



"Flatterers"
—OR—
The Shadow of the Future.

CHAPTER XI.
A GRAND DISCOVERY.

X charming work on plant-lore had of late appeared. Knowing it of the very kind Sydney would delight in, Mr. Rupert brought it down, a Christmas gift, with—not to be too marked—bananas for Leonora, pheasants for his aunt.

Sydney, overjoyed at her prize, buried herself in its fascinating pages, and at the evening's end thanked the giver most expressively.

"You must read it yourself, Mr. Villiers, to know what I have been enjoying," she said.

"I know, I know as much of the subject as of the Homeric bards! Plainly, nothing!"

"Oh! but it makes you like it if you still but begin."

"Then will you teach me?"

"Gravely, 'Yes, if you wish.'"

"Then I am sure to like it."

"Precisely what I say."

"With a difference," said Mr. Rupert in lowered voice, "which some time I must explain to you."

"But not now," replied Sydney, most unapologetic still, "for I have read myself sleepy. Good-night. And I don't know when I've enjoyed a Christmas evening so much. I have to thank you for it." And she bestowed on Mr. Rupert a full beam of gratitude as he held the door open for her.

Leonora had gone to bed an hour before. Watching another girl's love-affair was very stupid work. Mrs. Alwyn alone was left to mark the words and smile.

"Well," she said, questioning her nephew with a glance as he came back to the hearth-rug.

"Well, Aunt Helen," he said, "I feel very much your debtor. It won't be my fault if Sydney is not my wife long before next Christmas-time."

Having come to this stage, Mr. Villiers would probably have pressed his suit rapidly to conclusion but for sundry instructions unforeseen and unavoidable.

First came a month of snows and storms that made country roads all but impassable even for journeys of profit, and utterly tabooed the notion of traversing them on journeys of

pleasure. At least so Mrs. Alwyn wrote to her nephew, opining perhaps that an obstacle at this precise juncture might make him more ardent on his next visit. Then a political embroilment with a cantankerous foreign power brought clouds of war on the nation's horizon, agitated the war department, and gave Mr. Rupert a bona fide dose of long hours. And with March came graver delay.

One of what Mrs. Alwyn called Sydney's "pretty warbling-choir," a worthy little twelve-year-old, Suffolk dumpling of the female sex named Patty Peggs, was "took allip," and after vaporing through a prelude, suspected of chicken-pox, ague, or measles, developed by the end of a week a fine case of malignant typhoid. Miss Patty being the eldest of eight (the family including two sets of twins, which, as the poor mother said, "didn't sell up so") it may be inferred without much imagination that her share of daily bread was not superabundant, to say nothing of the food illness needed.

Fearless of disease, Sydney at first went to the child with such supplies as Dr. Dacie recommended and her own purse could furnish; but when the malady was duly declared, Mrs. Alwyn promptly forbade these ministrations. Leonora, alarmed at all fever, was infinitely terrified by a second and third case, resolutely refused to go out-of-doors or taste a breath of the air which blew between the infected village and "their nobility," and so nearly alarmed herself into illness of some sort that her mother decided on flight as the lesser of two evils, sent the servants away on very close board wages, shut up the Dale, and carried her daughters off to the fresh breezes of a southern watering-place.

Sydney pleaded dolefully to be left at home or with the Dacies. She might help them or Mr. Vaughan if illness spread. But her mother quickly negated the petition. "People would say I had more regard for Leonora's health than yours," she said. "Nothing could induce me to leave you here."

So as an example of well-balanced affection, Sydney was carried off, and had to leave what the cottage neighbors called her "poor little singin' mawther" to struggle through her phases of suffering without further help from her than could be trusted in the shape of shillings to Mary Dacie.

A clean bill of health was reported in April, and Mrs. Alwyn desiring to spend a week at her brother's in Hampshire with Leonora (three would be inconvenient there!) Sydney was permitted to return and stay with the Dacies before they all reunited at the Dale.

Nowhere had the girl been more missed than at the Gate House, where she shone always at her brightest, paying them in every coin she could conceive for the kindness to her earlier girlhood. Now Mary received her joyfully with.

"How well you are looking, and how glad I am to have got you back!"

And the traveler, with a hug and a kiss, answered, "Also, how glad I am to be back, but how well you are not looking! What's the matter, Mary? Has anything gone amiss while I was away?"

"No," Mary declared, "nothing so very particular;" but bit by bit, in the privacy of up-stairs unpacking, it came out how her father was less equal to work than ever that spring; his lameness gained on him so, and "mother," who had never dargged, but kept such a willing shoulder to the wheel so many years, was not like herself. The strain of all her middle-age was telling on her now. And the "boys," long since men, two married,

SHE TOOK HER MOTHER'S ADVICE

Now is in the Best of Health because she took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Kesock, Sask.—"My mother has taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and upon hearing of my troubles advised me to try it as I seemed all run down after the flu and had lost my weight very bad. I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Lydia E. Pinkham's Blood Medicine and used the Sanitive Wash also Dr. Brown's Capsules and Prescription and am much better in every way. I am willing for you to use my letter as a testimonial as I recommend your medicines."—Mrs. IANIS NELSON, Kesock, Sask.

It is not always in business that a woman is forced to give up her work on account of ill health. It is quite as often the woman who does her own work at home. When backaches and headaches drive out all ambition, when that bearing-down sensation attacks you when you are nervous and blue, the one great help for such ailments is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

one in Canada, were getting less able, between growing families and uncertain business, to give their small aids to the old home, and so, confessed poor Mary Dacie—permitting herself the extraordinary luxury of five minutes' collapse.

"It seems as if we are on the downhill road together, Sydney, dear; and sometimes I'm such a goose I get miserable over it."

To which Sydney, who had long dreaded this state of things, could only return the comfort of caresses. The outlook was gloomy, she knew, so unmitigating that she must have been glad to quit its contemplation, for, after some minutes' diligent unpacking, she changed the subject by asking, most irrelevantly, if Mr. Drayton had been to St. Clair's while she was away.

It was not often Sydney showed such lack of sympathy. Mary Dacie sighed as she answered, "No," and she sighed again as she smoothed her ruffled brown hair, and stroked out of sight a few obtrusive silver threads. What a fool she looked to that girl in the sweet bloom of her twenty years! But she mustn't grow curmudgeonly. Admirers! Lovers! These must be pleasant pastures for young minds to stray along. She wouldn't grudge them to Sydney, even—with a sensation as of a rising sob firmly subdued—even in the shape of—Mr. Drayton, or Mr. Rupert Villiers.

This latter gentleman, though debarred from prosecuting his plans in person through the spring, had not allowed himself to be forgotten. Early in the year each note to his Aunt Helen had contained some special message for Sydney, unfailingly delivered. About that date in February when feathered monogamists select their spouses for the coming spring, a florist of Peterham (a stroke to please the major that) packed off a splendid mass of sweet-scented lilacs-of-the-valley, and the address "Miss Alwyn, The Dale, St. Clair's," was in Mr. Rupert's handwriting. Reviews to her liking, magazines many, found their way similarly to the young lady at Bourne-mouth, in company with society papers for her mother and sister. And now, definite desire and intention of success strengthened by the propitious Christmas-visit, Mr. Villiers felt no hesitation in assuring his anxious father that, spite of postponement, everything was going on as right as a trivet, and the paternal purse would probably be drawn upon for wedding-presents shortly after midsummer.

Meanwhile, as the season was gray, and likely to be his last free entirely from petticoat control, the young man took license to treat his good resolutions for the future pretty freely.

The singer who had once enthralled him was far away now, enchanting dollars by thousands from the rich citizens of another continent, but her pedestal was not long vacant. Small pink tickets for the Opera Comique, and large long bills for suppers connected with the same; companion documents to Mr. Tutter's original one, and a run of late hours over a green table much best left alone; these, to say nothing of more legitimate indulgences, swelled a debit account of considerable proportions, as weeks went by, and applied for their settlements mainly on Sydney's fortune. Since, "Hang it, you know," thought Mr. Rupert, "five thousand, or four, perhaps, will be plenty to tie up. She'll like to do something toward starting the domestic mill; that'll be only fair. The rest we'll leave loose as a general fund."

And over the manipulation of that general fund Mr. Rupert's fingers latched prospectively, after a fashion that boded ill for its long existence, while for his first visit to the Dale in May he began to look impatiently as for a serious crisis in his fate. But this crisis was yet to be put off by doings we must halt to explain.

(to be continued.)

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To-day we start a Great Clearance Sale of Women's White Shoes and Boots. It will be a Full Speed Sale from the word go!

No Culled Over stock but a Sale of White Footwear for Women. We always clean up one Season's Stock of White Shoes before the opening of another Season! That's the Whole Story and the reason why you can buy White Shoes at the Very Low Prices we mention below.

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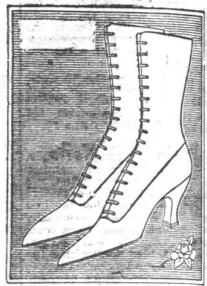
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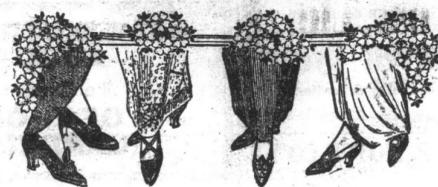
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Only \$1.00 the pair

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Secure Your Sizes Early.

PARKER & MONROE, Ltd.

The Shoe Men

Where Crusoe Lived.

Every schoolboy knows that a Scottish lad, Alexander Selkirk, was the character on whom Daniel Defoe founded his world-famous story, "Robinson Crusoe."

But Alexander's real history is not so familiar. His birthplace was Largo, a little fishing-village on the Fife-shire coast, now a popular holiday resort. Here he gained the reputation of being a very unruly boy, who teased the life out of a half-witted brother, and finally ran away to sea because his father wanted to make him a shoemaker.

According to Defoe, Crusoe was on his desert island thirty years. Selkirk, however, was only away for four years and four months; as a matter of fact, he was marooned.

A Village Lass.

When, after many strange adventures, the wanderer returned to Largo, it was a Sunday morning, and his people were at church. Never backward at coming forward, he went in and took a seat close to his mother. That in-

dividual had long given up her wandering boy as lost, and so great was the scene she caused on seeing him again that it broke up the service.

Ultimately Selkirk married a village girl, and everyone thought he had decided to settle down. Largo woke up one morning, however, to find that he had disappeared with his wife. It is known that she died and Selkirk married again. What became of him eventually, we now know.

Largo perpetuated his memory by erecting a fine monument on the site of the cottage in which he lived; and interesting mementoes are pointed out to visitors by the inhabitants.

O. McPherson, Furniture Dealer and Undertaker, Yarmouth, N.S.

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd., Dear Sirs—Since the start of the Baseball season we have been afflicted with sore muscles, sprained ankles, etc. but just as soon as we started using MINARD'S LINIMENT our troubles ended—Every baseball player should keep a bottle of your liniment handy.

Yours truly, W. E. McPherson, Secretary Armstrong High School Baseball Team.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia



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One simply pared them and kept them. She never knew an hour without corns.

One used a harsh, unscientific treatment. It was inefficient and it often caused soreness.

The third applied Blue-jay, liquid or plaster. In a few moments and it stopped the pain. In a little while the whole corn loosened and came out.

Millions of people now use Blue-jay. It is ending at least 20 million corns yearly. Those folks never keep corns—never suffer corn aches.

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