



LADY IRIS' MISTAKE;
— or the —
Hero of 'Surata'

CHAPTER XII.

There was a faint gleam of surprise on the lovely face, followed by a slight flush, and then something like a ripple of scorn passed over it. Lady Iris recovered her composure, however, in a moment.

"I do not know that they are particularly fine; but we have some."

"I know all now," thought Lady Avis. "He has asked her to marry him, and she has refused him with scorn; and in some way the almond-blossom is mixed up in the matter."

When the carriage had driven away, Lady Avis said to her husband—

"That is the beauty of the neighborhood, I suppose? What airs she gives herself!"

"She may be a beauty, but I hate her," replied John Bardon.

"I do not like her either," admitted his wife, with a quiet smile, and then said no more.

CHAPTER XIII.

Visitors flocked to Hyne Court now that Lord Deane's daughter presided there. The great county magnates who had kept away while Richard Bardon resided at the court were now too pleased to visit Lady Avis Bardon.

From the first Lady Avis had known the one great disadvantage attaching to her marriage would be her husband's lowly birth. She herself was an earl's daughter and had a large income of her own; but her husband, although the son of a millionaire, had been looked down upon by the county leaders on account of his humble origin. That was the one weak point in her social position, and she set about repairing it by proclaiming herself rigidly exclusive. By this means she made for herself a reputation; to be on visiting terms with Lady Avis Bardon of Hyne Court was to be recognized as one of the elite of the county. Lady Avis asserted herself, and people were compelled to acknowledge her husband and make his acquaintance. So far John Bardon had done well by his marriage, and his father was delighted. Richard Bardon did not care in the least about his daughter-in-law's plain face or bad temper; so long as she filled the court with people of distinction and tolerated his presence amongst them he was satisfied.

John Bardon had all the advantages

for which he had married, but they did not make him a happy man. He never went over to Chandoe, but he spent long hours in brooding over his revenge—what form it should take, and how he should compass it; for the more he saw of Lady Iris the deeper grew his pain and the more bitter his hatred. He had not the least love for Lady Avis, but he had weighed well what he was about to do before he married her. He married Lord Deane's daughter merely to show Lady Iris that, if she could not appreciate him, others could—that, although she called his love an insult, another earl's daughter was of a different opinion, and took the name she had decided. He knew that the two earls were friends, and that, if Lady Avis lived in the neighborhood of Chandoe, social obligations would compel Lady Iris to visit her and receive her. Then Lady Iris would see and understand that an earl's daughter had been proud to marry him.

The dark face grew darker as John Bardon brooded over what he chose to think were his wrongs; more than he had said to himself in his most sullen and reckless moods that it would be better if she were dead, for then her fatal loveliness could break no more hearts—do no more harm. It could not surely be a crime to take away the life that was fatal to others; yet no—that would not satisfy him. He wished for her a life wherein she could suffer some of the pain and anguish she had inflicted on him.

As they were riding with a party of guests one day, the earl and his daughter met John Bardon. He did not stop to speak, but over his face came a look that the earl did not like—a dark lowering expression.

"He has not forgiven Iris yet," said Lord Caledon to himself—"and I do not suppose that he ever will."

He talked of him to Lady Iris as they sat together in the library that afternoon.

"I am afraid," said the earl, "he is not a happy man."

Lady Iris looked, as she felt, perfectly indifferent.

"He has everything to make him happy, papa."

"I wonder," the earl went on, "if he loves Lady Avis?"

"You always amuse me, papa!" and his daughter laughed merrily.

"You seem to think the one great necessity of life is love!"

"So it is, my dear," he replied.

"I have not found it so," said Lady Iris.

"Your life is not ended yet—it has but just begun; you will speak, and think differently in a few years, Iris. The day will come, my dear, when you will laugh at all the foolish little speeches you have made to me about loving without love."

"Do you think so, papa?" she asked, remembering the strange thrill with which she had heard the words of Lady Selwyn's song. "If it ever happens, I will tell you honestly."

A footman entered at that moment with a note for Lord Caledon. When he opened it, he found it was from his lawyer, who wrote to ask for a memorandum about a lease. The earl gave the note to Lady Iris.

"Can I get it for you, papa?" she asked.

"You look so comfortable in that easy-chair that it is a pity for you to move. I will get it."

"You will find it in my secretaire, Iris. I believe it is in the third drawer on the right-hand side; here is the key."

The secretaire stood near one of the windows. Lady Iris went to it, and opened by accident the third drawer on the left. It was a small drawer, containing a few withered leaves that had belonged to a passion-flower, a tiny white glove, a long bright ringlet of golden-brown hair—so like hers that she could have believed it had been taken from her own head—a small gold wedding-ring, and a portrait. Without thinking, she took up the portrait and looked at the face. It was very fair and sweet, with loving eyes and tender lips.

"Where have I seen a face like this?" she wondered. "Somewhere, I am sure. I seem to remember it."

As she looked at it, her heart was strangely stirred—so strangely stirred—so strangely that she could not understand it. Surely her eyes were not wet with tears! Yet no wonder if they were, for there was a world of pathos in the sweet sad face, and a shadow in the eyes that no one could look at unmoved. Of course it was her fancy or perhaps it was due to the peculiar excellence of the painting—but the eyes of the portrait seem-



Just Folks
By EDGAR A. GUEST.

MY HOPE.

This is my hope, that no friend shall call
And find me but selfish after all;
That never a kindly word shall die
On my lips unspoken as men go by;
That I shall not sit with the setting sun,
Counting the deeds which I might have done.

This is my creed for the common day,
To play the man as I go my way,
To meet what come with an upturned face
And bring to my duty a touch of grace
To what I must, and a little more—
To do what I can till the day is o'er.

To do what I can that will scatter cheer,
And brighten the lives of my neighbors here;
To speak in kindness, and now and then
To serve the needs of my fellow-men;
Never to sigh at the long day's end
Over wasted chances to play the friend.

This is my hope when the day shall close,
That I may go to my night's repose
Glad with the thought that I've done my best,
And haven't failed in some simple test.
Without regret at the setting sun,
For some kindly deed which I could have done.

A SIN TO LET HAIR FALL OUT

35c "Dandérine" Saves Your Hair—Ends Dandruff! Delightful Tonic

Hurry! It's your duty! Each day you see a little more hair falling out and you are making no effort to avoid baldness. What a pity. Falling hair means your hair is weak, sick—possibly dandruff is strangling it, or the hair root pores in the scalp are not firm and tight, thus wasting the hair-growing oils.

Dandérine almost instantly stops falling hair of men or women and cleans every particle of dandruff away from the hair, takes on new life, vigor and strength to grow strong, thick, and long.

Dandérine is delightful—not sticky or greasy. Go to any druggist now and get a bottle. Use it. Have healthy, heavy, beautiful hair and lots of it.



DO IT RIGHT.

If you have a task to do, do it right; if you're making Iris stew, do it right; if you're darned Father's sock, if you're putting down a walk, if you're winding up a clock, do it right. Slippery work will hurt your fame; do it right; careless workmanship's a shame; do it right; when you paint the kitchen floor, when you fix the stable door—whatever be your chore, do it right. If you'd play a game of ball, do it right; if you'd lecture in a hall, do it right; if you'd build yourself a home, if you'd write a noble poem, if you'd punch a neighbor's dome, do it right. Though you have a humble task, do it right; in Easy street you'd back, do it right; for the fellows who advance, taking hold of every chance, profiting by circumstance, do it right. If your duty is high and great, do it right; if you labor for the state, do it right; high or low, it's just the same; man should always play the game; he must, if he'd sidestep shame, do it right.

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- BABIES RUBBER PANTS. Each 39c.
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- BRUSH AND COMB SET. Per Set 39c.
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- WASH CLOTHS. Each 10c.



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Made of wool tweed, real warm pants for this season.

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Men who would be well dressed yet who cannot afford to spend too much on one will see the wisdom of selecting overcoats here. Cut in correct lengths.

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Ladies' White Flannelette Gowns.

With long sleeves, nicely bound in white-silk ribbon.

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MOTHER!

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Hurry mother! Even a sick child loves the truly "California Fig Syrup" and it never fails to open the bowels. A teaspoonful to-day may prevent a sick child to-morrow. If constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good cleansing of the little bowels is often all that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother, you must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results, easily and cheaply made.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

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