

**Cleans and Whitens.**  
A little shaken into the toilet bowl renders it free from odors and snow-white.



**Snowflake**  
THE FULL STRENGTH  
Ammonia

### "Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD,  
OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XVII.  
A MINIATURE PAGANINI.

But where? That was the question! She made her way into the Strand and mingled in the stream that flowed westward, and she went. Each moment she felt more than before how like she was to the feather in the rive!

She began, too, to feel the truth of the proverb: "There is safety in numbers." Even if Mr. Barrington or Lord Clarence should discover that she had ridden to London in the carrier's cart, it would be difficult for them to trace her in this multitude. But every individual of the throng in which she moved had some abiding place and home, and as yet she had none!

At first she thought of going to a hotel, but she shrank from the idea. To gain a little quietude, for the noise of the traffic was bewildering to her, she went into a confectioner's and got a cup of milk and a biscuit, and over this she sat and pondered. She had read of heroines who had been cast adrift in London, and they had invariably met with some accident, which introduced them to the rescuing hero and all had eventually ended happily for both. But she was not a heroine in a novel, and there was no likelihood of any such happy chance for her.

At last she rose and paid for her milk and biscuit and went out into the Strand again, having arrived at no decision whatever. From the Strand she walked to St. James' Park and there she sat down, her bag beside her. Her eyes fixed wearily and perplexedly upon the green trees, which recalled, in every leaf, the dear woods of Knighton which she had left forever! Before her passed the nursemaids with their children, the tall gardeners in attendance; strollers in pairs, and arm in arm; and now and again they glanced at the quiet figure sitting so motionless and inert. Presently a young lad came along the gravel path. She looked at him as absent as she had looked at the other passers-by, but for some reason her eyes settled upon him, and she watched him with something like attention. He was a pretty boy, with long, fair hair that fell upon his collar; in one hand he carried a violin case and in the other a stick upon which he leaned, and Iris saw that he was lame. His face was very pale and wore the look which denotes suffering and the pain-borne hero.

As he came nearer he raised his eyes from the ground, upon which they had been bent, and Iris was struck by their beautiful, translucent blue. He limped along so slowly that she had plenty of time to regard him, and when he reached the seat upon which she sat, he glanced at it wistfully, but seeing that it was partly occupied, was

going on with a timid smile, when Iris, obeying an impulse, drew her dress closer and moved further toward the end.

It was so plain an invitation that the boy stopped, and flushing vividly, drew near and seated himself, but at a respectful distance from Iris.

Looking down at him, she was surprised to see that what she had taken for a child of ten or twelve was a lad of sixteen or seventeen; she saw also that he was poorly clad, and that his face was pinched and wasted, and the small hands thin and drawn. Leaning back against the seat, he sat, his fingers clasped on the violin case, his eyes half closed, and Iris could hear the long-drawn breaths of weariness and weakness.

He was so small and weak-looking that Iris' heart felt drawn toward him, and in her gentlest voice she said: "Have you walked far?"

"The lad started, flushed, and turned his blue eyes upon her with a faint wonder and gratitude that she should speak to him."

"Yes, miss," he replied; "I have walked rather far."  
"You look tired," said Iris, compassionately.

"I am tired, I think," he admitted, timidly. "It is hot in the streets, and I thought I would walk as far as the park and see the trees," and he looked round wearily; "they always do me good, if I feel ever so bad."

"I understand," said Iris, softly. "Is that a violin you have there?"  
His eyes lit up, and he patted the case with a gesture of affection difficult to describe.

"Yes, yes; this is my violin," he said, in a brighter voice. "Do you play it?"  
Iris shook her head.

"But you—you are fond of music, miss?" he asked, with a wistful eagerness.

Iris smiled.

"There are very few people who are not, are there?" she said.

He nodded once or twice.

"I suppose there are not, thank Heaven! I thought you were fond of music," he added, almost to himself.

Iris smiled again.

"Why did you think that?" she said, more for the sake of keeping him talking, for her loneliness was telling upon her and creating an aching desire for some human companionship, and the soft, low voice of the crippled lad fell like music itself on her ear.

His pale face flushed, and he glanced up at her deprecatingly.

"I—I don't know. It was your face, I suppose, miss," he answered, meekly. "I think I can always tell."

"You must be very clever!—you are so young," she was going to say, but stopped.

"I, clever?" he echoed, with a smile, and he shook his head. "No, miss; I can do nothing but play my violin."  
"Most people cannot do that," said Iris, encouragingly.

"Because they don't try," he said, simply.

There was silence for a moment, then he got up slowly and painfully, and raised his worn, threadbare cap. "Good-afternoon, miss," and—and thank you!" he said, in a low voice.

"Why do you thank me?" said Iris. He flushed, and his lips quivered as

he looked at her and then from side to side.

"I—I don't know," he answered in a vaguely troubled voice. "Because you made room for me, and—and have spoken so kindly, miss. I—I beg your pardon."

He was meekly limping off, when Iris rose and laid her hand on the violin case.

"Let me carry this for you a little way," she said; "you are still tired."

"Oh, no, no!" he remonstrated; but Iris took it out of his hand—it did not require anything more than the gentlest force—and walked beside him. When they reached the park gates, he stopped and held out his hand for the case.

"I mustn't take you any farther out of your way, miss," he said. "Thank you very much for all your kindness!"

"You have not taken me out of my way," said Iris, and she added mechanically, "I have no way!"

The lad looked at her with faint wonder.

"Are you a stranger here, miss?" he said, timidly.

"Yes," replied Iris. "What place is this?" for they had crossed the road and entered a long, quiet street.

"This is Markham street, and that is Oxford street. Where do you want to go, miss?" and he stopped again and looked at her anxiously.

"Your friends, miss?" he suggested, humbly.

Iris' lips quivered.

"I have no friends," she said, smiling bravely.

His wonder grew, and he looked up at the beautiful face which had worn so gentle an aspect toward him with wistful eagerness.

"No friends—and you a lady?"

"It is quite true; I have no friends, no place to go to in this great, big city," said Iris, trying to speak cheerfully, as one would to a child. "Do you know London very well, I dare say!—do you know of any place where I could get lodgings?"

She put the question as timidly as he himself could have done, and for the moment the poor, crippled boy and the lady seemed to have exchanged places.

He shook his head.

"Not fit for such a poor, miss?" he said; "I only know poor places—"

"It is a poor place I want," said Iris. "But let us walk on, it is a shame to keep you standing so long. Do you live far from here?"

"No," he said; "in the next street, miss."

"Well, then," said Iris, "you must let me carry your violin case home for you."

He offered no remonstrances now, but walked on, his blue eyes bent thoughtfully to the ground.

Presently they entered a small, quiet street with a "blind" end to it, and he stopped at one of the houses and looked at Iris uncertainly.

"This is where I live, miss," he said, hesitatingly. "It is a poor place—"

"It is very quiet," said Iris, with a sigh, for small and grim as the street was, it looked quiet and respectable, and it seemed in her outcast condition a very haven of refuge!

"I—I thought," said the boy, "that it is good enough—I mean you could get lodgings here; I beg your pardon, miss, for suggesting it; it's such a poor place!"

As he spoke the door opened, and a woman said sharply, but not unkindly: "Not, Master Paul, your step's waiting!" Then she stooped short at sight of Iris, and looked from one to the other inquiringly.

(To be continued)

### The effect of Virol on Growth and Development



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To "VIROL," LTD., 30/3/20, Gentlemen.

I have much pleasure in forwarding a photo of my son. He was so small at birth and such a weakling that his life was despaired of. He was tried with several of the widely advertised foods but rapidly went almost to a skeleton, limp and hardly any life in him.

In a very few days after trying him with Virol an immediate change for the better was apparent, and he is now a plump, happy, strong child without a blemish, and is always taken to be quite a year old.

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Yours very sincerely,

(Sgd.) Mrs. F. FIRKS.

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### Her View of It.

For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate.

With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realised that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness, he could have almost wept with joy.

His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly:—

"How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"

"Godness knows," she murmured absently. "I must have a screw loose somewhere."

### Just Folks

Bob's Guest

IF I WERE SENDING MY BOY AWAY, If I were sending my boy away, To live and labor where strangers are, I should hold him close till the time to go.

Telling him things which he ought to know, I should whisper counsel and caution wise, Hinting of dangers which might arise, And tell him the things I have learned from life.

Of his bitter pain and its cruel strife And the sore temptations which men beset, And then add this: "Boy, don't forget When your strength gives out and your hope grows dim, Your father will help if you'll come to him."

If I were sending a boy away, I should hold him close on the parting day, And give him my trust, Through thick and thin, I should tell him I counted on him to win.

To keep his word at whatever cost, To play the man though his fight be lost, But beyond all that I should whisper low: "I trouble comes, let your father know; Come to him, son, as you used to do When you were little—he'll see you through."

I am trusting you in a distant land, You trust your father to understand, "Trust me wherever you chance to be, Know there is nothing to hide from me."

Tell me all your tale of woe, Never, whatever your plight may be, Think it something to hide from me! Come to me first in your hour of need, Come though you know that my heart will bleed!

Boy, when the shadows of trouble fall, Come to your father first of all. Minard's Linctum Relieves Neuralgia

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# STEER Brothers.

### Side Talks

by Ruth Cameron

### KITES AND BIG BOYS.

Out in the vacant lot that we are still lucky enough to have next door (some time, by the way, I am going to write an essay on the pasting of the vacant lot, with a tribute to the vacant lot which was the scene of so many of our childhood adventures) two boys ran up and down all one wonderful windy Saturday afternoon this fall, flying their kites.

I sat at my window and watched them whenever I lifted my eyes from my work.

Why I loved to watch them. First, because it always makes something in me thrill to see a kite mount up. Secondly, because—although I have called them boys because I could see right through into the hearts of them—and knew that at heart they still were the most beloved boyish kind of boys—outside they really were grown-up men.

Both of them were husbands of new neighbors of mine. I don't know them very well, but after watching them fly those kites I know I would like to know them. For nothing pleases me more than to see a grown-up who can still find joy in the joys of childhood, and who, even more wonderful, has the courage to do it.

Afterwards I was told that both those men made their kites on scientific principles and that they were trying to outdo each other in flying them.

Exercised Other Than Automobile Muscles.

I'll wager that no automobile party with all the excitement of a dinner at some road house, garnished with stolen drinks (is it not the small boy in the man finding more joy in stolen fruit than he ever would in the free kind, that is causing the prohibition agents the most trouble?) would have given those grown-up youngsters as many thrills as they get in the making and the flying of those kites.

And think of the good it did them to be out in the air all the afternoon, to exercise some muscles besides those that manage the brakes and the gear shifts, and to relax to

the simple childishness of that pastime.

I told you before that I had wanted a kite all through my youth and never had one and that I was going to have one some day, didn't I?

Well, I haven't got it yet but I still intend to. Someone who knew my longing did give me a box kite and I tried to fly that, but the donor insisted on showing me how so strenuously that I never got a chance at it until it caught in a tree and broke.

What Would You Put On Your Christmas List?

But anyhow, I didn't want a box kite. I wanted the kind of kites they had when I was a child. It never quite satisfies one of those unfulfilled longings to be given the sort of thing people have now. You want just what you used to want even if the present style is better.

I think I shall put it on my Christmas list!

I wonder if a good many grown-ups would not put a toy or two on their Christmas lists if they told the way-down-in-the-bottom-of-their-hearts truth. What do you think?

### Liver Pains

Pains under the shoulder blades tell of liver derangements. Other indications are yellow complexion, indigestion, constipation, biliousness and bilious headaches.

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