



You can't judge quality by size—and this applies to bread as well as to men.

YOU may have an idea because western wheat flour makes a big loaf of bread, that the quality is in keeping with the size. The largest men have not accomplished the greatest deeds.

Size is the only feature that can commend western wheat flour to any cook. And the good cook quickly discovers that quantity without quality is not worth buying.

"BEAVER" FLOUR GIVES BOTH QUALITY AND QUANTITY, because it is a blended flour. It is mostly the choicest Ontario fall wheat with sufficient Manitoba spring wheat to equalize the strength.

In "Beaver" Flour, you get the famous pastry-making qualities of Ontario wheat—you get the fine texture, the evenness and the delicious flavor of Ontario wheat—you get the nutriment of Ontario wheat—with the "strength" of Manitoba wheat which makes the dough "stand up" in the oven.

One of the big conveniences of "Beaver" Flour is the fact that it is equally good for bread and pastry—and best for both.

"Beaver" Flour is superior to any western wheat flour for any and all kinds of baking, and is the cheapest flour you can use because the most economical.

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 Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

WON AT LAST.

CHAPTER X.

(Continued.)

I do not know how long I had been pacing there; but it must have been some time, and I was positively half-asleep, when there rang out from the spire of Whittlesford Church a loud, deep toned "one." So startlingly loud did it sound on the calm night-air that it brought me back to realities at once, and for a moment I stood staring about me, wondering how on earth I came to be where I was. Here was a pretty state of things! I was wicker awake than ever and further from sleep than I was from daylight. I decided that I had been a simpleton

Exhausted Nerves Sleepless Nights

Continually Grew Worse Until Dr. Chase's Nerve Food Restored Vigor and Strength.



Mrs. Campbell.

What misery to lie awake nights and think of all sorts of things without being able to get the rest and sleep which is necessary to restore the nervous energy wasted in the tasks of the day. This symptom of sleeplessness is one of the surest indications of an exhausted nervous system. You must have sleep or a breakdown is certain. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food feeds the feeble, wasted nerves back to health and strength. In a few days you obtain the natural, restful sleep which helps so materially in restoring vitality to the nerves and strength to the whole body. Mrs. Sarah Campbell, 108 Alma street, St. Thomas, Ont., writes: "For months I was so bothered with nervousness that I could not sleep nights. There were other symptoms of exhausted nerves, but none caused so much misery, and I found myself continually getting worse. "I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and it was not long before I noticed great improvement in my health. It built up the nervous system wonderfully, strengthened the nerves and enabled me to rest and sleep well." Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c a box, for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edmanston, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

not to stay upstairs and woo Somnus under the bedclothes. I was unconsciously cross as I turned toward the house again.

To this day I can not tell what it was made me turn, while the door-handle was in my hand, and hesitate as I looked back at the great trees in the moonlight. From where I stood a broad sweep of gravel stretched away to the edge of the park, and, winding among the clumps of bushes and laurel arches, the Lady's Walk looked like a broad yellow-white ribbon. I looked at it for a moment, thinking that just as it was, with the addition, say, of a figure or so in the foreground, it would make a pretty picture, and then started more violently than I had when the clock struck one. As surely as I was standing in my slippers a figure did cross the Lady's Walk, darting suddenly out from behind a tall clump of bushes and then disappeared lower down the curving pathway!

If I had been wide awake before, I was doubly so now. The figure looked like that of a woman; but it had appeared and disappeared with such rapidity that I was by no means sure. One of the maids doing some nocturnal courting, I decided, chuckling to think what madame's scandalized horror would be if she knew it. As quickly as I could, I crossed the stretch of gravel, and stood in the Lady's Walk, peering down it. Two figures stood there close to the doorway of the little arbor I have mentioned before; but it was no maid philandering with her sweetheart. No—Mlle. Valdini and Roger Yorke!

In my astonishment I dropped my cigarette-end, and stood staring and open-mouthed. What was to be the next development? I wondered blankly, feeling inclined to pinch myself to make sure that I was not asleep without being aware of it.

Now I declare with all possible solemnity that I did not mean to listen. Of course I did not. Is it to be supposed that I, Edward Chavasse of Mount Chavasse, whose ancestors were here in England before the Conquest, all ready for the Conqueror to come over instead of merely coming with him—is it to be supposed, I say, that a person of such distinction would deliberately play eavesdropper? Certainly not—of course not. And, more than that, I did not listen—I merely overheard; and I overheard because—because I could not well get away. Just where I stood was in shadow, and I well out of sight, although I could see them plainly. Bo-

sides, gravel is a nasty noisy thing to move upon, and I by no means wanted them to turn round and catch me. Again, their voices, when they spoke, were loud, or sounded so on the still night-air, so that I could hardly avoid hearing; and, anyhow, I did want to know what on earth it all meant. So I stayed where I was.

Quick as I had been, I had missed their first greeting whatever it was, and they now stood looking at each other by the two moss-grown steps leading to the Lady's Chapel. Mademoiselle wore the same toilet which she had displayed in the evening, and over her head she had thrown a white shawl, which was hardly whiter than the thin, pale face peering out of its folds. As for Yorke, he looked as much as he had looked in the drawing-room—morose, gloomy, ill at ease. Intest sullen. So for a moment I saw them as clearly as a couple of photographed figures, standing face to face in the moonlight by the steps of the Lady's Chapel. Then there was an imperious movement of one of mademoiselle's thin white hands, and slowly, he with his eyes on the ground and she with her face raised, they came toward me. I caught her first words, sharp and impatient.

"I thought you would have been here before. I have waited an hour longer. It has struck the first hour, and you went away at ten. You did not hasten, monsieur."

"No," was the curt answer. "And why not—why not, I ask? You knew I should wait here for you. I said so."

SAVED SOUTH-WORTH'S LEG

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment Checked the Blood Poisoning.

When Blood Poisoning sets in you have to do something mighty quick—and the right thing, too. Mr. Edwin Southworth, of Comery, Alta., found to his great relief that the right thing is to use Douglas' Egyptian Liniment.

Writing of the Liniment, he says: "I prize this Liniment highly as it saved me from the loss of my leg. Four years ago I was hurt while working in the lumber camps and blood poisoning set in but was stopped by Egyptian Liniment."

Douglas' Egyptian Liniment is a sure preventive of Blood Poisoning if used promptly on cuts, burns, frostbites, or sores on man or beast. If proud flesh has already formed, festering started, or if Blood Poisoning itself has not gone too far, Douglas' Egyptian Liniment will clean out the wound, remove the unhealthy conditions, and heal, clean and quickly. 25c. at all dealers. Free sample on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

"But you did not come—why not?" "Because I would rather be fifty miles away!" Yorke retorted, suddenly wheeling round upon her as they came to a halt, and shaking off the hand which she had laid upon his arm. Mademoiselle laughed, a little low pretty ripple such as Nat might have given.

"Eh? As you wish I were, monsieur? It is not so?" "You are right. As I wish you were most heartily!"

She shrugged her shoulders. "You are polite, monsieur. Your manners were better in Paris a year ago."

"Was your position—were you the same a year ago as you are to-day?" Yorke demanded.

"Of a certainty, no. I am in your power now, Doctor Yorke. Then—"

They moved away, and the rest of the sentence I lost. Peering out from behind a leafy screen, I saw them again standing by the steps of Lady's Chapel, Roger still with a downcast brooding face of gloomy anger, mademoiselle talking eagerly, appealingly. But, although I listened intently, not a word could I catch. Presently they moved up the walk again, and again stopped at the spot where they had first halted. Mademoiselle was speaking rapidly and bitterly, and constantly gesticulating.

"You ask why I did not come here? Need you ask—you? Think you that it is more to me, this Chavasse—this hateful place—than any other? Think you I came because of you, Roger Yorke? I had forgotten you—you belonged to a year ago. I will not have what you do call sentimental memories! I must live—I must have bread—I must earn it; and for me there is but one way. Will you strike it from my hand? Will you say, Go back—starve—you, the only man in all this England who can do it?"

Yorke seemed about to speak. She checked him by clasping his arm yet more firmly, and hurried on, vehemently.

"What difference makes it to you that I am here—what difference if I stay? Say you go to madame—you tell her what you know of me. I go. What then? You are silent, and I stay—still what then? It matters not to you what you call the turning of straws. Why you say you must betray me—eh? I have suffered—I! You know that, Roger Yorke."

"That you should choose this place of all others!" Yorke broke out, impatiently.

Again she interrupted him. "But I tell you that I did not choose non ami—I did not. Why did I come here? I saw madame's advertisement and it suited me—I suited it. I am here. I tell you that my past is dead. Eh? Did you not see it die? I shall teach the little pretty demoielle. I am Lucille Valdini. What would you more? And you will betray me!"

She uttered these broken, incoherent sentences with passionate rapidity and vehemence. Something in them touched me, I must own, although I was in a labyrinth of perplexity, and could not for the life of me make out what it was all about. Something in them touched Yorke too; it seemed, for he moved away from her abruptly with his hands clasped behind him—his habit of his when he was perplexed. She followed him, and I lost some further sentences. Presently, after a shorter time than it seemed, I dare say, they moved back again, standing closer to me this time than they had stood yet. Roger was speaking doubtfully and moodily, glancing roomily at the eager fallow face and teen dark eyes which shone from the setting of the white shawl.

"Yes, there's something in what you urge," he said—"I'll admit it. Things have been rough for you—there's no denying that. But for my remembering that, I believe I should have spoken out this evening before madame and them all. As it is—"

(To be continued.)

More Light.

Our new 40 candle power lamp can supply more light at less cost than any other system of Artificial lighting. This lamp is especially designed for use with our new ten-cent Slot Meter. Drop ten cents in the slot, and the lamp will run for 32 hours, giving a light of 40 candle power. Call and get full particulars of our "Special Pricing" Slot Meter proposition, or phone 97.

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9466.—A PRACTICAL APRON.



A useful apron of generous household size designed to protect the entire dress. The back is held in position by a strap of material that is buttoned to the front at the waistline. A pocket is a useful addition that will be appreciated by the wearer, although it may be omitted if desired. Anderson Gingham, Denim, Holland and cambric are all suitable for the making, and finishing braid or narrow edging may be used for trimming. The Medium size requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

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Ladies Corset Cover and Drawers Combined.

Lawn, nainsook, dimity, crepe, crossbar muslin, or silk may be used for this design. It may be finished with a square or round neck edge. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 34, 36 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 38 inch size.

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Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below.

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon carefully filled out. The pattern cannot reach you in less than 15 days. Price 10c. each, in cash, postal note or stamps. Address: Telegram Pattern Department.

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