

Most Ills of Life

come from errors in diet, from too little exercise or from the mistakes we commit without thinking of consequences. These sicknesses may be slight at first, but they hinder work, prevent advancement or bring depression and spoil enjoyment. What is worse, they lead to serious physical disorders if not checked in time, but you CAN check them easily and quickly. They will

Naturally Yield To

such a safe, simple, reliable family remedy as Beecham's Pills. In every household where this famous and unequalled medicine is known, the whole aspect of life is changed for the better. Be ready to help yourself—and your family—to overcome trouble and to regain, and keep, good bodily conditions by having on hand for immediate use

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For females, Beecham's Pills are especially suitable. See instructions with each box. Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes 25 cents.

"The Man Who Disappeared."

CHAPTER XVIII.
FLORENCE.
(Continued.)

The morning brought sunshine and the sound of sleigh bells. In the wonderfully clear air of New York, the snow-covered streets dazzled the eyes. Never did a town look more brilliant, or people feel more blithe, than on this fine day after the long snow-storm.

"Isn't it glorious?" Edna Hill was looking out on the shining white gardens from Florence's parlor window. "Certainly, on a day like this, it doesn't seem natural for one to cling to the past. It's a day for beginning over again, if ever there are such days." Her words had allusion to the subject of the previous night. Edna had waited for Florence to resume the theme in the morning, but the latter had not done so yet, although breakfast was now over. Perhaps it was her father's presence that had deterred her. The incident of the meal had been the arrival of a note from Mr. Hagley to Mr. Kenby, expressing the former's regret that he should be unavoidably prevented from keeping the engagement to go sleighing. As Florence had forgotten to give her father Mr. Hagley's verbal message, this note had brought her in for a quantity of paternal complaint sufficient for the venting of the ill-humor due to his having stayed up too late, and taken too much champagne the night before. But now Mr. Kenby had gone out, wrapped up and overhauled, to try the effect of fresh air on his headache, and of shop-windows and pretty women on his spirits. Florence, however, had still held off from the all-important topic, until Edna was driven to introduce it herself.



The Dawn of Better Baking

comes with "BEAVER" Flour. It is a blend of the best wheats grown in Canada—Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. It has the bread-making powers of the one—and the pastry-making powers of the other.

Every woman, who brings "BEAVER" Flour into her home, makes the right start towards better Bread and Pastry.

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R. GASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

turned crimson, and stood at a loss.

"You can't truly say you're out, dear," counselled Edna, in an undertone.

"Show him in," said Florence. Turi entered.

Florence looked and spoke coldly. "I told you I'd send a message when I wished you to call."

He was wistful, but resolute. "I know it," he said. "But love doesn't stand on ceremony; lovers are impulsive; they come without bidding—Good morning, Miss Hill; you mustn't let me drive you away."

For Edna had wished across the room, and was making for the hall.

"I'm going to the drawing-room," she said, airy, "to see the sleighs go by."

In another second, the door slammed, and Turi was alone with Florence. He took a hesitating step toward her.

"It's useless," she said, raising her hand as a barrier between them. "I can't think of you as the same. I can't see him in you. I should have to do that before I could offer you his place. All that I can love now is the memory of him."

"Listen said Turi, without moving. 'I have thought it over. For you sake, I will be the man I was. It's true, I can't restore the old face; but the old outlook on life, the old habits of old pensiveness, will bring back the old expression. I will resume the old name, the old set of memories, the old sense of personality. I said last night that a resumption of the old self could be only mental and incomplete even so. But when I said that I had not surrendered. The mental return can be complete, and must reveal itself more or less on the surface. And the old love—surely where the feeling is the same, its outer showing can't be utterly new and strange."

He spoke with a more pleading and fervent note than he had yet used since the revelation. A moist shine came into her eyes.

"Murray—it is you!" she whispered.

"Ah!—sweetheart!" His smile of the utmost tenderness seemed more of a kind with sadness than with pleasure. It was the smile of a man deeply sensible of sorrow—of Murray Davenport—not that of one versed in good fortune alone—not that which a potent imagination had made habitus of Francis Turi.

She gave herself into his arms, and for a time neither spoke. It was she who broke the silence, looking up with tearful but smiling eyes.

"You shall not abandon your design. It's too marvellous, too successful. It has been too dear to you for that."

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Eczema on Face and Hands

Gave up work—Could not shave—Relief and cure obtained from DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

"I had eczema nearly all over the body," writes Mr. John Gordon Campbell, former Holland Grove Lumber Co., Sudbury, Ont., "head, neck and wrists were blistered and itching with it. I could find absolutely no cure until I obtained Dr. Chase's Ointment. After using this ointment I was almost instantly relieved and soon completely cured."

"So bad was the eczema that I had to give up work. Could not shave. I was so bad that they had to take me out of camp in a wagon and send for a new foreman. I cannot recommend this ointment too highly."

As a means of soothing raw, flaming, irritated skin no treatment can be compared to—Dr. Chase's Ointment. It often heals in a single night. You can see for yourself each day the good it is doing. Sample box, free. 50 cts. a box, at all dealers of Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

disputes your moral claim to it—such things are for you to settle. But the danger of keeping it—

"There's no longer any danger. The money is mine of right, my own free will and consent. I encountered him last night. He is in my secret now, but it's safe with him. We cut cards for the money and I won. I hate gambling, but the situation was exceptional. He hoped that, once the matter was settled by the cards, he should never hear a word about it from me—Davenport—for years, this meant that his own conscience had been troubling him about it all along. That's why he was ready at last to put the question to a toss myself. It first established the fact that he wouldn't be 'done' out of the money by anybody. I tell you all this, dear, in justice to the man; and so, exit Hagley. As I said, my secret—our secret—is safe with him. So it is of course, with Miss Hill and Larcher. Nobody else knows it, though others besides you three may have suspected that I had something to do with the disappearance."

"Only Mr. Bad."

Larcher can explain away Mr. Bad's suspicious. Larcher has been a good friend. I can never be grateful enough—

A knock at the door cut his speech short, and the servant announced Larcher himself. It had been arranged that he should call for Edna's orders. That young lady had just intercepted him in the hall, to prevent his breaking in upon what might be occurring between Turi and Miss Kenby. But Florence, holding the door open, called out to Edna and Larcher to come in. Something in her voice and look conveyed news to them both, and they came swiftly. Edna kissed Florence half a dozen times, while Larcher was shaking hands with Turi; then waltzed across to the piano, and for a moment drowned the outside noises—the jingle of sleighbells, and the shouts of children snowballing in the sunshine—with the still more joyous notes of a celebrated march by Mendelssohn.

THE END.

Among the novelty coats for fall are those made of taffeta or silk serge and lined with heavy cloth, the cloth being used for the trimmings.

Silks, and especially silk velvets, are in the highest favor, and three silk frocks are seen now where before two were shirtwaists and suit skirts.

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