

Whichever you choose it will be the BEST you ever tasted.

"SALADA"

BLACK TEA Rich, Satisfying Flavour. From the finest gardens.
MIXED TEA Just enough green tea to make the blend delicious.
GREEN TEA A Revelation in Green Tea. Pure, translucent and so flavory.

BAIRD & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS ST. JOHN'S

"Flowers of the Valley,"

OR
MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"I will obey you," he said. "But at any rate, there can be no reason why I should not tell you mine—"

She shook her head quickly, and laughed with all a girl's willfulness. "No, that would not be fair," she said.

He sighed as he echoed her laugh. "You are very hard! You will neither let me know or be known to you. I half regret my self-sacrifice, and am nearly resolved to call at the farm, after all."

"No," she said; "I can trust to your instincts."

A look of gratification came into his eyes.

"Yes," he said, "you may trust me. Who knows, we may meet under circumstances which will render a proper introduction unavoidable. But it cannot be yet. I start for France to-night; my yacht is lying in Gloucester harbor; and I may be away for—"

"For years," she said. "You see, I am a wanderer, and one place is as good as another to a man who has no object in life but to get through it with as little boredom as possible."

A vague feeling of disappointment and sadness had crept over Iris, and she sat motionless and speechless. He was going away, then—for years, perhaps! Come as often as she may to the brook she would not meet him again!

Her sadness seemed catching, for he smiled.

"Rather a hard lot, isn't it?" he said, smiling.

She started slightly, as if awakened from some train of thought.

"Hard?" she said.

"Yes. Most men have some object, some tie to bind them to some particular spot on earth. I have none. I am just a wanderer, and that is all. Fate has, in sportive mockery, placed me in a position which sets me apart from my fellows, and, like the stormy petrel, I fly over the seas of life alone!" But he begged pardon! He said quickly, and as if he were ashamed, "I did not mean to—"

"You did not mean to—"

"Thanks! I didn't mean to complain even! But you can understand now why I came back here this afternoon. In a life like mine such an adventure is one to remember and to dwell upon. I am going to take it with me to think even in many an hour of solitude! I shall see my friend the hill; I shall see the sky, as it looked when I glanced up at it, as I rather thought for the last time, and I shall see, more clearly

and distinctly than anything else, you!"

His voice had dropped until it had become almost a whisper, low, and earnest, and musical.

The voice, his look, his manner, were exerting an influence over Iris which filled her with a vague uneasiness and even alarm, and, fighting against the influence, she forced a smile and said lightly:

"You will have forgotten all about it in a week!"

"Do you think so? Honestly, I mean?" he said significantly, and his eyes sought hers eagerly.

Her eyes dropped under the long lashes, and the hand that held the whip quivered.

"I think it is probable," she replied.

"You will see fresh scenes, fresh people, and win fresh adventures—"

"You stopped, and gathered up the reins."

"That is a polite way of saying that I am heartless and ungrateful," he said, with a reproachful smile. "Is that to be your last word to accompany me on my wanderings? Choose kinder ones, will you not?"

Iris looked from one side to the other with a little troubled look, that lent her face an exquisite softness and gentleness.

"What am I to say?" she said, with a little catch in her breath. "The ordinary ones? That I wish you every prosperity and happiness?"

"That is better," he said earnestly. "Far—far better—if you do really wish me them."

"Why should I wish you otherwise?" she retorted, smiling. "One might wish even one's enemy that!"

"And I am not your enemy!" he said, quickly.

As he spoke he took off his hat, and held it in his hand, to let the cool breeze blow on his forehead.

Iris looked down.

"I cannot be your enemy!" he said. "Do you forget that you saved my life?"

Iris raised her eyes with a spark of playful malice in them.

"They say that to save a man's life is to make him an enemy for the rest of his life!" she said.

"Ah, then I will be the exception to the rule!" he retorted, not playfully by any means, but with a grave earnestness. "All through my wanderings I will keep the thought close to my heart, that though you will not tell me your name nor hear mine, I will be your friend! Yes, in spite of you!"

As he spoke he moved his hat to emphasize his words and Iris's downcast eyes fell upon the inside of it. As she did so the dreamy expression in them gave place in a second to one of startled surprise, which was followed, as cloud follows cloud across a summer sky, by one of consternation and even horror.

And then emotions, emotions which had sent all trace of color from her face, and made its warm ivory white as death, were caused by two words—two words printed in gold upon the lining of the hat—

"Heron Coverdale."

It was the name of the family which had always, since she could remember, been held in abhorrence by her father; a name which she herself—why, she knew not—had been taught to dislike and dread.

And this Heron Coverdale, one of the race which had in the past done her father some deadly injury, was the man whose life she had saved, who now pleaded that she would accept him as a friend!

No wonder her face whitened, and that she drew herself up in grief and dismay.

"What is the matter?" he asked quickly, apprehensively. "Are you ill?—or have I said anything to offend you? If I have, forgive me; oh, forgive me! I would rather—"

"He stopped, overwhelmed by her paleness, her averted eyes, and trembling lips. "What have I said?" he asked her imploringly. "Was it wrong to say that I would consider myself your friend?"

"Yes!" she said quickly, and as it seemed to him, harshly. "There can be no friendship between you and—Let me go, please!"—for, seeing her gather up her reins, he had in his excitement laid his hand upon the bridle—

"Let me go, please—I have stayed too long!"

His hand fell from the bridle, and he stepped back, looking at her with amazed, sorrow-stricken eyes. The look was too much for her. With a jerk she pulled Snow up, and trembling visibly, said brokenly:

"Good-by! I—I—hope that we may never meet again!" and with this she struck Snow sharply with her whip.

Astonished and disgusted, the horse sprang forward, and before Lord Coverdale could speak or move, she had gone.

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Just Folks

THE BEST ARE BACK. It was easy in the old days and the bitter days to shirk—The best of all the nation had been called away from work—We could hold our own places with indifferent service men. But to-day the war is over and our best is back again.

We had little competition with our soldier boys away; The stoutful and the lazy could command a master's pay. But the idle's days are over, we are done with methods slack, For the finest of the country and the best we have are back.

They who fought to save the nation have returned to do its work; This is a good man and a true man now to crowd out every shirk. Oh, I don't know how to say it but it seems to me somehow That it's up to every one of us to start to hustle now.

We must bend our backs to labor and the pleasures we must shun. We must give the best that's in us to the duties to be done. Now the test is one of merit as it used to be of yore. And it's goodbye to the loafers for our best is home once more.

Dyed Her Wrap Blue and a Skirt Brown

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains directions so simple any woman can dye or tint her wraps, shabby dresses, skirts, waists, coats, stockings, sweaters, coverings, draperies, hangings, everything, even if she has never dyed before. Buy "Diamond Dyes"—no other kind—then perfect home dyeing is sure because Diamond Dyes are guaranteed not to spot, fade, streak, or run. Tell your druggist whether the material you wish to dye is wool or silk, or whatever it is linen, cotton or mixed goods.

MOTOR MADNESS.

My shining car no more you see around my stately residence; the windshield hanging from a tree, the axles are—astir! a fence, and warily my weird I see, and wonder why I have no sense. "Don't go so fast," I have been told by many wise and prudent guys, "or soon a wooden box will hold a delegate about your size;" their counsel was as good as gold, but prudent counsel I despise. And so I stepped upon the gas and made my glided wagon fly, and I would let no auto pass, however barely it might try; and sage advice like sounding brass appeared to me, as I whizzed by. "I've warned you once, I've warned you twice," the friendly speed cop to me said, "and if I have to warn you thrice, a prison cot will be your bed, or maybe you'll be laid on feet, with papers at your feet and head." My pastor urged me to reform and use my small supply of brains, "all day," he said, "the sauheds starn along the pike in noy-waits, and soon the coroners will swarm, and sit on your and their remains." And so I went my dippy way, and lugged at maxims and ad-ways, at frantic speed I pushed my dray, and wasted all the traffic laws; and now you see me here to-day, the worst old wreck that ever was.

Good Health for Good Results



Keep Efficient by Keeping Well

This Letter Will Tell You How

Plunkett, Sask.—"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for weakness. I had pains in the back and bearing-down pains in the abdomen and was in a general run-down condition. I could not sleep, rest or work and was quite unfit to do even slight household tasks. A friend told me about your Vegetable Compound and I in my turn truly recommend it, as my severe symptoms vanished and I am better in every way. I do my own work, look after my children and see to chickens, a cow and my garden. I also recommend it for young girls who are weak and rundown as my 16 year old daughter has taken it and is quite her own gay self again."—Mrs. FRED. WILEY, Plunkett, Sask.

This letter is but one of a great number received every year from women, young and old, and from almost every walk of life. These letters testify to the merit of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Wiley suffered mentally as well as physically, because her home and her children demanded the care and attention which she was unable to give because of her wretched health. Finally she tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and in this letter tells what it did for her.

The Vegetable Compound contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and can be taken in safety by any woman. Your livelihood depends on your health. So try

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

Attempt to Kill.

LADY MEMBER OF I. K. K. Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 12.—Five shots were fired last night at Mrs. Elizabeth Tyler, assistant chief of the propagating bureau of the Ku Klux Klan, according to her reports to the police, but while the bullets smashed her bedroom window they failed to hit her. An investigation resulted in no

indication who did the shooting, but a few minutes after the incident, a man called the Atlanta Constitution on the telephone and said: "I just want to say that we got Mrs. Tyler to-night and we will get Simons (the imperial wizard, who is in Washington) to-morrow."

Mrs. Tyler had been entertaining several women friends earlier in the evening and was said to have just gone to her bedroom when the firing started. After the shooting she notified the police and members of the Order, and a investigation was begun.

Fads and Fashions.

Chain collars of fur are in vogue. The best neck-line is still the raga. Grey duvety and velvet are smart. Drooping trimming is favored for hats.

Velvet ribbon appears on evening gowns.

Steel bead embroidery is used on a grey coat.

Long tunic bodices are favored for evening.

The Parisians continue to wear evening hats.

Felt hats are draped and trimmed with quills.

Church Lads' Brigade Week

November 13th-20th. Keep it open.—Oct. 6, Oct. 17

SWEET, PURE MILK—always on hand when you want it!

If you have never used Libby's Evaporated Milk, you will be amazed to find how good, how convenient and economical it is. Many women who first tried it in some emergency now use it always—they find it gives such satisfactory results.

There's no waiting for the milkman—you can always keep several cans on the shelf and in summer there's no bothering with ice, and in winter the milk wagon can get stuck in a heavy drift of snow as often as it wants to!

And there's less waste—a can of Libby's Evaporated Milk will keep indefinitely before being opened—and after you have opened a can you can use just what you need; the rest, put in a cool place, will keep several days.

Libby's Milk comes from the finest dairying section of America and is processed in our own sanitary condensaries—it is not the "distributed" product of an unknown and nameless plant.

Order a tin from your grocer to-day.

Libby, McNeill & Libby

J. J. St. John

Some of our prices:

- 5 Roses Flour . . . 90c. lb.
- Ham Butt Pork . . . 20c. lb.
- Sliced Fat Pork . . . 14c. lb.
- Spare Ribs—Fresh ship- . . . 15c. lb.
- Boneless Beef . . . 13c. lb.
- Cabbage 5c. lb.
- Beans 5c. lb.
- Soda Biscuits—Tip-Top, . . . 20c. lb.
- Codroy Butter in 1lb. blocks

Also just received:

- 10 kegs Green Grapes.
- 10 cases Valencia Onions.

J. J. St. John

Duckworth St. and Le-Marchant Road.

A smart collar fastens close around the throat with bone-buttons. Bands of glittering jet sometimes take the place of the theater hat.

Fashion Plates.

A VERY ATTRACTIVE HOTEL DRESS OR DAY DRESS.



Pattern 3718 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6 yards of 36 inch material. If made as illustrated it will require 4 1/2 yards of plaid and 1 1/2 yard of plain material, 36 inches wide.

Glacé, percale, seersucker, poplin, rep, linen, voile, and serge could be used in this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 2 1/4 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A COMFORTABLE SET CHILD'S COAT AND CAP.



Pattern 3743 is here illustrated. It is cut in 4 sizes: 6 months, 1 year, 2 and 4 years. A 2 year size will require 2 1/2 yards of 27 inch material for the coat and 1/2 yard for the cap.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Name No.

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Site

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

A Healthy Skin.

Here is a valuable family remedy for skin affection, etc.

Sunburned, chapped, cracked, chafed, and irritated skin is quickly restored to its natural softness and smoothness, by the application of

Vaseline

Trade Mark Reg.
Petroleum Jelly

It is also very soothing and healing in case of burns, wounds, sprains, chilblains, etc. and taken internally, is very effective in the treatment of coughs, colds, sore throats, etc.

"Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly has so many uses that it should always be kept on hand in every home, and an every vessel.

Start a Medicine Chest with a liberal supply of "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly and the other "Vaseline" preparations shown here on the lid of the chest.

Sold at all drug and general stores.

Cheesebrough Manufacturing Company, New York City.

W. G. M. Sheehy, Distributor, 127 McGill St., Montreal, Canada.

