



## Shirriff's FLAVORING EXTRACTS NON-ALCOHOLIC

### "Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD,  
OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
ACROSS THE STREAM.

"Don't you understand that it is just the opposition that gives the thing a zest? If he had fallen at the first shot I think it is very likely that I should have scarcely cared to stretch out my hand to secure him, but—her eyes flashed—it is because he sets me at defiance, and treats me with indifference, that I feel I must have him at my chariot-wheels; and I will!" she added, with quiet determination. "Go and fish, or take a ride, papa, and leave me to myself a little while."

Lady Lillian looked at her attentively for a moment; then raising his hat, walked off, with his brows knit thoughtfully.

Lady Lillian slid off the couch, and walked up and down the room, with a slow, gliding motion, her hands clasped in front of her, her eyes fixed on the ground.

If any one had told her that she had fallen in love with Heron Coverdale, she would have quietly laughed the idea to scorn, and yet—and yet! Was ambition, or craving for wealth and power only, that supplied the motive?

With a short, sharp sigh, she went upstairs, and to her outdoor things, and went out, with her book in her hand.

Taking the road that led to the Revels, she ascended a hill, and stood for a few moments, looking at the great pile of buildings that shone whitely in the sun. It was a prize well worth scheming for: to be the Countess of Coverdale, and the mistress of Knighton Revels!

Then she descended the hill, and, turning to the right, made her way toward the stream, and, finding a shady nook beneath some trees, sat down and opened her book, and waited patiently, for, with the aid of a good pair of glasses, she had observed from her window at the Priory that it was Lord Heron's custom to walk beside the stream about this time of the morning.

Half-an-hour passed, and, though the book lay open in her hand, not a page had been turned; then she caught a glimpse of a tall, stalwart figure coming along the valley.

It was Heron Coverdale, with his fishing-rod.

She watched the graceful figure thoughtfully. It was evident that he was not very intent upon the trout, for every now and then he stood, with his rod in his hand, looking moodily at the sunlit hills, while the stream babbled by him unheeded.

Presently he came opposite her, and as he stepped back to throw a fly, he saw her. He started, and his face flushed for a moment. She was sitting on a

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the very spot where Iris had stood at their first meeting! For a second he remained motionless; then, recovering himself, he raised his hat, and came toward her.

Lady Lillian looked up from her book, and uttered a little exclamation of surprise as he spoke.

"Oh, Lord Coverdale, is it you? You startled me! I thought, like Robinson Crusoe, I was 'monarch of all I surveyed!'"

"I beg your pardon," he said, gravely, looking down on her.

She was dressed in exquisite taste, in a light, soft material, combining simplicity and elegance. A straw hat, with a pale-blue ribbon, crowned her golden head, her hair bound in a tight coil, that Venus herself might have envied.

When he had last seen her, she was in ballroom costume, and the contrast struck, and at the same time vaguely pleased him. His conscience smote him, too. Though Lord Foyle and he were old friends, he had done nothing to welcome them to the neighborhood, beyond making a formal call, and, as they were not at home, leaving a card.

"What a lovely morning!" she said, gliding her straw hat from her brow. "I came here to read, but it is so beautiful that I can scarcely fix my attention on the book—which is rather a stupid one. You are fishing?"

"Yes," he said, moodily. "Let me see what you have caught," she said.

He slung the reel off his shoulder, and opened the lid.

"Poor things! How pretty they look!" she said. "But you have not got many. Are they not rising?"

"Yes," he replied; "but I am not very keen this morning. How is Lord Foyle?"

"Papa? Oh, he is very well, thanks. I left him smoking his eternal cigarette, and enjoying the dullness of the neighborhood."

Lord Coverdale frowned involuntarily. He had certainly done nothing to make Knighton lively for his old friend.

"I am afraid he has found it dull," he said, "and I feel guilty. I ought to have called again, but—"

He stopped short. What reason could he give?

Lady Lillian laughed softly. "Oh, please don't," she said. "Don't think me rude, but we came down here for quiet—at least, I did," and she smiled a sigh.

Lord Heron looked at her with faint curiosity. He, with the rest of the world, had regarded Lady Lillian Foyle as a mere butterfly, basking in the sunlight of gayety and admiration and "quietude," and she seemed so very antagonistic!

room, just an ordinary London girl, and her skill amused and amazed him. She was so absorbed in her work that, apparently, she had quite forgotten him, and they followed the stream for a mile with scarcely a word passing between them, except when Lord Coverdale made some remark upon the size of the fish which he consigned to his basket.

"Then," suddenly, she stopped; and, turning to him, with a smile, as if she had suddenly remembered his presence, she said:

"There! Have I not kept my word?" "And more," he said. "You have caught two to my one."

She laughed. "Women can do all that men so pride themselves upon," she said. "But I must be going home. What is the time?"

He looked at his watch. "Nearly two," he said.

She made a little grimace. "Poor papa! I have kept lunch waiting. He will be so angry." She looked round. "Isn't there a near-cut from here to the Priory? This stream has twisted and curved so."

"Yes," he said. "The Priory lies nearly opposite us—but the stream lies between. There is a bridge a mile lower down."

"A mile!" she said, raising her eyebrows. "That will take ever so long. And papa will not begin lunch until I get home. He hates eating his meals by himself. Can't I cross the stream?"

Lord Coverdale looked at it. It was broken here and there by big stones, almost large enough to be called bowlders; a man might have waded or chanced it, stepping across from rock to rock, but for a lady such a task might result in wet feet.

"I am afraid not," he said. "There is nothing for it but going back or making the bridge lower down."

She looked at the stream wistfully. "I think I could cross," she said. "I have a very steady eye."

He shook his head. "I do not think you could; the stones are slippery. I could carry you," he added, with a smile.

She laughed. "No, thanks. I am not so light as I look. Besides, I would rather trust to my own feet. I shall try it."

"Don't!" he urged. "You will be certain to slip."

"I'll risk it," she said, brightly. "Good-morning!" and she handed him his rod, and sprang lightly onto the nearest stone.

Lord Heron threw the rod on the ground, and waded into the water to help her with his hand, but she called back to him, laughingly:

"Please don't! You'll get wet! I'm anxious to prove that I can cross a stream, as well as fish it!"

"Take my God," he said, extending it. "You had much better have let me carry you."

"We might have both got wet, then, she retorted, and, disregarding his proffered assistance, she made a spring for the stone in front of her.



### Headaches Gone

Perhaps you can imagine what this means to one who has suffered terribly with headaches for ten years.

Read about it in this letter.

Mrs. Tena A. Smith, Country Harbor Cross Roads, N. S., writes: "I feel that if anyone can recommend Dr. Chase's medicines I certainly can. I suffered for ten years from severe headaches, and although I took all kinds of headache powders they just relieved me at the time. I became very nervous and run-down, and everything seemed to trouble me. I have taken eighteen boxes of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and it has made an entirely new person of me. I feel that I could not have lived without it. I do not have one headache now for every hundred I used to have, and now I weigh 121. Knowing what this treatment has done for me, I cannot too highly recommend it to others."

At All Dealers.  
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### The Kaiser's Withered Arm.

Frequently in history, past and present, mysteries have arisen which have never been satisfactorily solved. This is the story of the Kaiser's physical deformity, according to *Reynolds's Weekly*.

Ever since the early eighties, when Wilhelm II, former Emperor of Germany, first came into international prominence, the world at large has speculated upon the secret which concealed behind the withered arm of the Kaiser—a deformity which the emperor attempted to conceal from the public by always having his official photographs taken from the right side, or, if the camera was in front of him, by placing the arm in an inconspicuous position as possible.

Many chroniclers of current history have attempted to explain the reason for the deformity, but none of them have been able to produce the proofs essential to a definite statement.

The most generally credited story is that the mother of the German Emperor—daughter of Queen Victoria of England—insisted upon riding horseback against the express wishes of her court physician and also insisted upon taking Prince Wilhelm with her on the horse.

Thrown from a Horse.

One day, according to this report, the queen's horse stumbled and threw the Prince heavily to the ground, injuring his left side and paralyzing some of the nerves so that the arm failed to attain its natural size.

Those who lean towards this explanation of the withered arm of the Hohenzollern also see in it a reason for the hatred which Wilhelm had for his mother and, through her, for the English in general—a hate which was first demonstrated in his virtual imprisonment of the Queen Dowager soon after he had ascended the throne and which later culminated in the launching of the World War.

According to another version of the affair, the deformity dates from the birth of the Emperor, and is ascribed to the ignorance or inexperience of the attending physician, while still another theory is that the withered arm was a natural deformity due to no particular cause.

Can Play the Piano.

Only a very few persons know which of these versions—if any—is correct, and the true solution of the mystery may never be revealed unless the former Kaiser sees fit to do so in the memoirs which he is reported to be writing in Holland, memoirs which will undoubtedly throw new light upon many incidents in continental history which are distinctly cloudy.

Meanwhile, however, it is no secret that the former Emperor's left arm is four inches shorter than his right, and that it ends in a malformed hand with only rudimentary fingers.

with a rifle and shotgun, often stating that he yielded precedence to no one in the empire in his accomplishment despite—and here would follow the shrug and the half-smile with which the former Emperor always indicated any reference to a deformity which he did not care to discuss directly.

In addition to the malformed arm, the ex-Kaiser also suffers from another inherited or early acquired affliction which is regarded by many as being at least partly responsible for his sudden and irrepressible fits of temper and his obstinacy when crossed.

This is a malady of the ear, which gave rise to great pain in the ear-drum, despite the repeated attempts of the leading physicians of Europe to cure it.

Worse in Wet Weather.

About all that is known of this affliction is that it grows worse in cold or wet weather and, prior to the de-thronement of the Empire, it was a by-word in Berlin circles that: "It isn't

### Fashion Plates.

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Pattern 3559 was used for this design. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 4 1/2 yards of 34 inch material. The width of the skirt at the lower edge is 3 yards.

Duvelyn, satin, taffeta, linen, voile, ratine and etamine would be attractive for this model. The skirt is joined to an underbody. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 25 cents in silver or stamps.



Pattern 3571 is here portrayed. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 34-36; Medium, 36-40; Large, 42-44; Extra Large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 3 yards of 36 inch material.

This design may serve as a slip, or as a combination petticoat and camisole.

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Somebody will be ten dollars richer on Thursday, Dec. 1st. Perhaps you will be the lucky one, but unfortunately there will be many of you who will not win the prize. You who have competed, but without success, we say—keep on saving up the red balls which are on all Lantic Sugar packages. We will soon announce our new competition in which the number of red balls off Lantic Sugar packages will count. In this new competition we shall have several prizes, your chances of winning a prize will depend on the number of red balls you will have saved up.

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Get your mother interested in Lantic Sugar in packages, tell her it comes direct from the Refinery to your home unsoiled by contact with any person's hands and it's therefore cleaner sugar. Tell her it's the finest sugar imported and it's therefore, bulk to bulk, sweeter sugar. Tell her it's made by machinery and weighed by machinery and every package contains full weight of sugar, therefore she gets the full value of her money. All the best shops sell Lantic Sugar in packages.

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wise to approach the All Highest until the weather is warm and dry."

Physicians disagree as to the character of this ailment and Wilhelm himself has never been alarmed about it, in spite of the fact that it caused him considerable pain at times. At any rate, it was not visible to the public eye, as was his withered arm, and therefore the vanity of the German Emperor made him feel that the latter was by far the greater trouble.

### All Mother's Fault.

"Look here, Elsie," angrily exclaimed the French teacher, "I've spent hours trying to drum this lesson into that thick head of yours, but it seems to be hopeless! On the top of this I have just seen your homework. Your French is disgraceful. I shall have to write to your mother about it!"

"Mamma will be very angry," replied Elsie calmly.

"I'm afraid she will," said the teacher; "but you deserve it."

"I don't mean with me," retorted Elsie; "I mean with you. You see, my mother does my French lesson for me!"

Stafford's Liniments for sale at "Knowing's" Stores, East, West and Central—nov14,tf

## The Tide is Rising!

The minor fluctuations of the market roll up, break and fall back like the tide, only to appear again with greater strength.

But the tide is rising, after falling for nearly two years. This table shows average prices over the past sixty days.

	Sept. 25.	Oct. 25.	Nov. 25.
10 industrials . . . . .	\$14.50	\$16.00	\$17.00
10 oils . . . . .	15.12	14.97	15.12
10 mines . . . . .	1.12	1.30	1.37

MORAL:—Buy for the inevitable general advance, paying most attention to the good oils.

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### The Same But Different.

"This is too bad!" shouted the customer of Feedwell's restaurant. "Every day I come in here you charge me a little more than the day before!"

"Well, sir," replied the proprietor soothingly. "You must surely know that meat has gone up in price."

"Myes," grudgingly admitted the diner; "but surely that doesn't account for the smallness of the portions of steak I receive."

"That is easily explained, sir," replied the proprietor. "We are always wiping lamb chops with damp cloths to remove any blood clinging to them."

Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you of all itching, burning, and stinging. It is the best remedy for all skin diseases. Sample Box free if you send paper and envelope in stamp or post paid.

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## The Dor

This dish may be served on lettuce as a salad or with whipped cream as dessert.

## K

Perhaps you would like it. It is free. Just mailing. Address:

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## Britain W

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## Winston

New All Defines minion C ing Opera

## DO NOT YET EXT

SAYS CHURCHILL LONDON Winston Churchill in London to-night, spoke of continuing the l as he believed hope an extinguished. Mr. mly welcomed the ac dent Harding in calling Conference, which mised to bring about standing between a, Britain and Japan. The Colonial S ated another crisis in Northern Ireland. Cabin the only possible mean al and economic res rope.

## ANOTHER WEEK WIL

By Tuesday next these will have broken down. Under will send me new consideration by the C statement made by Sir J the Ulster Parliament t to the Irish peace n. ing to a question of Northern Ireland Cabin instructions for immed of 700 whole time "sp thousand part time "s complete the establishmen es.

## GLEAM BEHIND THE

LONDON. Admission of the possi ter and the South of Ir day coalesce "of their in the Government. is ascribed to Sir Jan er Premier, in an inter ed-day by the Daily

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ly "Bayer" is Ge



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