

# "Flowers of the Valley,"

### MASEL HOWARD. OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mr. Barrington's keen eye bent ited the thin, shrewd lips.

Lord Heron flushed redder still. ever saw!" he said with sudden warm- the large dinning-room."

"And you do not know her name?" "I do not," replied Lord Heron. "I know of no one-there was Miss Knighton-" he said, sadly.

on, quickly. "I know that much!" 'Strange!" mused the lawyer. know every one in this place, my lord, ed the girl. "Will you walk in?" gentle and simple. Perhaps it was one

of the farmers' daughters?" "Certainly it was not a farmer's that will do!" he added, hurriedly. emphasis. "Then I am afraid I cannot help you.

rose. "Shall we go round the house Lord Heron rose with a sigh. He seemed fated to remain to the last moment in ignorance of the very name,

even, of the girl who had won his Mr. Barrington led the way into the

"Yes." assented Lord Heron.

"But there have been many alterations," said Mr. Barrington, as a foot- travagantly. man opened the door of the great almost rebuilt. It was decorated by Barrington. "You noticed them?" Leighton. The ceiling cost five thousand pounds:"

the tables, and books. He picked up ton, and there is his wife." one of the latter, and as he opened it, he saw written on the blank page. "Iris Knighton, from her beloved fa- for fully a minute regarding-sadly and

With a pang he put the book down

Some sheets of music lay on the top, and as he bent and looked at them, the name again stared at him-Iris Knighton!

"Let us go on," he said, in a pained

Mr. Barrington glanced at him quesindeed, rather a palm house than an a step. ordinary conservatory. Lord Heron looked round at the rare and exquisite exotics, over which the palms formed a canopy: at the fountain of white marble and the aviary of singing birds. "It is a lovely place," he said, and walked down one of the aisles.

As he did so he saw, lying beside a cactus, a pair of small scissors and a lady's long glove.

He took it up. "Miss Knighton's," said Mr. Barring-

ton, in a suppressed voice. Lord Heron dropped it quickly. The from the depths of his heart. whole place seemed eloquent of the

side, then went out toward the back of chair, and grasped it firmly. "What is the matter? Are you ill, my ord?" asked Mr. Barrington. Lord Heron stood for a moment sil-

glove where he had dropped it seem- brief forgetfulness. How long she slept

Miss Iris, poor girl!"

Lord Heron's hand dropped to his

ent and motionless; then he turned,

CHAPTER XVII.

A MINIATURE PAGANINI.

Iris was exhausted, and soon the

rhythmical sound of the horses' feet

Mr. Knighton had no town house

reception. Her former visits had been

now? In a carrier's cart; nameless

Pale and wan she leaned against the

hoxes and looked out with an aching

feeling of solitude and misery, but still

resolved to maintain her determina-

Nearer and nearer the now tired

horses drew toward the great hive, and

"Oh, you're awake, are you, miss!

pillows with hops to make 'em sleep,

Iris could not eat even a morsel of

"That's all right," said the old man

cheerily, as she gave him the cun

back: "nothing like a cup of coffee in

After a short rest the horses plod

ded on again, and entering London by

a southern suburb, pulled up, finally,

That great thoroughfare, the Strand

In her excitement and nervousnes

"Very nearly forgot it." he said, as

Covent Garden.

friendless, and alone!

and Mr. Barrington saw that his face vas white to the lips "Nothing!" he said. "Nothing is the Mr. Barrington directed his atten-

"One of the grandest in England," he said, "and all you see, my lord, is The words struck almost harshly and the tinkle of the bells on their upon Lord Heron's heart, and the very harness lulled her to sleep and to a

ion to the view.

she knew not, but when she awoke the Mr. Barrington turned, and they sunlight was streaming through an went by a corridor, lined with statu- opening in the canvas cover of the ary, into the smoking and billiard cart, and, looking out, she saw before her the cloud of thin filmy smoke

"This room was not much used," which hung like a canopy over the said Mr. Barrington; "but it was al- great city. self upon him, and a faint smile twist- ways kept in perfect order for visitors. Here is the morning-room. The but nearly every year he rented one of squire often dined here; it faces south, the large mansions in Park Lane, and "She was the most beautiful girl I and Miss Knighton liked it better than he and Iris used to spend a month or

two there in the height of the London Lord Heron followed him up the season, and they had been welcomed staircase into the upper corridor, and as noteworthy additions to the ranks a maidservant opened some of the of society. As the daughter and heiress doors. At one of them Lord Heron of the lord of the manor of Knighton looked into a beautiful-furnished bou- and Beverley, Iris had been a person-'Oh, it was not her!" said Lord Her- doir, its pale blue satin hangings shim- age of some importance, even in London, and her beauty and grace had mering in the soft sunlight. made her the belle of many a ball and

"Miss Iris' room, my lord," murmur-"No, no!" said Lord Heron, stepping ones of pleasure and social triumph, back quickly. "For Heaven's sake- but how was she entering London

daughter!" said Lord Heron with great Let us go downstairs into the open air, Barrington." "One moment, my lord," he said. " my lord," said Mr. Barrington as he would like you to see the picture gallery. It is as fine as any private collection in the kingdom, perhaps ex-

empting Blenheim. You have art treacial museum," he added, waving his presently they stopped at a wayside hand down the long gallery. with its inn, and the old carter came to the magnificent collection of pictures and back of the cart with a steaming cup statuary.

Lord Heron lated floor, his hands behind him, he said, with a nod and a smile. "You examining the pictures; and he knew have had a good sleep, haven't you? that the lawyer had not spoken ex-I've looked in at you now and again, and you was sleeping like an infant.

"Mr. Knighton had the family por- Ah, there's nothing like clean straw! drawing-room. "This room has been traits arranged in the hall," said Mr. I've heard of folks that stuffed their "Yes," said Lord Heron.

"That is, all that the hall would in a cart as don't jolt too much! I've Lord Heron walked across the hold," continued Mr. Barrington; "the brought you a cup of coffee and some magnificent room, and looked round later ones are hung at this end of the bread and butter. I expect you be hunhim pensively. There were flowers on gallery. Here is one-Edward Knigh- gry." the bread and butter, but she took the

Lord Heron moved along slowly looking up at the pictures. He stopped coffee gratefully. gravely the portrait of the last Knighton—the man who had just exchanged as if it had stung him, and crossed to all this splendor for a narrow space in the early morning for ladies, but give me beer!" and with a chuckle he tossthe family vault.

"It is a good portrait—life itself!" ed off half a pint. muttered Mr. Barrington, with a sigh. Lord Heron turned to the next. It was that of a young girl leaning at a quiet inn in one of the streets near against a grassy bank with a dog play-

He approached it absently and un- was in full stream, and Iris, as she tioningly; but Lord Heron, in silence, suspiciously and raised his head; but stepped from the cart, felt like a feafollowed him into the conservatory. It no sooner had his eyes rested upon it ther dropped upon the bosom of a had been built in the Italian style, and than he uttered an exclamation, and rushing river. utterly regardless of cost; and was, in his amazed astonishment fell back

she left the bag containing the jewels There, smiling down at him from the behind her in the straw, but the old canvas, was the lovely face of the girl carter climbed in and got it, and held he loved. There she stood, very much it out to her with a smile. as she had stood beside the stream. with the same half-sad, half-smiling Iris, flushing a little, was sliding a July John Should Marry March Mary. regard in her dark eyes. There could half-sovereign from her purse. "What! be no mistake; her face was engraved Is this for me?" he exclaimed, "Oh, on his heart! It was herself! The very but it's to much, miss!" and he eyed turn of the neck, the dark, soft hair, her with a new-born curiosity and in-

the attitude of the small, shapely terest. "No, no," said Iris, hurriedly, "it is hands. It was the same—it was she! not too much. I am grateful, deeply "Merciful Heaven!" he exclaimed, grateful to you. But for you-" she and the ejaculation seemed to come stopped, and the old man, scratching

his head, looked at her doubtfully. Mr. Barrington, who had moved "Well, it's very liberal of you, miss. poor girl whom he had supplanted! aside for a moment, turned to him. suppose they give you good wages down at the Revels! And now you know where you are? That's the Strand, there," he added, pointing his

> Iris hesitated a moment. "This will do," she said at last; "will ou mind my asking you not to tell

ly; "what part are you going to?"

whip, for Iris looked around confused-

He interrupted her with a chuckle and an elaborate wink. "I'm mum, miss! Lor' bless you, you've no call to be afraid. It ain't likely a young lady like you would like to have it known that you traveled up to London in old Job's cart! Wild horses won't drag it out of me. But this 'ere half-sovereign, you're sure

"Quite sure!" said Iris, with a faint fall, turned away.

Make a plain sauce from stock, add chopped walnuts and pearnut butter

### "What is the matter, my lord?" he Lord Heron, without removing his eyes from the portrait, raised his hand and pointed to it. "Whose face-whose portrait is this?" he asked, as his voice, in his effort to make it calm and indifferent, sounded strange and harsh.

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### Marriages by Months.

The months in which a bride and bridegroom were born have much to do with their married happiness. A boy

and girl must each find their "month mate" if they would find their soul mate and be happy. Each month has its own peculiar gifts of temperament. All lovers have to do is to see that their respective

birth months, however different from

each other, shall harmonise.

Month can marry month only in the girls born in these months are very cases of June, July, December, and good brides for boys born in any by allowing shrewish November to February. The July girl is meek, month, as they become loving wives rule the roost. visionary, and sensitive. She would and capable home-makers. For the be fairly happy with a July boy. He, ideal, however, a December girl should however, is rough and ready, rather wed an April boy. February mates well obstinate and obtuse. He would be with June. kind to a July girl, but he would certainly be happier with a March girl,

power of Bovril has been proved by independent

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May boys and girls are passionate who, though gentle, is tactful and and wilful, and two "Mays" might firm. Similarly, the most desirable mean a Kilkenny cat marriage. May husband for the July girl is the March lovers are quick to quarrel and slow to forgive. May should marry January -or remain single. December should marry December, Oil-and-water marriages may easily and February February. Moreover,

be contracted between the Mays, the Augusts, and the Novembers. The Mays and Augusts are extremely selfwilled, but very generous. November is the month that supplies the henpeckers. August should marry April. April is rather big-headed and self-assertive

August Attracts April.

but these types often attract each other. April and August "mix." In such a union you usually find that the man is voluble, opinionative and fussy, but his better half who has very little to say is the "boss"! To those who can face the storms

of November-notably March, July, September, and November itself-the November wife will be loyal and capable, if waspish and meagre with

Here are some ideal combinations: June and June; June and October; June and February; August and September; September and December; October and November; December and ugust; and December and April. October persons are very easy-going, and they marry well with May, Febperson is mild, and achieves happiness

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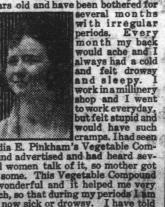
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## YOUNG GIRL FINDS RELIEF Wants to Tell Other Girls

All About It Evansville, Ind.—"I am eighteen years old and have been bothered for



and sleepy. I work in a millinery shop and I went to work everyday, but felt stupid and would have such cramps. I had seen Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised and had heard several women talk of it, so mother got me some. This Vegetable Compound is wonderful and it helped me very much, so that during my periods I am not now sick or drowsy. I have told many girls about it and would be glad to help anyone who is troubled with similar allments."—STELLA LINX. WILER, 6 Second St., Evansville, Ind. Some girls lead lives of luxury, while others toil for their livelihood, but all are subject to the same physical laws and suffer in proportion to their violation. When such symptoms develop as irregularities, headaches, hadraches, bearing-down sensations



shack. "The smallpox has us in h

grip," replied my loving niece, "so

not make your threatened trip, but

us die in peace." And thus I gh

them every chance to dodge imper

ing woe, when I, in pomp and ch

cumstance, to their abodes would If they desire to have me then they'll let me know, I wot, and

they don't it isn't fair to camp up

their lot. For I detest the gill

guys who visit unawares, who this

it cunning to surprise poor victim

in their lairs, I have a grist

ancient, aunts who play this ghard

trick, and when they come my sply

pants to do things with a brick, on

one must rail at spiteful fate, at

wring his hands and rant, who see

a taxi at the gate discharge a with

ed aunt. She has a birdcage in he

hand, and earmuffs on her ears, as

well he knows that she has planned

to stay for seven years. If she ha

only written him that she was break

ing loose, he might have had a broke

limb, or other good excuse. If you

Pattern 3750 is here portrayed

cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40

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> 829X James J. 1110X John Parso 2151X Simon J. 639X Fred Pinser 1413X Alonzo Coo 2360X Andrew No 1125X Arthur Bish 1990X John Batt-Mrs. Mary Tucker, Wife of No. 3 Royal Nfl

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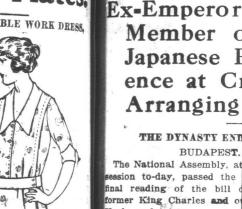
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THE STORY OF THE TOKIO Details regarding the Premier Hara on Frida ntity of the one at wh he fell. were made availab lay. Premier Hara never e first onset of the ass remier arrived at the st was to take train for nutes before the train ave, and the station ma he party to rest in the s a few minutes. Between the gate, through wh

ers reach the platform

ackboard, and it was

ackboard that the assassi



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excellent

Duckworth

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Aspirin is the 'rade mark (register- smile, the first her face had worn for ed in Canada) of Bayer manufacture many a day. "Good-by, and thank you of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid agan," she added, and, letting her veil Tablets of Bayer Company will be tamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross," - . . . . .

"That," said Mr. Barrington, in a ow voice; "that is Miss Knighton-