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LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE
PEP-O-MINT WINT-O-GREEN CL-O-VE LIC-O-RICE

GERALD S. DOYLE, - - - - - Distributor.

"Flowers of the Valley,"

OR

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A MINIATURE PAGANINI.

He raised his pale face to hers with a piteous entreaty.

"Don't, don't!" he murmured. "As if I could think that you had done anything wrong! And I don't want to know anything, Mabel! Oh, don't cry!" he pleaded, for the tears were filling Iris' eyes.

"No," she said, wiping them away; "I won't cry, Paul! Let us talk about something else than myself. And so you are third violin at a theatre?"

"Yes," he said. "At the Lyric; do you know it? But of course not."

Iris remembered the theatre. It had been opened by a manager sanguine enough to believe that English men and women could be found in sufficiently large numbers to support English opera. She had gone there once with her father; but she remained silent to the last question.

"It is not a very grand theatre—not like the Italian opera," he went on; "but the manager is very kind and liberal. How much do you think they pay me, now?"

Iris shook her head.

"Twenty-five shillings a week!" he said, with an air and tone of triumph. "Isn't it a large salary? Oh, it was by the greatest good fortune that I got the place," he went on. "After father died I got very poor; so poor that I thought I should have to leave Mrs. Barker—though she was kind, very kind, about the rest—for, you see, no one would take me as a teacher, and I am so little and crippled that I couldn't get any other kind of work. So one night, when I hadn't a penny in the world, I took my violin and went out into the street." His voice faltered, and he hung his head; then he looked up into her pitying face bravely. "There was nothing to be ashamed of in that," he said, quickly; "but—but I had never done that before! Well, I played in the quiet streets for hours, and some poor people gave me a few pennies; and I was thinking that I should have to go to the workhouse, when I thought that I'd have one more try, and I played a sonato of Beethoven's—there he is up over the mantelshelf—just at the corner of the street where the Lyric is; and, as I was playing, a big man with a red face came out, and he stopped and listened for a little while. Then he came up, and I thought he was going to give me—sixpense, perhaps; but, instead, he asked me my name, and I told him Paul Foster, and he told me to call at the Lyric to-morrow morning; and when I called he gave me this place in the orchestra—and that's all!" he wound up, breathlessly. "Wasn't that a piece of luck? I wish," and his voice dropped, "poor father had been alive—that is all."

Iris stretched out her hand and laid it on his head. The boy's face flushed, and he turned his eyes upon her gratefully.

"I was coming from rehearsal, at the Lyric, when I saw you this afternoon," he said. "The theatre was hot and dusty, and my head ached, and I longed for a sight of the green trees, and to hear the birds singing. But I was so tired that I had half-a-mind to come straight home! Oh, if I had!" and he gave a little sigh of thankfulness. "But I am tiring you talking so much? I wonder——" He paused and looked up at her wistfully.

"Well, what do you wonder, Paul?" said Iris.

"I wonder if you would like me to play to you," he said, shyly.

"I should have asked you if I had not thought that you were too tired," said Iris.

He got up, and, just touching the chairs and table for support, limped across the room, and got his violin; then he resumed his former position and began to play.

At the first chord Iris' attention was caught; but, as the boy went on playing, her heart began to throb and palpitate, and the color came and went in her cheeks. He played like a Joachim—a Paganini. Soft and melodious the music stole into her soul; it was a voice, now in tears, now filled with a divine consolation; now the wail of human suffering, and now the grand, solemn dirge of a cathedral anthem. Every nerve in her body was quivering, her eyes were full of tears, and she leaned forward, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes fixed on his rapt face, in a trance.

Before her, called up by the music, rose the fair place that was once her home; she saw the Revels stretching in a white line against the sky, heard her father's voice mingling with the singing of the birds. Then there glided into her vision the tall, stalwart form of Heron Coverdale, and his voice spoke, as it were, through the music. Her heart ached, the tears trickled down her cheeks, and she leaned back and covered her face with her trembling hands.

Paul stopped suddenly and looked up at her.

"Oh, what have I done? Forgive me, forgive me!" he said. "Mabel!" and he caught her hand timidly.

"Hush!" she said, brokenly. "Go on! It is doing me good. Go on! Gon on!"

He held the bow in his hand hesitatingly for a moment, then he drew it across the violin, and the room was filled with a melody low and soft and sweet, like the plash of the water upon the rocks on a calm summer's evening.

Iris' heart ceased to throb, and the consoling influence of the music took possession of her. In a minute or two her hands dropped from her face, and she sat up and watched him. It seemed that he had forgotten her, but suddenly he played a final chord and turned to regard her anxiously.

"Are you better, Mabel?" he murmured.

"Yes, yes," she said. "It was cruel to cry over your music; but, Paul, you play like an angel! What was it you were playing?"

He hung his head, and his face flushed.

"I don't know," he said.

"You don't know?" repeated Iris, recalling the exquisite strains which at one and the same time tortured and delighted her.

"No," he said; "I just played as I thought. Don't you know what I mean? I played for you as I should speak if I could say what I meant!"

"You composed it?" said Iris, open-eyed and wondering.

"Yes," he said, meekly.

Iris was silent for a moment; then she leaned forward, and said, impressively:

"Paul, do you know that you are a very great musician?"

He looked down at his puny stunted limbs, and smiled ruefully.

"Not a very great one, Miss—Mabel!"

"Yes—great!" she repeated, emphatically. "I know something—only a little—of music, but I know enough to know that you are a genius, Paul!"

He looked up at her wonderingly, touching the strings of his violin lovingly.

"It's your goodness and kindness, Mabel, that makes you say that," he said, humbly.

"No!" she said, and her voice was low and impressive; "no one could play as you have played unless he were a musician of the highest order. And it was your own?"

"Yes, Mabel," said the boy, humbly.

Iris looked at him long and thoughtfully.

"Paul," she said, quietly and dreamily; "you found a homeless and friendless woman, but I have found a great and heaven-born musician."

The boy's face flushed, then went paler than before.

"I—I never played like that until to-night," he said, in a low voice. "I never played to any one like that, only to you. Why was it? I just wanted to put into music what I felt, and I played without thinking."

Iris rose and pushed her hair from her forehead.

"Paul, your music haunts me! It brought back all the past!" Her lips quivered. "All that once was! I think I will go now."

As she spoke, the landlady knocked at the door and came in.

"Here's the paper! I thought you'd like to see it," she said, and began clearing away the tea things.

Iris took it, and glanced at it absently, but presently her face grew crimson, and she sank back into her chair and held the paper before her face. Her eyes had rested upon Lord Heron's advertisement.

They were already searching for her, then!

"Will you lend me a sheet of paper and an envelope, Paul?" she said.

He got up, and, limping to a drawer, got them for her; and she, without a moment's hesitation, wrote the resignation of her claim which gave the estates to Heron Coverdale.

"What are you writing, Mabel?" said Paul. "An answer to an advertisement for a place?"

"No, Paul," she replied. "I am giving one up."

Then, with a smile that was sadder than tears, she wished the boy goodnight and went to her own rooms.

The clocks struck three before she fell asleep, and them her slumber was broken by dreams of the past. Knighton, her dead father, Ricardo, passed before her in an endless phantasmagoria, but, amidst it all, the handsome face of Heron Coverdale stood clear and distinct, and through it all the weird, entrancing music of the boy, Paul.

In the morning she awoke with a strange feeling of doubt and uncertainty. She was homeless no longer, but the future still loomed dark and misty for her. It was true she had money, nearly twenty pounds, and jewelry worth some hundreds; but money has a habit of taking to itself wings, and she knew that, however simply and frugally she lived, her little store would sooner or later be exhausted.

While she was at her breakfast—not the elaborate and luxurious meal which she had been accustomed to at the Revels, but one consisting of coffee and bread and butter—she tried to form some plan; but she could not succeed. The sounds of Paul's violin were borne from his room, and she wondered if it would be possible for her to get some work. She knew something of music, and she was neither too young nor too little to teach. But how could she hope to obtain pupils, she who could give no references and who had had no experience?

After breakfast she put on her outdoor things and went out. She had brought so few things from Knighton that it was incumbent upon her to purchase others that were absolute necessaries.

(To be continued)

BOWEL POISON MAKES YOU SICK.

Your bowels may seem regular—move every day—yet your thirty feet of bowels may be lined with poisonous waste which is being sucked into your blood, keeping you half sick, nervous, despondent and upset. Whether you have headache, colds, sour stomach, indigestion, or heart palpitation, it is usually from bowel poison.

Hurry! One or two Cascarets tonight will clean your bowels right. By morning all the constipation poison and sour bile will move out—thoroughly! Cascarets will not sicken you—they physic fully, but never gripe or inconvenience.

CASCARETS WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

Whichever you choose
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Rich, Satisfying Flavour. From the finest gardens.	Just enough green tea to make the blend delicious.	A Revelation in Green Tea. Pure, translucent and so Flavory.

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Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

SOME THOUGHTS ON BORROWING.

Do you believe in lending and borrowing?

I never am sure whether I do or not. I love to lend and I like to be able to borrow, but every now and then I run up against some abuse of the system of having things in common that makes me want to quote Shakespeare's immortal advice, "Neither a borrower nor a lender be."

Here's one example. A friend of mine has a canoe which is in good condition and might have remained so for years. A friend asked to borrow it. He is a man with plenty of money, he has two or three cars and has often loaned one of them to the owner of the canoe. The latter of course had to let him take the canoe. But mark the result. The borrower is one of those people who takes no care of his own or of other people's things. The canoe next day was found to be missing one paddle and to be nearly full of water. There was no hole but the canvass had been strained in some way. Any canoe owner knows what that means.

He Really Borrowed Years of its Life

Of course it is not possible under the circumstances for the owner of the canoe to speak about the havoc wrought. "He stopped my mouth by loaning me his car," he says, "but, confound it, I tried to take every care of his car. And besides I am supposed to be grateful for his car but he never will know about the value he took out of my canoe so I get no credit for that. All he thinks is that he borrowed my canoe for a day. He really borrowed it for a couple of years for he took a couple of years off its life."

He Never Lends a Book from a Set.

Another friend of mine told me that her husband has made a rule never to lend a book belonging to a set. "Sounds harsh, doesn't it, but we have three broken sets on our shelves. Someone borrowed the books and never brought them back."

Did you ever try to sell a broken set? If you have you know how much value those careless friends abstracted when they kept a single volume.

A college cap and gown and a riding habit are among my own contributions to the careless borrower. Why don't I ask for them back? Listen to my idiotic confession. I have a wretched memory and haven't the slightest idea who has them. Apparently their memories are just as bad.

Such a Joy to Lend But—

Too bad, isn't it that these things should be. Because it is such fun to lend, such joy to have your books have many readers, your records many hearers. Such a satisfaction to have any of your possessions give fuller service than you alone could get out of them. But I suppose it is the law of the universe that use shall be spoiled by abuse. I wonder if it would restrain the careless borrower any if he realised that he was not only depriving himself of future advantage when he abused an article or failed to return it but was inflicting the same loss on others?

Although black is in vogue, there will be a great deal of color worn this winter. Reds and blues are especially popular.

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The gum with the lasting flavor—wrapped in the hygienic sealed package.

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SEALED TIGHT—KEPT RIGHT

B19

Trade supplied by MEEHAN & COMPANY, St. John's, Nfld.

EASY JOBS.

I see the farmer milk a cow, and I remark, "Beshrew it, there is no trick to that, I swow, and anyone could do it." But when I try to do the stunt my work's so slow and halting, the cow kicks in my Mars- like - front and leaves me somersaulting. I see the blacksmith shoe a mule, and you may hear me twitter, "Give me the proper sort of tool, and I could shoe that critter." And when the blacksmith says, "Just try!" I take his nails and hammer, then through the smithy roof I fly and raise a doleful clamor. I see the artist paint a fence, and mutter to my neighbor, "Oh, any man of common sense could do that sort of labor." But when I get myself a brush, and paint my cottage portal, the neighbors to my gateway rush, and whoop and jeer and chortle. "Your artwork gives my nerves the jumps," observes the village weaver; "it looks like jaundice and the mumps mixed up with scarlet fever." I watch the poet work his harp, his timbrel and his whistle, and I observe, "The poet sharp requires less brains than gristle; give me a lyre and I will show that making song is easy;" but when some odes I deftly throw, the critics say they're cheesey. I look down from my empty loft upon the toilers under, and all the other jobs look soft, and mine seems hard as thunder.

Fashion Plates.

A SMART COAT DRESS.

Pattern 3776 was employed to make this model. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size requires 6¼ yards of 40 inch material.

Taffeta, broad cloth, satin, velveteen, tricotine, velours, silk, duvetyn, canton crepe, linen, moire and shantung may be used for this style. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A JAUNTY TOP GARMENT FOR THE SMALL BOY OR GIRL.

Pattern 3768 is here shown. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4 year size requires 2⅝ yards of 27 inch material.

Cheviot, serge, twill, mixtures, velvet and plush and other pile fabrics, silk, pongee and linen may be used for this model.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

No. .. ..

Size .. ..

Name .. ..

Address in full:—

.. ..

.. ..

NOTE:—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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We can therefore offer you

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We have also other numbers in better qualities, all of which are offered to you much under to-day's values.

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