

Shirriff's FLAVORING EXTRACTS NON ALCOHOLIC

Your favorite recipes need the delightful flavors of Shirriff's Non-alcoholic Extracts to insure the success they deserve. Shirriff's Extracts (Non-alcoholic) are especially economical because only half the usual quantity is required. Your grocer has them in all popular flavors.



Vanilla
Lemon
Orange
Almond
Peppermint
Strawberry
Raspberry
Wintergreen
Rose and
Others

"Flowers of the Valley,"

MABEL HOWARD, OF THE LYRIC.

CHAPTER XXXII. THE SHADOW REMOVED.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed. "I knew there was a will."

"So did that scoundrel Ricardo," said Mr. Barrington. "For he had stolen it. Lord Heron recovered it from him a few days—hours—ago."

"I want to see him," said Clarence, moodily. "Is it true, this announcement in the papers that the engagement to Lady Lillian is broken off?"

"Quite true."

Lord Clarence sighed.

"I must see him at once," he said. "I have something to tell him, something that concerns his happiness and that of another person who is very dear to me."

Mr. Barrington looked at him and nodded.

"Yes," said Clarence, with an effort. "I made a discovery on Saturday. I must act upon it once. Where is he?"

"He will be here directly," said Mr. Barrington.

As he spoke the clerk returned.

"Lord Coverdale has left England!" he said, breathlessly. "This letter—"

Mr. Barrington almost snatched it from him and tore it open.

"Dear Barrington," he read aloud. "I can endure it no longer. I am off for Africa. You have the will and my resignation of the property. Tell Lord Clarence and Miss Knighton that I wish them every happiness."

"Yours, COVERDALE."

Lord Clarence sprang to his feet, his face pale and agitated.

"It is all a mistake," he said.

"It is," assented the old man, grimly. "He thinks you and she are engaged."

"I know! I know!" said Clarence, sadly. "It is not I she cares for. There is no time to lose. I must catch him—I must, and he moved toward the door."

Mr. Barrington took up his hat.

"I'll go with you," he said. "I must put this tangle straight, somehow, at any cost. Here is one of the finest properties in England going begging."

"And the noblest girl's heart breaking!" murmured Clarence.

They jumped into a hansom and drove to the hotel.

"His lordship was driven to meet the Paris mail, sir," said the porter.

"Charing Cross Station?"

They made for the station and followed him by the next train.

They could not find him at the hotel, but finally, quite by accident, they ran across him in a restaurant.

Clarence drew him aside and said: "Lord Coverdale, there are times when we must break through conventional rules and speak as man to man—this is one of them. You know me."

Home-made, but Has No Equal for Coughs

Make a family supply of really dependable cough medicine. Easy to prepare, and saves about 50¢.

If you have a severe cough of chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with cough and you want quick help, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any drugstore can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pine Syrup, this into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar.

Or you can use clarified honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe is 16 ounces of really remarkable remedy. It tastes good, and in its low cost, it can be depended on to give quick and lasting relief.

It can be used in a variety of ways. It loosens and soothes and breaks the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing.

Pine is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds.

There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2½ ounces of Pine" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pine Co., Toronto, Ont.

you know that for years past I have been moved by one idea, one purpose. Can you guess that?"

Lord Heron linked his arm within that of his companion.

"I think I can guess," he said, in a low voice.

"Lord Coverdale, the one absorbing desire of my life has been to win Miss Iris Knighton for my wife."

Heron Coverdale stopped short and his face paled.

"And it is gratified," he said, "is it not so? You are to be married? I wish you every happiness—I congratulate you—Lord Montacute," he said hoarsely.

"Spare your congratulations," said Clarence, sadly; "they are not called for! I am not going to marry Iris Knighton, for the best of all reasons."

"The best of all reasons! What reasons?" said Lord Heron, stopping again.

Clarence drew him into a quiet corner beneath the trees, and out of the glare of the lights.

"Because she loves another man," he said, bravely, but with a twitching of the lips.

Heron started and looked at him intently.

"Why—why do you follow me to tell me this?" he said, almost painfully.

"Because that other man is yourself!" replied Clarence, succinctly.

"He?" exclaimed Heron, his grasp on Clarence's arm tightening.

"Yes, you!" he repeated. "Don't ask me how I know it, but I do know it, as surely and certainly as I know that we are standing here, and that it is my misfortune to have to tell it you."

Heron stared at him like one in a dream.

"When—when did you know this?" he demanded, almost hoarsely.

"On Saturday," said Clarence, quietly and sadly. "I can't argue about it, Coverdale; it is a fact! It is Heron's own truth, and—and there is an end of it! I have followed you here—I would have followed you to Africa if there had been need for it—to tell you! I can't have her for my wife, but I must have her for my friend! Go back to London at once, and—to her, and he turned his head away."

Heron took his arm, and they walked on a little.

"No," he said, it is of no use. The shadow that hangs over her name will hark both you and me, all of us who may strive to make her happy. It will prevent her taking back the Revele, it will prevent her giving herself to me who love her—as deeply as you can do, Montacute. I can't tell you how keenly and deeply my heart responds to your noble generosity, with what gratitude I would take her at your hands, but—but I know her! I know her, I say, and I know that while this cloud still casts its baleful shadow over her life, she will remain—Mable Howard!"

Sweet Eva!

CHAPTER I. (Continued)

She glanced up at him and quickly away again with a little cloud in her eyes. She knew quite well that he was wishing he could have Kitty for a partner—Kitty, who hit most of the balls up in the trees, Kitty who could not run because she wore such high-heeled shoes, Kitty who hated getting hot and ruffled.

She walked across the lawn beside him silently swinging her racket. She was tall—her head reached the level of young Winterdick's stalwart shoulder—and slenderly built. She wore the severest of white skirts and a business-like canvas blouse, cut short at the sleeves, and her arms were slightly tanned by the sun, and there was the faintest powdering of freckles on her face. She was hatless, and her thick brown hair was rather severely dressed in a simple coil, though round her forehead it had escaped a little, and curled childishly.

She was something better than pretty, so a disinterested onlooker would have said; something infinitely better than the pink-and-whiteness of Kitty Arlington; something that arrested attention by the frankness of the grey eyes and the firmness of the rather wide mouth.

Just now she was looking rather grave, but when she smiled her whole face lit up as if by magic and a distracting dimple made its appearance. But Philip had no eyes for dimples

that were not to be seen in Kitty's face, and, though he loved tennis, he played badly and lost the set.

"I'm sorry," he looked at Eva rather shamefacedly. "I told you I felt off my form—perhaps we may be allowed a recess later."

Eva stooped and picked up a ball.

"It doesn't matter in the least," she said quickly. "And we can have our recess at once, if you like."

But Philip had seen that Kitty was momentarily alone, and he stammered out that he would rather wait, that—he was going on with a lot more excuses, but Eva cut him short.

"It's just as you like," she said, and though she turned away, she felt rather than saw that he immediately crossed the lawn to the empty chair beside Kitty Arlington.

A man who had been one of their opponents came up to Eva.

"Isn't Winterdick playing again? What's the matter with him? Never saw him play such a rotten game."

"He says he'll play later," she answered, but she kept her eyes averted as she spoke. And under the trees Philip had persuaded Kitty to go with him to the flower garden.

"I'm fed up with tennis," he said, boyishly. "I played a rotten game—Miss Dennison is wild with me, I expect. I wanted to be with you all the time... let's go and look at the roses."

She agreed, with a little laugh; she knew quite well that he was going to ask her to marry him, and she also knew what he did not know, that she had been planning and scheming for this all the summer.

The Winterdicks were rich—the richest people in the country—and Philip was an only son. He was good-looking, too, and she liked the thought of living at the Highway House and of having as much money as even she could spend, so it was with deliberate intent that she slipped a hand through his arm as soon as they were out of sight, and gave a little sigh of contentment.

"I thought you were going to desert me all the afternoon for Eva," she said, softly.

"For Eva?" he echoed her words in sheer amazement. "Why, I hardly knew her," he added.

She made a little grimace.

"But she's such a fine tennis player, and you love tennis—"

"There are many things I love a thousand times better," he answered swiftly. "You, for instance..."

When suddenly he stopped and caught her in his arms. "Will you marry me?" he asked hoarsely.

She pretended to be amazed; she pretended, as she had been brought up to pretend all her life; she even managed a blush, which Philip thought adorable, and when, with a little confiding gesture which would have been charming had it been less studied, she put her arms round his neck, Philip lost his head, and for a moment he was near, very near, to the gates of Eden.

"And so I can tell everyone we're engaged?" he said some time later when things had settled down a bit; and Kitty Arlington nodded and said she supposed so; and Philip kissed her again and said that he had never been so happy in his life, and he did not know what he had done to deserve her love; and then presently they went back to the lawn, and the man against whom Philip had played with Eva sneezed upon them.

"Here you are, you rotter! What about your revenge? Miss Dennison has been looking for you everywhere, haven't you?" He appealed to Eva, who had followed him, but she turned away with a little laugh.

"But the little fellow cares to play again," she said quietly. (To be continued)



Equal the Famous Dessert Chefs

You will find that the great chefs all know the advantages of Knox Gelatine in attaining the right results in their delicious fairy-like desserts. You may equal the attainments of these master-cooks, with Knox Gelatine. Try for lunch.

Almond Caramel Charlotte Russe

4 envelopes Knox Sparkling Gelatine. 2½ cups cream. 1 cup cold water. 1 doz. ladyfingers. 1 cup granulated sugar. 1 pint cream. ½ cup boiling water. Vanilla flavoring.

Solve the Gelatine puzzle. Cold water 1 minute, and let stand over hot water until dissolved. Caramelize the sugar, add boiling water and allow to become cool; then add Gelatine. When beginning to set add nuts, vanilla, and whipped cream. Fourteen minute head with ladyfingers. Put on ice till ready to serve. Decorate with meringue and cherries.

Let us send you the Knox Recipe Book and enough Gelatine to make one point—enough to try just one of our desserts, puddings, mince, jellies, ice creams, soups, puddings, etc.

Recipe book free for your grocer's recommendation complete for FREE.

CHARLES S. TRAPNELL, 641 Knox Ave., Johnston, N. H.



For further information apply to THOMAS B. CLIFF, Manager, Knox Co., Commercial Chambers, Water St., Rooms 9 and 10. Sample Room 14.



Time to Put Your "Stanfield's" on

UNSEASONABLE fine Fall weather causes thousands of people every year to start the Winter with a cold. Be forewarned and get inside your "Stanfield's" now.

You can fit out the whole family in Stanfield's Underwear in one trip to any good store and NOW—to-day—is the time to do it.

STANFIELD'S Unshrinkable UNDERWEAR

is delightfully comfortable—so soft that it will not irritate the most sensitive skin—following every line and curve of the body as naturally as the skin it clothes—no bunching, binding or gripping—nothing at all to deprive you of the feather-bed comfort of the pure lamb's wool against your body.

Made in Combinations and Two-piece Suits, in full length, knee and elbow length, and sleeveless, for Men and Women. Stanfield's Adjustable Combinations and Sleepers for growing Children. (Patented).

AT ALL GOOD DEALERS

STANFIELD'S LIMITED TRURO, N.S.

It wears longer

Can You See To-Day as Well As Ten Years Ago?

The eyes change so slowly that considerable defects occur before we are aware of it. An examination would enable you to correct, in the early stages, the defects which cause the change and the eyes kept at maximum efficiency and comfort.

EXAMINATIONS FREE OF CHARGE.

KARL S. TRAPNELL, 307 Water Street, St. John's. dec19,21,th,5,17



THE BAD EXAMPLE. He whipped his boy for lying. And his cheeks were flaming red. And of course there's no denying There was truth in what he said— That a liar's always hated. But the little fellow knew That his father often stated Many things that were untrue.

He caught the youngster cheating And he sent him up to bed. And it's useless now repeating All the bitter things he said; He talked of honor loudly As a lesson to be learned. And forgot he'd boasted proudly Of the cunning tricks he'd turned.

He heard the youngster swearing And he punished him again— And he uttered words profane. Yet the youngster could have told him, If we do not lead the way. That it seemed unfair to scold him. When he often cursed himself.

All in vain is splendid preaching And the golden things we say. All our talk is wasted teaching If we do not lead the way. We can never, by reviewing All the sermons on the shelves, Keep the younger hands from doing What we often do ourselves.

The double-headed pin is worn either as a hat pin or in the front of the blouse.

Forty-Two Years in the Public Service—The Evening Telegram

MAN'S FRIEND.

Something Extra Good.

You would soon make a fortune if you got a penny for every time that is said about



The Lake of the Woods Milling Company.

W. A. Munn, Wholesale Agent.

ELLIS MAKE CLOTHES ARE LIGHT IN FIT, STYLE AND FINISH.

FALL AND WINTER OVERCOATINGS



in Tweed, Cheviot, Nap, Melton and All-Wool materials now on display. Our New Fall and Winter Suitings due to arrive by next steamer from England. Indico Blue Serge always in stock.

CHAS. J. ELLIS, 302 Water St.

We are Now Offering to the Trade

Flannelettes of all kinds. Blankets. Denims. Shirting. Cotton Tweed. Serges. Plaids. Pound Tweeds.

Smallwares of every description. Mispprints. Nainsooks. Toweling. Fleece Lined Underwear. Serges. Curtain Nets. Hosiery.

Also a Job Line of MEN'S and WOMEN'S WINTER COATS.

SLATTERY'S Wholesale Dry Goods Co., Limited, Duckworth and George Streets.

Furness Line Sailings

From St. John's	Halifax	Boston	Halifax	St. John's
Liverpool	Halifax	Boston	Halifax	St. John's
S. S. SACHEM	Nov. 22nd	Nov. 26th	Nov. 29th	Nov. 30th
S. S. DIGBY	Nov. 23rd	Dec. 1st	Dec. 10th	Dec. 14th

Furness Withy & Co., Limited

Pleas
REMEMBER
EACH PAC
OF LANTIC
SUGAR IS
GUARANT
TO CONTA
FULL WEIG
OF HIGHE
QUALITY
GRANULA
SUGAR.
WHEN YO
LANTIC PA
SUGAR YO
Purest—
CO
m.w.f
Service
Purses,
Bill
Writ
DIO
nov25,17
N
HE
SWIN
JO