

Just a few drops of Shirriff's Non-alcoholic Extract give the richest, most delicious flavor you could imagine to your puddings, pies, cakes and candies. With Shirriff's you need use only half the usual amount because it is doubly high in flavoring properties. Ask your grocer for your favorite flavors.



Shirriff's FLAVORING EXTRACTS NON-ALCOHOLIC

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE NEW SINGER.

"Ah, I forgot you have been away, dear," said the other. "Well, he is our latest sensation, and we are all mad about him."

"But why?" asked the elder lady, with a little yawn.

"Well, because he is not at all mad about us, for one and the principal reason," said the first, laughing. "But really, my dear, you must have been living in a wilderness not to have heard of the wealthiest, and, by many degrees, best part of the season. You see, he has come upon us so suddenly, like—what was the name of the health-god who descended on tiptoes? I am so very bad at classics! He only came into the money—there are heaps and heaps of it—quite lately, and in the most romantic manner! And he is not only rich, but as handsome as—well, oh, he is really very good-looking. We see, as I said, half mad about him, and the dressmaker man doesn't care a button for the best of us!"

"Rich, handsome, and—sensible! No wonder he is a sensation!" Her companion laughed.

"How sarcastic you have grown, I must use that as my own; it is so very good—rich, handsome—and sensible!" But it isn't quite true, though; for no man is sensible who is in love, is he, dear?"

"You ought to know!" retorted the other. "But you said just now that he would have nothing to say to any of you!"

"Neither will he! That's just it! He is not in love with any one in our set; in fact, no one knows who the girl is. But there is somebody, for certain!"

"Who would think he had lost a fortune instead of having just come in for one, and he is as absent and pre-occupied as a prince; indeed, people say it is as difficult to get him as it is the prince himself. I'll be bound, if he comes here this afternoon, he won't stay ten minutes; and all the time he is here he will look around the room as if he were searching for something, and if you talk to him, he will look over your head or right beyond you, as if he could see through!"

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

"I'm quite anxious to see your rare artist!" said the other, laughing. "I expect he will turn out a very ordinary kind of individual, after all! I have seen so many heroes, my dear!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the girl. "He has come! Here he is! Now then, was I not right in the instance? Isn't he good-looking enough?"

"Yes, he is handsome," replied the elder lady, after a moment or two; "and better than handsome; there is something of the prince about him, as you say."

you said. That young man has got some secret trouble!"

"Exactly!" she exclaimed. "I am enchanted at your agreeing with me! Some secret trouble! That is just what I say. And see, he is looking round the room exactly as I told you he would do! He scarcely listens to the duchess. Do you see the little sensation his entrance has caused? Oh, dear, I wish he'd come up and ask me to share his million or two!" and she heaved a mock sigh.

Iris looked round the curtain, but the new arrival of whom the girl had raved was out of her range of view, and she drew back again.

"It gives him just ten minutes," said the girl. "Look, he is going toward the door already; presently you'll see him disappear!"

At this moment a footman came up to the corner.

"Her grace's compliments, and will the young gentleman play, please?" he said.

Paul rose, pale and trembling slightly.

Iris had arranged to play the piano accompaniment to him, and she rose and, putting her hand on his arm, more to encourage him by her touch, led him rather than was led into the saloon. The piano stood a few paces from where they had sat, and, with downcast eyes, she reached it quickly, and unobtrusively, as if those who happened to be near the instrument.

"Mabel," whispered poor Paul, as he stood beside her, "I am so nervous that I can scarcely hold the bow! Why is it?"

She gave him a steady, encouraging look, and struck the keynote, and at the sound the boy's nerves settled themselves instantly, and he began to play as firmly and unhesitatingly as usual.

The crowd was somewhat silent for a second or two, then went on talking and laughing as hard as ever. But Paul neither heard nor heeded them. He was deaf and insensible to all but his beloved music, but presently the power of his genius began to tell. The noise grew less and less, and then died out altogether, and the sight was presented of a throng of great people standing silent and wrapt before the little cripple, who was, in one thing, greater than all of them put together.

When he had finished, and the long-sustained harmony of the last note floated away, a murmur of applause and gratification rose and reached him. With a startled look, he seemed to awake, and, flushing hotly, shrank nearer to Iris.

"Bravo, Paul!" she whispered. A footman came up. Her grace's compliments, and would the young gentleman play again, please?

"You must play again, Paul!" whispered Mabel. As she spoke she raised her eyes and saw a lady whom she knew quite well standing near her. She turned and looked at her, and her heart sank with dread and foreboding, but the lady's eye gave no sign of recognition, and she passed on.

Iris drew a breath of relief, and held her head low over the piano as she played Paul's accompaniment. His second piece drew forth a sharp, sudden burst of applause, and, as she shrank back, he whispered:

"Sing now, Mabel, while they are in the humor; don't wait."

Iris scarcely knew whether she ought to do so without being commanded, but, longing to get the thing over and escape, she played the prelude of Paul's song and began to sing.

The people had begun to talk again, and there was so much noise that the first notes were swallowed up in the chatter; but presently those near the piano grew silent. Others followed their example, and in a stillness that was even more intense than that which had been accorded Paul, Iris' exquisite voice rose and filled the saloon.

Paul, a musician, had been surprised at her singing, but the crowd of fashionable butterflys was astounded.

"Who is it?" ran from lip to lip. "Miss Alfred!" "Nonsense, that's not Miss Alfred, I know her well, the Lyric singer! That is not Miss Alfred! Who can she be?" "What a magnificent voice!" "By Jove, the duchess has made a discovery, indeed!" "Where's she come from? No body seems to have heard her before!" These were fragments which reached Iris' ears, and, quivering with suppressed excitement, but, outwardly calm and self-possessed, she rose to leave the piano; but, as she did so, the duchess came up to her.

"Thank you very much," she said; "that was a very charming song, beautifully sung."

"It was composed by Mr. Paul Foster," said Iris, quickly.

The duchess looked at Paul. "Yes! He is very young to compose so admirably," she said.

"Mozart was young, your grace," said Iris, in a low voice.

The duchess looked at her curiously, for, in her eagerness to befriend Paul, Iris has forgotten her assumed role, and spoke as to an equal.

"That is true," said the duchess. "Your young friend has a great future before him, Miss Alfred, and you, also, unless I am very much mistaken," and she smiled graciously. "You have set all my friends talking about you. Will you sing again, please?"

Iris went back to the piano, and Paul placed the song on the rack for her.

"Oh, Mabel!" he whispered, "such a success! If you could only hear them! Let them wait a minute or two—I play a long prelude. Oh, Mabel, Mabel, I am so happy!"

Iris smiled at him gratefully, and touched the keys with her fingers softly. As she did so she heard the duchess say to some one who had just come up:

"I am so glad you have come in time. Beautiful voice, has she not? I am doubly fortunate this afternoon."

The gentleman made some response, and the duchess, as she moved away, said:

"The best testimony to the excellence of the music is the fact that it has kept you from running away."

Then Iris began to sing. Paul had chosen Sullivan's "Will He Come?" and the people listened spellbound at the plaintive melody rose and floated through the room. It was a favorite song of Iris', and she sang it with all the expression which only a woman of culture, who has suffered and can sympathize with suffering, can give to a song. The tears stood in Paul's eyes, and, turning his back to the audience, he fixed them on her beautiful face.

He seldom thrilled or moved. But Iris neither saw nor heard any one but the man at her side—the man to whom she had surrendered Knight Revels and the Knighting millions.

Other persons also were looking at him, for his handsome face had gone very pale, and there was an anxious, eager look in his eyes which was attracting attention. Iris turned her back toward him and caught Paul's arm.

"Let us go now, Paul," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

Then Lord Coverdale bent forward. "Miss Knighting," he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "will you let me speak to you a moment—no word only?" he pleaded.

Forcing her eyes to meet his, though only for a second, she said, in a low voice:

"That is not my name. My name is Mabel Howard!"

A quick flush suffused his face.

"Call yourself what you please, but listen to me!" and his voice sounded almost harsh and stern in its intensity.

Before she could reply the duchess came up, and, after glancing at Lord Coverdale rather curiously, said:

"Oh, Miss Alfred, are you going? I was about to ask you if you would favor us with another song; we are all so charmed with your beautiful voice. Lord Coverdale, I am sure you will second my entreaties."

He regained silent and bent his eyes on the ground.

"I—please excuse me," murmured Iris, pale and trembling. "I am very tired!"

Now, duchesses are not accustomed to meet with refusals to any kind of request, and, though her grace of Rosedale was one of the most good-natured of women, she was rather surprised and a little taken aback at getting a polite refusal from an actress, as she thought Iris, to so natural a request.

(To be continued.)

Habit
Nujol will give you the healthiest habit in the world.
Without forcing or irritating, Nujol softens the food waste. The many tiny muscles in the intestines can then easily remove it regularly. Absolutely harmless—try it.

Nujol
For Constipation

He seldom thrilled or moved. But Iris neither saw nor heard any one but the man at her side—the man to whom she had surrendered Knight Revels and the Knighting millions.

Other persons also were looking at him, for his handsome face had gone very pale, and there was an anxious, eager look in his eyes which was attracting attention. Iris turned her back toward him and caught Paul's arm.

"Let us go now, Paul," she murmured, almost inaudibly.

Then Lord Coverdale bent forward. "Miss Knighting," he said, in a low, unsteady voice, "will you let me speak to you a moment—no word only?" he pleaded.

Forcing her eyes to meet his, though only for a second, she said, in a low voice:

"That is not my name. My name is Mabel Howard!"

A quick flush suffused his face.

"Call yourself what you please, but listen to me!" and his voice sounded almost harsh and stern in its intensity.

Before she could reply the duchess came up, and, after glancing at Lord Coverdale rather curiously, said:

"Oh, Miss Alfred, are you going? I was about to ask you if you would favor us with another song; we are all so charmed with your beautiful voice. Lord Coverdale, I am sure you will second my entreaties."

He regained silent and bent his eyes on the ground.

"I—please excuse me," murmured Iris, pale and trembling. "I am very tired!"

Now, duchesses are not accustomed to meet with refusals to any kind of request, and, though her grace of Rosedale was one of the most good-natured of women, she was rather surprised and a little taken aback at getting a polite refusal from an actress, as she thought Iris, to so natural a request.

(To be continued.)

For Best Results use
DY-O-LA DYES
The kind Professional Dyers use.

A Worn-Out King.

Henry III. was only ten years old when, in 1216 he became king on the death of his father, John. He was crowned at Gloucester, with a plain gold circlet, for the crown had been lost in the waters of the sea, and all true Englishmen were at the time commanded to wear around the head, for a month, a white fillet, in honour of the coronation. The brave and wise Earl of Pembroke was appointed Protector of the realm and guardian of the king, but he died in the second year of the regency, and was succeeded by Hubert de Burgh, the chief justice, or judge, who, with the aid of Langton the primate, set himself vigorously to curb the feudal barons, and to restore order in the country. Henry was declared of age at seventeen, and then began to reign in person. His sympathies were entirely with the party at Court, which desired the restoration of English influence in France. He married Eleanor of Provence, and Provençal flocked into England to the ill-concealed disgust of the English barons. His desertion of his royal brother-in-law, together with his fondness for foreign favourites, added to troubles with the Church, shook the throne, and raised the hopes of his enemies. At last a civil war was kindled, and riot, the pillage of foreign merchants, and the murder of unhappy Jews followed. But when this war over, and Edward, his son, had joined the Crusade of St. Louis, Henry died at Bury St. Edmunds on November 16, 1272, and was interred in Edward the Confessor's chapel, in Westminster Abbey. He was worn out, it is said, by the troubles of his long reign (66 years), the longest in history except those of George III. and Queen Victoria.

Mrs. Alvin Richards, R. R. No. 1, Seely's Bay, Ont., writes:

"For two years I was afflicted with indigestion, and in the morning when I got up my breath was bad, had a poor appetite, and just felt like eating certain foods. I used many different medicines as a laxative without benefit, and the doctor's medicine did not help me at all. Finally I tried Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver-Pile, and found them better than anything I had ever tried. I can highly recommend them to anyone troubled with constipation or kidney troubles."

At All Dealers.
Distributor:
GERALD S. DOYLE.

Stafford's Liniments for sale at Knowling's Stores, East West and Central—nov14,17.

Minard's Liment Believes Neuralgia

A Beautiful Tribute.

Six hundred British mothers volunteered to bring to the United States the British wreath which is to be placed on the grave of an unknown American soldier. Of these, 300 had lost two sons and 400 had lost one son. The woman who was chosen for the honor is Mrs. Amelia Emma McCudden, who lost three sons, a son-in-law and two nephews in the war and whose husband was accidentally killed at the very time the Armistice ended the fighting. She arrived in Washington on Monday, having landed at Quebec from a Canadian steamship, the Metagama, and will take to the Arlington Cemetery, where the unknown soldier is sleeping, the wreath which is the tribute of British mothers. Before sailing Mrs. McCudden said:

"The wreath I bring is built of flowers from every part of the British Empire. It will be laid on the grave of but one American lad—the American Unknown—but it is intended to represent the heartfelt desire of every British mother to place a token of homage on the tomb of every brave American mother's son who gave his supreme all."

The wreath is six feet in diameter, and contains "roses for England, blue violets and forget-me-nots for Wales, heather for Scotland, shamrock for Ireland and white chrysanthemums for the overseas Dominions." With the wreath is a chest carved out of a great block of seasoned oak from the old British three-decker frigate Impregnable. The chest contains a parchment bearing the signatures of thousands of bereaved British mothers, and on its silver cover are engraved the following lines by Arthur Newberry Cloyne:

"There were no leagues so weary but he came,
This son of thine; nor any seas too wide,
Let me remember it and how he died,
Lo! such as this lay down by Mars;
And none who keeps their souls proud company,
And brings the brave the fragrance of thy name,
Who tells somewhere how liberty lives on."
Cries one seal more on Liberty's fair page,
Oh, splendid be this unknown that is gone,
America on such high empassage.

Commenting on the "beautiful sentiment" which inspired Mrs. McCudden's mission, the New York Herald says that the simple words she spoke before she sailed on the Metagama will "go straight to the heart of every war-stricken American mother. They will go straight to the heart of every American, man or woman, worthy of the name."—Mass. Recorder.

Household Notes.

Rice is delicious baked with grated cheese and served with tomato sauce. Five to ten minutes should be devoted each morning to cleaning the oil stove.

Mix left-over cauliflower with another vegetable and bake in scolloped shells.

Always wash the outside of the milk bottle and keep milk in bottle until used.

A delicious filling for tea sandwiches is honey mixed with chopped nut meats.

A little express wagon is a great convenience for carrying in vegetables from the woods.

Cinnamon toast is quickly made if a supply of cinnamon sugar is kept on hand.

One tablespoonful of ammonia to a quart of water will clean gold or silver jewelry.

Use the cocoanut milk in combination with cream when making a cocoanut cake.

Pure glycerine will remove a coffee stain, even though the coffee contained cream.

If a lamp is placed so as to reflect properly, a mirror will light up a dark corner.

Avoid putting wet leaves of lettuce in a salad, as the dressing will not cling to them.

Fashion Plates.

A CHIC AND CHARMING DESIGN.

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

3793

3801

ELLIS MAKE CLOTHES ARE RIGHT IN FIT, STYLE AND FINISH.

Write for "copy" and close 4c. in return.

A can of s will serve twice as m people who combined Knox Gel

"Wherev For further Commercial Cha

Technical of Admiral -Ball Empi cogn

TECHNICAL COM WASH At the close of the Commu Armaments, Secre an official comm sub-committee, technical adviser powers, was comm immediate adviser by the American ton or naval arri port to the comm tima, the progress ions. The sub-co posed as follow Roosevelt, Assista can Navy; Vice Admiral Debon, Vice Admiral Kib, of substituting fo

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 15.—The House of Representatives today passed a bill to create a new position of technical adviser to the Secretary of War, and to provide for the appointment of an official committee to advise the Secretary of War on technical matters.

The bill, which is reported by the Committee on Military Affairs, provides that the technical adviser shall be appointed by the Secretary of War, and shall hold office for a term of four years, or until he is removed by the Secretary.

The bill also provides that the technical adviser shall be entitled to the same rank and pay as a major general in the Army, and shall be entitled to the same precedence as a major general.

The bill is expected to become law in a few days, and it is believed that the appointment of a technical adviser will be one of the first acts of the new Secretary of War.

The bill is a part of a larger bill which provides for the reorganization of the War Department, and for the creation of a new position of Secretary of War.

The bill is expected to become law in a few days, and it is believed that the appointment of a technical adviser will be one of the first acts of the new Secretary of War.

The bill is a part of a larger bill which provides for the reorganization of the War Department, and for the creation of a new position of Secretary of War.

The bill is expected to become law in a few days, and it is believed that the appointment of a technical adviser will be one of the first acts of the new Secretary of War.

The bill is a part of a larger bill which provides for the reorganization of the War Department, and for the creation of a new position of Secretary of War.

The bill is expected to become law in a few days, and it is believed that the appointment of a technical adviser will be one of the first acts of the new Secretary of War.

The bill is a part of a larger bill which provides for the reorganization of the War Department, and for the creation of a new position of Secretary of War.

The bill is expected to become law in a few days, and it is believed that the appointment of a technical adviser will be one of the first acts of the new Secretary of War.

The bill is a part of a larger bill which provides for the reorganization of the War Department, and for the creation of a new position of Secretary of War.