

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

Sweet Eva!

(Continued.)

It had hurt her because Mrs. Winterick had not called on her mother; she knew that Mrs. Winterick was very exclusive, and she knew, too, that it would only be courting disaster to make such a blunder as to ask them to dinner.

She laughed a little to herself as she went out into the garden again. "Poor father!" she thought. "If only he wouldn't be in such a hurry."

She wandered round to the front of the house, and down the long carriage drive to the gate.

It was almost dark, but there was a faint light in the sky as if a moon were climbing aloft behind the slowly moving clouds.

The gate was fastened back, and Eva went out into the road.

Everything was very still; there seemed nobody about.

She looked up at the sky towards the Arlington house. She had so often looked towards it at night and wondered how often Philip Winterick found his way there. She wondered if perhaps he was there now—if he had gone home with Kitty after the tennis party and stayed for the evening.

Then she thought of Peter's elaborately indifferent questioning of a few moments since, and her heart anxiety stirred again in her heart.

Had Kitty been flirting with him, boy as he was! Oh, surely not! She was so heartless; such a butterfly! Not nearly good enough to win his affections, and, besides . . . there was Philip!

"It's all nonsense—it's just my silly imagination," she told herself. "Why, Peter's only a boy still!"

She looked up at the sky. A little crescent moon had just sailed over a dark bank of clouds, and seemed to be peeping down at her.

"A new moon! I ought to wish!"

And almost as the thought floated into her mind another followed quickly, forming itself into words before she was really aware of its existence.

"If only he might love me!"

The sound of her own voice startled her, and she looked round guiltily, afraid lest someone should have heard.

She had been thinking of Philip. When was she not thinking of him? And to-night more than ever before his love seemed to be the one thing in all the world worth wishing for.

She raised her face to the sky and involuntarily stretched her arms to the little shining object.

"If only he might love me," she said again, softly. "Little Man in the Moon, if it's true that you can grant wishes, grant mine! And let him love me—some day!"

"You look like a priestess praying to the moon," said a voice at her elbow, and, turning, Eva saw Philip Winterick standing beside her. He had not changed from his tennis flannels, and the white canvas shoes

which he still wore had deadened the sound of his footsteps as he came along the road.

He would have avoided Eva had he thought it possible, he was not in the mood to speak to anyone; he was still throbbing with wounded pride at the way in which Kitty Arlington had dismissed him; for the moment at least no other woman existed for him, but a faint wonderment did pass through his mind as he saw the sudden radiance in this girl's face as she turned to him.

There was a little silence, then she said rather breathlessly:

"I never heard you coming up the road."

"No," he glanced down at his flannels almost apologetically—"I haven't bothered to change—it's so hot, and . . ."

"He stopped, his eyes wandering past her to the direction of the Arlington house, from which he had just come; then, with an effort, he turned to her again."

"You were moon-worshipping!" she laughed.

"Not exactly. I was just wondering if the old idea about wishing when you see a new moon is true!"

He smiled faintly.

"What did you wish for?" He was not really interested, but it seemed the obvious thing to inquire.

She shook her head.

"If I were to tell you it wouldn't come true."

His merry eyes scanned her face. "I should not have thought you were superstitious," he said. "No! sentimental," he added in his mind.

He had always looked upon Eva Dennison as a matter-of-fact sort of person; he had only hitherto seen her when she was throwing herself heart and soul into a game; it rather surprised him to have found her gazing at the moon.

"I think everybody is superstitious sometimes," she said rather gravely. Then she looked at him with a queenly little gesture of dismissal. "Were you coming to see us?" she asked.

She knew quite well that he was not.

He hesitated.

"It's rather late, isn't it?" he said evasively.

The last hour had seemed an eternity to him; as he looked at Eva he thought of his father's words in the library that evening, and a hot flush crept into his face.

This girl as his wife! He wondered what she would say if he told her; if she would feel as he did, the utter impossibility of it all?

He took a cigarette from his pocket and lit it.

In the sudden flare made by the match Eva looked at him with wistful eyes.

She had not wanted to love him; it had just somehow happened, without any design on her part; and it struck her as being absurd as well as pathetic that while he meant so much to her she should be nothing at all to him.

He was so much everything she had always admired in a man.

There was nothing of a hero about him really; he was just an ordinary, healthy, rather selfish person; kind-hearted and thoroughly spoilt, and just now perfectly convinced that his whole life had been ruined by Kitty Arlington.

The glare of the match showed the hardness of his eyes, and a sort of drawn constraint in his brown face before it flickered out and left them once more in the darkness of the summer night.

"He doesn't look happy," Eva Dennison thought quickly. There was a little silence.

"When are we going to have our revenge?" Philip asked.

He had been casting round in his mind for something to say, and this seemed a happy inspiration.

"I played a rotten game this afternoon; I hope you have forgiven me?"

"I played badly, too, but I should like to beat them some time if we can."

He blew a cloud of smoke into the darkness.

"Well, why not to-morrow?"

At the back of his mind there was the desire to make Kitty jealous. More than once she had pretended to be piqued with him for playing so much with Eva for a partner, and a desperate hope grew in his heart as he made his suggestion.

Perhaps after all she really cared for him; of course, it must have come as a shock to her, next time they

met she would have had time to think it over and realize what it really meant to them both.

"I can come to-morrow—if I may," he said again. Or won't you come to our place this time? I am sure my mother will be delighted to see you."

Eva's face flamed.

"Oh, I think you had better come to us," she said, hurriedly. "I'll write to Madge and Mr. Foster, or go and see them in the morning."

"You mean that you don't care to come to us?" he said, with a touch of offence.

Eva's pride was aroused; she answered almost before she was aware of it.

"I mean that I don't think your mother would care for me to come."

Philip made an involuntary exclamation, but she went on breathlessly: "Oh, please don't say anything, Mr. Winterick. I know your people are quite different to mine. I know just what we are thought of in Apsley."

But, after all—she drew a hard breath—"even if we did make our money out of trade, I have my pride, too, you know."

He broke in agitatedly: "Miss Dennison—I give you my word of honour . . ."

She laughed scornfully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter—please don't let us talk about it any more; you can't alter facts. And now, I think it's time I went in."

She made a movement to pass him, but he stopped her.

"I'm not going to let you go like this," he said decidedly. "You've got to have this out with me. You accuse us of being snobs—"

Eva laughed merrily.

"I never used the word—I never even thought of it."

"It's the same thing," he protested impatiently. "You talk about your father having made his money out of trade! Well—mine didn't make his at all—it's all been made for him—years ago—and just handed on, as I suppose some day it will be handed on to me."

At least—she stopped. For the moment he had forgotten the tragic thing that had happened only a few hours ago; then she shrugged his shoulders.

"So, you see, it's an absurd argument," he went on lightly. "As a matter of fact, your gov'nor scores over mine as it's always more credit to a man to make his money than to have it given him. So please don't talk rubbish like that. As to my mother—she was only speaking about you—this evening when I got home; I give you my word she was, and I assure you that she will be delighted if you'll come and play at our place to-morrow."

I'll get hold of Foster in the morning, and ring up Madge Ackland, and we'll have a ripping four. What time will you come?"

There was a sort of confidence in his voice; she saw that he took it for granted that she would not refuse, and it hurt her.

"I'd much rather you came to us," she protested. "I won't really much rather."

"And then with sudden impulse she broke out passionately: "It's kind of you to talk like this—I know you mean to be kind. But it's no use. Only just now, before I came out here, my father was saying that he wanted to ask your people to dinner. I'm not ashamed of my father, Mr. Winterick—I'm fond of him, but I just tell you this to make you see what a real difference there is between us."

You know it's not the thing for us to ask you to dinner—your mother hasn't called on my father. I hate all this silly convention, but people do it, and if we want to live here I suppose we shall have to do it, too, or be cut."

"My mother will call to-morrow—I'll ask her," he blurted out.

Eva smiled and shook her head.

"The fact of your having to ask her only proves what I say." She held out her hand. "Good-night, Mr. Winterick, and I hope I haven't made you angry."

"But you're not going yet," he protested. "What about our tennis—you said you were dying to beat Foster and Madge—"

"So I am—but on our own court!"

(To be continued)

**A Stubborn Cough
Loosens Right Up**

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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 healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, itching in throat and chest goes, and good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

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THIN, FLAT HAIR GROWS LONG, THICK AND ABUNDANT

"Danderine" costs only 35 cents a bottle. One application ends all dandruff, stops itching and falling hair, and, in a few moments, you have doubled the beauty of your hair. It will appear a mass, so soft, lustrous, and easy to do up. But what will please you most will be after a few weeks use, when you see new hair—fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair growing all over the scalp.

"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. This delightful, stimulating tonic helps thin, lifeless, faded hair to grow long, thick, heavy and luxuriant.

Christmas Time Events.

Many important events have happened to our country during Christmas time.

On Christmas Day, 1688, William the Conqueror was crowned king of England, after his invading force had overrun the country.

Mary Queen of Scots, was born on December 8. She was hurriedly carried to France eight days later, for her father, James the Fifth, died on the 12th of the same month. In 1620, the Pilgrim Fathers left Britain, and landed in America four days before the naval day.

Three days before Christmas in 1688, James the Second fled to France. On the same day in 1715 the old Pretender landed at Peterhead and tried to wrest the crown from the King.

Christmas also, in 1841, witnessed the ratification of the Quintuple Alliance for suppressing the slave trade.

ASPIRIN

"Bayer" only is Genuine

Warning! Take no chances with substitutes for genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." Unless you see the name "Bayer" on package or on tablets you are not getting Aspirin at all. In every Bayer package are directions for Colds, Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Earache, Toothache, Lumbago and for Pain. Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger packages. Made in Canada. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada), of Bayer Manufacture of Monocarbonylchloride of Salicylic acid.

A Brave Captain.

After three days and nights in a small open boat, during which they saw comrades after comrades perish, and themselves suffered agonies from starvation and thirst, two shipwrecked men were gallantly saved by fishermen, and landed at Penzance on Saturday, December 28, 1912. They were the captain and a sailor of the 2,200-ton steamer "Volmer" of Copenhagen, which left Swansea at dawn on December 24 with coal for Nice, and they were the only survivors of the crew of seventeen, and were picked up fifteen miles southwest of the Lizard by the Ostend trawler "Blis V."

The weather became bad, shortly after leaving Swansea the gale increased in fury and the steamer was in danger of foundering, and the captain ordered out the lifeboats. Eight men got into the first one but it was smashed against the side of the steamer; and all were drowned. The donkeyman became demented and jumped overboard. The captain ordered the second lifeboat to be launched and seven hands got into her, leaving their captain on the bridge. While it was alongside the ship the tackle holding it gave way and the boat was swept astern. The captain seeing the boat capsize and all the men clinging to the keel, sprang overboard and swam to them. By a supreme effort the boat was righted and the eight men got into her. The boat, however, only got a short distance when she foundered. The weather was bitterly cold and the first engineer died on the first night, and his body was cast overboard. Then the chief officer lost his reason and tried to strangle the captain and throw him overboard. They lashed the demented man down and his end came during the night. The intense cold killed the men one after the other, until only the captain and one sailor remained. Their thirst was terrible, the water put in the boat having been lost when it capsized, and they could only catch the raindrops and moisten their parched lips. On Saturday they lost hope, the boat being almost level with the water, when they saw the

"Blis V." The fishermen threw lines, and managing to fasten these around them, the two men dropped into the sea from their sinking boat and were hauled on board the trawler.

The Origin of Waits.

Christmas waits are a very old institution. The word "wait" was originally the name for a musician, or one who played on wind instruments. Waits were at first annexed to the King's Court and sounded the watch every night, and in the winter paraded the streets to prevent lawlessness and theft. A regular company of waits was established at Exeter in 1400.

"Waits" has also been considered as a corresponding word with the Scottish word, "waith," which meant wandering or roving, in allusion to the ancient "menstrantes" of that country. A remnant of the custom still exists for magistrates annually grant a certificate to a few musicians, generally blind men, who perambulate the streets at night during December playing on violins the old Scottish melodies. At the beginning of the year they call upon the people whom they have superseded, and receive a small remuneration.

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Fashion Plates.

AN UP-TO-DATE GOWN.

Pattern 3779 is here illustrated. It is cut in 7 Sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. A 38 inch size will require 5½ yards of 40 inch material. The width of the skirt at the foot is 2 yards with platts extended.

Serge, velours, velvet, taffeta, twill, combination materials, crepe de chine and mohair are attractive materials for this style.

A real difference there is between us. You know it's not the thing for us to ask you to dinner—your mother hasn't called on my father. I hate all this silly convention, but people do it, and if we want to live here I suppose we shall have to do it, too, or be cut."

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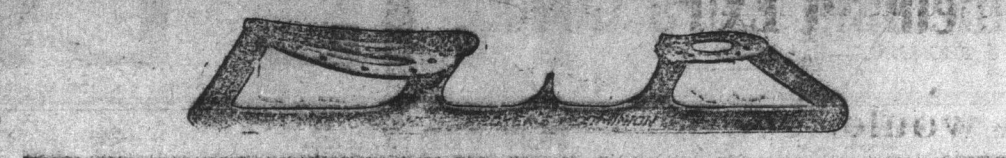
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PIPES CIGARETTE CASES and HOLDERS, CIGAR CASES, CIGAR & CIGARETTE HOLDERS, POUCHES, ASH TRAYS, MATCH BOXES, SYPHONS, SPARKLETS, SAFETY RAZORS, SKATES, HOCKEY STICKS, SLIDES, SILVER POLISH, CHAMOIS SKINS, CARPET SWEEPERS, LIBRARY and HALL LAMPS, SPIRIT LAMPS, ETC.

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