

# "BEAVER" FLOUR

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Bread Flour  
and a  
Pastry Flour



The perfect flour is the one that combines the good qualities of Ontario and Western wheat. This is exactly what "Beaver" Flour does. It is a blend of best Ontario fall wheat with a little Western wheat to add strength. "Beaver" Flour is equally good for Bread and Pastry—it has the real home made flavor that western flours lack. Ask your grocer.

THE T. E. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, CHATHAM, Ont.  
R. G. Ash & Co., St. John's, Sole Agents in Newfoundland, will be pleased to quote prices.

## Love a Conqueror!

### OR— WEDDED AT LAST.

CHAPTER XXXVI.  
"And to-night you will go straight to bed and try to sleep?"  
"Are those my darling's orders?"  
"They are my entreaties, Guy. I cannot bear that look of unrest and suffering on your face."  
"It will not be there long, Shirley. Do you ever think of the sadness of your own, dear? It is the saddest, loveliest little face in all the world. And now—he drew her closer to his breast, and, as she stood, she could feel his heart throbbing against her shoulder—"I must say good-night my darling."

"Good-night, Guy. You have not given me your promise yet."  
"What promise, sweet?" he said, his eyes lingering over the earnest face as if they could not tear themselves from it.

"That you will have a good night's rest."

"That I will do my best to obtain one?" he corrected, smiling. "Yes."  
"And that you will try to forget all the trouble of the past, Guy, and to think only of the mercy which has been over us all through it all."

"Our darkness but the shadow of His wings," he quoted softly. "Ah, darling child, how often that line helped me through all this troubled time!"

His face was beautiful now with the sudden light which came into his deep gray eyes as they looked into hers, and Shirley's sweet pale lips parted into a little smile.

"I often forgot it," she whispered. "But I know you never did, Guy. And now good-night."

She unclasped her hands suddenly and released him; but Guy held her firmly and tenderly.

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know myself sometimes! It is all so strange and unreal! How was it that they acquitted me to-day, Fairholme? How was it? I don't know!"

"There was no proof against you, old fellow. Don't talk of it, Guy," Oswald answered gently and gravely. "How could they bring you in guilty of a crime that you never committed?"

"They acquitted me because there was not sufficient evidence against me," Guy answered, with a deepening of the pain and shadow in his arm chair by the fire, to sit there me guilty—I saw and felt that. In the eyes of hundreds there is no more guilty man in England than myself."  
"All those who know you, Guy, have not doubted you for a moment. You have not forgotten the testimony your friends and brother officers bore for you to-day?"

"That was more esprit de corps than real belief in my innocence," Guy said earnestly and passionately. "They were concerned about the disgrace which would fall upon the regiment if I were convicted."

"You no longer belong to it."  
"Ah, but I did belong to it!" Guy said quickly. "Fairholme I tell you my life is blighted and dishonored. Never more can I walk among my fellow men save with the brand of a cowardly murderer, one who deceived a defenceless man to take a lonely walk and murdered him in revenge for a wrong done years ago. Ah, if I had killed him then in my first passion, they would have excused it! But to wait—to feign friendship and—"

"Stuart, for Heaven's sake, cease! You are feverish and excited and overdone. In the morning," Oswald added earnestly, "you will see all this in a different and a truer light."

"Shall I?" Guy said wearily. "At no, old friend! My eyes are open now. That poor child saw it too. Shirley understood that I— But I promised her to try to sleep," he added. "And you are tired, Oswald. I want to keep you up."

"You promised Shirley?" Captain Fairholme said gladly. "That is good news, Guy, because you will keep your word."

"If I can," Guy answered, smiling faintly. "What a trouble I have seen to you, Oswald—almost ever since we met! Good-night, dear fellow."

Their hands met in a long clasp expressive of earnest friendship and good-will and kindness; and Oswald left Guy at the door of his room to go to his own, almost too anxious to sleep, fatigued and worn out though he was.

And, in his own room, lighted by the fire and lamp, Guy Stuart threw himself into an arm chair and bowed his head upon his hands, and sat there while the hours passed and the light wore on, sleepless, restless, fevered; anon rising and pacing the room with quick steps, then throwing himself upon the bed to try to keep his promise to Shirley, then rising once more and going back to his bed, "not because they did not think tiring with wide, weary eyes into the dying glow, only to rise again and resume his perambulations."

He could not rest; his brain was throbbing and excited, his eyes were tearless and burning. An intense weariness was upon him; but it was weariness which repose could not lessen. He was weakened by anxiety and confinement; the strain had been too great even for such a powerful man as his. For nights and nights

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he had not slept in prison. It was not his own fate which had troubled him; it was Shirley who had filled his thoughts; that her sorrow and anguish should be made public, that the love which he had buried so deep in his heart should be brought to light again, had tortured him with an intensity of suffering which had worn out both body and mind.

And now, though the ordeal was over, the suffering remained. Although he had been pronounced guiltless, the shadow of evil had fallen upon him, foul suspicion rested upon him; he was blighted, dishonored, shamed! He felt to the depths of his soul how true Shirley's shrinking from him had been—that she was right when she told him that they ought not to meet again, that, if they married now, the evidence against him would be infinitely stronger, the suspicion of his guilt infinitely darker.

And yet it was very hard, bitterly, unspeakably hard that they should suffer so intensely when they were innocent of all wrong!

The fire died out unheeded, the night hours wore on, but no rest came to the burning eyes and throbbing brain. Guy Stuart sat and thought and thought until thought became an unmeaning chaos, and his brain grew confused and bewildered.

Chilly as the night was, he felt stifled in the room; he went to the window, staggering slightly as he walked—for he was weaker than he was aware—and throwing it open, gazed out into the night air, looking with blind unseeing eyes at the silent, deserted street, where the gas-lamps were flickering somewhat in the wind which had risen during the last hour. Resting heavily against the window frame, Guy Stuart let the soft breeze blow upon his burning brow, and cool his aching eyes. He remained there some few minutes, the reaction after his intense excitement creeping over him slowly.

As he stood, a man passing by in the street glanced up at the window and went swiftly on his way; but Guy staggered back with a hoarse cry of terror and pain, pressing his hands to his eyes, as if to shut out some horrible vision, and shaking with a fear which was new and strange to him. When, a minute later, he glanced out again, there was no one in sight; and he went back to the fire with the wild, troubled look deepening in his eyes.

"Is my brain going?" he murmured, half aloud. "Am I going mad? It was of course a delusion of the brain; but—"

(To be Continued.)

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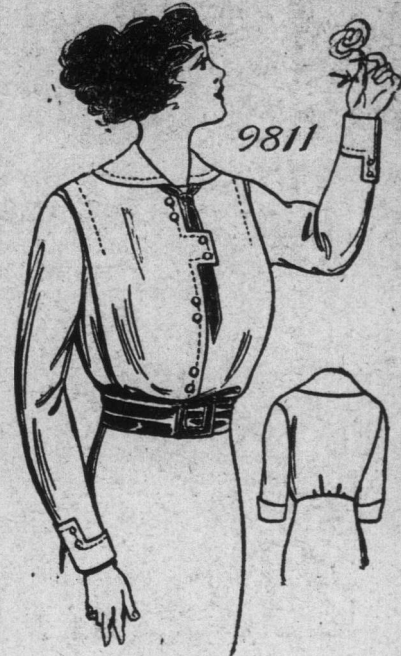
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A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

9788—A NEAT FROCK FOR THE "LITTLE MISS."



Girls' Dress.

Blue serge was used for this design, with trimming of black soutache braid on tan colored serge to form a contrast for chemisette, collar, cuffs and belt. The closing is in front—a practical feature. The model is good for cashmere, checked or plaid cottons and woolsens, for velvet, galatea, gingham, or percale. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 10 year size.

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(To be Continued.)

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