

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 flavor.



# Shirriff's FLAVORING EXTRACTS NON-ALCOHOLIC

## "Flowers of the Valley,"

OR MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

### CHAPTER II.

"If I have been it was years ago, when I was a youngster. Knighton, it is called, is it not?"

"Knighton and Beverley. It is all one," she said.

"And which is the 'Revels'?" he asked.

Carefully suppressing every sign of interest from her face, Iris pointed with her whip to her father's house.

"Oh, that is it! It is a big place! The grandest in the country, I suppose?"

"I suppose it is," she replied, carelessly.

He looked up at her curiously.

"Perhaps you know the people who live there—a Mr. Knighton and his daughter?"

Still more carefully she controlled her face, so that it wore a blank indifferent expression.

"Yes, that is slightly."

"Ah!" he said thoughtfully. "What do he like?"

Iris raised her brows with an admirable simulation of indifference.

"What are most men like?" she said, flicking her habit.

"I see; you only know them very slightly," he said. "Are they friends of yours, may I ask?"

She shrugged her shoulders.

"I have few friends," she replied.

He looked at her downcast face attentively.

"I was going to ask you about them," he said. "I suppose I ought to know Mr. Knighton! But if I did, at any time, it was years ago, when I was a youngster, and I've quite forgotten him! The daughter—there is a daughter, I know!"

"Oh, yes," carelessly, as if the subject had little interest for her.

"Do you know her? What is she like?"

Iris raised her eyes and looked at him.

"How do you mean?" she said. And as she spoke, the impulse to remain unknown, to confuse and mislead him, became irresistible.

He laughed shortly.

"Well, I don't expect an exhaustive catalogue of her physical and mental gifts," he said. "But what is she like?"

"Short," said Iris.

He laughed.

"I see you don't like her," he said.

"How can you see that?"

"By your tone," he answered. "You said 'short' as if it were a crime to be short! But pray go on!"

"Why are you so anxious to know about her?" she asked after a momentary pause.

He hesitated slightly, then laughed again, in a hesitating way.

### A Stubborn Cough Loosens Right Up

This home-made remedy is a wonder for quick results. Ready and cheap.

Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its soothing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, whooping cough, throat tickle, asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake thoroughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get 16 ounces—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its prompt healing effect upon the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your grocer for 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex with full directions, and don't accept any cheap imitations. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Finex Co., Toronto, Ont.

"We shall meet as strangers still." "At least," he said, reverentially and eagerly, "you—you will let me shake hands!"

She slipped the gauntlet from her right hand, and he took it; took it and held it so near his lips that they almost touched it—but not quite. Then she drew it from him, looked down into his handsome face, and rode off.

He stood and gazed after her for a minute or two, then, avoiding the farm, leapt the stile and gained the highroad to Glossop.

Iris rode on for half a mile, perhaps, her head bent, her eyes fixed on Snow's neck.

Then, suddenly, she pulled up, sat motionless, thinking a moment; then turned her horse and galloped back to the brook. Then, stopping, she bent down from her saddle, and with the hooked end of her whip caught up a bright blue object.

It was the scarf which the young fellow had worn round his neck, and which he had taken off when he had bathed his face in the stream.

She held it for a moment, looking at it, then thrust it carefully out of sight in the bosom of her habit, and rode away without stopping again, and with a dash of red in her face, toward Knighton Revels.

### CHAPTER III.

Iris rode back slowly to the Revels, thinking over the adventure that had befallen her, the still stranger words the young man had spoken of her father.

Why had she refused to tell him her name, and let him tell her his? She wished now that she knew it. They had parted as strangers; if they met again—but perhaps they never would meet again. The world was wide, and her life would be spent within the circle of Knighton and Beverley, and it was very probable that she should see him no more!

Meanwhile, Lord Montacute had reached the Revels. He had said on the spur of the moment that he was going to see Mr. Knighton; but now that he stood in the library he had come to the least notion what he had come for. And when the door opened and the squire came in, and extending his hand, said, "Good-morning, Montacute," the young earl stammered, and blushed, and fingered his eyeglasses helplessly.

"The fact was, Clarence was not only madly in love with Iris, but he was very much afraid of her father; most people were, without exactly knowing why. Godfrey Knighton's manner was stern, and the dark eyes under their heavy brows seemed to go through the ordinary individual like gimlets; the air of reserved melancholy and pre-occupation also added to the general sense of awe and mystery.

As he sat down in his chair, and looked across at the young man with the frown, but was awkwardly like one poor Clarence's small stock of self-possession melted into this air.

"Have you ridden over?" asked the squire, opening the conversation.

"Yes—yes; I rode over. Beautiful morning for a ride, Mr. Knighton."

"Yes," said the squire; "Iris has taken advantage of it and gone over to the Holt."

A sudden inspiration seized the young earl. He would take the hedge at a rush. Why shouldn't he?

"Mr. Knighton," he commenced, turning pale and then red again, "I came over to speak to you about Iris—that is, Miss Knighton."

"About Iris—my daughter?" said the squire in a tone of surprise which discomposed Clarence terribly.

"Yes—yes. The fact is, sir, I—love Miss Knighton."

"There was a moment's silence; then the squire's face grew darker, the frown heavier.

"Have you spoken to her?" he asked, and his voice was troubled and stern, almost like that of a judge questioning a prisoner.

(To be continued)

### THIN, FADED HAIR NEEDS "DANDERINE" TO THICKEN IT



35 cents buys a bottle of "Danderine." Within ten minutes after the first application you can not find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair. Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them, helping your hair to grow long, thick and luxuriant.

### A Liner's Doctor.

By ONE OF THEM.

One of the busiest men on board a big Atlantic liner is undoubtedly the ship's doctor. The hospital in a modern liner is a most up-to-date affair, comprising dispensary, operating theatre, infectious ward, medical and surgical wards, and so forth.

In port, the ship's doctor is kept busy examining the new crew before signing them on. A new crew is signed on each trip, and the doctor must take care to see that all men signed on are capable of performing their job, as well as examining every man to see that no infectious disease comes aboard.

As a big liner often carries as many as 800 crew, it will be realized that this in itself is a very difficult task.

The ship is required under the Board of Trade Regulations to carry certain drugs and appliances, and the doctor must see that he has these on board.

Before the ship sails a Board of Trade inspector will come on board, and unless the doctor can pick out any particular drug or appliance the inspector may ask for, the ship will not be given a "clearance" from the port.

From the time the ship sails the ship's doctor will be in complete medical charge of generally from 4,000 to 5,000 people. A liner's doctor must be instantly prepared to deal with any emergency and to treat all kinds of cases, from extracting teeth to performing an immediate operation for acute appendicitis.

Although the liner's doctor generally tries to make himself some sort of a regular routine, he has very little chance of sticking to it, as naturally the great majority of people are ill for the first two or three days on board ship, and the doctor is kept busy from early morning till late at night attending to all kinds of queries and complaints. He must possess an infinite patience and a ready face.

Even when he retires at night for his well-earned rest he rarely gets a whole night in his bunk. In a big ship minor accidents are constantly happening to the crew, and very often he has to turn out in the middle of the night and wend his way down into the bowels of the ship to attend one of the crew who through some cause or other has become temporarily "laid out."

When the liner arrives at the port of destination he has to be prepared with a detailed list of all illnesses, accidents, and the like that have occurred during the voyage, for the information of the immigration officers at the quarantine station.

The routine of getting the passengers off to the ship and the work in connection with the filling up of the seemingly endless documents connected with a journey across the Atlantic Ocean would require an article in itself.

Truly he earns his pay.—Daily Mail.

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We respectfully solicit inquiries, and will gladly send samples to the trade.

## Nut Cracking by Machines.

In California a patent device is now being used for breaking walnuts. It consists of a "hopper" which feeds twenty-four channels with walnuts. They pass along to steel fingers, which gradually decrease in dimension, so that all sizes of nuts can fit in them.

Revolving projections act in such a way that the fingers close up slightly, just enough to crack the shells. Thus human teeth and hammers are no longer in requisition for this purpose. The untouched kernels are passed on to sorting tables and packed for consumption. The shells are not wasted, as they can be made into a splendid form of charcoal.

As the nuts are then without their shells the tins in which they are packed are necessarily air-tight, so as to preserve them. In time most nuts will be sent abroad shell-less, as the expense of cracking and packing them is less than the extra cost of freightage when the shells are not removed.

Walnut growing is now an immense industry in Mediterranean regions and in India. California grows its own, and despatched nearly 20,000 tons of nuts abroad last year.

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is a wonderful tonic and will certainly improve your health. The selection of a tonic is a matter of great importance, as your health depends upon it. To fight disease successfully during the changeable autumn months the system should receive a tonic up. The facts we state about Brick's Tasteless silence all criticism.

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