

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

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

CHAPTER IV.

MORE FAREWELLS THAN ONE.

"Isn't there any one, papa, you would like to have come and see you some day? Any one, I mean, you used to care for before we came here?" She had hit on the very theme of her father's thoughts. He answered instantly, though slowly, for speech was difficult to him now, and indistinct when hurried:

"Yes, there is some one who would come if I could ask him. I wish I could."

"Who, papa?"

"You knew him. Do you remember him, Sydney? Jacob—Jacob Cheene."

"Remember him! Why, yes, papa! He used to carry me about at Stuart's and keep me in his desk! I am so glad you want him. We'll get him here!" And despite Mr. Alwyn's nervous "No, no, child; your mother wouldn't have him!" Sydney lay in wait for the first opportunity of petitioning for this visitor, only, however, to be met by most positive refusal.

"It would be no pleasure to your father, I assure you, Sydney. He can't possibly desire to see this man. He is not fit to receive any one."

"But he said he did really wish for Mr. Cheene, mamma; and—"

"You know perfectly well he is ordered to be quiet. You have heard Dr. Dacle say so over and over again."

"But Dr. Dacle says an old friend's coming would not hurt him. I saw him this morning going past, mamma, and ran out to ask him."

"You take too much upon yourself, Sydney," rebuked her mother, frowning. Now, if this "old friend" were not invited, it would look as if she had negated the scheme. The Dacles' "poor Mr. Alwyn" had had a ring in it which she had not liked of late. There was little love lost between herself and the warm-hearted doctor or his family. "You had no right to speak of any one's coming till you had named it first to me," she pursued, irritably; "I have no room for such a visitor. He was only a clerk. I couldn't have him at my own table, and I certainly could not have him gossiping with the servants."

Gossiping with the servants! Not fit for her mother's table! Her father's one much-desired friend!

Sydney's temper rose with a vehemence

which she had not known she was capable of. "I don't care what you say, papa! I will see Mr. Cheene!"

"How shall I—reach it?" he asked, looking straight forward with a great anxious yearning; "won't they—stop me?"

"Who stop you, father?" cried Sydney, springing to her feet, to draw his white head upon her shoulder.

"Why, they!" he answered, gazing forward, though the clear space was only peopled by phantoms of his disturbed brain—"they will Oh, how I wronged them! But, Sydney," bringing his shaking hands together with a piteous burst of grief, "I never meant to! Jacob will tell you—why didn't he tell you when he came?—I never meant to!"

(To be continued)

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MOIR'S Chocolates

whom he had been parted by such ill-hap.

It was a curious re-union, fraught at first with a speechless pain, when the weather, fallen from his high estate of wealth, muffled now with struggling emotion, clasped hands with his old clerk, and looked at him with eyes that seemed to have forgotten how to be glad. Curious and grievous. For Jacob Cheene, the once shy dependant, had to keep calm and lead the way to cheerfulness, when for thoughts of the old placid past, and sight of the shattered life before him, he could have sat down and cried like any baby.

But that was only for a little while, and later on it was good to see them both, when the ailing man's state was recognized by his guest; for then all that was bright and welcome did the clerk recall and recount, speaking more and more freely as he found—with relief—that the lawyer's memory was a mere blank on some points. So he spoke of "Stuarts," telling how well the house looked with its rich new tenants, and related much news, always pleasant, of old townfolk; and if a question were put with a touch of half-frightened recollection, about some unsafe names, why, then, it so happened, Jacob Cheene had quite forgotten, or knew nothing of but so-and-so—and then he led his listener on safer ground again!

Thus talked the two old men—the feebleness of one making the other seem almost youthful—till they must needs revive old stories of the wondrous musical evenings; and Sydney saw her father's face light up, his fingers, white, wasted, nervous, stirring to the touch of invisible strings as Jacob Cheene described that great finale wherein the first violin had led such a glorious prelude as left them all exultant, breathless, fit for never another chord that night!

That was the safest theme they found. Pleased as a child, the host kept harping on it, and the next day of Jacob's visit Sydney brought out her father's violin ("It must have been left behind, for some one sent it to papa months after we got here," she explained. "Wasn't it strange?") and Mr. Cheene said it was, very, and the much-loved instrument and stately, justly laid upon its master's knees; just as it were, for recognition, and leave to be touched by another, and then the loose strings were well known—so beautiful, it might have been some saintly funeral song.

But the delight was too vivid. It set one hearer trembling past restraint. So the notes, strange at the Dale, were silenced. Only in cautiously chosen converse of old times the rest of the day passed, and with the morrow Jacob Cheene's master farewell.

Sydney, most content and attentively, laid upon his master's knees; just as it were, for recognition, and leave to be touched by another, and then the loose strings were well known—so beautiful, it might have been some saintly funeral song.

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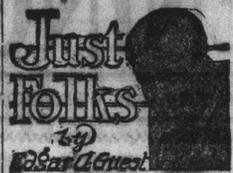
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Just Folks

GARDENING.
My neighbor has a garden fair and all the beds are neat and trim. But he has hired a stranger's hand to come and do the work for him; He walks among his shrubs and vines and proudly he admires them there.

But he who'd come to know the flowers must give a garden constant care.
My patch of ground is not so large but I know every rose by name, And I have watched the peonies grow since first the pink shoots upward came; No stranger's hands have raked my beds and jostled these few plants of mine, For I have nurtured every shoot and guarded every trailing vine.

My neighbor has a garden fair and all his beds are neat and trim, But all the blossoms that are there are merely pretty flowers to him; He never knows the fight for life a struggling little rose bush makes Nor sees the new shoots spring up, because he never hoes or rakes.

I have no hired man to toil or trim my garden beds for me, 'Tis mine to break the sun-baked ground and water every plant and tree, 'Tis mine to fight the weeds and pests and give my roses constant care, But I get more than blossoms gay for life a struggling little rose bush makes Nor sees the new shoots spring up, because he never hoes or rakes.

Dempsey at the Movies.

CHAMPION WATCHES BATTLE BETWEEN HIMSELF AND CARPENTIER.

JERSEY CITY, N.J., July 4.—Jack Dempsey, still the heavyweight champion of the world, celebrated the 4th of July in addition to celebrating the victory over Georges Carpentier, the European champion Saturday. Dempsey plans to remain in this vicinity for several days, when he will go to Salt Lake City, his home for a vacation and rest from his long training grind. The champion, yesterday, saw himself in action. He motored to a motion picture theatre that was showing pictures of the great encounter. Huddled in a back seat alongside of Jack Kearns, manager, and Mike Trent, the Chicago detective sergeant, who has been his bodyguard, he watched the punch that enabled him to retain the championship. He also saw the punches that in the second round caused the mass of humanity in the arena to gasp in the belief that the blonde Frenchman was to make good his threat to carry the title across the seas. Dempsey saw himself totter and sway as the Frenchman sent those punches to his jaw. Perhaps not until he saw the picture did he realize just how near he had been to dropping to the canvas floor, for after the fight Dempsey declared the blows had not bothered him. As Dempsey saw himself on the screen inflicting punishment upon his lighter opponent, his eyes sparkled and he leaned forward eagerly and uttered an exclamation of admiration for the way Carpentier gamely came back.

"If ever chance brings you my way, Miss Sydney, though it doesn't seem likely to now, you'll be sure and come and see me."

She promised "Yes; that she would."

"And you'll write to me and tell me about your father?"

Again "Yes," most willingly.

"For," stopping as they paced the platform to take one more long look at John Alwyn's child, with something of a haze about his own sight—"for there never was a kinder, truer, better friend than he was to me."

"Yes, he is good, isn't he, Mr. Cheene?" Sydney breaks in, her lips quivering at this praise—very sweet, though almost unheard hitherto—gentle; you don't half know how so gentle; and uncomplaining he is! and he was always—when he was well—good to every one, wasn't he, Mr. Cheene?"

"Ah! that he always meant to be, I'll stake my life," returns her companion; more he cannot say, for the tramp comes shrieking up, he keeps shaking the child's hand till the guard hustles him into his carriage, and in another minute he is out of sight and out of questioning.

But that flying visit was a wondrous pleasure to Sydney's father. He talked of it morning, noon and night for days after, always with delight.

Always but once; an evening when some fortnight had gone by, and Leonard and her mother absent in the next village at some festivity, the two at home sat together silently watching the sunset, a great piled-up splendor of golden clouds above a most peaceful sea, of tender-tinted blue.

The old man had been happier, if more strongly, than for weeks that day. But now he suddenly grew restless. Pointing with shaking hand toward the brilliant west:

"How shall I—reach it?" he asked, looking straight forward with a great anxious yearning; "won't they—stop me?"

"Who stop you, father?" cried Sydney, springing to her feet, to draw his white head upon her shoulder.

"Why, they!" he answered, gazing forward, though the clear space was only peopled by phantoms of his disturbed brain—"they will Oh, how I wronged them! But, Sydney," bringing his shaking hands together with a piteous burst of grief, "I never meant to! Jacob will tell you—why didn't he tell you when he came?—I never meant to!"

(To be continued)

Young Men and Young Women--

Possibly you have completed your school course and are now ready to train for a world-wide position in the business world. We own and operate a chain of business colleges extending from Sydney to Vancouver, our wide experience thus enables us to give a service that cannot be surpassed.

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A 10-Day Tube to anyone who asks. Send the coupon and watch the delightful effects.

You Will Enjoy This new teeth-cleaning method

Brush teeth for ten days in this new way. We supply the test. See and feel the good effects. Compare them with the old ways.

It will be a pleasant test. And it may bring to you, as it has to millions, a new conception of clean teeth.

Whiter teeth
One great object is to fight the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. Much is left intact, forming a dingy coat. And most tooth troubles are now traced to it.

Film is what discolors, not the teeth. It forms the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Fight it daily
Dental science has found two methods to effectively fight film. Many careful tests have proved them. Leading dentists everywhere now advise their daily use.

A scientific film combatter combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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American Bride for King's Son.

In a recent issue of the "North American," Gertrude, Lady Decies, writes that Mayfair is watching with increasing interest the growing friendship between the Duke of York and Lady Mary Irene Curzon, the pretty daughter of Earl Curzon and his first wife, the late Mary Victoria Leiter.

Should the rumours which are flying

around Society prove correct, and a friendship between the Duke and Lady Mary develop into matrimony, the alliance between British Royalty and the American girl, so much desired by many people on both sides of the "ironing pond," would be realized.

Sunday's express arrived at P. aux Baques at 3 p.m. yesterday at the Kyle with mail and passenger called for Sydney at 4 p.m.

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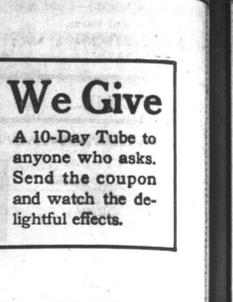
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TEA

Economical because it yields
Delicious because it is pure

more cups to the pound than
and fresh. Moreover, it is

ordinary tea.
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DIAL,
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POWDER — A delicious
drink made by adding one
teaspoonful to tumbler of
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NEW AMERICAN POT-
TOES.
FRESH TURNIP TOPS and
RHUBARB Daily.

Chase & Sanborn's
(Just fit—fresh).
SEAL BRAND COFFEE,
COCOA POWDER in bulk
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NESTLE'S PURE THICK
CREAM in tins (just the
thing for basket parties).

ARMY RATIONS in tins.
FULL BOILED DINNER in
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ELKHORN CHEESE in tins.
INGERSOLL CREAM CHEESE
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CHEESE in glass.

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in 8 1/2 lb. boxes.
A Fresh Assortment of
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