



### "Flatterers" The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XXXIV. CONTAINS SURPRISES. "It must be something small, indeed," she said, looking round. "This, if I could have it," taking up a well-used leather writing-case, one from the office at St. John's, Jacob had told her.

"Then that'll get for you, miss, promised the landlady, shaking the dust off the cover. "Ah, deary me, he always wrote upon it. I saw him that very day."

Sydney turned the much blotted pages over. A sheet with some three written lines slipped out. The words were to herself:

"My Own Dear Miss Sydney.—I told you once pleasure never killed; but when I think I shall see you here so soon for your holiday, and then—"

That was all. Sydney folded the uncompleted message with reverent affection, thankfulness in her breast that no knowledge of her new troubles had dimmed the gladness of his last hours.

"Yes, the old case I shall like best," she said, and Miss Ambler, delighted at securing her pale lodger's interest for anything, talked freely on of Jacob and his great kindness, "which no-noby, Miss Grey, knew the value of better than myself, for many's the time hunger and we would have shook hands if it hadn't been for him, and that's a fact I'm not above confessing, and that's what I felt when I got a last black gown for him. I've paid the last respects to more than one friend, ah, and relation too, in my black alpaca, but 'no,' said I, 'for Mr. Cheene I'll have mourning, and new, I'm now going to walk behind him in a half-worn skirt at tenpence a yard, especially considering there's no one else to follow, for I didn't know, miss, where you was, nor who—him—whether I ought to try and find you out."

"Who will attend to everything here, then?" Sydney asked. "Had Jacob no relative, no one who understood such business?"

"Relative, no, miss. There were a many Cheenes once in Sillcote, but he has told me he was the last. As for business, I don't suppose he's left much to attend to; but a stranger, I think, will manage that little."

"A stranger? He never told me of any one."

"No, miss. But there was one who came to him first last year—later on than this. He was in and out, and they did a deal of consulting like for a day or two, what about Mr. Cheene never said. Then he came again since this Easter. And Mr. Cheene must have expected him then, for he got a neighbour to step in, and by and by he called to me 'Miss Amelia,' and I stepped up, and he had that very letter-case open and a paper on, and he said, 'I'm law-

yer enough to have made my own will, and I want you to witness it.' Which of course we both did; and Mr. Cheene locked it up in the cedar box that stands beside his bed, and said to me, 'There now, it's ready for you to find; and to the strange gentleman, and for you to get on,' he said. So of course that gentleman will be his executor."

"But should you not send this person world?" questioned Sydney, and was answered truly enough. "When things come so sudden, miss, we are never ready for them! I had never so much as heard his name! But I've a notion the letter that brought good news that morning came from him, for Mr. Cheene locked it up in the box with his will, and said to me, high spry like, 'We're going to be gay with company soon, Miss Ambler.' So I thought I'd see nothing of any one I'd just got down with the box and ask our clergyman if he'd open it, and find the gentleman's—Why, goodness gracious sakes alive!"—Miss Ambler broke off abruptly, starting Sydney, whose attention had been wandering—"Here he does come up the street, and no mistake, and some one with him! And"—peering out of the window—"they're stopping at this door! Don't you mind, nor hurry yourself, miss. I'll tell him all about you, and say Mr. Cheene wouldn't have had you disturbed for the world. Perhaps"—hastily setting chairs at right angles—"you'd like to go to the other room if they wish to come up here! I'll run and stop that stupid Nancy bringing them."

But Miss Ambler was not quick enough. As she opened the door, two people entered from the narrow landing. In an instant three were gazing at one another, all doubting the evidence of their own senses.

"Miss Alwyn!" exclaimed the male intruder, it was Richard Drayton.

"Sydney! Oh, my poor Sydney!" cried the lady beside him, running to catch the wonder-struck girl in her embrace. And the rest of that minute was chaos to them all.

The first to find voice was Miss Ambler. Her wry little curls were bobbing about, her eyelids ominously red, and her sniffs were frequent; but sentiment must wait its turn, now she must out with a long-stifled say:

"Miss Alwyn!" she repeated, fronting Sydney, still on Mary's shoulder. "Yes, and Miss Alwyn I knew you to be these months past, though I wouldn't vex him that was here by letting out what he didn't see fit to tell me! But when Bridget Lewis, that lived once at St. John's, stillroom-maid, and I caught bemoaning when she was six years old, and has been to see me every time she set foot in Sillcote-Upton since, no matter what service she's been in, and knew all about my family's misfortune with poor Mr. Alwyn as well as I knew hers—when Bridget came two years back and told me she'd been with her mistress, Mr. Massey's lady wife, and seen where Mrs. Alwyn had hid herself, and heard all about Mrs. Alwyn's daughter, that couldn't be made too much of, and Mr. Alwyn, that couldn't be made too little; and when she came again a-visit'ing last Michaelmas to 'Lady Wynne's, and brought word through a housekeeping friend in that Suffolk place that the talk was Miss Alwyn had got in disgrace for something with her ma, and had gone away that summer; and when I measured that against a young lady I'd never seen before, coming here and crying in Mr. Cheene's room, and then all of us getting paid what Mr. Alwyn owed directly after, why, you don't suppose I am going to be deceived any longer! Miss Alwyn, my dear, I've recollected you morning and night, from then till now, and if the prayer of a retired haberdashery old maid like me can fetch you prosperity, you'll surely get it! Widely"—ended the grateful old soul, suddenly clapping three golden coins on the table—"as for that money

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There! I'm proud to have found you with the bird's beak! You've taken, and if I touch a penny-piece for payment my name's not Amelia Ambler!"

With which she seized her neglected dinner-ware, and whipped out of the room, leaving the long-separated friends to an afternoon of strange, far-reaching explanations, starting with Mary's marriage, ending with something still more wonderful. For Sydney finding this fortnight-wed pair possessed the secret of her leaving St. Clair's, was now forced to tell where and with whom her past twelve months had been spent, and what had cast her loose from Wynstone, sending her to meet at Sillcote-Upton a loss she was so ill-prepared for.

"Jacob had made me feel his home was almost mine," she said, falteringly. "When he went from me—"

"He had taken care it should be quite yours," put in Mr. Drayton. "While he lived I was bound to give no hint of it to any one—not even Mary; but now, as you will hear when I read you his will, he has left you everything he had in the world."

"All my father's things!" cried Sydney. "Oh, dear old Jacob! if you could hear me thank you!"

"Yes, Miss Alwyn; these, and other things that were your father's too." "It's told me he bought nothing else but what—how did he put it?—what would have just gone to light a fire!" "Ah, so they might then, but not now," returned Richard Drayton, dryly. "You have never asked me yet, Miss Alwyn, how I came to be acquainted with your old clerk, nor what first brought me to Sillcote-Upton."

"I have heard so much; I am so glad to have you here," answered Sydney, laying her hand with a long-drawn sigh on Mary's knee. "I think I scarcely want to know any more yet."

"That's true, miss," said Mr. Drayton, his wife giving him leave by a nod. "Best clear all up at once, and get it over. So, to go to first facts, I had a glimmering when I first met you of having heard your name, Alwyn. After a bit I remembered when it was on some visit of mine to a relative at Sillcote-Upton, who spent a night each week violin-playing, with some one so called—"

"My father!"

"As it turns out, yes, you and I never seemed strangers, did we, Miss Alwyn? That old network of intimacy must have had something to do with it. Well, now for the next thing, you remember when I came to England it was to take up a little estate in the south. On that bit of property was a mine. The lease of it had been purchased of my uncle for fifty years. It

had been closed sixteen. Was worthless, most folks said. I'd had some training in other mines, examined all I could of this, and thought differently. To see if I was right, I worked with all my money and all my time for fourteen months, for on the mine's value depended my chance of getting through with a scheme I think you understood. Sydney smiled up at Mary. "I found out that mine had been wrecked partly by incapacity, partly by reckless management. Not the first time that sort of thing has happened. I saw my way clear as daylight to reconstructing a paying concern. I laid my plans accordingly. Went to St. Clair's to find you."

"Me!"

"Yes, for it was the same Grantlyde mine your father had had, miss. His name headed the old list of shareholders. If you, as his representative, had held the original shares, you would have been largest proprietor was required to reforming the business. Well, you were gone; no one knew where, or could tell by, I was on my way to hunt up Mrs. Alwyn abroad, when I fell in with Major Villiers in town, and told him what I was after. He saved me a fruitless journey, by telling me those same shares had been offered at your father's sale, and amid shouts of laughing had been purchased by a clerk named Cheene. Him I foraged forthwith. Showed him every single detail I had worked out, and to cut short a long business, which would only puzzle you at present, got his consent and that of the other remaining shareholders, to start the company afresh on a safe footing, myself holding a certain amount of stock, and acting as manager. Success has followed so fast that the shares have gone up without one check and are still rising. I was able to tell Mr. Cheene, when I saw him last May, that his few shillings' worth of scrip, which he almost sold from the flames, represented now a very respectable fortune. It would bring in, if realised, five-and-twenty thousand pounds to-morrow, Miss Alwyn."

"So, no more companions' places for you, foolish, reckless child that you were," said Mary, stooping fondly over Sydney's dark head, and to his wife's gentle care and caresses. Mr. Drayton wisely left this new-made-heir almost mute in her great astonishment. (To be continued.)

Where Crime is Almost Unknown. The visit of the King and Queen of Denmark to Greenland calls attention to this exclusive, wonderful of the Arctic. This is the first time Greenland has seen its King and Queen.

There is no country in the world of which so little is known as Greenland, and the notions many people have concerning it are wrong. No one can land there without permission of the Danish Government, and there is only one Englishman living there to-day has visited it, namely, Mr. Roger Pocock. Since 1735 only two Englishmen have set foot in Denmark's northern possession.

A small gunboat patrols the coast in summer, but it is not the gunboat or the international treaty which keeps steamers away from its settlements. The law is backed by the menace of an unprovoked, unlighted cast, uncharted tides and currents, the lee-pack, the berg-stream, and fog.

Not One Crime. It was two hundred years ago that Dr. Hans Egede, a Danish Lutheran clergyman, settled in Greenland, and to-day the Danish Eskimos, who number 22,000, are all Christians.

There is not a single policeman in the country, and when Mr. Pocock was there he discovered that there had been no crime in the colony for at least one hundred years. There are pure-blooded Eskimo priests and physicians, as well as a native newspaper and an illustrated journal produced entirely by Eskimo labour.

In the towns and settlements one finds churches with steeples, organs, and oil-paintings. The Greenland Eskimo does not lead a nomadic life, but dwells in model settlements, and in the southern portion of the colony they have their own gardens, where, in the brief summer months, all kinds of vegetables are grown, including strawberries and cucumbers.

Willow and birch trees attain a height of ten feet, and grass and heather are abundant. Three hundred different kinds of plants grow wild, and in summer the coastal areas are one blaze of glorious colour owing to the many wild flowers. True, the interior of the country is a vast ice-cap which pours, it is estimated, a thousand million tons of ice into the ocean every year.

Fashions and Fads. A black felt hat is headed in white. Many of the new sashes are tied in the front.

A smart fall combination is navy blue and red. Jade bead fringes drip over a black crepe gown.

Charming veils are worn draped over the small hats. The sweater continues to hold its own for sports wear. Large velvet hats are being worn with light frocks.



### Young Girls Need Care

FROM the age of twelve a girl needs all the care the thoughtful mother can give. Many a woman has suffered years of pain and misery—the victim of thoughtlessness or ignorance of the mother who should have guided her during this time.

If she complains of headaches, pains in the back and lower limbs, or if you notice a slowness of thought, nervousness or irritability on the part of your daughter make life easier for her. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is especially adapted for such conditions. It can be taken in safety by any woman, young or old.

Read How These Mothers Helped Their Daughters. Cobourg, Ont.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was recommended to me for my daughter. She had trouble every month which left her in a weak and nervous condition, with weak back and pain in her right side. She had these troubles for three years and frequently was unable to attend school. She has become regular and feels much better since she began taking the Vegetable Compound, and attends school regularly. She is gaining steadily and I have no hesitancy in recommending Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine."—Mrs. JOHN TOMS, Ball St., Cobourg.

Carbon, Alta.—"I was in a general run-down condition with a weak back and a tired feeling so that I did not feel in a like working. My mother was taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and recommended it to me, so I have taken it and my back is better and I am now able to do my work. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to my neighbors and you may publish my letter."—Mrs. JOSEPHAT A. GRENIER, Box 47, Carbon, Alta.

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### Just Folks' 329 Bearskin

MAKING A MAN. I'm trying hard to make a certain fellow here believe. I'm trying hard to tempt him when it's proper to be grave. I want to make a man of him, the sort of man I know.

Who gets a welcome and a smile wherever he may go; I want him to be straight and true, I want him to be strong. A fine example for the boy who follows him along.

I've got myself a mighty task, this man I hope to change. Annoys me with his wilful way and all his manners strange. His temper is a sudden thing and when he lets it fly.

He's very likely to forget his boy is standing by. And on such sad occasions I am always grieved to see. That he is not at all the man I've wanted him to be.

I try so hard to make him walk the broad and open way. And give so much of thought to him that when he goes astray. And does some petty selfish thing—in pity more than blame—I take him from the throng awhile and tell him of his shame.

Then for the boy who follows him, the two of us agree. That I will keep on trying hard to make a man of me.

### British Navy Superstitions.

One of the very strongest and most inextinguishable of all superstitions in the Royal Navy—a superstition almost as strong to-day as ever it was—is that vessels bearing the name of Royal personages are doomed to ill-luck; and, strange as it may seem, there is an undeniable historic basis for this feeling.

Some of the most terrible disasters ever known in connection with our Navy have concerned war vessels with Royal names. Two vessels called the Royal James came to disastrous ends. One of them exploded, and some 800 officers and seamen perished; the other ship so named was actually carried out of the mouth of the Thames by the Dutch under circumstances disastrous to those in charge of the craft.

Then there is the far-rememberable disaster to the Royal George, that turned over, and sank, in sight of crowds at Spithead, over 1,000 souls, amongst whom were 300 women, being sacrificed. And second only to this hideous disaster is that which afterwards befell the Royal Charlotte, which was consumed by fire of Leghorn, over 800 of the very flower of our Navy perishing with her.

When, in 1885, the Victoria, a new vessel, and the very triumph of modern invention, was rammed, and sank in sight of the whole fleet, there was not a sailor, who did not remember the dire fate of a Royal-ly named craft.

We have many testimonials from Wholesalers stating that VICTORY BRAND CLOTHING is the most saleable line they handle. THE WHITE CLOTHING MFG. CO., LTD.—JAN27.14

### Fashion Plates.

A PLEASING UP-TO-DATE MODEL.



Pattern 3299 was employed to make this style. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18 year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material. Duvetyn, satin, taffeta, serge, poplin, velveteen and all wash fabrics are attractive for this design. As illustrated embroidered and plain batiste are combined. The width of the skirt at the foot is about 4 1/2 yards. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15c. in silver or stamps.

### A PRETTY DRESS FOR THE SMALL ONE.



Pattern 3723 was used to make this design. It is cut in 4 Sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. An 8 year size requires 3 1/2 yards of 27 inch material. Dotted Swiss, percale, seersucker,ingham chambray, poplin, pongee, voile, basketweave, embroideries, gabardine, challis and silk could be used for this model. 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 . . . . . No. . . . . Address in full:— Size . . . . .

NOTE.—Owing to the continual advance in price of paper, wages, etc., we are compelled to advance the price of patterns to 15c. each.

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A black felt hat is headed in white. Many of the new sashes are tied in the front. A smart fall combination is navy blue and red. Jade bead fringes drip over a black crepe gown. Charming veils are worn draped over the small hats. The sweater continues to hold its own for sports wear. Large velvet hats are being worn with light frocks. A number of dresses are used on frocks of lighter tulle.