

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL BOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER III. "No." said the squire, still evelng

"About me?" she said, with her pen-

sive smile. "Really! What could he have to say about me?" "Iris, he wants you to he his wife,"

her brows contrasted, with a faint copy of his own frown. "And what did

you say, father?" "What should I have said. Iris?" he

then went to the window, and, looking Irish' own.

Godfrey Knighton drew a breath of

"Are you sure?" he said. " I sure?" she echoed, still with her face turned from him. "Yes, I am quite

"Think!" he said. "He is a peer; of good birth on his mother's side; he is

all you say, father, and more, and I to marry him. I do not want to marry up. any one." she added, quickly. The squire's face cleared, and grew

"You are right," he said. "It was her finger. what I told Montacute! You are young

is there not?' "Ages!! Centuries!" she murmured. He rose, and, going to her, put his in an accent almost of reproach.

still with the same air of relief. "You are a good girl, Iris," he said, promise my father and you that I slowly and gravely. "You have said wouldn't jump when I was alone, and is a carital fellow, every way desir-able, and if I wanted a husband for "How did be added, quickly, the frown returning, tips of her fingers, and glancing from "I do not. I said to him, wait—" it to the beautiful girl, he stood look-

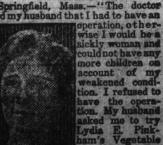
ing; no use!" He locked at her with a swift an- fallen. Soh! How xiety.

"Why do you speak so certainly? for a month, Felice, There is no one else, Irish?"

As he spoke there rose all unbidden I don't mean to tell you, you need n the vision of the young man kneeling ask any more questions." there be, father?"

He sighed and nodded.

WIFE TAKES HUSBAND'S ADVICE And Is Made Well Again by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



She went and touched his forehea th her lips as he had touched her

ple as the late Duke of Welling n's, and his own rooms almost oice exotics upon one of the tables There was a Chippendale bookcase with some standard works in fine indings, and an easel upon which

Beside a small table sat a wo of middle age, and of that peculiar had come over from Italy with Mr.

Knighton and his daughter.

She was a strange woman, and, unlike most of her countrywomen, remarkably quiet and reserved. On Iris she bestowed a devotion and passion ate love of which it is said only an ocen a member of the household so long, and in such an intimate connecomething superior to the other servants, and spent most of her time in Her checks flushed slightly, then Iris rooms, to which her own bedroom adjoined.

She looked up quickly as Irish entered, and her dark eyes seemed to run all over her like a flash of lightning, then hid themselves behind lashes almost as long and quite as dark as

"Well, Felice," she sald, dropping into a chair, "still at wor? Why don't you go out this lovely day?"

The woman shrugged her shoulders "I am happy enough indoors, signorina," she said, in the musical Tuscar tone. "I am never so happy as what I am at work for the signorina. Are you tired?" she asked suddenly, fixing her eyes on Iris's face.

Irish started, and laughed softly. "Not in the least. I was only thinking, Felice," she said. "I'll take off like him very much; but I do not want my habit now, please," and she stood

Felice, with skillful, hands, that seemed scarcely to touch her, so deftly as cheerful as it was possible for it to they worked, slipped off the habit. As she did so she touched the rent with "The signorina has torn her finger.

too young! There is plenty of time, "Yes," said Iris, looking at the slit in the skirt pensively. "Been jumping again?" said Felice,

Trish laughed "No, I have not, Felice. Didn't "You are a good girl, Iris," he said, promise my father and you that I

just what I wished. Lord Montacute do you think I don't keep my "How did you do it, then?" asked you I couldn't choose a better, but." the woman, fingering the rent with the

"Why should you have said that, ing out of the window abstract dly. father? It would be of no use his wait- "It was not caught a gate? No! There is no mudorina has no "You would never id Iris, a soft smile creeping over r lips, "and as

beside the stream—all unbidden and all unwelcome. With a flush of an-slightest sign of impatience either by novance that she should think of him word or deed, but calmly laid the at that moment, she answered quickly: habit aside, and went on with her "No; no one else? Whom should mistress' toilet as if the incident had not occurred.

In a noiseless fashion that was not "Whom, indeed?" he said. "Then wihout to peculiar grace, she brushed that is all right. You have removed a the long, dark hair and bound it up in weight from my mind, Irish; a weight a soil, and wrapped her mistress in a long teagown of rose silk and lace. Irish sat back in her chair, her eyes downcast, a pensive look in her face,

softened by a half smile. She was going over every word that had passed between her and the young fellow of the "bull fight"; recalling, almost unconscously, his every look and attitude. How she had deceived him about Miss Knighton—about hesrelf. Would he make inquiries and find out his mistake? she wondered, and, if so, what would be his opinion of her?
Suddenly she looked up, and saw
the dark eyes of Felice fixed upon her
in the glass. They were lowered instantly; but the look drew Iris' oughts from the young man to her-

"Miss Iris," said Felice, addressing her in the English fashion, as she al-ways did when she remembered to do

"How long have you been with us! a long while, isn't it?"

The woman's face suddenly grew as mobile as one of the statues in her

nce I was a baby?" said Iris

Weigh yourself the day you commence to take Brick's Tasteless, then weigh yourself two (2) weeks later and note the increase. Bt. John's, Newfoundland.

There was an instant's pause—it was

"No Miss Iris; the signora died be fore I came as Miss Iris' nurse."

he said, more to herself than to the "It is so strange, so sad, not to have known her, even ever so little! Felice, you saw her? You knew her?" "Yes," replied the woman. "I saw the signora once.'

"What was she like? Tell me!" said

will see how beautiful!" said Felice. Irish sighed. The compliment had not raised a blush, for she was used to Felice's outspoken admiration.

"And that is all you know of her?" she said. "I ask you, Felice, because my father"-she paused-"my father has never told me, and I do not like to

dead signora. The signorina is quite right not to speak her name 'o him." "And I am half Ialian?" said Iris. nusingly: "How strange! And I feel so thoroughly English! Am I not quite English, Felice? Can Italian wo men ride, and drive, and swim, and row as I do? Am I not quite different in "Miss Iris is quite different-al

lost!" came the answer. (To be continued.)

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After towing the trwal for to hours the skipper gives orders to haul. This is done by means of winch until the top of the net apears by the gunwale of the vessel

hand until the cod-end appears with-in reach. The cod-end is that part of the trawl into which all the fish are drawn when the trawl is hauled. This cod-end is then lifted aboard by 'Jilson," which is fastened to the ast. The fish having been emper, the gear is again shot away. And all hands turn to the task of gutting

and icing down. Standing in the fish pour the fisherman grasps a fish in his hand, and, holding it by the head, gives it a sudden stab in the throat He next rips it up, at the same time giving his knife a slight twist sideways, and cutting away all the entrails. The fish, after being well washed, are then handed down into the fish room, and there laid in layers

Sold by the Heap. Upon reaching port at the end of the trip the fish are immediately landed, the start sometimes being

made at about 4 a.m. For sale the fish are either placed in scores or in levels. A score, curihaddocks, plaice, soles, dabs, and mackerel are made up into levels.

and conger eels are made up into Turbots and halibuts are sold singbeing computed by weight. Fish

The larger, such as cod, hake, ling,

The sale of the fish starts at 9 a.m. of the crew. Each trawler is supposedly divided into fourteen shares, of which the owner takes eleven shares, the skipper, one and threeighths, and the mate one and oneeighth shares. The owner pays the vages of the crew, but the skipper and mate share in all other expen-The crew, with the exception of the skipper and mate, each receive a wage of one pound to every one hundred ounds gross that a trawler makes .-

Chinese Breach of Promise.

It takes China to produce a breach f promise case which begins with he man asking to be released from his engagement on the ground that the lady kidnapped him into it. Such case has opened at Shaughai in the Mixed Court. The couple are of the modern Young China order, who insist on arranging their own marriages without the interference of the old style marriage broker. The young man, Seng Cheng Rob, is a mining engineer. The lady, Miss Dun Jui Chi, is a schoolmistress, who, having graduated in China, went to Scotland, and thence to the London School of Economics, where she studied international law and poltical science. She is aged 24, physically small but apparently of details

mined character. Seng comes before the Court asking for the cancellation of his marriage contract and other documents, which hold-up. the following document: "Seng den, where a dozen men and boys, a Chong Koh and Dun Jui Chi have with more or less African blood, were offered their hands to each other in at dirty, worn benches. About them cultured wedlock, and will not be enslaved by the harmful customs of butts, gold nuggets, iron tools, gold the old siciety. They will in per-petuity preserve their exclusive and jumbled together with diamonds of all undivided affection towards the oth- sizes, cut and uncut. claim ,therefore, is for £,500, loans damages for breach of promise.

A Town Where Honesty Prevails.

Diamantina. a mining town in Brazil, is believed to be the most tire est spot in the world. If ever a nutive of the town has stolen a diamond, even as a boy, he is black-balled in the as a boy, he is black-balled in the community all the rest of his fife. It is a long way to anywhere et a, even since the advent of the railroad, so that the thieving of the town's chief product is extremely rare.

Men from far off up-country often come in with thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds or black carbons on a pack mule, which lags far behind with its pages drives and thousands. ind with its negro driver, and thoughveryone along the way knows what

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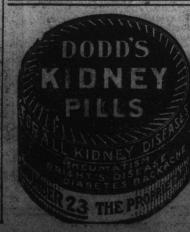
F. SMALLWOOD

The Home of Good Shoes, 218 and 220 Water Street.

nor has any one "framei" a outer door at night; the owner came only off and on during the day; and ing alleges to have been obtained from Gold and precious stones are amid this disordered jumble of wealth him under duress. He says that while handled in the town with a casual his dozen workmen and boys toiled he was working at Nanking two bra-carelessness equaled only by the Bank from ? in the morning until sometimes voes, hired by Miss Dun, kidnapped of England. A local jewellery shop, him to Shanghal where he was kept a prisoner until he consented to sign looks like a miserable little tinker?

er, and under no pretext will the old tin tobacco boxes, with fortunes married life of the contracting parin diamonds, lie loose among them, ties be affected by the admission of and precious stones wrapped in dirty concubine." Miss Dun avers that bits of paper can scarcely be dison the strength of Seng's promise of tinguished from the dusty rubbish on narriage she advanced him £400, the tables. A tiny show window, reand herself spent £600 in furnishing a house in Shanghai. Furthermore, that she refused a lucrative school appointment at Java. Her total ones about it, day and night; a tin can hat originally held soap, but is now and expenses incurred, and £1,000 full of emeralds, amethysis, topazes and the half dozen other precious stones found in the regon, was ki king

bout the floor. Yet, there was no sign of lock of key except those used to fasten the



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