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**BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS  
ST. JOHN'S**

## "Flowers of the Valley,"

OR  
**MABEL HOWARD,  
OF THE LYRIC.**

### CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"It had been always an understood thing that Beverley at least should pass on to the Coverdales; that had been a bargain in consequence of some chopping and changing of land between them, hadn't it?"

"It had been," said Mr. Barrington, "but Mr. Godfrey Knighton denies it, and declines to admit any such claims."

"I know, and I for one wouldn't press it! Let him take them, all I know, Beverley and every other here! I wouldn't accept a rood from the man who declared that the name of Coverdale stuck in his nostrils."

"Stop!" and he stopped in his pacing up and down, and colored. "I'm going too fast! I don't like him, but I've nothing against him. I suppose it is because I was brought up to dislike him."

"But, as I say, I have nothing against him. I saw him once, a stern, hard man with a frown, and a harsh voice. I've heard that his daughter takes after him."

Mr. Barrington looked up with surprise. "Indeed!" he said. "Who told you that, my lord?"

Lord Coverdale frowned with self-denial. "You're quite right, Mr. Barrington," he said. "I ought not to have spoken of a lady in that way, especially of a lady whom I don't know. But, at any rate, I have not heard the most brilliant account of her, and my informant was one whom I could trust—would trust with every inch of confidence I've got!"

He spoke so emphatically that the lawyer looked up curiously. "I can't imagine where you got that idea of Miss Knighton," he said thoughtfully. "She always struck me as being a most charming young lady."

Lord Coverdale laughed. "Never mind," he said, "don't let us discuss it. Poor girl! I pity her with such a father! I suppose she will be very rich?"

"Very rich, indeed," assented Mr. Barrington. "The Knighton and Beverley estates are large, and Godfrey Knighton has not lived up to half his income. It would be impossible for him to have done so, seeing the quiet and retired life he has been leading for the last fifteen years. I am afraid he is not a happy man."

Lord Coverdale shrugged his shoulders. "Most unhappy, I should think, from all I have heard. But the poor fellow lost his wife soon after his marriage, did he not?"

"Yes; and she died giving birth to Miss Knighton," said the lawyer. "At least, I believe so. I do not know; indeed, I don't think any one knows anything about her or their married life."

"Poor woman!" said Lord Coverdale.

CHAPTER VII.  
A SILKEN SCARE.

Iris's worst enemy could not, with justice, have called her sentimental. She had lovers by the score, but she had never bestowed a thought upon them; even Clarence Montacute she would have liked much better if he hadn't been so devotedly attached to her. She was perfectly happy and content; she was a first-rate musician, she could paint tolerably well, could ride and swim, and knew more about books than ninety-nine out of a hundred of her sex.

In a word, she was a clever—as well as a beautiful—girl, and clever girls are not sentimental.

And yet she could not get the remembrance of her adventure with the bull in the Holt fields out of her head.

All the morning, while Signor Ricardo was listening to the conversation between Lord Coverdale and his lawyer, Iris was thinking of the handsome young stranger she had met the previous day. She tried not to think of him, to efface the whole business from her mind, but the effect was a vain one.

There was some excuse for thinking of him, for, after all, young ladies are not in the habit of saving a man's life every day in the week. But he haunted her in a way she could not

understand, and in a fashion that annoyed her.

She found herself recalling even the features of his face, the golden-brown hair, the frank and really handsome eyes, the tone of his voice, and the short laugh which had accompanied some of his speeches.

Once during the morning she went to the writing-table, and, unfastening a drawer, took out the scarf she had hidden back for. It was only an ordinary necktie, but it seemed to possess a strange value in her eyes, for though she determined to throw it away, and even opened the window, she ended by replacing the scarf in the drawer, and locking it away again carefully, as if it were a treasure or a relic.

It was certainly the first thing belonging to a man she had treasured in this way. Men had given her costly bouquets, in the fond hope that she might preserve them, and she had thrown them aside, and left them to be swept away by Felice. But this plain and very ordinary blue silk scarf she locked away in her drawer.

She had spoken to no one of her adventure, not even to her father, though she had twice begun to tell him and been interrupted by him, and the fact that she had not done so made the thing more important and secret than it would otherwise have been.

All the morning she tried hard to efface the affair from her mind; she sang and played, but his voice, his face, floated between her and the music, and insinuated themselves in the harmony.

So thoroughly did the memory of the young man she had saved absorb her that she almost forgot the strange visitor, Signor Ricardo. She did write to her friends, the Coverdales, but it was with an effort, and even so she wrote, the handsome eyes of the stranger got between her and the note paper and confused her.

Felice, as was her custom, hovered about the rooms, and her sharp eyes noticed her young mistress's abstraction.

"Is the signorina not well?" she said once, as Iris lay back in a specially luxurious chair, and with hands clasped before her, and Iris had started and colored faintly as she replied:

"Well? Of course I am well. Why did you ask, Felice?"

"I thought you looked pale and distressed," said Iris.

"Yes, miss," was the answer. "You seem as if you could not settle to anything. Why does not the signorina go out? It is a lovely afternoon."

"I think I will have Snow. He need not come with me."

"Is it safe for the signorina to ride alone so much?" said Felice, pausing at the door.

"The question was put in the most respectful tone, in the manner of a servant who loved as well as served, and the dash which mounted to Iris's brow was not that of resentment or anger.

"What nonsense, Felice!" she said, with a laugh. "Do you think Snow will throw me off, or run away with me? Why, I have ridden ever since I was able to sit upright on a pony, and Snow is the best-tempered horse in the world."

"It is not that. I know the signorina rides well," said Felice; "but it is not usual for ladies to ride unattended, is it, Miss Iris?"

Iris smiled and raised her head, with the touch of Knighton pride in her eyes.

"In the parks, in London, it certainly is not," she said; "but here—why, however far I go, I seem to be at home. There is not a man or woman for miles around who does not know me. It is just like being in the Revels grounds. Why should I drag Penn after me?"

Felice said not a word more, but, inclining her head, glided out.

(To be continued.)

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**Ladies' Wool Black Hose**  
Unusually attractive is this offering of Ladies' Wool Hose. A beautiful Hose for this cold season.  
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**Stanfield's All Wool**  
There's warmth, comfort and lasting service in this heavy elastic ribbed, winter weight, 2-piece Underwear for men. These garments are the well-known Stanfield brand. They are knit of soft, warm, all-wool yarns in heavy elastic stitch; the shirts are double-breasted and are finished with close-knit ankles, inside trouser finish with warm flannel band about the waist.  
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Enjoy your work in these Caps; they will protect your hair from the dust and will save you the trouble of dressing your hair twice a day.  
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Just received a splendid assortment of Men's Neckties in all shades of silks. Prices range from  
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We have just received a shipment of Table Oil Cloth, dark patterns only; 48 ins. wide.  
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And this is but the start of a series of sales that will astonish the good people of this locality. Sales in which mystery and surprise will join in introducing the most sensational value-givings and price offerings this store has ever presented. For we have instructed our resident buyers at the great market centres to watch for every break in prices and purchase at sight merchandise that we can resell at our Telegram Sales. We will advertise the specials just as fast as the telegrams come in announcing that they are on the way.



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We have some very pretty Ready-to-wear Hats of Velvet, Plush and Silk; all beautifully trimmed with feathers, ribbons or flowers.  
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**Children's Wool Mitts**  
Now, mothers, is a chance to buy your child a pair of these beautiful Mitts, now on sale at  
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**The Fashionable New Plush Sailor**  
Remarkable values are these Sailor Hats of rich silks, trimmed around crown with band of corded ribbon, and at left side with a bow. The Sailor Hat is the one style that Dame Fashion permits all women to wear.  
**Price 3.98 to 4.48 Each, 2.98 to 3.98**

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Graceful, Becoming Styles. Leisure hours are happier because of just such Kimonos as these. Graceful, attractive models of pretty materials—a choice of any one could not help but be acceptable, both in style and pleasing fit.  
**Each, 99c**

**Boys' Heavy Wool Hose**  
FOR SCHOOL WEAR. Also for play or dress wear. Evenly knit elastic ribbed Hose that will give good service; they won't find their way to mother's darning basket the very first thing.  
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**Men's Work Shirts**  
Very well made Shirts for the heaviest strains that may be put upon them. They are excellent outing Shirts as well. Made up in Dark Blue Chambray, and full sizes. A standard value at a very low price.  
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**Babies Bonnets**  
FOR FALL AND WINTER WEAR. Mothers! You will be delighted with the warmth and service of these smart Bonnets—and the styles are beautiful. Some are made of Velvet, others of Teddy Bear Cloth, and all are trimmed with contrasting colors.  
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**Children's Felt Hats**  
FOR FALL WEAR. We have some new and pretty Felt Hats for girls age 6 to 14 years; made of a splendid felt, will resist any weather. Colors Fawn, Purple and Dark Brown.  
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Another fine grade of Longcloth, nicely bleached and very soft in finish, making it a very desirable fabric for nightgowns and all manner of underwear. For good service this quality is sure to please. Will launder beautifully.  
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IN NAVY BLUE AND GREY. These Bloomers are a splendid value. Worth much more than we are asking for them.  
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**Ladies' Serge Dresses**  
IN NAVY BLUE. We have a few Serge Dresses now on sale at a very low price.  
**Each, 7.90**

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32 ins. wide, \$1.25 per yard. An All-Wool Flannel of English manufacture. A beautiful soft fabric that will give real service and comfort for warm winter wear; 32 ins. wide.  
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**SPECIAL BARGAIN IN Cotton Tweed**  
This Tweed is a beautiful thing for men's working pants. It is well able to stand the wear and tear that working men give their clothes.  
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Householders! Now is a chance to buy a splendid quality Bed Ticking at a very low price; many different patterns.  
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**White Flannel**  
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**Ladies' Serge Dresses**  
IN NAVY BLUE. We have a few Serge Dresses now on sale at a very low price.  
**Each, 7.90**



**Durable All-Wool Sweater**  
Coats and Pull-Overs. These All-Wool Sweaters have smartly-shaped collar tops and are very moderately priced.  
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