

"BEAVER" FLOUR Makes the True Home-Made Bread Your Mother Used to Make

Canadian women are the most attractive in the world because they are the most womanly. They are home bodies. Their interests are centred in their homes. They are proud of their skill in bread-making. They know that with "Beaver" Flour, they can make bread that equals anything turned out by the most skillful chefs in the world.

One of the first things noticed by travellers in Canada is the fact that "all you women know how to make good bread."

If they knew all the facts, they would add "all your best bread makers use "BEAVER" FLOUR.

The reason is quite simple. "Beaver" Flour is a blended flour. It is really two flours in one. It contains the quality, nutriment and flavor of Ontario Fall wheat and the strength of Manitoba Spring wheat. "Beaver" Flour is a perfectly balanced flour. It makes baking easy because it is always the same in strength, quality and flavor. You can make more bread to the barrel than with any other flour—big, brown, nutty, delicious loaves that will delight both the eye and the palate. Perhaps you have never tried "Beaver" Flour. Your grocer has it. Try it. You can't make the best pastry without it.

Dealers—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

THE T. H. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.
R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Nfld., will be pleased to quote prices.



A PRECIOUS INHERITANCE.

CHAPTER XIII.
SOCIETY.

Then, seating herself at her grandmother's feet, she entertained her so well with a description of her travels that the good lady failed to observe the absence of Mag. Who, face to face with Henry Warner, was making amends for their long separation. Much they talked of the past, and then Henry spoke of the future; but of this Mag was less hopeful. Her grandmother would never consent to their marriage, she knew—the stars and stripes had decided that matter, even though there were no Arthur Carrolton across the sea; and Mag sighed despondently as she thought of the long years of single-blessedness in store for her.

Neuralgia and Sciatica

Caused great suffering for 25 years. Nothing effective until Dr. Chase's Medicines were used. "It affords me pleasure to speak favorably of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills," writes Mr. W. T. Collins, Morphett, Ont. "I had been a sufferer for 25 years from sciatica, lumbago and neuralgia and tried nearly all the remedies advertised without one particle of benefit until I began the use of Dr. Chase's medicines. Before I had finished two boxes of the Nerve Food and Kidney-Liver Pills I noticed considerable benefit in my condition. I have so much confidence in these medicines that I have recommended them to dozens of my friends. In severe cases of this nature the combined use of these medicines brings results which are both surprising and satisfactory. The Kidney-Liver Pills regulate the action of kidneys, liver and bowels, while the Nerve Food enriches the blood and builds up the nervous system. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

"There is but one alternative left, then," said Henry. "If your grandmother refuses her consent altogether, I must take you without her consent."

"I shan't run away," said Mag. "I shall live an old maid, and you must live an old bachelor, until grandma—"

She did not have time to finish the sentence ere Henry commenced unfolding the following plan:

It was necessary, he said, for either him or Mr. Douglas to go to Cuba; and, as Rose's health made a change of climate advisable for her, George had proposed to him to go, and take his sister there for the winter. "And, Maggie," he continued, "will you go, too? We are to sail the middle of October, stopping for a few weeks in Florida, until the unhealthy season in Havana was over. I will see your grandmother to-morrow morning—will once more honourably ask her for your hand, and if she still refuses, as you think she will, it cannot surely be wrong in you to consult your own happiness instead of her prejudices. I will meet you at old Hagar's cabin at the time appointed. Rose and my aunt, who is to accompany her, will be in New York, whither we will go immediately. A few moments more and you will be my wife, and beyond the control of your grandmother. Do you approve my plan, Maggie, darling? Will you go?"

Maggie could not answer him then, for an elopement was some thing from which she instinctively shrank, and with a faint hope that her grandmother might consent she went back to her sister's room, where she had not yet been missed. Very rapidly the remainder of the afternoon passed away, and at an early hour, wishing to know "exactly how she was going to look," Mag commenced her toilet. Theo, too, disdained displaying her white satin as long as possible, began to dress; while Madam Conway in no haste to don her purple satin, which

was uncomfortably tight, amused herself by watching the passers by, nodding at intervals in her chair. While thus occupied a perfumed note was brought to her, the contents of which elicited from her an exclamation of surprise.

"Can it be possible!" she said; and, thrusting the note in her pocket, she hastily left the room.

She was gone a long, long time; and when at last she returned she was evidently much excited, paying no attention whatever to Theo, who, in her bridal robes, looked charmingly, but minutely inspecting Mag to see if in her adornings there was aught out of its place. Her dress was faultless, and she looked so radiantly beautiful as she stood before her grandmother that the old lady kissed her fondly, whispering as she did so, "You are indeed beautiful." It was a long time ere Madam Conway commenced her own toilet, and then she proceeded so slowly that George Douglas became impatient, and she finally suggested that he and Theo should go without her, sending the carriage back for herself and Mag. To this proposition she at last yielded; and when they were alone Madam Conway greatly accelerated her movements, dressing herself in a few moments; and then, much to Mag's surprise,

she received the stranger gracefully, and then, taking the chair he politely brought her, she listening while her grandmother told her that he had arrived at Montreal two weeks before; that he had reached Hillsdale that morning, an hour or two after their departure, and learning their destination had followed them in the cars; that he had taken the liberty of informing Mrs. Morton of his arrival, and that lady had, of course, extended to him an invitation to be present at her party.

"Which invitation I accepted," provided Miss Maggie allows me to be her escort," said the young man, and again his large, blue eyes rested admiringly upon her.

Mag had anticipated a long, quiet talk with Henry Warner, and, wishing the Englishman anywhere else but there, she answered coldly: "I cannot well decline your escort, Mr. Carrolton, so of course I accept it."

Madam Conway bit her lip, but Mr. Carrolton, who was prepared for anything from Maggie Miller, was not in the least displeased, and, consulting his diamond-set watch which pointed to nearly ten, he asked if it were not time to go.

"Certainly," said Madam Conway. "You remain here, Maggie. I will bring down your shawl," and she glided from the room, leaving them purposely alone.

Mag was a good deal astonished, slightly embarrassed and a little provoked, all of which Arthur Carrolton readily saw; but this did not prevent his talking to her, and during the few minutes of Madam Conway's absence he decided that neither Margaret's beauty, nor yet her originality, had been overrated by her partial grandmother, while Mag, on her part, mentally pronounced him "the finest-looking, the most refined, the most gentlemanly, the proudest, and the best-looking man she had ever seen!"

Wholly unconscious of her cogitation, he wrapped her shawl very carefully about her, taking care to cover her white shoulders from the night air; then, offering his arm to her grandmother, he led the way to the carriage, whither she followed him, wondering if Henry would be jealous, and thinking her first act would be to tell him "how she hated Arthur Carrolton, and always should!"

It was a gay, brilliant scene which Mrs. Morton's drawing-room presented, and as yet the centre of attraction, Theo, near the door, was bowing to the many strangers who sought her acquaintance. Greatly she marvelled at the long delay of her grandmother and Maggie, and she had just suggested to Henry that he should go in quest of them, when she saw her sister ascending the stairs.

On a sofa across the room sat a pale young girl, arrayed in white, her silken curls falling around her neck like a golden shower, and her mournful eyes of blue scanning eagerly each newcomer, then with a look of disappointment drooping beneath the long lashes which rested wearily upon her colorless cheek. It was Rose Warner, and the face she sought was Maggie Miller's. She had seen no resemblance of it, yet, for Henry had no dagger-toupe. Still, she felt sure she should know her, and when at last, in all her queenly beauty, Maggie came, leaning on Arthur Carrolton's arm, Rose's heart made ready to answer to the oft-repeated question, "Who is she?"

"Beautiful, gloriously beautiful," she whispered softly, while from the grave of her buried hopes there came one wild heart-throb, one sudden burst of pain, caused by the first sight of her rival, and then Rose Warner grew calm again, and those who saw the pressure of her hand upon her side dreamed not of the fierce pang within. She had asked her brother not to tell Maggie she was to be there. She would rather watch her awhile, herself unknown; and now, with eager, curious eyes, she followed Maggie, who was quickly surrounded by a host of admirers.

It was Maggie's first introduction into society, and yet so perfect was her intuition of what was proper that neither by word or deed did she do aught to shock the most fastidious. It is true her merry laugh more than once rang out above the din of voices, but it was so joyous that no one objected, particularly when they looked in her bright and almost childish face. Arthur Carrolton, too, acting as her escort, aided her materially, for it was soon whispered around that he was a wealthy Englishman, and many were the comments made upon the handsome couple, who seemed singularly adapted to each other. A glance had convinced Arthur Carrolton that Maggie was by far the most beautiful lady present, and feeling that on this her first introduction into society she needed some one to shield her, as it were, from the many foolish, flattering speeches which were sure to be made in her hearing, he kept her at his side, where she was nothing loth to stay, for, notwithstanding that she "hated him so," there was about him a fascination she did not try to resist.

"They are a splendid couple," thought Rose, and then she looked to see how Henry was affected by the attention of the handsome stranger. But Henry was not jealous, and, standing a little aloof he felt more pleasure than pain in watching Maggie as she received the homage of the gay throng. Thoughts similar to those of Rose, however, forced themselves upon him as he saw the dignified bearing of Mr. Carrolton, and for the first time in his life he was conscious of an uncomfortable feeling of inferiority to something or somebody—he hardly knew what. This feeling, however, passed away when Maggie came at last to his side, with her winning smile, and playful words.

Very closely Madam Conway watched her now; but Maggie did not need it, and, leaning on Henry's arm, she seemed oblivious to all save him. After a time he led her out upon a side piazza, where they could be comparatively alone. Observing that she seemed a little chilly, he left her for a moment while he went in quest of her shawl. Scarcely was he gone when a slight, fairy form came flitting through the moonlight to where Maggie sat, and twining its snow-white arms around her neck, looked lovingly into her eyes, whispering soft and low, "My sister!"

To be continued.

"THE ONE THING THAT DOES ME GOOD"

At 60 Years Of Age, Gin Pills Give Me Perfect Relief"

As one begins to get along in life, the vital organs grow less active and need assistance. Men and women of 50, 60 and 70 should read the following letter very carefully. It points the way to a happy, healthy old age and long life.

E. G. WOODFORD, Consulting Mining Engineer, 29 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. 50 BROAD STREET HOUSE, LONDON.

"Bought some of your GIN PILLS at Victoria, B. C. last September. I made inquiries in New York on my arrival there but was unable to obtain any information about them. Your remedy, I find at 60 years of age, to give me perfect relief and I regret very much that you have not made arrangements to have GIN PILLS on sale in New York and London, as I urgently recommend GIN PILLS to friends of my age as being the one thing that does me good. I will be glad if you will send me a few boxes of GIN PILLS to my London address and a few to my office in New York by post if possible."



A MAN, WHOSE CHIEF ASSET IN BUSINESS, IS HEALTH.

E. G. WOODFORD, P. S. Since receiving the above letter from Mr. Woodford we have completed arrangements for supplying GIN PILLS to the British Isles.

Perhaps you are 60 years of age. Perhaps your kidneys are troubling you. Perhaps you have Pain In The Back or trouble with urinating. Do just as Mr. Woodford did—get GIN PILLS—keep a box always on hand—take them whenever you feel that the kidneys need help. You will find an occasional GIN PILL will keep you in perfect health and free from pain and discomfort. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50. Write for free sample and give GIN-PILLS a trial before you buy them. Address National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, Dept. N Toronto.

MANGA-TONE BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS build up the system and purify the blood. Ask your druggist. 50c. a box.

SPRING POETRY.

By WALT MASON.

The man who really likes to labor, whatever the tool that he employs—the hammer, trowel, pen or saber—will find this life replete with joy. But sorrow looms up, grim and bulky, to him who holds that toil is woe, whose head is sore, whose face is sulky, whose feet are twelve degrees below. The willing worker doesn't languish among the waiting unemployed; his cottage doesn't reek with anguish, his ladder knows noacking void. I hired a man to wash my surry which got all muddied in a ditch; he gave up all his time to worry 'er vice of the idle rich. He boomed away like some pipe organ denouncing this and roasting that, and throwing things at J. Pierp. Morgan and every other plutocrat. And so I fired Jim Briggs to wash my hansom, and rid it its shining wheels of dirt. With noble ire he never bristled, his soul with sorrow wasn't sour; he merely rusted, round and whistled, and cleaned the blamed rig in an hour. And old Jim Briggs is always busy, for men who want a useful hand just chase him round till they are dizzy. And hand him coin to beat the band.

SPECIAL Offer in Hard Felt Hats.

An accumulation of SAMPLES, from English and American Manufacturers, 15 different shapes Regular Prices:

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$2.80. Special Prices:

\$1.50, \$1.90.
The K&A Store. G. F. KEARNEY. J. M. ATKINSON. Phone 726

MARINE SUPT. HERE.—Mr. McAlpine, Marine Superintendent for the Black Diamond Line Co. at Sydney, accompanied by his wife, arrived by the Rosalind. The object of his visit is to look after the work of getting the ship in readiness for the Gulf of St. Lawrence route, also to arrange the schedule of sailings for the season with the agents at his end.

EXCHANGING SIGNALS.—As the s.s. Rosalind was moving up the harbor last evening her Marconi operator was in communication with that of the Florizel, exchanging signals.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills. A reliable French regulator never fails. These pills are exceedingly successful in regulating the excessive portion of the female system. Refuse cheap imitations. Dr. de Van's are sold in 25c. boxes, or three for \$1.00. Mailed to any address. The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.

NECCO!

One Cent Candies.

By S. S. Florizel, 1000 Boxes.

Hub Creams, Sweet Smokes, Baby Creams, Choc. Nut Bars, Big 6 Marbles, Lic. Drops, Acme Mixture, Cyclone Mixture, Enterprise Mixture, Jelly Beans, Bantam Eggs, Licorice Paste, Chocolate Sherbet.

Honeymoons, Circus Peanuts

By Sch. from Halifax, 200 bundles No 1 HAY.

By S. S. Rosalind, from New York. N. Y. Turkeys, N. Y. Chicken, Can. Sausages, Celery, Tomatoes, New Cabbage, Cucumbers, Carrots, Parsnips, Bananas, Wine Sap Apples, Cal. Oranges, Grape Fruit, Fresh Oysters. Your 'phone orders will have prompt and careful attention.

T. J. EDENS.

JOB PRINTING



CONVINCING

't is impossible argument in fact Sunlight Soap to convincing than a the Soap itself.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Dr. Grace Notes. Shi

Two vessels—the Studlands and the Oregon—are now on dock being repaired. Others are waiting their turn.

Dr. W. H. Parsons, who spent a couple of days of this week at St. John's, returned by last night's train, during the doctor's absence his patients were looked after by Dr. Cron.

Messrs. Chas. Ash & Sons are now adjusting the machinery in their shoe factory, which for the present is to be situated in Mackinson's block, corner of Victoria and Water Street. If we mistake not this is the same building in which the late Frank Archibald first started his boot and shoe factory. May success attend their efforts.

Mrs. Fanny Dove, widow of Mr. Robert Dove, of Stevenson's Village, passed away yesterday morning after a long illness of cancer of the stomach. Mrs. Dove was 56 years of age, was well known, and much sympathy expressed for the sorrowing relatives.

Mrs. C. F. Snelgrove and her little daughter, Clarence, are here from (calling on a visit to Mrs. S's sister, Mrs. R. Munn.

Every person in town is pleased to hear of the Southern Cross being on her way here from the Gulf with a fairly good trip of seals. The news was received yesterday by Mr. Charles Murray & Crawford's agent here. We trust the Hoodbound, too, will secure at least a saving voyage.

CORRESPONDENT. Harbor Grace, April 25, '12.

LIPTON'S ESSENCE of COFFEE

WAS THE FIRST of its kind, and FIRST in its kind



HENRY B

Wholesale and Retail Agent for

Four Reasons
1--High Quality
2--Delicate
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A trial by anyone who has previously