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"Flowers of the Valley,"

OR
MABEL HOWARD,
OF THE LYRIC

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST OF GODFREY KNIGHTON.

He shrank back from the bed, step by step, still staring with distended eyes, until he backed up against the wall, and there the nameless horror seized upon him more fully still, and he slipped to the ground, and crouched trembling and sweating while one could count twenty.

At last he arose, and wiping his clammy forehead with his hand, muttered:

"Steady, Baptiste! Keep your head, my friend. This—this—is rather sudden and unexpected! Saints and angels, yes! But keep steady, Baptiste! Let me think—think!"

Dragging himself to the chair near the bed, he dropped into it, and drawing the curtain with a trembling hand, he beheld it, he pressed his white, shivering hand to his brow and pondered. He sat thus for quite five minutes, then, still white and trembling, he got up, took the keys for the second time that night, and cautiously stole downstairs.

He went to the dining-room and found the liqueur-stand, and got a glass of curacao to steady his nerves—the glass clinking against the bottle in a horrible manner—then went to the library, unlocked the safe, and took out the will.

He looked hard at the cash box, but put it back unopened, and shook his head.

"No, no, Baptiste! You cannot be too careful—under the circumstances!"

Then he thrust the will into his pocket and went into the hall; but, with his hand upon the balustrade, he paused and considered, his brow knit into deep wrinkles.

Up in their frames the Knights looked down at the thief, some frowning, some smiling; but Signor Ricardo was not affected by them; he had seen something more terrible that night than family portraits.

After thinking for a few minutes, he stole to a small glass door leading from the hall to an inclosure, which was called the walled garden, a favorite spot of Iris's. Unfastening the door, he stepped out, and, taking care to keep in the shadows, leaned against the wall and drank in the cool night air.

Then he crept along the wall until

Mrs. SELCHERT'S DAUGHTER

Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Horicon, Wis.—"My young daughter had been troubled for several months with backache and a bad feeling in her stomach. She did not want to eat anything, while before she was so hungry she could hardly wait for her meals. The doctors gave her medicine, but it did not help her. One day I was reading a little book of yours and it reminded me that when I was a young girl I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So she went to the drug store and got a bottle, and after taking the second one she could eat and has not had backache since. In all she took six bottles of it. She goes to school and on Saturdays helps with the housework. She is a normal, healthy girl now and we recommend your medicine. You have my permission to publish this letter as a testimonial for the Vegetable Compound."

Mrs. FRANK SELCHERT, 150 Larabee St., Horicon, Wisconsin.

Mothers all over the country have found Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to be a most reliable remedy for such conditions.

over the bed, she was almost startled by the sight of Signor Ricardo's face looking out at her through the glass door. He looked paler than usual, and though he smiled and showed his teeth, as her eyes met his, it was rather a forced smile.

In another moment he came across the lawn toward her, treading on the tips of his patent-leather boots.

It was the first time they had been alone together, and Iris, remembering her father's injunctions, and his evident dislike to the signor, gave him rather a cool response to his stilted greeting.

"Ah, Miss Iris," he exclaimed, fixing his dark eyes on her. "Aurora, goddess of the morning, tending her flowers."

"You mean Flora," said Iris, forcing a smile.

"I mean all the goddesses combined in one charming divinity!" he corrected her, with a bow and a wave of his white, supple hand. "What a charming little spot!" and he looked round with a bland air of admiration.

"It is pretty," said Iris, arranging her simple bouquet, and moving toward the door.

"It is exquisite! So reposeful in its quietude and solitude. Surely, this is a favorite part of the grounds with you, Miss Iris?"

"Yes," she admitted. "It is my own special little garden, signor."

"Hoh! You keep it for yourself, exclusively, is not that it?"

"Oh, no!" replied Iris, with a smile at so selfish an idea. "Any one is free to come here."

"I am so glad; a horrible idea was seizing me that I was intruding."

"Indeed, you are not," said Iris. "Pray come whenever you please. Have you not been here before?"

The signor smiled blandly and shook his head.

"No, I did not know of it until I saw you through the door there. But I shall come—yes, often. Not many people do come here, I suppose? It looks so quiet and—what do you call it?—unfrequented."

"No; I don't think many people do come into this walled garden," said Iris. "It is not so bright and cheerful as the terrace and the lawn."

"It is too quiet and melancholy," said the signor, with an air of satisfaction. "That is the world all over. It likes gaiety, and color, and brightness; it is only divine spirits like your own, Miss Iris, who love the shade and the seclusion."

"Oh, but there is plenty of sun here," said Iris. "Do you not see the dial?" and she pointed to it with her pony.

The signor regarded it with curious interest.

"Hoh! Ah, yes; the dial! I did not notice it. It is a pretty object. And you can tell the hour of the day by it?"

"Yes," said Iris, going up to it; and, unlike a watch, it never wants winding up.

"Or cleaning?" put in the signor interrogatively. "It is never disturbed, your dial, Miss Iris?"

"Oh, never!" said Iris, smiling at the idea. "It has been there ever since the house was built, and my father would not think of having it removed."

"That is right," said the signor in accents of strong approval. "Such old antiquities should never be moved; it is—what do you call it?—sacriligious. If this beautiful little garden belonged to me, as it belongs to you, I would not let any one come into it but my special friends. And as for the gardeners, I would say, 'My friend, cut your grass and grow your flowers, but do not move, do not alter, the arrangement of anything. Respect age and historic associations.'"

Iris smiled at the high-flown language.

"I understand what you mean, signor," she said. "There is no danger from our gardeners; he is quite as fond of the walled garden as I am, and would not think of introducing any improvements."

The signor nodded again with approval and satisfaction. "He said, 'It is a charming place,' he said, 'shall I not carry the flowers for you?'"

But Iris declined his offer, and carried her bouquet into the breakfast-room, the signor following her.

(To be continued.)

A new vegetable is the Chinese cabbage. It has the combined flavors of celery and cabbage, and is excellent cooked or served raw in salad.

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

HE WANTED TO DRIVE THEM.

At the height of the "help-wanted" section of the paper was three or four times longer than the "situations-wanted" section. I happened to sit behind a man on the trolley who was talking about his labor situation, from the viewpoint of the small employer.

Said this man, "Oh, won't I be happy if the time ever comes again when I can get a gang under me and just drive them with the fear of losing their jobs as a whip. Believe me, I'll make them work."

As I listened I shuddered for there was in that man's tone and manner a viciousness, a savagery that it did not seem to me could have been exceeded by the old time slave driver.

Use the Whip.

A few days ago I heard another man speak in a similar vein, only this time the dream had come true. He said, "And I said to him, 'All right do as you please if you can afford to. You know better than I do whether you can get another job.' And you ought to have seen him cringe. This time there was triumph as well as savagery in the tone, and again I shuddered."

Of course there is a swift and true answer to my horror at this state of mind. It is that this attitude is a re-

action from the effort employers have had to make to get a fair day's work from their employes.

This state of affairs inevitably brings a reaction when laborers become more plentiful than jobs.

Remember How Cross You Often Get.

If you don't think the employer of labor has his problems just think back to your own experiences as an employe a few years ago. Don't say you don't employ labor. We all do even if only as shoppers or users of a telephone or a trolley car or railroad. And surely we have not forgotten the slack service we received and the irritation we often felt when labor was so scarce that men and women were insolently sure of their jobs.

But is it not equally true that this savage state of mind on the part of the employer when he is in power has something to do with the laborer's slackness when he is in power? Is it not natural that the man who has been savagely driven to work in slack times by the fear of losing his job will take particular pleasure in soldiering on the job when the employer can no longer use the whip?

Of Course Many Employers Are Not Like This.

And surely the employe class as the better educated is in a better position to see things in the large and try to restrain the desire for revenge.

I do not mean to imply that the two men I have quoted were typical of all employers. They represent merely one type. The opposite type fortunately exists to keep the balance true.

Fashions in Furniture.

Furniture fashions vary almost every season, there is always some newly-designed chair or lounge coming into vogue.

The present trend is toward upholstered furniture, a splendid selection of which we are now showing. Here—huge *Cosy Chairs, Chesterfields and Lounges*, over-stuffed and beautifully upholstered in Silk, Tapestry, Damask, etc.—gladden the eye, and there is no lack of smaller upholstered articles.

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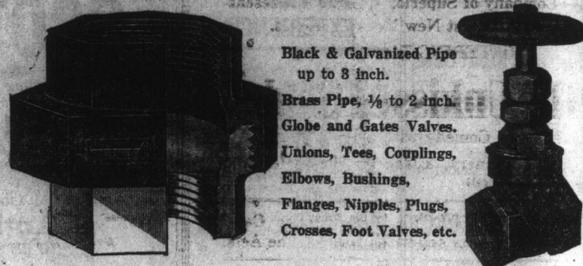
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Not what we say, others tell us.

Gentlemen,—It is up to you to see them and judge for yourselves. You will purchase every time.

See them.

Anderson's, Water Street, St. John's, Nfld.

THE JUGGERNAUT.

The motor car was built for pleasure, for making life a grand success. But few, oh gentle reader, these homely truths can deeply feel; most every gent becomes a speeder when he is at the steering wheel. Most every guy will take some chances, and knock a rule or statute cold; and so his gaudy blue advances, with victims round the axle rolled. Oh, every hour provides a warning, and still the speeders do not mind; the death race longer every morning, the corner is miles behind. The surgeon and the learned physician are hourly patching some poor wight, the white

grave, or plaster him with dark brown mud. If driven thus 'twould be no terror, no monster of the phobias, and lifting hands would make no error in handing it all kinds of prizes. But few, oh gentle reader, these homely truths can deeply feel; most every gent becomes a speeder when he is at the steering wheel. Most every guy will take some chances, and knock a rule or statute cold; and so his gaudy blue advances, with victims round the axle rolled. Oh, every hour provides a warning, and still the speeders do not mind; the death race longer every morning, the corner is miles behind. The surgeon and the learned physician are hourly patching some poor wight, the white

the sad and pale mortician is plastering jays by day and night. The motor car would be a blessing if looked upon as a means of saving lives. It is simply quite distressing to count the funerals and the slain.

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