



TAKE IT FOR
**CRAMPS—COLIC—
DIARRHOEA**
APPLY IT FOR
**BRUISES—SPRAINS—
SORE THROAT**

"Flowers of the Valley,"

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

CHAPTER XIV.
THE ROAD TO LONDON.

The famous Knighton diamonds which she had worn so often were hers no longer; they were Lord Coverdale's, and would be next worn by his wife—she thought a scarlet flush rose for a moment to her face—they were hers no longer; but she possessed a large quantity of jewelry, gifts of her father and of friends.

This was hers, and the money in her purse. She would not be quite penniless; she would, at least, have enough to enable her to leave the Revels and hide herself away for a time.

Hide herself! That was the one great and dominant desire. To get away from the ken of those who knew her, but 'most of all from the knowledge of the man whose life she had saved, and who was now the master of the Revels, of which she had thought herself mistress.

Possessed of this idea, she got up, and, choosing the plainest of her black morning dresses, dressed herself quickly. Then she examined her purse. She had never had any allowance from her father; he had always paid her bills, and whenever she wanted money she had to ask for it. Sometimes he had given her a check to get cashed at the local bank, and at others a bank note for a large sum. A week before his death he had given her a bank note for twenty-five pounds, and nearly twenty of it remained. She counted it carefully, and as carefully placed it in her pocket.

Then she went to the safe in the squire's bedroom. The sight of the room and the bed brought back the remembrance of her loss and the other misery which had followed upon it, and for a moment she stood with her hands clasped against her heart; then, with a duplicate key which the squire had given her, she unlocked the safe and took out the jewels which Signor Ricardo had so judiciously left intact.

Going back to her own room, she took the gems from their cases, and, making them into as small a parcel as possible, put them in a bag with a few articles of clothing.

She went through the whole of these preparations with a calmness which was the result of a reaction from the terrible excitement under which she had been laboring.

Having done this, she threw herself down upon the bed, and, closing her eyes, forced herself to rest until it was quite dark and she could hope to leave the place without being recognized.

While she was there lying waiting, she tried to form some plan of action; but she could not.

Her one dominant idea was to leave the Revels and fly to some place where the story of her name was not known. Slowly the twilight faded into dark-

ness, and she rose and put on a thick cloak. As she arranged a crape veil that would completely conceal her face, she caught sight of it, and its pallor startled her, and there flashed through her mind the thought that Lord Coverdale, if he were to meet her, would scarcely recognize in her the girl from whom he had parted by the stream!

Listening at the door, and at each step, she made her way into the hall. The sound of voices reached her from the library; it was Lord Clarence and Mr. Barrington talking. Still talking about her and the story of her mother's shame!

Just as she reached the front door, she heard a servant coming up the stairs from the servants' hall, and she slipped behind one of the knights in armor and listened breathlessly.

It was the butler, and as he came along the hall a footman came out of the dining-room and joined him.

"Most extraordinary business this, isn't it?" Iris heard the butler say. "Just been down to the police court to see the end of it."

"Most astounding!" returned the other. "Just fancy us having such a character in the house and not knowing it! And he a friend of the squire's, too. That's strange, isn't it?"

"It is," assented the butler. "There's a mystery about it I can't quite understand. Anyhow, the Signor Ricardo is a cool hand. They thought they'd have some trouble with him. You know; but when they got outside he says, as cool as you please, 'Don't exert yourself, gentlemen; I shall not attempt to escape from your legal custody. I was taken by surprise just now, or I should not have attempted to resist you. You will find that you have made a mistake in identity, and that you have got the wrong man. But no matter—I don't blame you; you only do your duty.' The detective had got a fly outside, and they drove off as fast as possible."

"Lor!" exclaimed the footman; "and what did they do when they got to the station?"

"They waited until Mr. Barrington came down, and then read out the charge to the squire. He took it quite as cool as ever, and says, with a smile: 'A mistake, gentlemen; simply a mistake!' Then the detective pointed to the scar on his forehead—you remember that, Charles?—and says, 'Is that a mistake, too, signor?' and the squire turned upon him with a snarl and an oath in his foreign way. Then, after a minute, as if he was thinking, he says, 'How long—what is the sentence for this?' and the inspector says, 'Don't say anything to incriminate yourself. I shall use anything you say against you, you know,' and the squire swore again and turned to Mr. Barrington. 'How long?' he says. 'Seven or fourteen years,' said Mr. Barrington. 'Good!' says the squire; 'I will wait till then.'"

"What did he mean by that?" inquired the footman.

"Don't know. I don't think Mr. Barrington knew, either; anyway, he said nothing. They took the squire to the cells then, and I came away. It's been a dreadfully trying week, Charles. Have you heard how Miss Iris is to-

(To be continued.)

"No," said the footman. "I heard Miss Felice say that she was lying down resting, and the house was to be kept quiet."

"Poor young lady!" said the butler. "This unpleasantness about the squire coming so soon after the poor squire's death is very trying for her. I do hope she won't be called as a witness."

The two went downstairs, and Iris, emerging from her hiding-place, opened the hall door.

The night was dark, and its blackness seemed to confront her threateningly and bid her draw back from encountering it. She glanced back at the magnificent hall with its time-stained oak and gilding, its rows of family pictures and tattered flags; then, with a shudder of pain and anguish, she closed the door behind her and stood alone in the cold night. She who had reigned as the queen of the great house, was leaving it penniless and homeless, in very deed and truth an outcast! Iris knew every inch of the road—how often had she ridden along it singing happily!—and she reached the lodge gates without meeting any one.

At the lodge one of the boys came out to open the gate, for her, and looked after her in surprise as she hurried on without returning his "Good-night, madam."

Having gained the high road, she went rapidly toward the station. As she did so she heard the clock strike eight.

There was a train at twenty minutes past, and she thought that she would keep away from the station until the time arrived, and then get into the train quickly so as to escape notice. She went back to the road, and, in a restless state of excitement, walked along by the hedge.

Suddenly she stopped short. At that moment Felice might go into her room—she would be certain to do so during the evening—and would miss her. She would go to Lord Clarence or Mr. Barrington, and the first thing they would do would be to go to the station, and telegraph along the line. Wherever she got out she would be detected, and watched, and followed, and so would end all hope of her hiding herself. No, she would not go by train; and yet, she must reach London, or some great city, for she knew enough of the world to be aware that a large city was the only safe refuge for the fugitive, whether he was flying from justice or sorrow.

As she stood thinking over this, and vainly striving for some plan of getting away from Knighton, she heard the sound of wheels. It was some heavy vehicle, and it was coming slowly.

She listened mechanically, counting the fall of the horses' feet, and as she did so the whistle of the train sounded.

In any case, she was too late to go by rail.

Presently a light twinkled along the road, and the slowly-traveling vehicle resolved itself into a carrier's van.

As it came nearer she saw that it was a covered cart, drawn by two horses. An old man tramped along with the horses, and the light from the lantern falling on his face showed it to Iris as a good-natured one.

Obedying the impulse of the moment, she came from the shadow of the hedge and touched his arm.

The man was half-asleep, and started with an ejaculation.

"Bless my soul, young woman, you startled me!" he said, with an apologetic laugh. "What is it?"

Iris hesitated. He was a stranger to her; he might, probably, ask questions, and there was no help for it.

"Will you let me ride in your cart?" she said, as calmly as she could, her heart beating wildly.

(To be continued.)

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

WHAT DOES HOSPITALITY REQUIRE?

"What are the obligations of hospitality?"

"If a group of people comprising three people who are utter strangers to you descend upon you in an automobile at an hour or so before meal time, does true hospitality entail the obligation of inviting to dinner the whole five, three of whom you have never seen before and will probably never see again, and whom you would never dream of visiting?"

"If a cousin comes to stay two weeks and prolongs her stay to five, six, seven, or more, sleeping all the while in the living room, does true hospitality prevent you from putting an end to what looks as if it might be an indefinite stay?"

"Just because one has a Summer home is one under obligation to entertain innumerable people whom one would never think of being entertained by in their city homes but who happen to have automobiles, and who want some place to go?"

But Don't Tell a Soul.

These are some questions a Letter Friend submits.

What do you make of that, Watson?

If you won't tell, I'll tell you what I suspect. I suspect my Letter Friend has a Summer home and some rather cheeky friends and relatives. I also suspect that the whole subject has become a sore one to her, and I cannot say that I blame her.

Hospitality is a very fine virtue. I love the open heart that has an open hearth for all friends. But I think there are limits to what one ought to try to do in the way of entertaining, and I think there are conditions of imposition under which entertain-

ing cannot help being done with a respectful heart and thereupon ceases to be hospitality.

He Would Never Turn Away the Cheekiest Eighth Cousin.

I have a friend whose husband is the most hospitable soul in the world. He never fails to invite anyone who comes to the house to stay to the next meal. He would never speed the most long staying eighth cousin on his homeward way. He is always appearing with someone whom he has brought home for the night.

And unlike most men who do this sort of thing he is willing to take some share of the burden on himself. But it is inevitable that the larger share of the burden falls upon his wife and sometimes she protests. I happened to be present once when this happened after a case of most exasperating imposition on the part of some casual acquaintances.

Old-Fashioned Hospitality—and a Missing Mother.

"Well," he said, "maybe it wasn't necessary to invite them but you know I have old fashioned ideas about hospitality. When I was a child we had people with us all the time. Why father was always bringing someone home and we had cousins who stayed for weeks and even months. And father would never hear of anyone being turned away."

"Yes," said his wife. "I know that, and I also know that your mother died at 55 when she might have lived to be 70 or 80 if she hadn't overworked so, and that was one of the burdens she shouldn't have had to bear. Do you think it was worth while? Doesn't a woman owe more to her children and her husband and herself than she does to casual people who aren't really friends at all but just want to make a convenience of her home?"

And the man who believed in old fashioned hospitality could find no answer to make.

The Vitamines of Growth are present in Virol.



BABY BYRNE.

Has Never Caused One Disturbed Night.

27, York Street, Scarborough, Durham.

Dear Sir,

I am sending a photograph of my baby Alice, aged 12 months, who has had Virol since birth. Though very tiny at birth, and artificially fed, she has now nine teeth, which she has cut without trouble. She is a most lovable and happy baby, and I am very grateful for the great benefit she has derived from Virol.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd.) (Mrs.) M. BYRNE.

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Virol, Ltd., 10-12, Old St., London, E.C.1.



They are
**Happy
and Well**

You Should Be the Same

A LARGE number of women's ailments are not surgical ones. Serious displacements or radical changes have not yet taken place.

A tiny part in a fine clock may become loose and cause the clock to gain or lose. If not attended to in time, the part may fall from its place and cause serious trouble. So it is with women's ailments, they start from simple causes; but if allowed to continue, produce serious conditions.

When the warning symptoms are first noted, take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve the present troublesome ailment, and to prevent the development of serious trouble.

Kissack, Sask.—"My mother has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and upon learning of my troubles advised me to try it, as I seemed all run down after the flu and had a bad weakness. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and used the Sensitive Wash also Dr. Brown's Capsules and Prescription and am much better in every way. I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial as I recommend your medicines."—Mrs. IRENE NELSON, Kissack, Sask.

Hamilton, Ont.—"I have suffered for three years from a female trouble and consequent weakness, pain and irregularity which kept me in bed four or five days each month. I nearly went crazy with pains in my back, and for about a week at a time I could not do my work. I saw Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the Hamilton Spectator, and I took it. Now I have no pain and am quite regular. I keep house and do all my own work without any trouble."—Mrs. EMILY BEECKROFT, 269 Victoria Ave., N., Hamilton, Ontario.

Many such letters prove the virtue of

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**Lathering
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Warranted free
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A No. 1 Family Flour and an Old
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For quick, grateful relief, use

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PETROLEUM JELLY**

Apply to the forehead and temples; rubbing gently with the fingers. It is wonderfully soothing and refreshing.

There are "Vaseline" preparations for many accident cases. They should be in every home, and every vessel.

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

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When an antiseptic ointment is needed for inflamed eyelids, chafing, and similar affections, the most convenient and effective preparation is

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When applied to the nasal passages, it is an excellent treatment for catarrh.

"VASELINE" Petroleum Jelly
—For skin diseases, etc.
—For chafing, etc.
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—For sore throat, etc.
—For burns, etc.
—For sprains, etc.
—For all other ailments, etc.



In November, 1899, during the French war, an eminent banking firm of Hebrew origin carried on a flourishing connection between the rival interests of France and England; needless to state that each belligerent was totally unaware of the services rendered to the opposing nation. A large, swift vessel, propelled by sails and the oars of hardy Deal boatmen, carried to the former country despatches from the English Government to their French spies, and to the French Government a cargo of English guineas.

—which at that time fetched thirty shillings each; and having safely disposed of this freight, the ship was laden in return with silk, brandy, lace and tobacco, also letters from the spies; the latter were duly delivered to our authorities, and the former disposed of in and out of our country at considerable profit. The captain was much trusted by his employers, and on one voyage he was informed the cargo was the largest he had ever carried—from ten to twenty thousand guineas. The head of the "honourable" firm anxiously awaited the return of his faithful servant, who appeared at last with a very rueful countenance, and informed him that, being chased by a Government vessel and fearful of being overhauled, they cut the throats of the boys, and the "yellow boys" were at the bottom of the sea! The banker raved and demanded to know the spot where the



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