

Flatterers"

The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SYDNEY DRIVES A BARGAIN. bird in her breast, a tightening uncon- you? May I sit down?" trollable in her throat, Sydney could the orchard by the garden front, so meant to reach the entrance of the he said; "I beg your pardon." house. But the study window stood wide open, bunches of yellow rosesindistinguishable buds when she left- of Miss Jean. For I have been decelywreathing it in a golden frame; ing you." and within her dear, deserted laboratory-she held her hands tight over that crazy beating-within was Gilbert Hurst alone.

turfed lawn he had not heard a single child then-and you promised not to

The room disordered, littered with books, piled anyhow in careless heaps (shame!) he half-kneeled, half-leaned empty house his only confidant.

have betrayed her presence by a sob. you do forgive me?" To hear his very own thoughts just Ance more was an offense the bitterness of a new, intenser regret must expiate. Bound to the spot, she looked, to that slavery for me!" listened, and this is what she heard:

"Dearest! sweetest! But never mine! Darling, lost darling, why did you "Forgive? Why, leave me? How could I let you go?" Alwyn?" was blanched now as the tall near.) Then, with a hard, hard this shelter as I did." lips full reddening again, a blush like back to say this only?" morning's dawn upon her face—a litthank God above. He took her from may it be, but-oh, it's torture!"

The strong frame was racked, bowed Suffering not well to be written of forced scalding drops from eyes denied the world's delights.

And how about that listener now? stiquette of ceremonious entrance went to the winds. Her face all glorified with longing devotion, she drew back, brying to a lark that, springing from the meadow, went caroling up to the blear sky, "Ah, litle noisey one! You have not forgotten to sing since I went tway, though all the other birds have birned so idle!" Then she waited ten seconds, took a great breath, and went to the study window.

Gilbert Hurst had reached it with a stride, doubting his own ears. They stood now close together.

anything we can do for you?"

"Yes." Sydney answered him, For the fluttering as of some caged great deal has happened. May I tell they came fluttering round her she eye and rode down the hill. She was shaking too much to stand

> book-shelves. "I forgot to offer that," and all declared that the exquisite "Don't," Sydney begged, "for I have come to do that of you, Mr. Hurst, and

"Only in one thing. I am Miss Grey but that's not all my name. I am some So lightly she had trodden the soft one you saw-ah, many years ago; a hate me."

"Why." he exclaimed, "you cannot mean that you are-"

"Yes, Sydney Alwyn. Child of him by the chair that had been always Syd- who Miss Jean says ruined your life. ney's. With sad, brown eyes turned all But you said you forgave him. How I legs, tht she awoke, and, looking unseeing upon some object in his have thanked you for it! I knew no- around, saw a gentleman riding toward grasp, pale as the girl who, in the thing of owing you anything when I her. throes of hopeless love, gazed on him, came here. I could not pay you when he was speaking, ignorant of any hu- I found it out, for all I had was gone. man watch, deeming the walls of the So I worked to do it till Miss Jean and novance, but boredom—came into her

> He was profoundly moved, even to seeming forgetfulness of the pleader. "Jean, Jean!" he said, "to drive her in her dark eyes. "You will forgive me?" she begged

"Oh, man! Oh, madman that "Yes, I forgive both counts," he said.

you are, be still and bear it! Think of slowly, "if you must have the very her as your treasure—that won't hurt | words." Fondly she let her full glance warder, forwarder, to make sure, with cost him. "But surely you are not come

"No. I want you to show you pardon of his pretty coat. tle withered bunch of wild flowers she me, I came this time to say that I am well knew, bound with a thread of rich now. I have a friend who is yours silk, touching it with a caress as ten- too-Mr. Drayton. He will tell you how had a little difficulty with his "r's," der as mothers spend upon a sleeping my father's money is returning to me. which would pronounce themselves babe-"keep it, and let it teach you to But I cannot use it till you say I may like "w's." pay you—somehow—you and Miss you—gave her to—some good Fate. So Hurst, all that my father made you lose."

He brought himself to his full height. "That can never be, Miss Alwyn. Such debt is the creation of poor Jean's sentiment. Don't tempt her, don't ask me to stoop so low as to load ourselves Throbbing, trembling, yearning; the with your bounty under the poor pretense of justice."

She knew he would refuse, though the alternative to his proffered liberation and to be Mr. Montague Carle! She triumphed in his words; proud of

his pride. But she said: "Then all my money is to be value-

less. I am to enjoy none of it, because you will not have this little." He felt her merciless, this rich young woman. It was getting more

than he could endure.

"Before finishing the first bottle I felt a marked improvement"

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co. - r CARNOL a wonderful medicine."

ISN YOUR DRUGGIST FOR CARNOL

"Flowers of the

MABEL HOWARD OF THE LYRIC

Iris may have been thinking of al

The heiress of the Revels, if she had

een as ugly as sin is popularly purhave been sure to have had plenty of coat, the other he put to his forehead, suitors; how much more certain then wrestling with a deadly weakness, then was Iris Knighton, with her almost speaking. I am sorry my sister is not | ter of fact there was not a youth withwish that he could, at any rate, die for her; but Iris had remained untouched and unmoved by one and all. When they came fluttering round her she they came fluttering round her she pened to make you return? Is there wish that he could, at any rate, die for looked at them with a far-away gaze, and smiled at their compliments with only agree by a gesture, and passing- He reached her own chair to her, but her absent, dreamy smile; and halfdy agree by a gesture, and passing— He reached her own chair to her, but her absent, dreamy smile; and hairlee it had to be done—quickly from took his own old place by the littered maddened by her indifference they one Diamond Dyes Don't creature was like a lovely statue, all beauty and no heart!

And yet she would sit for hours with "What!" he cried. "you deceiving moist at any story of sorrow and mis-

The faintest, very faintest, expression of annoyance-well, scarcely an-

He was a young man, with a fair and by no means bad-looking face—though rather too pretty and womanish-and he was dressed as nicely and carefully as if he had come out of the Burlington Arcade; the neatest of coats, the glossiest of hats, the prettiest primrose gloves, the shiniest of boots, and a rare orchid in his buttonhole.

As he came nearer his fair face grew her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt won't hurt won't hurt words." Fondly she let ner full glance her as your treasure—that won't hurt wo fulness and agitation the eyeglass, which had been stuck in his left eye, fell with a clatter among the buttons

"G good-morning, Miss Knighton!" he said. He stammered slightly, and he

"Good-morning, Lord Montacute! said Iris, and she held out her small gauntleted hand.

His lordship took it and shook it, and grinned, not because he was a fool, which he was not, by any means, but because he was head over heels in love with the divine young goddess, and whenever he was near her all his senses seemed to desert him; his heart beat wildly, the color came rushing to his face and he stammered worse and found greater difficulty with his "r's" than usual.

"It-it's a fine morning, isn't it?" he said, fumbling with his eyeglass after the manner of a nervous man. "Just the morning for a wide, isn't it? We shall have s-summer here pwesently, shan't we? Awfully glad summer's

oming, aren't you?" "Yes," said Iris, in her low, full

There was silence for a moment, while the young man racked his brains or something to say and couldn't find it, because the only words that rang in his ears were 'I love you! I love you!" Then Iris looked at his horse, thich was panting a little, and said,— "Have you ridden far, Lord Monta

He colored and stammered. He had seen her from the windows of Montacute Towers, and had dashed into the yard, got his horse saddled, leaped on its back, and simply raced it up the hill to overtake her. That was why the animal panted and threw the white

fleeks of foam from its mouth. "Er-er-n-o, not very far. I-1 was going to ride over and see Mr. Knighton about the the" he hes round up,-"the ball, you know." "Oh, yes!" said Iris. "You will find ny father at home. He was in the ibrary when I left; and you will catch im before he goes out, I think, I am oing to the Holt, Good-by!" and, with nod and a smile, she touched the

Lord Montacute loked after her, an

All the way up the heath he had re



cuse, and go down to the Revels. At that moment he would have give

For a moment a wild idea of rac age to meet those deep, lustrous, grave (T be continued)

a sick child clasped to her besom, and kind—then perfect home dyeing is Government looks after these threats her proud eyes would grow dim and guaranteed. Even if you have never to British security throughout the ery, and no one had ever asked her for fadeless color into your worn, shabhelp and found her heartless or deaf to by dresses, skirts, waists, stockings, coats, sweaters, draperies, hangings, She sat so long in so rapt a dream everything, by following the simple that she did not hear the sound of an- directions in every package of Dia- heard of in Parliament. The inner cirother horse's feet upon the thick hea- mond Dyes. Just tell your druggist cle goes ahead and saves the Empire. ther, and it was not until the big black whether the material you wish to dye horse, who was called, from sheer con- is wool or silk, or whether it is lintrariness, Snow, pricked up his pointed en, cotton, or mixed goods. Diamond ears, and began to fidget with his front Dyes never streak, spot, fade, or run.

Pricking the Sheriffs.

In each county of England and Wales there is a High Sheriff, whose you sent me away. But I never paid a eyes as she saw him, and she looked principal offices are to attend judges Had she torn herself away she must tithe enough. Still, I was trying, and half-inclined to gather up the reins while on circuit, and to act as returnand fly; but with a sigh she turned ing officers for county elections. They Snow's head, and sat awaiting the also have to be present at any execunewcomer with a grave, pensive regard tions that may take place during their the I always think of Riley when the year of office. Quite an interesting ceremony is

> possession of landed property bringing in an annual income of not less than

until summoned in November to attend at the Lord Chief Justice's court with at the Lord Chief Justice's court with
the Lord Chancellor, the Chancellor And there's something appetizing of the Exchequer, the President of the Privy Council, and all the other judges But there's only one thing missing, old

Here they listen to the excuses of The Golden Bells land-owners whose nolnes have been suggested for the office, but who pro-

fess inability to serve. The King's Remembrancer reads the roll for the various counties, and the final selection, consisting of three names for each county, is submitted to the King, who, with a golden bodkin, Temple of Heaven in Peking during pricks the margin of the parchment on the Boxer rising shall be restored to which they are written against the first name on each list.

The other two names will be brought up the following year, and usually the to the night when it was secretly melbholder of one of them is chosen for the ed down in India, six years later.

Spain has even lent us her black lace

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very greatly reduces the danger. There no strong rallying centre for

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gone through when "pricking," or With the apples ripe for eating and the selecting them.

The qualification for the post is the selecting them.

When the judge visits a county town on his summer circuit, the High Sheriff presents him with a list of at least four

Now the glory of the harvest is about the fragrance of the air. who were on summer circuit—for the selection of sheriffs for the ensuing

Jim Riley should be here to revel in the splendor, for he loved this time of year.

of Peking.

Certain Chinese now in London are demanding that the value of two the temple authorities. They have traced the history of one of the bells from the night of its seizure in 1900

The Imperial City of Perking was fficially given over to looting after its capture, and for several days officers and men of the Allied troops carried away all the valuables they found in palaces and houses. Two officers of India regiments, according to the Chinese investigators, made for the Temple of Heaven immediately the Outer . City was entered, and

earched it from roof to basement. the altar ornaments and the jewelled eyes of the gods, so that at first the arche and the exquisite blue tiles nove the shrines. They then des-ended from the temple precincts to an underground room, the floor of which was covered by dirt and odds and ands of no value.

One of them prodded a pile or rubish with a bayonet and struck som thing metallic at the bottom. He discovered, when the rublish was cleared an enormous golden bell, carved with dragons and sacred inscriptions A second bell was similarly hidde

The officers set a guard at the

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rears in the house of a bank manager, by bessar dealers in India and Burma.

The investigators were unable to distored to the Temple of Heaven.

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Five Dollars buys a pair of Women's all Black Kid Boots, not try to sell it for fear of discovery by the Chinese authorities.

The investigators were unable to distored to the Temple of Heaven.

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