THE EVENING TELEGRAM, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, NOVEMBER 19, 1921-2

-that never was mine, and never should be mine!-I would rather die than take it!" The words were emphatic, but the voice, the expression of unfaltering deermination, rendered them insurnountable. He drew a long sigh.

"Then neither will I touch one shiling, nor own one rood!" he said stern-

"Hush!" she said, and she touched his arm. "You have said that you are my-friend." It is green tea in perfection—fresh, clean and flavoury. Superior to the finest Japans you ever tasted. Sold by all Grocers. "If you would but let me be," he retorted, with a groan. "Then, my friend," she said, and she gave to this word a sweetness that WHOLESALE AGENTS ouched and tortured his heart, "let me ST. JOHN'S speak to you as I would to my brother.

You wish to do something for me-to nelp me-" "Yes!" he said. "And you will not hope for me! No hope!" He sighed. have it so! Iris, when I leave you to-"Well!"-and he drew a long sigh, as night I go down to the Revels for the man might do who had received a fast time. The place shall be closed, burden upon his shoulders almost too every penny of the money that is a heavy for him to bear-"well, I am not curse to me shall be set aside-I will the first man who has had to suffer in never set foot in the place again, nor

a like fashion, and"-he forced a wan touch a penny-" smile-"and I must do the best I can. "Hush! Hush!" she murmured, the That is enough about myself," and he tears filling her eyes. "I am going to moved his hand as if he had put him- ask you to do something for me-a self and his suffering behind him. "You great thing! A thing hard to do! But will listen while I speak of yourself?" you will do it! Yes, I know that you Iris remained silent. His words fell will do it! Heron"-the name passed almost meaningless on her ears, for her lips unwittingly, and he started she was repeating to herself/in dull, and turned to her; she forced her face into stone and went on-"Lord Heron

all that is passing in your mind! Is it rapt reiteration: "Dearest, I love you; be my wife!" -my brother-though the past is gone "What I wished to be to you I-I from us forever, I cannot forget it. I cannot be; that is past," he went on; cannot forget the dear old place, every "but I can still be your friend. It is | inch of which is made sacred to me by as your friend that I speak now. You memories of the days when I played, a will not deny me that poor consola- happy child, beside him who-who is tion?" now in his grave-

The lips formed the word "Nø," but He groaned, and made a gesture of she could not speak. entreaty.

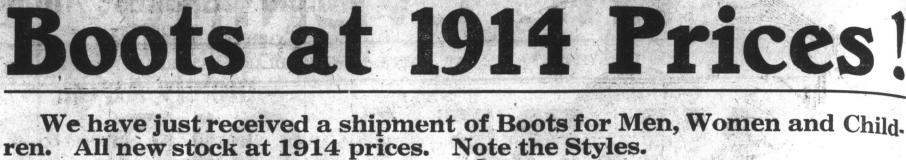
"Let us think that it was as your "Bear with me-my friend!" she friend I sought you," he continued, went on. "You say that you will shut "and now that I have found you, let me the old place up, and leave it to destell you what-still as your friend-I truction and decay! Ah! I could not would have you do. Iris-will you let bear to think of that! Don't do that! I me call you so? I have called you by ask it as a-favor! I love the Revels, that name since I learned that it was Lord Coverdale, and"-she paused-"I yours-" am proud of it still, though I shall nev-

There was something pitcous in the er see it again! Never again, I hope! request so simply put, and Iris made Don't let it be left to ruin and decay! a gesture of assent. Go and live there among the people. "Thanks, Iris. You will need all your people, and let me, who have left your patience, for I am going to say it forever, think it smiling and prosper-

that which you will dislike. Iris, you ous as I remember it, as I recall it in must take back the Revelsdreams! This is what I ask of you. She shook her head. Will you refuse me?"

He laughed grimly. His lips trembled. "Do you think that I could keep the "You ask too much of me!" he said, paused, then forced himself to go on-"because you do not love me, and can-the money, that should be yours, hoarsely. "To live there, where every hot give me any hope? Is that the reahave consented to share them ---- " he me of you, Iris!"

stammered, and bit his lip. "Think for "I ask it of you!" she said, firmly. could be heard singing behind the trees; the roll and rattle of the car-trees; the roll and rattle of the carriages came from the distant street. dure to remain the mistress if they be- you in my place! If I had been left Iris could almost fancy that she could have and I were wandering mistress there I would have done my duty by the dear old place-do yours





SIGNS OF WINTER.

The trees stand

naked in the

woods, their

leaves beneath

them lying, and

to the warmer

neighbor-

hoods the

honking geese

are flying. And

I must quit my

book and lyre

Bury St. Edmunds

November 20 is in the Prayer book

calendar of the Church of Egnland the

festival of Edmund, King and Martyr,

He was not King of all England, but

only of Anglia, its Eastern countries,

Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex-and he ba-

came so through the Saxons, to which

he belonged, invading that part of

Britain. His reign lasted from A.D. 855

till 870. He was a Christian, and is

said to have distinguished himself for

justice and piety, and therefore Bury,

or the town of Saint Edmund, or Ed-

mundsbury, in Suffolk, was, and still

is, so named after him. The Danes.

then still not, Christian, had invaded

England, and their sovereign, in a

great struggle, defeated the Saxons,

Thus Named.

helpless and pennfless about the hear the quick, sharp throbs of her world?" aching heart. "I am not helpless, nor penniless,"

Those Who Drink Japans

GREEN TEA

should surely try

BAIRD & CO.

"Flowers of the

Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD,

OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XX.

LOVE'S THRALDOM.

of me you are thinking! Is it-oh, I

have to say it-is it because you think

the past should come between us? If

so, throw the thoughts from you! It is

I who am not worthy of you, my pure,

Iris started and winced. The word

recalled the fair woman she had seen

an hour ago, the woman whose name

they had linked with his. But for her-

Iris-he would in all probability marry

this Lily; one worthy of, and fitted for,

him. In time he would forget this bale-

ful love for her, and shudder at the

abyss from which she had saved him;

and she would save him, in spite of

"Speak to me, dearest!" he implor-

ed. "Say, 'Heron, I will be your wife!'

Do not fear, Iris, I will make you

happy! We will leave England! In a

new world-" He stopped suddenly,

as if smitten by a great dread, and his

grasp of her arm tightened. "Iris," he

said, and his voice was full of this

dread; "did you say 'no' because"-he |

paused, then forced himself to go on-

Silence fell upon them. Paul's voice

stainless lily!"

himself.

son?

"See, Iris," he breathed; "I can read

"Is that the reason?" he demanded, fearfully. "Have I counted too much mon the hope of your loving me? Oh, Iris, answer me!"

Then she forced herself to speak the lie that was to save him. "I-do not love you!" she said, in-

a cold, set voice. She saw him shrink back as if she

had struck him, and she could have to do so!" cried aloud in her anguish. His hand fell from her arm, and he

sat staring before him for a moment to his lips. in silence. Then he raised his head.

"Forgive me!" he said, and his voice sounded harsh and broken. "Ah, forgive me! In my great love for you I had taught myself to hope that-Heaven!" he broke off. "what a mean bound you must have thought me! All this time I must have seemed as if I were taking advantage of your helplessness!" and he put his hand up to

his brow. Iris turned with a cry upon her lips. but she forced it back. Better that he should suffer now for this short space than she should by a murmur of tenderness condemn him to lifelong misery and degradation

"I-I beg your pardon!" he said. eđ. with a start, as if awaking from a stupor. "Will you give me a moment?"

He rose, paced up and down with bent head and ashen face, wrestling with the effects of the blow she had t dealt him; then he came and sat down again.

"Miss Knighton-Miss Howard." he said, slowly, as if he were trying to speak calmly and dispassionately, "I have been a vain fool! The depth of my love for you had, somehow-Heaven knows how !--- deluded me into her hands linked together tightly. "You thinking that I might-might win your | would have me forget that I am-what

love! I-I thank you for speaking so I am! I cannot! If my life depended plainly. Your voice, more than your upon accepting one shilling of the words, has told me that there is no wealth that is yours-yours by right!



Go there and live the life that befits one who bears an old and honored she said, in a low voice." name, stainless and without reproach." He looked at her keenly: then broke "And you?" he demanded, almost inout bitterly, passionately: audibly "What friends have you-what help? "I?" she said, looking vacantly be-

Have I not seen you with my own eyes fore her. "I, too, will do my duty. I am this afternoon singing for gain? You, a waif and stray in the great city----who ought to have reigned the belle, "By Heaven!" he broke in, with the queen of the mob that applauded anguishing impatience.

you, as if they had paid for the right "Fate has dealt hardly with me, but shall play my role as best I can. Our "I was paid." she said, quietly paths lie widely apart Lord Cover-He crushed back the oath that rose dale. Don't pity me too much-don't

think of me"-her voice almost broke "For Heaven's sake, don't put more -"forget me, or, if you remember me. upon me than I can bear!" he cried. recall me as one who crossed your "Do you think I cannot read the story path for a moment, and was then lost of your life since the night you fled?, in the crowd!"

Do you think I am so ignorant of the "Forget you!" he cried his endurworld as not to know that you are try- ance broken down. "You know that I ing to earn your bread-you!-while I cannot. You know that you are as my -I usurp your place? Iris, if your very life. Iris!"

heart is not made of stone, you will "Hush!" she murmured; "my little grant me this, at least-you will take friend is coming. Go now, please, Lord from me the burden of this wealth of Coverdale. I know that you will do which I have robbed you, and which is what I ask. As for me, rest assured a gently expectant smile and said: numerous. a curse to me! You have no right to that I can carry the burden fate has make me suffer more than the loss of laid upon me."

your love!" and his voice broke. "And-and this is to be the end?" he Iris turned her face to him as he sat said, his face ashen white. with his head bowed, her hands clinch-"Yes, it is the end," she said, and

her lips quivered. "Good-bye-friend!" of those oft-told tales elderly people "Lord Coverdale," she murmured, and she held out her hand. and her voice, though firm and reso-What could he do? He was worn out lute, was soft and gentle; "it is not by passion and suffering, by a mental I who make you suffer. You have not and spiritual anguish few men are wife's gently attentive look, and knew robbed me. The Revels was never | called upon to endure. If he had loved mine-I have no shadow of right to it! her less, he might have put her reand, while I thought I was mistress, I upon following her, have done half-a-(I am reckoning that he told it once was but an impostor and a fraud!" hundred things, adopted fifty commonsense courses; but he loved her, and a year in her presence, rather moder- will find hard to pry loose. "For Heaven's sake!" he breathed. "Listen!" she went on in a low voice,

every word of hers was sacred to him. ate, don't you think?) I understand one of the reasons why she has al-She had sent him away, and he must ways been the beloved woman in her go; she had said that she did not love family him, and that their paths lay wide I found myself thinking-she al-

"What was that?"

do so enjoy telling.

He had looked a bit alarmed at the

pause, as if he feared no one would

give him his chance, but having re

ceived it be launched forth with one

She Must Have Heard it 50 Times.

Gives you a smooth

smart-free shave.

Saves your face

apart, and he could not follow her! ways rallies to his support like that A from of black chiffon resorts to He took her hand, his eyes fixed upand asks the necessary question to stiffened chiffon points embroidered in on her face thirstily, devouring its

beauty, engraving upon his heart the lovely, tear-dimmed eyes, the soft, black hair, the tremulous lips. "Oh, Iris, my dearest! my love!" he

urmured. "Hush, hush!" she breathed. "Go ow, please." He pressed her hand to his lips:

then, letting it go slowly, reluctantly as if he were parting with dear life, turned and walked away, as one who dares not look back, lest he should ose his grasp of honor and manhood

(To be continued.) A beautiful cape of black velvet ined with white velvet, has a collar o monkey fur, and is heavily embroider ed in panels, crystal beads and silver spangles.

Minard's Liniment used by Physici



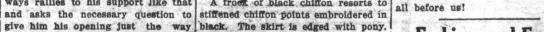
"Well, I was in the interlocutor does in the minstrel Glacier Park She is a sort of interlocutor to his once and I saw position in the spotlight. He doesn't something there realize it but how he would miss it I never saw be-fif he didn't have it!

CANE MUSCH and occupations fore or since .-- " Before They Were Married. sweeter, and dig Of course most women do it before up miles of rusty wire, and wrestle said the man. they are married. It is one of the with a heater. The skies are gloomy There was a moment of si- most common baits. A woman who overhead, with swarthy clouds carlence while he did not know when a man wanted to eering, and all the gooseborn seers waited for some- be given a chance to talk and didn't have said that stormy days are nearone to a s k, grant that wish, when she wished to ing. I wish the summer days were please him, would hardly be a woman. back, the sunny days and pleasing, But the women who keep on doing for I must go and bank the shack, His wife turned toward him with it after they are married are not so to keep the spuds from freezing. And

must take some liquid glue and And yet it is not hard to do-not a splice the roof together; oh, there are high price to pay for affection, is it? many things to do before the wintry A Hold That's Hard to Pry Loose. weather. The frost falls white, the Of course, I do not mean to say that cold winds rant, and I am most dewoman could hold affection in that jected; for everything reminds my way alone. It is only one of the many aunt of something I've * neglected. small ways a woman can make sure "Now, go you forth," she cries, "with of the affection that means so much haste, ere snow is falling thickly; the And as I listened and watched his in most women's lives. cabbageheads will go to waste, unless Any woman who will play the part they're garnered quickly. You

for a surety that in their nearly 50 of interlocutor in her husband's life haven't brought the popcorn in, the Even in the past, I was the usurper, quest aside, have stubbornly insisted years of life together she must have in that tactful, gracious, never- pumpkin vines are wilting, and you heard that story perhaps 50 times, seeming-to-weary way will have a continue, with a grin, your everlasthold on him which youth or beauty ing lilting." And now I take my slender roll I've been so long in earn-

ing, and buy about a peck of coal to keep the home fires burning. The A frock of flame chiffon has crystal balmy days are gone and lost, stilled shoulder straps and falls in panels is the woodland chorus; oh, winter, from a low belt of crystal beads. winter, you're a frost, and you are



Fashions and Fads. A tailleur of grey velvet is trimmed moleskin and "velours frappe." An evening gown of purple chiffon is ouched here and there with geranium A gown of white silver tissue has fringes of cyclamen rat-tail forming the sleeves. The trimming used on the coat of the tailleur is apt to be repeated on the

Much black velvet is being used, ofttimes turned back and lined with silver or gold. Openwork appears at the bottom o

a cape, on the skirts of a coat, or at the edge of a skirt. With light frocks is worn a hat o black velvet, with a low orown and a

very wide, softly rolling brim,



that is, by renouncing Christia

and submitting to them-so they fas

ened him to a tree, and killed him with

Canute, a Danish king in England, be

came a Christian, he removed the

interred them in the great church

the place that was afterwards name

Fads and Fashions.

Panels have their edges embr

with metal clips and shiny beads.

The long. fur-trimmed blouse word

with the suit is usually high-necked

A frock of black broadcloth

broadcloth in leather color.

gauntlets and collar of perforate

Bury St. Edmunds.

and long-sleeved.

mains of the Saint King Edmund and

rrows, then cut his head off. When

GIR

A big

choose

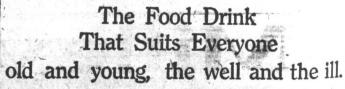
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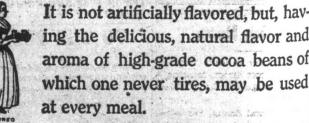
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Made of

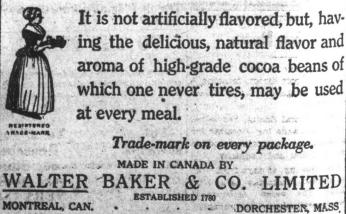
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