



When raw, cold winds blow  
DRINK  
**Baker's Cocoa**

It imparts a cheering warmth, valuable nutrition and has a most delicious flavor. The very odor of a steaming cup is appetizing and attractive. It is absolutely pure and of high grade.



MADE IN CANADA BY  
**WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED**  
Established 1780  
MONTREAL, CAN. DORCHESTER, MASS.

**"Flowers of the Valley,"**

OR  
**MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.**

CHAPTER XXX.  
THE STOLEN WILL.  
The signor opened the door slowly and cautiously, and looked round the garden; then he turned and scrutinized the scene behind him, and, thinking everything all clear, he stole in, and Lord Heron heard the door close after him.

He pondered a moment or two; then, thinking that he should like to see how far the signor had proceeded, he got hold of a bough of the tree, and, glancing by its aid and the ivy, he got to the top of the wall and looked over.

He was much surprised to see that the signor was still in the garden. He was crouching in the shadow of one of the buttresses of the old wall, and watching the tiresome moon, which at this moment was turning night into day.

Keeping careful watch on the fellow's movements, Lord Heron saw him cautiously approach the sun dial, raise the stones one by one, and take out what looked like a folded parchment from the cavity he had made. Then he put the stones back in their places, and, having placed the document in his breast pocket, he proceeded to steal along the wall to the door.

It came to Lord Heron like a flash that this document was the missing will of Godfrey Knighton and that the Italian had some special, sinister motive for removing it from its hiding place at this particular time. He therefore determined to follow Ricardo.

To his surprise, the trail led to the outskirts of the village to the rendevous in the Foyles' little plantation agreed upon between Ricardo and Lady Lillian. There the signor dropped at the foot of a tree, and, after consulting his watch, lit a cigarette, and with half-closed eyes, and a smile as of anticipatory bliss, leaned back and gave himself up to pleasant reflection.

Lord Heron lay down also, but kept himself well behind Ricardo and in such a position that the man could make no movement without Heron seeing him.

**The Fish Bottle of Carnol Night Relief...**

Here another letter of interest to all who are in poor health. It shows how wonderfully Carnol builds up the system.

"This is to certify that I was for several years troubled with a run down state of health, often suffering from severe headaches, caused by loss of appetite, also lack of energy to do anything. I purchased a few bottles of CARNOL and before I was finished taking the first bottle, I felt much relieved. It affords me the greatest pleasure of recommending it to any one who is in a run down state of health."

(Name on request)

**CARNOL**

is the tonic to use at all times when a strength-giver is necessary. A course of Carnol builds up the entire system, gives keen appetite—food is relished and assimilated properly—the nerves are quieted—giving refreshing sleep.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR CARNOL

pocket and struck a match. "Shall I light it?"

She intimated an assent with her hand, and he lit the taper. "Permit me to explain," he said. "Legal terms are confusing to ladies. Observe," and he pointed to the principal clause with his long, lean finger, "all, everything, land, houses, money, are left to Miss Iris Knighton—"

Lady Lillian stood reading the will. The legal phraseology bewildered her, but she saw that his statement respecting its purport was quite true. This Iris Knighton, whom she hated, would take all and leave her the bare title of Countess of Coverdale.

The signor stood holding the taper, regarding her with his mocking smile. "Please your ladyship would permit me to offer you a word of advice," he whispered.

Lady Lillian looked up. "That," he said, pointing to the will, "is an awkward little document. If it were to get lost—and found—" He stopped and held the taper towards it significantly.

"It would be better, yes," she said, between her teeth, but her face blanching, and she shrank a little.

"A thousand times safer; safe blind—safe and, safe burn—safe lose! But, first—may I beg your ladyship to give me the little note?" and he grinned and showed his teeth.

Lady Lillian took the promissory note from the bosom of her dress, and held it to him at arm's length.

He took it, and gallantly pressed it to his lips. "Now, my lady," he said, holding the taper.

Lady Lillian took it in her hand, and raised the will above it, and the signor examined her signature to the note.

As they stood thus, their heads close together and the flame of the taper nearly touching the will, a hand, which seemed stretched down from the skies, seized the note and the will, and, starting back, they looked up and saw Lord Heron.

Lady Lillian uttered a low cry, and sprang back against the trunk of a tree, where she leaned as if palsied. Ricardo, who had been as paralyzed as she for a moment, screamed out an oath, and seemed about to throw himself upon the hand that held the note, but Lord Heron closed his fist over it and struck him between the eyes.

He staggered, and would have fallen but for the limb of a tree, and there he crouched, his eyes glaring.

For a moment there was silence. The moon shined out from behind a cloud and poured a stream of light upon the trio—upon Lady Lillian's white face and pallid lips, and upon the stern one of Heron Coverdale.

He broke the silence at arm's length as she had offered it to Ricardo—he extended the note to her.

"Permit me to restore you your property, Lady Lillian," he said. That was all, but the tone in which the few words were spoken conveyed a volume. Its scorn, sorrow, and fierce indignation seemed to blast her.

With a sudden effort, she drew herself from the supporting branch, and, taking the note, tore it into fragments.

"You—you eyes!" she hissed, and her eyes grew fixed on something behind him.

As if warned by the expression in them, Heron Coverdale turned, and Ricardo's knife, instead of entering his back, struck against the front of his shoulder.

With a suppressed howl of disappointment, Ricardo stepped back and raised the knife again.

Heron lunged himself upon him, and in an instant the two were locked in a death struggle.

Lady Lillian's face burned redly in the moonlight, and her eyes gleamed. "Stab him! Kill him!" she hissed, beside herself with rage and jealousy. "I will give you all I promised! More—more! Kill him!"

Like a snake, the signor writhed and struggled to free his hand; but Heron held it at the wrist in a grip of steel, and, giving it a turn, the knife fell on the mossy sward. The next instant Ricardo was lying beside it, and Heron Coverdale's foot was on his chest.

Lady Lillian uttered a cry—it was more like a sob—of balked vengeance, and then, drawing her cloak round her, glided from the spot, and passed from Lord Coverdale's path forever!

Before permitting Ricardo to depart, Lord Heron made him sign a statement admitting his guilt in suppressing the will of Godfrey Knighton.

He then dismissed the signor with instruction to await Mr. Barrington's orders to leave the country. (To be continued)

**One of the Great Unborn**

One day a lady noticed a little boy seated on a doorstep. Going up to him, she said: "Well, my little chap, how is it you are sitting outside on the doorstep, when I see through the window all the other young folks inside playing games and having a good time? Why aren't you inside joining in the fun?"

"Oh, I'm in this game all right," replied the boy. "They're playing at being married, and I'm the baby."

"But what are you doing out here?" "Waiting to go in. Y'er see, I ain't born yet."

COWAN says Calendars will be cheaper next year. Why book your order for 1923 Calendars now? Don't promise your order until you see his Samples.

**SHOP EARLY and SHOP HERE!**

**MURPHY'S GOOD THINGS**

Do it to-day is the only way to get your Xmas Shopping done, and done the way you want it to be. Of course, you can always get something or other to fill out your list, but while you are giving, why not give the best you can find, and you will make better selections now than later, when the crowds are out. Come now!



**Men's Overcoats,**  
at \$17.98

Lots of "Excess Values" in these

We've grouped all our better Overcoats for men at this low Xmas Price.

Every garment is in good style, and worth a whole lot more than our price.

Each, \$17.98



**Boys' Overcoats**

Lucky is the boy who gets one of these

and lucky indeed will be the parents who get one for their boy—you can measure your luck by the many dollars the prices are lowered in this Xmas Sale. Reg. \$10.00.

Now, 6.98



**Men's Blue Work Shirts**

We have a stock of these Blue Work Shirts; just the thing for the labor man; will stand rough work. All sizes.

Each, 99c



**Dolls**

Children bring your mothers to our Store to buy one of these beautiful Dollies for you. Some of these Dolls have sleeping eyes.

Prices, 9c. to \$3.49

**Shaving Sets**

Good quality, heavy plate mirror; Brush, heavy weight base, well finished.

Each, \$1.49

**Stamped Work**

We have a stock of stamped goods at a very low price.

- Cushion Tops . . . . .25c.
- Centre Pieces . . . . .69c.
- Luncheon Sets . . . . .69c.
- Bureau Cloths . . . . .69c.
- Sideboard Cloths . . . . .69c.

**Box Stationery**

A beautiful, White unruled Linen Paper. A real gift that would be appreciated above all others.

Per Box, 29 to 59c

**Perfume**

Tappan's, Little Casino, perfumed; in flat bottles; a splendid perfume. Worth \$1.00.

Our Price, 50c

Ladies' we have a stock of beautiful  
**Dark Cotton**  
27 inches wide: a splendid thing to make aprons.  
Per Yard, 10c



**Ladies' Overshoes**

We have a few pairs of Ladies' Overshoes, in high and low cut; sizes from 2 1/2 to 4 1/2.

Per Pair, 98c



**Men's Woolen Underwear**

High Grade Two-Piece Garments. Protection, service and perfect construction distinguish our present new lines of Underwear. These garments are splendid value.

Per Gar., 1.79 to 2.75



**Cotton Blankets**

Full Size Bed Blankets. While these Blankets are made entirely of cotton, they are very warm and have a soft wool-like appearance. Satisfactory bed coverings.

Per Pair, 2.79 to 5.98



**Ladies' Skirts**

In heavy Blue all-Wool Serge, some in different color plaids, others made of a beautiful Navy Blue, brilliant embroidered at the bottom.

- Blue Serge Skirts . . . . . \$3.98
- Plaid Skirts . . . . . \$4.98
- Brilliant Skirts . . . . . \$5.98

**Ladies' Tea Aprons**

in many different styles.  
Each, 29c, 39c, 59c and 65c

**Cigarette Cases**

Beautiful Cigarette Cases, nickel plated; two elastic bands on the inside to hold cigarettes.

Each, 49c

**Fancy Work**

Ladies drop in and see the splendid line of Centre Pieces, D'Oyleys, Sideboard Cloths and Cushion Tops. These are the real things to give as Xmas Gifts to your lady friends.

- Sideboard Cloths (each) \$1.49 to \$2.98
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- D'Oyleys (each) . . . . . 9c.
- Cushion Tops . . . . . \$1.49 to \$1.75

**Gents' Mufflers**

All Colors. Gents! Come in now and choose your Muffler. You need one of these beautiful Brushed Wool Scarfs to keep out the cold. Prices range from

Each, 9.25 to 2.98



**Women's Tuxedo Style Sweater Coats**

All Colors. Finest, pure Worsted yarn, girdle with tassels at the ends; pockets.

Our Price, 7.49

**Ladies' Pull-Over Sweaters**

In all Shades. Drop in and see our Pull-over Sweaters, with or without sleeves and some with half sleeves. Each (with sleeves) . . \$4.98 Each (sleeveless) . . . \$3.25



**Ladies' Heavy Fleece Bloomers**

We have just received another shipment of Ladies' Heavy Fleece-lined Bloomers, in Pink and Gray.

Per Pair, 1.25



**Ian O'Shanter**

Very popular and practical. Beautiful Black Plush Tams, some with Pom-Pom on top; others trimmed with cord and tassel.

Each, 1.49 to 2.98



**Ladies' Winter Hose**

Ladies' Heavy Fleece-lined Hose in Green Heather, Gray Heather and Brown Heather. Plain.

Per Pair, 1.39 to 1.59

**PHIL. MURPHY**  
317 WATER STREET.  
STORE OPEN EVERY NIGHT.