

Try it on something real dirty



Snowflake Ammonia

softens water-cuts grease

"Flowers of the Valley,"

OR

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER V.

As all roads were alike to him, he kept to the high one, and, as the steed was not only "amiable," but a good goer, before very long the signor found himself in a quiet, old town beside the sea.

Having inquired the name, and learned that it was Gnosop, which the signor pronounced several times, in a tone of amazement at the ridiculousness of English names, he made his way to the inn—the "Mariner and Compass"—and having consigned his "amiable" steed and inquired for luncheon. His appearance did not create any surprise here, because they are used to foreigners at Gnosop, and the landlord showed him into a room on the first floor, and informed him that he could have a chop or a steak.

"A chop—pl! What is that?" said the signor. "Ah, well! let me have him, for I am hungry, and a bottle of red wine with him."

"Fort!" inquired the landlord. "No, claret!" said the signor, whereupon the landlord, who didn't keep claret in his cellar, sent round to the grocer's for a bottle, which, a little later on, came to the signor much unamused and disgruntled.

But while the luncheon was getting ready the signor, rolling up another cigarette, went to the window, and, being a balcony outside, stepped out.

He was rather surprised to see a gentleman leaning over the rail, for he had thought himself the only visitor at the inn, and when the young fellow turned at the sound of footsteps, the signor, with his native politeness, raised his hat and gave him "good day."

The gentleman—the signor recognized his quality in a moment—was dressed in a suit of fannels, and was smoking a cigar, with a contemplative gaze at the sea.

It was the young fellow Iris had

altered, and moved toward the window. At this moment the landlord appeared.

"What time does the train come to London?" asked the gentleman.

"It will be in three-quarters of an hour, sir," said the landlord.

"Oh, well, just get me something to eat."

"Pardon!" said the signor, with a bow; "my poor luncheon is just ready—you cannot be in haste, is it not so, landlord? Will my friend have me by sharing it? Two is good company, while one is only devilish dull."

The young fellow accepted the offer, evidently dreading the bore of having to refuse, and the two went in and sat down.

The signor's usual flow of conversation did not desert him on this occasion, but though he made several jokes and really admirable attempts to pump his companion, the Englishman, though young and careless, remained a close shell, and contented himself with eating his share of the lunch and listening, with a half-amused indulgence, to the signor's perpetual flow of talk.

Presently the door opened, and the landlord ushered in an old gentleman, with a traveling wrap, and a small hat.

"Good-morning, my lord," he said, raising his hat. Then, seeing the signor, he added: "I beg your pardon; the landlord did not tell me you were engaged."

The signor, who had picked up his hat at the sound of the title rose with polite alacrity.

"No, no, sir!" he said, with an elaborate bow and a wave of his hand; "his lordship is not engaged. We were but discussing our meal in company. I will excuse myself—adieu! he'll be up here."

"Certainly not," said the new arrival; "my business will wait for an hour or so. Don't let me disturb you."

"But permit me!" murmured the signor smoothly. "Not for all the world would I interrupt two gentlemen at their business! Certes, no! I will go and take a stroll about this charming town. Adieu, my lord; adieu, sir! Perhaps, when I return I may have the felicity of rejoining you—is it not so?" and with an embarrassing smile the signor bowed himself out of the room.

He followed the landlord to the bottom of the stairs, waited until the latter had turned into the bar, then murmuring just loud enough for him to hear, "Devolution! I have left my cigarette case!" softly and quietly went upstairs again.

After standing at the door for a moment, he went on tiptoe to the next one, opening and entering the room cautiously.

Though apparently a separate room, it was only divided from the one in which the other two men were sitting by a wooden partition—not an uncommon device in country inns—and, to the signor's delight, he found he could hear every word that was spoken as plainly as if he had been sitting in the same room.

As a matter of fact, the signor had no special motive in overhearing the talk, between the two men, but having nothing particular to do, and never having during the whole of his life missed an opportunity of committing a mean action, it occurred to him that he might as well listen as not, so he coiled himself up on a rickety sofa near the partition, and, making himself as comfortable as possible, prepared to enjoy himself after his peculiar fashion.

CHAPTER VI.

AS A PEEK OF THE HEALM.

The young Englishman motioned the elderly gentleman to a chair.

"Sorry to give you the trouble of coming this way, Mr. Barrington," he said. "Will you have some wine? No! I should recommend a glass of brandy and water? No! A cigar then? Oh, I forget, you don't smoke."

"No, my lord; that is one of those glass-and-water-I-beg-pardon, habits—which I have not been successful in acquiring."

"Quite right," said the young fellow, lighting his cigar as he spoke. "And about this business, will it take long?"

"Not very long, my lord," said Mr. Barrington. "It was necessary that you should go over one or two papers before you left England—You have quite decided to go abroad, I suppose?" he broke off to inquire.

"Quite," said the young fellow, but in rather a doubtful tone. "Well, that is," he explained, as the lawyer looked at him questioningly, "I was told yesterday afternoon."

"Yesterday afternoon?" said Mr. Barrington, inquiringly.

The young fellow nodded.

"Yes, yesterday morning I was as firmly resolved to go to Canada and the West as I am at the present moment to finish this cigar; but yesterday afternoon I had an adventure which somewhat—well, he paused and threw himself aside a chair and laughed a little shamefacedly—"what shall I say?—unsettled me."

"An adventure!" murmured Mr. Barrington.

"Yes, but don't ask me what it was," said his companion. "Fact is, I have had so few romantic adventures in my life that I've a selfish desire to keep this all to myself. Of course there was a woman in it," he added. The lawyer smiled.

(To be continued.)

Fads and Fashions.

Fine pleating is used for Autumn. Paris silks have straight-line skirts. Steel fringes and girgiles are in vogue.

Fur coats have bright chignon sleeves.

Dark striped satin fits the new fur coats.

The coat will be the favored winter wrap.

Duvelin hats are trimmed with wadded heads.

The gilt blouse is worn with the new coat suit.

Some suit coats feature very wide fur cuffs.

Stripped scarf-wrap much resemble alpacas.

Large hats are worn tilted slightly to the right.

Suits and coats feature "straight-hanging panels."

Clusters of pin tucks are used as self-trimming.

Caracul is most chic in the fur world this winter.

Novel pockets distinguish knee-length sports coats.

Winter rose is a new color in the millinery world.

Skirts are from six to eight inches from the floor.

Black broadcloth and broadtail will be used together.

A frock of blue serge is embroidered in rust and gold.

Lattice-work trimming is extremely popular in Paris.

The Russian blouse suit-coat is trimmed with embroidery.

Black fur and baby lamb furs are favored by the debutantes.

A gown of apricot crepe de chine has a caramel velvet jacket.

How An English Woman

VISITED THE SACRED CITY OF THE SEMUSIL.

One of the most inaccessible places on earth has at long last been visited by a European—and that European a woman.

It is TA—the sacred city of those religious fanatics, the Semusil. Situated almost in the centre of the Sahara Desert, cut off from the outer world by hundreds of miles of waterless country, TA has always been forbidden ground to any but the fanatical Semusil sect who inhabit it. For a Christian to visit it seemed to be so utterly impossible as to be hardly worth thinking about.

But Mrs. Rosta Forbes, taking her courage in both hands, attempted the seemingly impossible, and achieved it.

Speaking Arabic like a native, she disguised herself as a Bedouin woman, and slipped away with her caravan by night from Jeddah—the last outpost of civilization on the edge of the desert, so modestly and secretly did she go that the Arabs there believed she had escaped in an aeroplane sent by Allah.

Her troubles began immediately; armed tribes made their appearance. "Where is the rich woman who is travelling south with large stores of food?" they asked.

"I know nothing about her," replied her caravan leader, fingering his automatic pistol. "There is no woman with us, but if you want to fight as we shall be delighted."

The disappointed Arabs retired hastily.

The trackless, waterless desert was their worst enemy. Once the whole party nearly perished from thirst. They tore up the baggage saddles to give the straw stuffing to the camels, who had been without food for three days; amongst themselves their last small hoard of kewanram water, and staggered on to the unknown. Luckily, just as they were at their last gasp, they stumbled on a well.

Mrs. Forbes had letters from Sid Idris, the chief of the Semusil, to the leaders of the sect at the place for which she was making. Nevertheless, when she arrived there she was viewed with suspicion and distrust.

This was largely due to the treachery of Abdallah, her Arab guide.

"These people have cheated Sid Idris," he assured the Semusil sheikhs. "Ever since they left they have been secretly making maps. The Sid (Mrs. Forbes) held a watch (her compass) in her hands all the time. They hang a strange thing on their tent—a weapon to kill us if we come near (Mrs. Forbes' barometer), and they have spectacles (held-glasses) which make the country look big while it is tiny."

Eventually, however, Mrs. Forbes succeeded in allaying the suspicion and distrust of the Semusil sheikhs.

It is impossible to wash in the desert as in Polar regions. Consequently Mrs. Forbes suffered terribly from a species of sand rash.

"We politely ascribed it to the heat, but in reality it was just dirt," says the intrepid explorer in her newly-published book, "The Secret of the Sahara."

Many times their lives were in jeopardy from robber bands. Blasted Tuaregs, mounted on swiftly-trotting camels, dated, hung upon their flanks. These people have this peculiarity, that they never remove the cloth masks that cover their faces. But they are the salt of the Bedouin race; tireless, fearless and cruel.

The end of their adventurous journey was reached at Jeddah, an oasis on the western outskirts of Egypt. For twelve days preceding their arrival the caravan had marched through a country entirely waterless, and once again they were almost at their last gasp, when they were providentially met by a rescue party of the Camel Corps Patrol, which the Egyptian Frontier Districts Administration had sent out to search for them.

Fashion Plates.

A SMART FROCK FOR THE GROWN-UP GIRL.



Pattern 5724 is shown in this illustration. It is cut in 3 Sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14 year size will require 6 yards of 27 inch material. As here shown, figured crepe and plain voile are combined for which it will require 1 1/2 yard of plain and 4 1/2 yards of figured material. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length. Gingham, foulard, satin, linen, taffeta, tricotee, guvetra and serge are good for this design.

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

A PRETTY FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS.



Pattern 5726 is illustrated here. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

Voile, satins, challis, cretonne, gingham, ballis, dotted Swiss, organdy, silk and crepe are all good for this style. The sleeve may be in wrist or elbow length.

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

Name

Address: Full

Send

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

Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

ON HUNTING FOR LOST THINGS.

Don't you hate to hunt for anything you have lost?

There is something peculiarly exasperating and annoying to me and I think to most people—about hunting for any lost articles, especially if it be some little article which has managed to mislay itself in some place of small compass—where you ought to be able to put your hand right on it—and cannot.

The Vanishing Dice.

When we were playing a game the other night one of the dice slipped from a player's hand and vanished. We took everything off the table, we went over every square inch of floor within a possible radius and then, a few feet beyond what would seem to be possible for good measure. No one was satisfied with anyone else's efforts, but insisted on covering the same ground himself. And no one found the dice.

It was fully ten minutes before someone found the exasperating little object hiding among some papers on a shelf a few feet away. Everyone insisted that he had already looked there, but plainly no one had looked thoroughly.

Isn't that a typical lost article? "It Must Be Right There"—But It Isn't!

The other night I had a still more maddening time. The tube of my favorite cure-all salve which should be of the little stand at the head of my bed had vanished. I particularly wanted it to cure a threatened ache in my arm and started out to hunt for it, confident I could lay my hand on it in a moment or two. After ten minutes of the most combing my small bedroom I was in that highly nervous stage when hunting for a thing that must be right here and isn't inducible. I was going over and over the same ground in a perfectly idiotic way. Finally I gave it up and



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Notice how much easier it is to wash your clothes in the rich, white cleansing suds of Kirkman's Borax Soap.

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Pears, Grav. Apples, etc.

Ex Rosalind, Oct. 7.

20 half barrels Pears,
75 barrels Gravenstien Apples,
6 cases Grape Fruit,
Cream Starch, 1-2 & 1 lb. bxs.

Ex train this morning.

Local Damsons,
Local Plums,
Probably the last for the season.
Finest Quality Granulated Sugar, 12c.

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J. J. St. John

Some of our prices:

5 Roses Flour . . . 90c. stone
Ham Butt Pork . . . 20c. lb.
Sliced Fat Pork . . . 14c. lb.
Spare Ribs—Fresh shipment . . . 15c. lb.
Boneless Beef . . . 13c. lb.
Cabbage 5c. lb.
Beans 5c. lb.
Soda Biscuits—Tip-Top . . . 20c. lb.


Codroy Butter in 1lb. blocks

Also just received:

10 kegs Green Grapes.
16 cases Valencia Onions.

J. J. St. John
Duckworth St. and Le-Marchant Road.

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