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ST. JOHN'S

**"Flowers of the
Valley,"**
OR
**MABEL HOWARD,
OF THE LYRIC.**

CHAPTER XX
LOVE'S THRILLDOM.
"See, Iris, I will make you
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—
"because you do not love me, and can-
not give me any hope? Is that the reason?"
"Silence fell upon them. Paul's voice
could be heard singing behind the
trees: the roll and rattle of the car-
riages came from the distant street.
Iris could almost fancy that she could
hear the quick, sharp throbs of her
aching heart.
"Is that the reason?" he demanded,
fearfully. "Have I counted too much
upon 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 he
had struck him, and she could have
cried aloud in her anguish.
His hand fell from her arm, and he
sat staring before him for a moment
in silence. Then he raised his head.
"Forgive me!" he said, and his voice
sounded harsh and broken. "Ah, for-
give 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 help-
lessness!" 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 ten-
derness condemn him to lifelong mis-
ery and degradation.
"I—I beg your pardon!" he said,
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 aching face, wrestling
with the effects of the blow she had
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—Heav-
en! knows how—deceived me into
thinking that I might—might win your
love! I—I thank you for speaking so
plainly. Your voice, more than your
words, has told me that there is no

hope for me! No hope!" He sighed.
"Well"—as he drew a long sigh, as
a man might do who had received a
burden upon his shoulders almost too
heavy for him to bear—"well, I am not
the first man who has had to suffer in
a like fashion, and"—he forced a wan
smile—"and I must do the best I can."
"That is enough about myself," and he
moved his hand as if he had put him-
self and his suffering behind him. "You
will listen while I speak of yourself?"
Iris remained silent. His words fell
almost meaningless on her ears, for
she was repeating to herself, in dull,
rapt reiteration:
"Dearest, I love you; be my wife!"
"What I wished to be to you—I—
I cannot be; that is past," he went on;
"but I can still be your friend. It is
as your friend that I speak now. You
will not deny me that poor consol-
ation?"
The lips formed the word "No," but
she could not speak.
"Let us think that it was as your
friend I sought you," he continued,
"and now that I have found you, let me
tell you what—still as your friend—I
would have you do. Iris—will you let
me call you so? I have called you by
that name since I learned that it was
yours."
There was something piteous in the
request so simply put, and Iris made
a gesture of assent.
"Thanks, Iris. You will need all
your patience, for I am going to say
that which you will dislike. Iris, you
must take back the Revels—"
She shook her head.
He laughed grimly.
"Do you think that I could keep the
place, the money, that should be yours,
that are yours by right? If you could
have consented to share them—" he
stammered, and bit his lip. "Think for
a moment! But yourself in my place!
If you stood as I stand, could you en-
dure to remain the mistress if they be-
longed to me, and I were wandering
helpless and penniless about the
world?"
"I am not helpless, nor penniless,"
she said, in a low voice.
He looked at her keenly; then broke
out bitterly, passionately.
"What friends have you—what help?
Have I not seen you, with my own eyes
this afternoon singing for gain? You,
who ought to have repudiated the belle,
the queen of the mob that plagued you,
as if they had paid for the right to
do so?"
"I was paid," she said, quietly.
He crushed back the oath that rose
to his lips.
"For Heaven's sake, don't put more
upon me than I can bear!" he cried.
"Do you think I cannot read the story
of your life since the night you fled?
Do you think I am so ignorant of the
world as not to know that you are try-
ing to earn your bread—your—while I
—I usurp your place? Iris, if your
heart is not made of stone, you will
grant me this, at least—you will take
from me the burden of this wealth of
which I have robbed you, and which is
a curse to me! You have no right to
make me suffer more than the loss of
your love!" and his voice broke.
Iris turned her face to him as he sat
with his head bowed, her hands clinch-
ed.
"Lord Coverdale," she murmured,
and her voice, though firm and reso-
lute, was soft and gentle; "it is not I
who make you suffer. You have not
robbed me. The Revels was never
mine—I have no shadow of right to it!
Even in the past, I was the usurper,
and while I thought I was mistress, I
was but an impostor and a fraud!"
"For Heaven's sake!" he breathed.
"Listen!" she went on in a low voice,
her hands linked together tightly. "You
would have me forget that I am—what
I am! I cannot! If my life depended
upon accepting one shilling of the
wealth that is yours—yours by right!

—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 unflinching de-
termination, rendered them insur-
mountable.
He drew a long sigh.
"Then neither will I touch one shil-
ling, nor own one rood!" he said stern-
ly.
"Hush!" she said, and she touched
his arm. "You have said that you are
my—friend."
"If you would but let me be," he re-
orted, with a groan.
"Then, my friend," she said, and she
gave to this word a sweetness that
touched and tortured his heart, "let me
speak to you as I would to my brother.
You wish to do something for me—to
help me—"
"Yes!" he said. "And you will not
have it so! Iris, when I leave you to-
night I go down to the Revels for the
last time. The place shall be closed,
every penny of the money that is a
curse to me shall be set aside—I will
never set foot in the place again, nor
touch a penny—"
"Hush! Hush!" she murmured, the
tears filling her eyes. "I am going to
ask you to do something for me—a
good thing! A thing hard to do. But
you will do it! Yes, I know that you
will do it! Heron—the name passed
her lips unwittingly, and she started
and turned to her; she forced her face
into stone and went on—"Lord Heron
—my brother—though the past is gone
from us forever, I cannot forget it. I
cannot forget the dear old place, every
inch of which is made sacred to me by
memories of the days when I played, a
happy child, beside him who—who is
now in his grave—"
He groaned, and made a gesture of
entreaty.
"Bear with me—my friend!" she
went on. "You say that you will shut
the old place up, and leave it to destruc-
tion and decay! Ah! I could not
bear to think of that! Don't do that! I
ask it as a—favor! I love the Revels,
Lord Coverdale, and—she paused—"I
am proud of it still, though I shall never
see it again! Never again, I hope!
Don't let it be left to ruin and decay!
Go and live there among the people,
your people, and let me, who have left
it forever, think it smiling and prosper-
ous as I remember it, as I recall it in
dreams! This is what I ask of you.
Will you refuse me?"
His lips trembled.
"You ask too much of me!" he said,
hoarsely. "To live there, where every
inanimate and living object reminds
me of you, Iris!"
"I ask it of you!" she said, firmly.
"It is your duty! It is not your fault
that fate has thrust me out and put
you in my place! If I had been left
mistress there I would have done my
duty by the dear old place—do yours!
Go there and live the life that befits
one who bears an old and honored
name, stainless and without reproach."
"And you?" he demanded, almost in-
audibly.
"I?" she said, looking vacantly be-
fore her. "I, too, will do my duty. I am
a wife and a stray in the great city—"
"By Heaven!" he broke in, with
anguishing impatience.
"Fate has dealt hardly with me, but
I shall play my role as best I can. Our
paths lie widely apart, Lord Cover-
dale. Don't put me too much—don't
think of me—her voice almost broke
—"forget me, or, if you remember me,
recall me as one who crossed your
path for a moment, and was then lost
in the crowd!"
"Forget you!" he cried, his endur-
ance broken down. "You know that I
cannot. You know that you are as my
very life, Iris!"
"Hush!" she murmured; "my little
friend is coming. Go now, please, Lord
Coverdale. I know that you will do
what I ask. As for me, rest assured
that I can carry the burden fate has
laid upon me."
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 he launched forth with one
of those oft-told tales elderly people
do so enjoy telling.
"She Must Have Heard It Fifty Times."
And as I listened and watched his
wife's gently attentive look, and knew
for a surety that in their nearly 50
years of life together she must have
heard that story perhaps 50 times,
(I am reckoning that he told it once
a year in her presence, rather moder-
ate, don't you think?) I understand
one of the reasons why she has al-
ways been the beloved woman in her
family.
I found myself thinking—she al-
ways rallies to his support like that
and asks the necessary question to
give him his opening just the way

Boots at 1914 Prices!

We have just received a shipment of Boots for Men, Women and Child-
ren. All new stock at 1914 prices. Note the Styles.

<p>Price \$6.50</p>  <p>LADIES' HIGH CUT BLOCK BOOT with good walking heel. Price only \$6.50. Same in Tan Kid, only \$7.50.</p>	<p>Price \$6.75</p>  <p>MEN'S CANADIAN ARMY BOOT—Good heavy solid leather boot, only \$6.75. Same style for boys, sizes 1 to 5, only \$4.00.</p>	<p>Price \$8.00</p>  <p>MEN'S TAN CALF BLUCHER, with rub- ber heels. The Young Man Boots, only \$8.00 Same styles in Black, only \$7.00, without rubber heels.</p>
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**Side Talks
by Ruth Cameron**

THE INTERLOCUTOR.

"Well, I was in
Glacier Park
once and I saw
something there
I never saw be-
fore or since,"
said the man.
There was a
moment of sil-
ence while he
waited for some-
one to ask
"what?"
His wife turned
toward him with
a gently expectant
smile and said:
"What was that?"
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 he launched forth with one
of those oft-told tales elderly people
do so enjoy telling.
"She Must Have Heard It Fifty Times."
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ways been the beloved woman in her
family.
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ways rallies to his support like that
and asks the necessary question to
give him his opening just the way

SIGNS OF WINTER.
The trees stand
naked in the
woods, their
leaves beneath
them lying, and
to the warmer
neigh-
bors the
honking geese
are flying. And
I must quit my
book and lyre
and occupations
sweeter, and dig
up miles of rusty wire, and wrestle
with a heater. The skies are gloomy
overhead, with swarthy clouds car-
rying, and all the goosebarn seers
have said that stormy days are near-
ing. I wish the summer days were
back, the sunny days and pleasing,
for I must go and bank the shack,
to keep the spuds from freezing. And
I must take some liquid glue and
splice the roof together; oh, there are
many things to do before the wintry
weather. The frost falls white, the
cold winds rant, and I am most de-
jected; for everything reminds my
aunt of something I've neglected.
"Now, go you forth," she cries, "with
haste, ere snow is falling thickly; the
cabbagheads will go to waste, unless
they're garnered quickly. You
haven't brought the popcorn in, the
pumpkin vines are wilting, and you
continue, with a grin, your everlasting
littering." And now I take my
slender roll I've been so long in ear-
ning, and buy about a peck of coal to
keep the home fires burning. The
balmy days are gone and lost, stilled
in the woodland chorus; oh, winter,
winter, you're a frost, and you are
all before us!

**Bury St. Edmunds
Thus Named.**

November 20 is in the Prayer book
calendar of the Church of England 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 be-
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,
and settled in this country. Being tak-
en prisoner, Edmund refused to save
his life by apostasy and vassalage,
that is, by renouncing Christianity,
and submitting to them—so they fast-
ened him to a tree, and killed him with
arrows, then cut his head off. When
Canute, a Danish King in England, be-
came a Christian, he removed the re-
mains of the Saint King Edmund and
interred them in the great church of
the place, that was afterwards named
Bury St. Edmunds.

Fads and Fashions.

Panels have their edges embroidered
with metal clips and shiny beads.
The long, fur-trimmed blouse worn
with the suit is usually high-necked,
and long-sleeved.
A frock of black broadcloth has
gaunlets and collar of perforated
broadcloth in leather color.
A cape of purple velvet is embroide-
red in steel beads in huge flowers,
and collared with fur.



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old and young, the well and the ill.
It is not artificially flavored, but, hav-
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Gives you a smooth,
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Saves your face and
spares the clothing.



Fashions and Fads.

A tallleur of grey velvet is trimmed
with moleskin and "velours traps".
An evening gown of purple chiffon is
touched 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
blouse.
Much black velvet is being used, of-
times turned back and lined with sil-
ver or gold.
Openwork appears at the bottom of
a cape, on the skirts of a coat, or at
the edge of a skirt.
With light frocks is worn a hat of
black velvet, with a low crown and a
very wide, softly rolling brim.

Shipping

S.S. Sheba is de-
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pany.
Schooner Gener-
al from Change Is-
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down from arriv-
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