

Fresh for the Xmas Trade

"WHITE LILY"

CAKE — and — BISCUITS

- CHERRY
- SULTANA
- GENOVA
- WALNUT
- DEVON
- FRUIT

CANADIAN ALEXANDRA ORANGE DELICIO CROWN & LILY CHOC. DELICIO HYDROX CUSTARD CREAMS ASSD. SANDWICH PINEAPPLE MIC MAC APRICOT WAFERS

THE WHITE LILY CREAM SODAS, in tins, have arrived with this shipment—enough said.

WHITE LILY CAKE is packed in sealed 1-lb. cartons and 7-lb. slabs, while the Biscuits are put up in air tight tins to ensure their always being crisp.

W. O. CARNELL

THE PARADE STORE FRESHWATER RD. Telephone 329.

LORD WHARTON'S NIECE

— AND —

THE HEIR TO REGNA COURT.

CHAPTER IX.

"He is always asking for tobacco," said Lucy, with a smile.

"I can sympathize with him," said Gerald. "It must be lonely work—packing the cliffs all night, and a pipe's company. Well, here we are! Good-night, Miss Lucy."

She stopped a few yards from the cottage, and looked at it hesitatingly, and she responded to his good-night in a low voice, and melted away from his side like a shadow.

"So Miss Lucy's sweetheart is a fisherman?" he said to himself. "Well, I wish her luck!"

He worked late into the night, and the next morning after breakfast went up to the Court. He had brought some necessary tools and materials with him, and, thinking that it would be as well to take them to the room—Miss Sartoris had so kindly loaned him—he unlocked the door and went upstairs.

To his surprise, a maid was hard at work, dusting and cleaning up generally.

"You need not go," he said, as with a curtsy she made as if to retreat. "I only want to put these things on the bureau."

"Yes, sir. You can put them inside, if you like," she said, respectfully. "The drawers are cleared out. Mr. Sapley was here quite early this morning and did it."

"That was very kind of him," said Gerald. "I shall be glad of the drawers."

"Shall I leave the picture here, sir? It looks rather untidy like."

She looked at the portrait standing against the wall where Gerald had placed it.

"Yes, please," he said, and he took it up and looked at it for a moment or two.

The sweet face seemed to have something pathetic in it which he had not noticed on the previous day, and he sighed as he placed it against the bureau, intending to take it home and clean it that evening.

"The room looks quite bright and cheerful," he said. "I see you have put up some fresh curtains to the window, Susan."

"Yes, sir; Miss Sartoris said I was to, and to light a fire if you thought it at all damp. My name's Emily, if you please, sir."

"I beg your pardon," said Gerald. "Emily's a prettier name than Susan. Never mind the fire; the sun is coming in through the window, and will dry the room famously."

He went outside, and fell to work; but, engrossing as his work was, he reflected every now and then on Miss Sartoris' thoughtfulness and kindness. It also struck him that Mr. Sapley had been very prompt in clearing out the bureau.

"But he is within his right to distrust a man who can't give references," he thought.

During the morning he caught himself wondering whether Miss Sartoris or Mrs. Lexton would visit that part of the grounds; but the morning passed, and they did not appear. He had brought some sandwiches with him, so that he might have a good reason for refusing an invitation to lunch—he would guard himself against intruding himself upon Miss Sartoris—and

was munching one as he walked up and down with his measuring rod in his hand, when he heard the roll of a carriage, and saw a landau and a splendid pair of horses driving down the road toward the house. The two ladies were inside, and he raised his hat and turned away immediately.

"There is Mr. Wayne," said Mrs. Lexton. "How busy he looks! Shall we go and see how he is getting on, Claire?"

"Perhaps we should interrupt him," said Claire.

"Perhaps so; but I don't think he would mind," said Mrs. Lexton.

Claire did not respond, and they went into the house. It seemed, however, that she had not forgotten his presence, for when the tea came in she told the footman to take some out to Mr. Wayne.

Gerald saw him coming across the lawn with a daintily-laid silver salver, with a slight feeling of disappointment. Perhaps Miss Sartoris would come out later on.

But the afternoon passed without a visit from her, and he finished for the day and went home, feeling as if something were wanting to complete his satisfaction.

The next morning, while he was at work outside, Mr. Sapley came up. Gerald had expected to find him anything but amiable, but to his surprise Mr. Sapley was quite civil, and appeared, indeed, bent upon making himself agreeable.

"I see you are getting on, Mr. Wayne," he remarked, glancing under his brows at the sketches and plans lying on the grass. "I hope you find it interesting. Have you got everything you want?"

Gerald replied in the affirmative, and thanked him.

"You must let me know if you haven't," said Mr. Sapley. "Perhaps you would like an extra table, or something, put up in the room you're using?"

"No, thank you," said Gerald. "I have all I want in the table already there."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Sapley. "By the way, I cleared out that old bureau for you—it might be useful. There were only some old papers there, nothing of consequence, but I thought you might like the drawers empty."

Gerald said they would be very useful, and, as a return for Mr. Sapley's civility, showed him the rough sketch of the plan.

Mr. Sapley's eyebrows went up, and his loose lips drew together.

"Pretty elaborate!" he said. "There will be a rare lot of work here, and it will cost something."

"It is rather elaborate," Gerald admitted. "But—well, I didn't think the cost was of much consequence," he added, frankly.

Mr. Sapley shot a glance at him.

"No, no," he said, rather hastily. "Just so. I don't know that it matters—"

He paused and rubbed his chin. "It's a matter for Miss Sartoris, of course. Fine day, Mr. Wayne, and with a contortion of his face which was intended for a smile he went off.

Miss Sartoris did not come near the old wing that day. But Gerald saw her walking on the terrace, and she paused once or twice in his work to glance at the graceful figure with a curious wistfulness. Had he offended her? Perhaps she resented the foolish speech he had made just before leaving them? He walked home that evening rather thoughtfully, but flung his moodiness from him as he sat down to his plank. He finished them that night, and as he leaned back in his chair he felt that they were, at any rate, "not bad." The next day he packed them carefully and sent them to Miss Sartoris, and immediately fell a prey to the demon Suspense.

Claire was at home when they arrived, and she carried the parcel to her own room to open it. The plans were well drawn and Gerald had spent a good deal of pains finishing that of the front of the wing. It was, in fact, a remarkably pretty bit of water-color, and Claire gazed at it admiringly. "How clever he is!" she caught herself murmuring. There was no question about her liking the plans; it seemed to her just perfect. Mr. Sapley was in the library, and she went straight downstairs to him. He rose and glanced at the roll in her hands.

"These are Mr. Wayne's plans," she said. "Will you look at them, please?"

He laid them out on the table and studied them for some time in silence, and, to her surprise, he said at last: "Very good; very good, indeed."

"I am glad you approve of them, for

THE OLD RELIABLE



Use Gillette's Eye to MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP and for cleaning and DISINFECTING

Gillette's Eye Protects Your Health and Saves Your Money.

I like them very much," said Claire.

"Yes, they are very good," he said.

"I don't know that you could have anything better."

"I am quite satisfied with them," said Claire.

"Then I suppose the work had better be got on with, Miss Sartoris?" he said. Claire assented. "Yes," he said, musingly; then he stole a glance at her. "It will cost a large sum of money," he remarked, in almost the same tone he had used when speaking to Gerald.

"Yes, I suppose so," said Claire; "but it is better to have the thing well done, is it not?"

"Quite so, quite so," he assented. "I will advertise for tenders at once."

"Cannot some one on the estate do it?" asked Claire. "I would rather employ one of our own people."

He bowed.

"Very good. Whoever undertakes it must satisfy Mr. Wayne of his capacity to carry out the work," he said. Claire was surprised again.

"Thank you. I had forgotten that Mr. Wayne will be glad that you approve of the plans," she added.

He lowered his eyes.

"Oh, if they satisfy you, Miss Sartoris," he said. He took up a roll of paper which accompanied the drawings. "I see Mr. Wayne has given us an idea of the cost. I mentioned it to him yesterday. He raised his brows as he handed the paper to her. 'It is a large sum.'"

(To be continued.)

ETHELIND TERRY, playing with Eddie Cantor in Zigfield's Musical Comedy, "Kid Boots," writes:

"Women of the Latin countries, whose hair is seldom curly, are many of them able to wear their hair severely smooth and shining, but American women could never have adopted this charming fashion so generally if that remarkable cream, Stacom, had not been introduced."

Claims American Girls Flat Footed

BELFAST, Dec. 28.—The girls of the United States are flat-footed—at least those who played field hockey against the Irish girls' team which has just returned from a successful American tour, according to Miss McKisack, of Belfast, one of the members.

The United States hockeyists didn't use their toes in running, she says, with the consequence that the Irish team, which is not considered especially fleet of foot at home, simply ran away from them.



Rub The Chest For Deep, Heavy Colds

When a cold gets deep—threatens to become bronchitis or pneumonia—rub Vicks VapoRub in, cover with a hot flannel cloth, and fix the bedding loosely about the neck so that the medicated vapors will be inhaled all night. You should be better in the morning.

"Some one's tapping on the kitchen door," all of a sudden exclaimed Little Miss Mousie. Sure enough, when she peered through the keyhole there stood Little Jack Rabbit. "Come in," she cried, delighted to see the bunny

Old Treasure Hunter Gets His Reward

Treasure Discovered on Florida Coast—Planning a "Grand Bust."

KEYLARGO CITY, Fla., Dec. 19.—Captain Bill Lofton, who dug up a quarter of a million dollars worth of pirate treasure on the shore of Angel Fish Creek on Keylargo after a search of twenty-five years, is planning a "grand bust," with his doubloons and pieces of eight. The old captain spent the night in secreting the twenty-five jars of gold, assisted by his three armed cronies, Parson Brown, Maty and Justice.

Seated in the kitchen of his strange home, a dwelling put together out of the wrecks of ships that have gone down off Keylargo, Captain Bill screwed his weather-beaten phis into a shrewd grin and outlined his plans for the immediate future.

"The first thing I'm goin' to do," said the ancient mariner, "is buy me a private Pullman car and go to New York. I ain't ever been out of the Keys, and I've spent twenty-five years diggin' for this money and now that I've found it I ain't goin' to put it in a bank."

"Now that I got all this gold I'm goin' to spend it just like the pirates who buried it would have spent it if he had the chance. I'm goin' to hire me a whole theatre in New York and have all the girls play in it for me. Then I'm goin' to hire me a little hotel in New York and have fifty different people waitin' on me. And I'm goin' to take along one of these heah jazz bands on my private Pullman and have them play for me whenever I want them to."

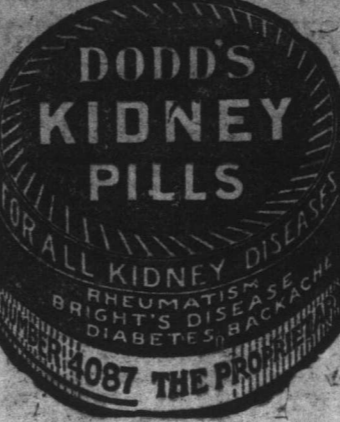
"The only thing that I'm worryin' about now is about leavin' Keylargo. There is lots more gold buried here and I got two more charts—one I got off an old captain that I paid \$20 for more'n 30 years ago. I ain't ever been able to look for them other treasures in the right way, not being able to afford any divers. But I'm goin' to hire me a dozen divers and set them to work right off."

"There's a lot of people in Keylargo City I'm goin' to take along to New York with me. I'm makin' up my quest list now. This treasure found ain't nothin' to what I'll find now that I can hire divers. I might goin' to blow it in an' enjoy meself and when I get tired of New York I'll put my private Pullman on one of the big boats and go to Paris, France."

As the Captain spoke he pointed out of the window at the placid waters of Garden Cove. The little bay was dotted with power boats and, in the distance, what seemed a fleet of small vessels, was beating down on Keylargo.

"There they come," he chuckled, "allgoin' to look for treasure."

"I suppose they figger," he added, indignantly, "that they can just jump off'n their boats and pick it up and me



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, NEURALGIA, DIABETES, HEMIPLEGIA, PARALYSIS, OBST. THE PERIOD

diggin' for 25 years. Good luck to them."

The news of Captain Lofton's discovery has thrown the Florida coast into a curious panic. For the first time in a year the real estate bonanza talk has taken second place. The borders of get-rich-quick buyers who have been swarming to Miami and Palm Beach this season to make a "clean up" on land buys and "binder trading," are off on another gold rush.

The city docks at Miami were emptied of power boats this morning, and boat charters took a jump from \$50 to \$200 a day. In addition to the fleets of launches, seaplanes and pleasure yachts heading for Keylargo, the ocean is dotted with small sailing "cats," and even row boats. The trip to Keylargo is 45 miles from Miami and some sixty miles from Keywest.

Bacon is the best of food Almost any kind is good Certified by Wilson's Brand On their guarantee they stand None is better in the land. Dec. 13, 1925

Grain Warehouse Burned

100,000 Bushel Store at Baltimore Destroyed and Fire Captain Killed.

BALTIMORE, Md., Dec. 23.—Fire last night destroyed the 100,000 bushel grain warehouse of E. Steen & Brother, at Ostend and Warner Streets, took the life of one fireman and was known to have injured five others.

The dead are: Captain Harry C. Jones, 51, fatally crushed under falling walls.

The injured: Acting Battalion Chief Valentine Englehardt, cuts and abrasions; William Schale, probably fractured skull; Fireman George C. Holdener, wrenched back and possible internal injuries; Fireman W. Weber, cuts about the head; Fireman Theodore Murphy, stunned.

Captain Jones, Acting Battalion Chief Englehardt and Fireman Schale and Weber were under the wall when it fell. All were buried. Englehardt and Weber extricated themselves and helped to dig their comrades out of the debris. Captain Jones died almost at once.



Little Jack Rabbit by David Cory

Dear me, I'm glad that the Policeman Dog arrived on time in the last story. And so was dear Uncle Lucky and Little Miss Mousie. It's not a pleasant thing to have a fox at your front door, especially if you are a rabbit.

"Well, now that trouble is over, let's hop back into the sitting room," cried the old gentleman rabbit. But no sooner had he seated himself in the easy chair than

"Ting-a-ling, ding-a-ling, tinkled the telephone bell, and Little Jack Rabbit said "Hello!" When Uncle Lucky shouted "Well, who's calling me? I've just had a scare from Danny Fox, so have a care."

"Oh, indeed I will," answered the bunny boy. "Where has he gone?"

"Dear, dear!" answered the old gentleman rabbit, "how stupid of me. The Policeman Dog has just led him away to jail. I declare, I'm getting full of rheumatism and forgetfulness."

"Oh, I'm so glad," exclaimed the little rabbit—I mean, I'm so glad the Policeman Dog has taken Danny Fox to jail. Now I can hop over to see you."

"Be careful. Keep a sharp lookout for Mr. Wicked Wolf," advised cautious Uncle Lucky. "I'd come over to see you, only my little pinkie toe is bothering me. It's just a touch of rheumatism, however."

"Now, how shall I amuse my little nephew," said the kind old gentleman rabbit to himself, as he hung up the receiver. Just then Little Miss Mousie scampered in from the kitchen. "A nice surprise," she cried, holding up a basket of eggs. "Old Steem just brought them over from the Farmyard. Henny Jenny sent them to you."

"Dear, thoughtful little creature," laughed happy Uncle Lucky. "How kind every one is to me."

"Some one's tapping on the kitchen door," all of a sudden exclaimed Little Miss Mousie. Sure enough, when she peered through the keyhole there stood Little Jack Rabbit. "Come in," she cried, delighted to see the bunny

new.

Indigestion! Indigestion!! Indigestion!!!

— TRY —

Stafford's Prescription A

If your stomach is not working properly and you feel upset, or think that you require a good TONIC and INDIGESTION MIXTURE, we advise you to try PRESCRIPTION A.

This PRESCRIPTION A will work wonders, it has cured thousands and will cure you. It is a purely herbal mixture that contains nothing injurious whatever, and as it is prepared from a good reliable recipe that was in use with good results years before we put it on the market, WE GUARANTEE IT. We have been manufacturing it for 20 years.

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Trial Size, 30c Large Size, 60c

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The most reliable, the neatest looking, the speediest type, and the best made Engine.

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Jan. 18, 2m. eod

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