her a great deal." faint feeling of misery, she said: "He knew her father," said the other "Come, Paul, I think we can go lady as if in explanation. "Knew him now." He was only willing, and, keeping

to the door and into the square "Yes, and Lilian Foyle would have Paul drew a long breath. nothing to do with him. Now it is dif-"Oh, Mabel!" he exclaimed, "what ferent, of course, Mind, I don't say success, what a triumph! How heautithere is anything between them; per- fully, how exquisitely you sang! Did

you hear-but, no, you didn't seem to Lord Coverdale and her father; but hear half they said. "I think they talked of you as much

as of me. Paul." said Iris. "No, no!" he responded, eagerly, "It was of you, all of you! Mabel, wasn't I day into a thousand-pound-aweek all the world at your feet? And this is would be quite all right. In fact, they "Lord Coverdale has inherited that nothing! Think of the theatre, the might eventually prove to be the bait beautiful Knighton, hasn't he, and un- crowded theatre, all hanging upon for landing a coronet out of the matrider rather romantic circumstances?" | your voice, and then breaking out into | monial fishpond. But the danger is "Oh, very! Some one made way for applause."

blue eves.

gently. "How pale you look! It has body knows. But, you see, the little robeen very trying for you, naturally. Gwendoline, on reaching flapperhood,

ed to see the trees."

tion, which she would have died rather feeling, they made their way to the Gwendoline, who, of course, couldn't one of the trees.

Iris leaned back and closed her eyes. not only tall and fair, but very beauti-She was overwhelmed by the change dear pa and ma. Therefore, parents, which had come over her life, overwhelmed by the meeting with Lord

fitted her exactly. Though the crush She had escaped him by the merest chance. How long would it be before she met him again?

arm of Lord Fordingbridge, as serene-Why had he wanted to speak to her? The fair girl, Lady Lilian Foyle, would fortunate child who is launched into the lad along with his high-sounding crepe Iris looked at the perfect face, with be the mistress of the Revels and his the stormy seas of life equipped with names you may plump for him. If its clear-cut lips and childlike eyes, its | wife. What could he have to say to

her. Iris? The minutes grew into hours: the sun was setting behind them, and the It all your own way; it's scarcely fair, be mistress of Knighton, and reign at trees were growing golden in the light you know. And how do you like your the revels in her stead? She was Lord of the dying king. Paul had limped off property? You don't find playing the Coverdale's future wife and Lady of to gather a bunch of buttercups to country squire half so amusing as Knighton, and she, Iris, was the name- place on the tea table for her. and she was left alone to her musings of

Slowly, with graceful serenity, Lady the past and the future. Suddenly she heard a step, and, my den. The crowd Maria has got this ing now and again at some remarks of though she had heard it but twice, she the great Lord Fordingbridge, and as seemed to know it, and, looking up, they came opposite the recess in which she saw Lord Heron Coverdale.

He was walking quickly, his head bent, his hands clasped behind his "Where has Lord Coverdale disapback. She shrank away from him to the farthest end of the seat, and it Lady Lilian shrugged her shoulders seemed as if he would pass her; but, as he came abreast of the seat, he "I think I heard the duke ask him to happened to glance up, and, seeing her, stopped short, the blood surging "Fortunately for me," said Lord to his pale, preoccupied face.

The next instant he was at her side. his hand outstretched, as if he feared that she would attempt to fly from him. (To be continued)

Handicapping the Baby. LUDICROUS FRONT NAMES FOR

INFANTS. What are you going to call the new paby, asks "The Pointer" in Glasgow Weekly Herald. Is it to be Miranda Gwendoline or just plain Jane? I am afraid doting parents in general do not fully realize their responsibilities in this matter of naming the baby. They are so carried away by pardonable enthuslasm over the advent of the "gift" which has been vouchsafed them that they thoughtlessly proceed right away to handicap the mite for the battle of life by bestowing upon it a string of tend to make it the giddy goat of i

Sound as a Dollar. He Now Feels Like a Brand New Man

Vancouver Lumberman Says It's Great To Feel As Good As He Does Now.

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"Before Tanlac fixed me up I used actually to dread for mealtime to come round, as my stomach was so upset that often the sight of fooda mean, sickening taste in my mouth and my stomach seemed as sour as a vinegar barrel. I had awful headaches every day and I never knew out from a side door and stood at one what it was to get a good sound night's rest.

> man in a short time. It completely knocked out every one of my troubles and to-day I'm as sound as a

Tanlac had me feeling like a new

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists

scoffing playmates and in later life to make grown-ups sniff sardonically when the catalogue of "handles" is trotted out Think again, ve devoted. parents, before you decide to give your later on be anything but thankful to you. Before you fasten upon the ultimate cognomen just picture to yourself the reverend gentleman smiling "You want your carriage?" he said, dismally as he douches the precious and he took the arm which Lord Ford- atom of humanity and, prompted by ingbridge resigned as if it were the daddy, says, "Miranda Gwendoline Marguerita, I baptize you," etc. If you visualise the scene as I would like throng, then disappear, and, with a you to, I think you will make another

IS IT "THE PICTURES?"

tures" anything to do with the selecclose to the wall, they made their way tion of these idiotic front names of the children of the middle and working classes? I rather think it has a good deal to do with it, for in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of the thousand one of the successful film actress's chief assets is her magazinerifle-like array of "flashy" names.

Now, if Miranda Gwendoline Marguerita Smith at her christening showed any symptoms of developing one right? Didn't I say that you would have "movie" star, her sounding names that among her childhood's playmates 'Hush, hush, Paul!" she murmured. the proud cognomen of "Miranda" He looked up at her with his large might degenerate into the plebeian "Mary Ann." And what a horrible "I beg your pardon, Mabel!" he said, fate that would be for "mother's girl." Then again, suppose Miranda were to enter the somewhat ordinary "Not yet," said Iris. "Let us go into vocation of a typist in a city office, you feel sometimes, Paul, as if I want- leagues be tempted to sneer and say, tomley Briggs, has undoubtedly a com "Hevins, what a name for a room and prehensive little alphabet of initials, In silence, for Paul understood, or kitchen!" How awkward this sort of but will they help him much in his thought he understood, what she was thing would be for our Miranda attempt to scale the ladder of success? park, and sat down in the shade of help her unfortunate cognomen (she ployer be apt to tell him that he not having been consulted on the mat-

THE BOY'S SHARE.

When it comes to finding a name for bouncing bit of male humanity the She could be nothing to him now. matter is just as important. The un-



Strength

dicate strength of nerves. On this account many people who look healthy enough suffer from nervous troubles and cannot understand what is ailing them. Sleeplessner and irritability are among the early symptoms. Indigestion and tired eelings soon follow. Read this letter from an Or

tario man:

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> handicap to the boy. If you have an odd thousand pounds about you which you would like to give | Steel beads are delightful on grey you haven't take my advice. Call him John or George and give the kid half

> > THE CORONER.



The coroner is busy, he seldom has a rest: he rides in his tin Lizzie to hold another quest. He wears out teams of horses when Lizzle will not go; to sit on clammy corses he journeys to and fro. For every

passing minute bootleggers sell their booze, and there is venom in it, and fuice of overshoes, and sudden death and thunder, and powdered bones and crime; and he who drinks goes under, long, long before his time. Some voters think it funny to beat the Volstead law, and so they spend their money for poison rank and raw. The coroner is toiling through bitter winds and they are kept too long. The winds drugs, No cough remedy has ever been No cough remedy has ever been strong; his clients will be spoiling if rains; the coroner is panting along discovered that the country lanes; along the village highway, and down the city street; there is no road or byway that does not know his feet. The boys must manner of cases and given satisfac have their bitters, from jug or demijohn, and, rounding up such critters, the coroner goes on. The boys must have their flagons—the Volstead law be blowed! And then they ride in gons along the boneyard road. And while the boys drink toddies, the 35c.; Postage 10c. extra. coroner's on his way, and on their

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never do that) would be a decided motor hat. Steel is the smartest of metal trimmings.

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