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THE FULL STRENGTH
Ammonia
Softens Water.
One to two tablespoonsful
makes the bath
delightfully refreshing.



"Flowers of the Valley,"

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

**CHAPTER VIII.
AN HISTORIC QUARREL.**

The squire listened with a dark, reeling frown while the signor beat time with the white forefinger of his left hand upon the soft palm of his right.

"Exquisite! Charming! Beautiful!" he murmured. "Ah, my friend," and he turned with a grin to Godfrey Knighton, "does it not remind you of her sainted mother?"

Godfrey Knighton's face went white, and his eyes seemed to emit a furious fire of rage and defiance, then, as if controlling himself with an effort, he said:

"Iris, your voice sounds as if you were tired also. Do not sing again."

The candles were brought and the signor, after bending over Iris's hand with an elaborate courtesy, took himself off to that room which belongs by right to the good and the virtuous.

Two hours afterward, however, when all was still in the great house, the signor, in his shabby, seedy velvet coat, and wearing his thick list slippers, might have been seen creeping noiselessly and cautiously down the principal stair-case.

Step by step he descended until he reached the hall.

Round him in their heavy and time-stained frames, glowered the dead and gone Knightons, and they seemed to look down threateningly at that creeping, gliding foreigner, with his pale, cunning face and black, treacherous eyes.

The signor raised the dark lantern above his head and looked round him cautiously, and stood listening with his head on one side.

There was not a sound to be heard save that of the tall clock in the angle of the stairs, slowly and mechanically ticking out the hours, and the signor, making his way to the library door, opened it with his skeleton key and passed in.

Setting the lantern on the table, with its light fall upon the safe, he stood before it and regarded it carefully, while he chose a key that he thought would fit it.

"But though an old it was a trust-worthy safe, and it laughed the signor's delicate manipulation to scorn. Key after key, pick after pick, he tried in vain, and at last, reluctantly, and with the sweat standing in beads on his white forehead, he had to admit himself beaten.

"Peste!" he exclaimed. "What is to be done? I must, I will see what is inside you, my friend, and yet you will not open. You oyster! What is to be done? Where does he keep the key? On that bunch I saw him take out of his pocket! Humph! 'Til chance it! He ought to sleep well after the wine he took to-night. 'Til chance it!"

Having arrived at this resolution, the signor stole out of the room where he was, and up the stairs again.

With stealthy tread he reached Godfrey Knighton's door, and there paused and listened.

Still no sound broke the silence of the great house but the ticking of the old clock, and cautiously and carefully the signor opened the door and stole in. For a moment he stood on the Persian mat within the threshold of the room, listening for to the bravest there is something awe-inspiring in sleep, which is but the counterfeit of death, and the signor was anything but the bravest.

A minute—two, perhaps—might have passed before he gained courage to advance; then, with a muttered malediction at his narrowness, he crept on tiptoe to the dressing-table, and his headlike eyes resting on a bunch of keys, he pounced on it and noiselessly stole out again.

**CHAPTER IX.
THE LAST OF GODFREY KNIGHTON.**

Ricardo unlocked the safe, and stood regarding the contents for a moment with greedy, curious eyes. One by one he took the papers from their shelves and drawers, carefully noting how they were placed that he might re-arrange them in the order in which he found them, and seating himself at the table, commenced examining them.

There were leases, title deeds, insurance policies; then, in a parcel by themselves, came stock and share certificates. Ricardo's mouth watered

at the sight of these valuables, and his soul grew thirsty when he came to a cash box; but with a sigh of resignation he put them back in their places in the safe; whatever in the future he might be tempted to do, he could not take them to-night seeing that Godfrey Knighton might chance to examine the safe on the morrow and would miss them.

Presently he came to an inner drawer, and, unlocking it with a small key which he found on the bunch, he discovered a folded sheet of parchment.

It was indorsed "Will of Godfrey Knighton, Esquire," and with a low chuckle of satisfaction Ricardo carried it to the table.

"Now we will see how my old friend is going to leave all his vast wealth, and whether any of it goes to our young friend, my Lord Coverdale," he muttered, and, opening the parchment he read it through twice with the greatest care.

Then he looked up, and an evil smile shone in his eyes.

"Every single penny, every acre of land, and piece of plate, and horse and cow, to our charming and beautiful Miss Iris!" he said; "and nothing, not a scrap, for our friend the young lord."

Exactly as I thought. But it is best to make sure, Bapiste; a good business man always makes sure. Now I know what you are going to do with your wealth, my good friend, I will put back this interesting little sheepskin until a more convenient opportunity. It is a good thing to know where to find it when you want it, though; and so I will take the opportunity of providing myself with a key like my dear Godfrey's."

With exquisite delicacy he moulded a piece of wax, and took an impression of the keys, replaced the will, and, locking the safe, carefully setting the articles on the table and the chairs as he had found them when he had entered, left the room.

Cautiously ascending the stairs, he entered the squire's chamber, and, stealing on tiptoe, laid the keys upon the dressing table in the spot from which he had taken them. Then he paused a moment, listening, and glancing round the room. There was a small iron box set into the wall beside the bed, and Ricardo gazed at it longingly. He had not heard of the Knighton diamonds, which were famous ones, but he knew that there must be family jewels, and that Iris must possess some, as her own property, of great value.

"They are in that little box," he murmured, almost plaintively, "I must have one small look—just one!"

Taking the keys again, he approached the bed and stole a glance at the sleeping squire. It was only a glance, for even in sleep Godfrey Knighton inspired fear, and with a little click of his teeth the signor turned from the bed, and, quietly fitting the key in the lock, opened the iron box.

His guess had been perfectly correct. In their morocco cases were the Knighton jewels, and as he took them up and held them in the light of the lantern, his swartly face flushed, and paled, and his breath came fast.

"Peste!" he muttered. "Some men would be content with these. But no, not you, Bapiste; you are not a fool! Not quite! Wait a while, and you shall have money enough to buy twice these baubles, such as they are!"

But it was with a slow and painful reluctance that he put the cases back in their place; so slow and reluctantly, indeed, that he seemed to forget where he was and the danger of the sleeping man awaking.

Suddenly, as he stooped with his gleaming teeth clinched, his eyes fixed on the cases, there shot a streak of light fall upon the box. It was only a beam from the young moon emerging from a cloud, but Ricardo's eyes were strained to their utmost, and the case he held in his hand fell to the ground with a sharp little crash.

In an instant he dropped on to his hands and knees, and commenced to crawl toward the door, every limb seeming to turn to an ear in his acute attention. The sound must awake the squire, he would find the box open—Ricardo would be discovered, all would be lost, all his nice little plans for securing a magnificent fortune would be ruined!

He wasted a second, his heart beating fast, as he crouched like a cat beside the bed. The second passed, and there came no sound from the sleeping man, and Ricardo's courage returned somewhat. Still on his knees he crawled back to the box, and, putting the case straight, locked the door.

As he did so, with the keys still in his hand, he drew near the bed and ventured to bend down.

The moon was pouring a single shaft through a chink of the blinds fall upon the face of Godfrey Knighton, and every line of the stern, and face stood out in the white, clear light.

Ricardo looked down at the squire with a sinister smile, but suddenly the smile died away, and he bent lower and scrutinized the sleeping man keenly.

What was it he saw that made him recoil as if he had been struck? What was it that made his face turn white and then livid, and the sweat to stand out upon his forehead in great beads? What was it that caused him to shake and tremble like a man in agony, so that the dark lantern in his hand swung like a pendulum?

(To be continued)

**Mrs. Dunham States
She Had Suffered
For Sixteen Years.**

**New Brunswick Woman Takes
Advice Of Friend And Is Now
Strong And Well.**

"I just haven't the words to say what I would like to say about Tanlac," said Mrs. George A. Dunham, 71 Lombard Street, a life-long resident of St. John, N.B.

"Sixteen years ago I began to suffer from stomach trouble and from that time up until recently, when I got relief by taking Tanlac, I didn't know what it was to be able to eat what I wanted. My back ached nearly all the time and I also had such severe headaches I would have to go to bed and stay there for days."

"It was just year ago that, on the advice of a friend, I began taking Tanlac and in two months from the first dose I was as well and strong as I had ever been in my life. I have been in the very best of health ever since and I think Tanlac is the most wonderful medicine in the world."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.

**The Turko-Egyptian
Fleets Destroyed.**

The battle of Navarino, in which combined British, French, and Russian fleets, under Sir Edward Codrington, destroyed a Turkish and Egyptian fleet under Ibrahim Pasha, on October 20, 1827, is noteworthy as the last fleet action in which the British Navy was engaged until the recent war. Further, it had the credit of contributing largely to the establishment of Greek independence. But in itself it cannot be described as a great naval battle, as the Turkish and Egyptian fleets were wholly outclassed and destroyed in the course of a few hours. Nor was the victory received with unqualified satisfaction at home. Indeed, it was described as an "unwarlike event" and was regarded as playing into the hands of Russia by paving the way for the attainment of her long-standing ambition, the possession of Constantinople. Moreover, war had not been declared by the Powers against Turkey. The engagement, however, was forced upon Codrington by the violation on the part of the Turks of their agreement that their fleet should remain in the bay of Navarino pending the arrangement of the affairs of Greece. Codrington then acted with decision, as was to have been expected of one of "Nelson's captains," who had been actively engaged in the events of the great war with France since 1794, when he served on Lord Howe's flagship on "the glorious First of June." Nevertheless, the mixed feelings with which his exploit was regarded by the British Government prevented any substantial recognition being made of his services on the occasion. The remainder of his life was uneventful. From 1832 to 1840 he represented Devonport in Parliament; in 1837 he became admiral; and from 1839 to 1842 he commanded at Portsmouth. He died in 1881, in the seventy-second year of his age, still Sir Edward.

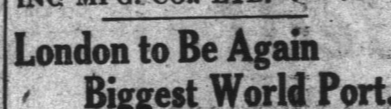
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**London to Be Again
Biggest World Port.**

London, will again become the first port of the world when the plans of the Belfast ship-builders, Harland & Wolff, are in full operation. This firm has secured eight sites along the banks of the Thames River in order to develop their scheme for the refitting and redecorating of ships on a large scale. It is anticipated that several thousand men, engaged in various trades, will be employed, as it is understood that the firm will undertake practically all sorts of repair work. In addition to repair work on ships, barges, tugs, lock gates and machinery, the repairs to the plant belonging to the Port of London Authority will be handled by the Belfast firm. Hitherto much of the repair work has been sent elsewhere.

ASPIRIN

"Bayer" only is Genuine



Warning! Take no chances with substitutes for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." Unless you see the name "Bayer" on each of the tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (Registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Monacopolis (Germany).

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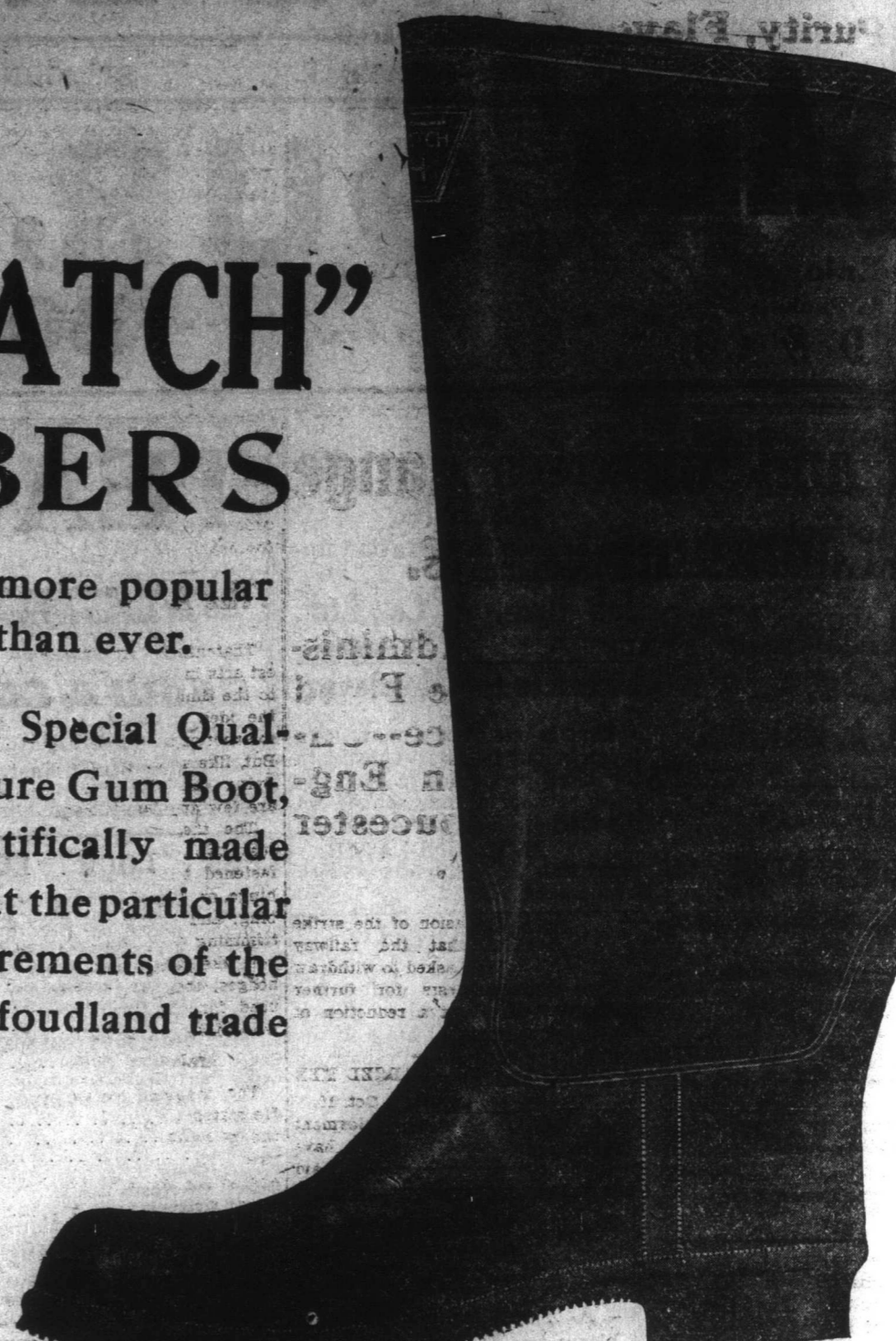
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Scientifically made
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Men's & Boy's. Ask your dealer for
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Fads and Fashions.

A dress of heavy black Spanish lace is trimmed with black satin bindings. Sleeveless dresses are featured for sports wear, also for afternoon wear. Black silk braids is the sole trimming of a street frock of blue tulle. Sprays of black ostrich droop from the corners of a black satin tricorne. Goggles made of roses of the same material as the dress are conspicuous. Gowns of blue and black materials

are piped with red and orange duvetyne. Circles of colored silk are applied on a blouse of black crepe de chine. Solid lines worked in blue metal threads appear on a black velvet frock.

Monkey fur continues to make its appearance on a number of smart frocks.

Bags in black moire are shown in envelope shapes and have jewelled closings. White crepe marocain dominates

among the white materials now worn so much.

A hat for restaurant wear is of all-wool cloth studded elaborately with tiny shells.

The popular grey shade from pearl and taupe to deep iron and mouse and a coffee color are the novelties.

A black serge dress had a purple collar and cuffs of brown moire with a cascade of little tassels falls down the front of a smart coat frock and

decorates the sleeves. Three-quarter length white coats of wool are trimmed with dark brown fur or black velvet.


A dress of black pique has flared cuffs faced with flame color duvetyne.

A close-fitting of grey duvetyne is trimmed with oriental embroidery and squares of sea-foam blue castles.

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