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## "Flowers of the Valley,"

OR  
MABEL HOWARD,  
OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XII.  
UNDER ARREST.

"No!" exclaimed Clarence, passionately. "Miss Iris shall not be subject to such an outrage! What—ask a servant such a question?"  
"Servant, yes; but her mother's sister!" murmured the signor, smoothly. "It is a lie!" exclaimed Clarence. The signor shrugged his shoulders. "His lordship has all the obstinacy of the English," he said, resignedly. "You will not send for her? Then I will! I have borne much at his lordship's hands, my patience is exhausted. I, Baptiste, have been called a liar! Good! I will prove that I have spoken the truth, and then—he glared darkly at Clarence—"then his lordship and I will settle matters!"

He stilled to the bell, but Mr. Barrington caught his arm.  
"Wait!" he said; "I must have time to consider. I will not have this woman sent for."  
The signor sank back into his seat, and shrugged his shoulders.  
"Good!" he said. "Then it shall be as I suggest. We will say no more about this little romance. We will hush it up. Eh? Is it not so? Miss Iris shall take the gold and the lands, and my Lord Covardale shall remain a pauper as before. Is not that so?"

There was a silence, an awful silence; then, before Mr. Barrington could speak the words upon his lips, the curtains were drawn aside, and there stood Iris, white as death, her beautiful eyes glowing with anguish and agony. Beside her, and held by the arm in the tight, steel-like grasp of Iris' hand, was Felice.

The signor, for it seemed nothing less, struck the three men with dismay. Mr. Barrington sank back in his chair; the signor half-rode, then fell back with an impetuous rush, forward; but Iris' eyes, rather than any motion she made, stopped him, and rooted him to the spot.

The signor was the first to recover the power of speech.  
"Feste!" he exclaimed, in a low voice. "Miss Iris—Miss Iris! I implore you—" began Clarence, but she silenced him with a glance.  
Like a ghost she opened her lips, and the words came slowly, distinctly: "Felice is here! Ask her!"  
Ricardo's lips opened, and his teeth gleamed, but Mr. Barrington averted his feet.

"Feste!" he exclaimed, in a low voice. "Miss Iris—Miss Iris! I implore you—" began Clarence, but she silenced him with a glance.  
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## SUFFERING OF YOUNG WOMEN

Faith Tells How It May be Overcome—All Mothers Interested.

Toronto, Ont.—"I have suffered since I was a school girl with pain in my left side and with cramps, growing worse each year until I was all run down. I was so bad at times that I was sent for work. I tried several doctors and patent medicines, but was only relieved for a short time. Some of the doctors wanted to perform an operation, but my father objected. Finally I learned through my mother of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and how thankful I am that I tried it. I am relieved from pain and cramps, and feel as if I had saved my life. You may use my letter to help other women as I am glad to recommend the medicine."—Mrs. H. A. Gossard, 14 Rockville Ave., Toronto.

Those who are troubled as Mrs. Gossard was should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Those who need special advice may write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass. These letters will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

the man, respectfully, but firmly. "My name is Barrington; you have heard it, I dare say."

"The detective" said Mr. Barrington. "I cannot attend to you. I am seriously engaged."

The man bowed.  
"I am very sorry, sir; I shall not keep you a minute. I have a warrant for a man I want—"

"I cannot attend to you!" repeated Mr. Barrington.

"And I am informed that he is in this house," said the detective, gently, but firmly. "He is a slippery customer, and I am anxious to get him. If you will give me permission to make a search—"

"There is no one here!"

"I think he is here, sir!" said the detective, persistently. "He was traced here an hour ago by one of the local police—"

"He is not here!" said Mr. Barrington, impatiently. "Go, if you please; I am engaged!"

The detective bowed respectfully, and turned to the door.

But at that moment Felice glided out.

"Stop!" she said.

The man pulled up and faced her.

"The man you want is here!" she said between her teeth. "He is in there," and she pointed to the inner room.

The detective sprang at the curtains like a hound unleashed. There was the sound of a struggle, and in a moment or two the detective appeared, dragging the signor after him.

Mr. Barrington and Clarence stared in amazement.

"This is my man, gentlemen," said the detective quietly, but flushed and hot with the struggle.

"Signor Ricardo!" exclaimed Mr. Barrington.

The detective smiled.

"That's one of his names. I dare say, sir. Yes, he's our man. Forgery and embezzlement is the charge, Mr. Barrington. I felt sure that he was here, for one of my men tracked him an hour ago."

The signor glared round, his face white, all his teeth showing. The detective had been none too gentle, and the signor's collar was hanging in a dilapidated fashion from his neck.

"Forgery and embezzlement!" said Mr. Barrington.

"Yes, sir; forgery of Italian bank notes. They wired to you from the other side. But we shouldn't have caught him so easily, but for information we got from a lady in this house—a Mrs. Felice—she put us on the scent."

The signor turned his glaring eyes and gleaming teeth in the direction of Felice, who stood with pale, set face and downcast eyes, as if she had no part of lot in the proceedings.

"What is his name?" "It was you, was it? It was you who set the bloodhounds on my track?"

"Yes," she said, and a single glance of hatred and revenge gleamed in her black eyes. "It was I."

"Good!" he hissed. "I will remember! Fit for fat, eh? You can send me to jail, Felice, but you can't put your dainty young mistress back in the place I have thrust her from, eh?"

Felice's face remained set and impassive.

"Take him away," said Mr. Barrington.

"Come along, Mr. Ricardo," said the detective. "I expect this is not the only thing you are wanted for!"

Signor Ricardo looked round with a malicious smile.

"Wait!" he hissed. "Wait and see! Baptiste Ricardo will win the game yet!"

And with this enigmatical threat he was dragged off.

CHAPTER XIII.  
"OH, HEAVEN! IT IS TRUE!"

The shadow that had darkened up on Iris' life had taken unto itself shape, and its form and name were—Shame!

She who had regarded herself as a knight, as one of the proud race which stood first and foremost in the country, was a nameless orphan, against whom the world was free to point the finger of scorn—that world which had hitherto bestowed its homage upon her and, so to speak, knelt at her feet!

Some girls would have given way to tears and hysterics; Iris shed no tear, uttered no plaint. Slowly, and like one moving in a dream, she went up to her room. As she passed through the hall, she looked up at the long line of family portraits. How often she had stood and gazed at them, and gone over in her mind the history of the past, in which so many of them had taken a great and noble part; how often her heart had throbbled with the thought that she was one of them—a Knight of Knighthood and Beverly. It seemed to her, now, that the faces were mocking and gibing at her as an impostor and usurper, and that one and all cried out:

"You are none of us; you have no part or lot with us; begone!"

When she reached her room—the very luxuriance of which seemed to upbraid her—she sank on to a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, strove to realize the awful blow which had befallen her.

She did not doubt the truth of Ricardo's statement; she knew that Felice would have been only too glad to give him the lie. No, it was true! She was the daughter of shame and reproach, without name or abiding place; a thing for the world to scoff at and condemn; in a word—an outcast!

(To be continued.)

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## Side Talks by Ruth Cameron

### "I DON'T BELIEVE IT."

Do you ever find yourself saying when anything passes your comprehension or seems unlikely to you, "I don't believe it!"

Once upon a time when I was a little girl another little girl told me that she had heard how a man was killed because he took hold of another man and tried to pull him off an electric wire, and he just stuck to the first man, and another man stuck to him, and they were both killed. I thought that was a very silly story to expect me to believe, "I don't believe it," I said. She defended the authenticity and veracity of her source, and as I remembered we nearly came to blows over it.

That Foolish Little Girl.

Of course I have looked back many times since and laughed at the pugnacity and the cocksureness of that foolish little girl who had not learned that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamed of in her philosophy.

And yet how often folks who have been taught their ignorance over and over again by finding how tiny an island is their knowledge and experience, in the vast sea of possible knowledge and experience, will still say, "I don't believe it" (or think it if they do not say it) when confronted with some fact or condition which does not square with what they know, or think they know.

What a wonderful thing a reputation for reliability is, by the way, a sort of personal trademark copyrighted in the courts of character.

### Alfred the Great Died.

On October 28, A.D. 901, that being the festival of the Apostles Saint Simon and Saint Jude, Alfred the Great, the English King, died. That description of title given to him is in the English language the same as that of Peter the Great, Emperor of Russia, and of the Grand Monarque, as that given to Louis the Fourteenth, King of France; and no sovereign was more worthy of such a distinction. If any equally so, as Alfred the Great for several reasons. Born at Wantage, in Berkshire, in 849, he succeeded his father, Ethelwulf, as King of the West Saxons; who inhabited what is now the south-west of England. Of the deeds that deserved for him that title, the first was that he resisted and defeated the Danes, who invaded England. Secondly, he brought London into a flourishing state, and which has continued ever since the capital of England. Thirdly, he assembled what may be called the first English Parliament, which was consisted of bishops, earls, aldermen, and thanes, who were called twice a year to London, Oxford, or Gloucester. Fourthly, he translated Latin books into English, being himself a scholar, to teach his ignorant subjects by their reading them. Fifthly, he founded the English fleet, which has since made the Empire so famous. It is no wonder that by all this service he became very dear to his people, and that he has been distinguished

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### The Captain Gave It Up.

The lady who was formerly Captain Jane Lowther in the Salvation Army, and who is now the wife of General Booth, is fond of telling the story of how she was once "talked to a standstill" by a lazy but quick-witted Cockney lad.

She had been asked by the boy's father to take him to task about his idleness, and she did so.

"But why should I work?" objected the lad, in answer to her expostulations.

"To make money," he was told.

"But what do I want with money?"

"Why, save it, and be independent; then you will not have to work any more."

"I don't have to work now," the lad replied; and "Captain Jane" gave it up.

## Fashion Plates.

A PRACTICAL GARMENT FOR HOUSE WEAR.



Pattern 3485 is illustrated in this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: Small, 32-34; Medium, 36-38; Large, 40-42; Extra Large, 44-48 inches bust measure. A Medium size will require 7 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. The width of the skirt at lower edge is about 2 yards.

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

### A SIMPLE ATTRACTIVE COSTUME.



For this design Waist Pattern 3732 and Skirt Pattern 3695 were combined. Crepe de chine, Canton crepe, gabardine, gingham, linen, serge, taffeta and satin are attractive for its development.

It will require 6 1/2 yards of 36 inch material to make this dress; 7 1/2 yards 38 inch size. The width of the skirt at the foot with plait extended is 5 1/2 yards. The Waist Pattern is cut in 7 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The Skirt in 6 Sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

## Public Notice!

Income Tax payers and persons suspected as being liable to taxation under the Income War Tax Act, who have not obtained an extension of time in accordance with the Act, are now notified that if their returns are not on file in this department on or before November 15th next, they shall be liable in addition to the penalties provided under Section Nine, Sub-sections (1) and (2) of the Act, to the negligence penalty of 5 per cent. of the Tax due, and interest at the rate of 1 per cent. per month from the date the return should have been sent in. This penalty shall be levied and collected in the same manner as Income Tax is now levied and collected.

JOSEPH O'REILLY,  
Assessor's Department,  
October 26th, 1921.

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