

## When you buy Bovril

you can be sure you are getting the product of a genuine all-British, and always British Company.

# BOVRIL always has been BRITISH

and consequently there has been no need to make any change in the constitution or directorate of the Company SINCE THE OUTBREAK OF THE WAR.

The following complete list of the Directors of Bovril, Limited, since the formation of the Company, affords the best guarantee of the entire absence of any alien influence or control:—

The Right Hon. Lord Playfair, G.C.B., LL.B.  
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The Right Hon. the Earl of Bessborough, C.V.O., C.B.  
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William E. Lawson Johnston.  
Douglas Walker.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Arran, K.P.  
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Prince Francis of Teck.  
The Right Hon. the Earl of Erroll, K.T., C.B.

## Insist on having Bovril

BRITISH TO THE BACKBONE.

## Love in a Flour Mill,

OR,

## The Romance of Two Loyal Hearts!

CHAPTER XXI.

He piled up some of the packing cases, took up the spade, and, mounting on the impromptu platform, forced the remainder of the shutter open. He had no sooner done so than the packing-cases collapsed, and he came down with a run; the spade fell from his hand and dropped on one side of the stone slabs.

"Oh! are you hurt?" exclaimed Evelyn, as he disentangled himself from the ruins of his impromptu platform, and rose, covered with dust.

"Not in the very least," he replied, with a laugh; "but I've kicked up a fearful dust. There! you can see the carving now."

They stood close together gazing at it; but in a moment or two his eyes wandered to her face.

"It is very beautiful," said Evelyn. As he did not respond with his usual promptitude she turned her eyes to him and met his fixed regard; there was something in it which brought the colour to her face and caused her to move away from him slightly. Vane, too, coloured, and seemed to wake from a momentary obsession.

"Yes—er—very!" he stammered. "You must take your tracing," she said, speaking quickly, as if she were fighting against a little embarrassment.

"Thank you; I will," he said. "I'll send up to London for some heebore."

"What is that?" she asked.

"Oh, it's a mixture of charcoal and grease in a dry lump. You put the

brown paper on the carving and rub it with the heebore, and so get your impression. I'll show you how it's done when I get the things down—that is, if you care to see it."

"Oh, I should—very much," she said. "By the way, you may as well take the key; so that you can come when you like. Now we will go and have some tea."

"And a wash," he said laughingly, holding out his hand.

He opened the outer door for her, then, with the sense of orderliness which was largely developed in him as it is in all men who have to do with ships, he went back, picked up the broken packing cases, and stacked them in the corner. He happened to drop the spade, and as it fell on the slab of stone—the same on which it had first fallen—he was struck by the hollow sound which it caused. Mechanically he struck the slab again, and those surrounding it, and was convinced that the piece of pavement with which the spade had first come in contact gave out a sound unlike any of the others—a hollow sound, as if there were a cavity beneath the stone. However, the fact did not impress him as curious or even interesting; he pitched the spade into the corner amongst the boxes and rejoined Evelyn outside.

CHAPTER XXII.

Three weeks later than the day on which Harry Vane and Evelyn Desborough had met in Thorden Spinney, the Hawk, with all her white wings spread, was making for the tiny port of Monaco. Ronald stood on the deck leaning against a mast, his arms folded, his eyes resting on perhaps the fairest scene ever imagined by mortal mind—a scene beautiful enough, one would think, to stir the blood in the coldest of men; for the Hawk was rising and dipping in the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and before her stretched the famous coast-

line of the Riviera.

It was winter; but the sun shone with the brightness, the warmth, well-nigh the fierceness, of summer, intensifying the brilliant colours of the one spot in Europe in which colour is supreme. Nowhere does green so closely resemble the emerald, is blue so like the sapphire; nowhere is white so pure, so startling, as it is in the Riviera. It is a land of enchantment, of almost unreal beauty; indeed, when, in despair, one seeks for a comparison by which to estimate it, one is driven to turn to the theatre and to recall some cunning scene of fairyland painted by a master hand; and, gazing from a vessel approaching the shore, one is inclined to fear that the exquisite vision of earthly loveliness will suddenly fade before one's eyes, as do the dreamlands which it resembles. But, though it was the first time Ronald had seen the marvellous view, shimmering and glittering in the sunlight which bathed land and sea with gold, it aroused no enthusiasm in his breast and set no pulse tingling. He regarded it with a gloomy eye, with a countenance unchanged in its moody and brooding expression. A year ago he would have sighted that fairyland with keen anticipations of pleasure; for there, within sight, was Monte Carlo, the charming, the mystic, the wicked winter-garden and playground of the fashionable world to which he had belonged. But a great change had come over Ronald—a change which had really commenced, though he was unconscious of the fact, the night he had seen Cara at the mill on the moor; the influence which she had all unwittingly put forth then had become intensified on the little Sicilian island, and the loss of her, his failure to recover her, had transformed him into a man possessed by one idea, one stern, overmastering resolution. As men seek wealth with fevered eagerness, toil in pursuit of an ambition, strain after knowledge, so Ronald, the once careless, light-hearted Ronald, sought Cara. The stolen treasure might be said to be a part of his quest; but in truth he rarely ever thought of it. It was Cara, the girl who had whispered the confession of her love on his breast, whose kisses he still felt, in the silent watches of the night, on his lips—it was the woman whom he loved with all his heart and soul that he wanted, with a longing growing more fierce with every day that mocked his search.

He had refused to accompany Vane to England, and eagerly accepted the loan of the yacht, and had laid the flattering unction to his soul that, before many days, perhaps hours, should elapse, he would find her, claim her for his wife, and carry her beyond the influence of the man who called himself her father, but who treated her as a slave and a prisoner; but the days had slipped into weeks, the weeks into months, and he was still seeking her.

There had been no clue upon which he could seize; she had disappeared, been carried off, as mysteriously as if she had been spirited into the air. He had searched the islands, Sicily, the mainland; but no trace of her could be found; and there was nothing to help him, not even conjecture, for Lemuel Raven might have taken her inland to some, out-of-the-way part of Europe or he might have carried her and the stolen treasure across the sea.

The iron had entered Ronald's heart; and he was changed in appearance as well, as mentally and spiritually; he had become thin and careworn, the devil-may-care expression which had laughed in his eyes had given place to a stern and sombre one; he spoke but seldom, and spent most of his time pacing the deck, shut up in his cabin when on board the yacht, or roaming about on shore, always inquiring, always seeking, with a dogged persistence, a sullen impatience, a passionate intensity, which made him an absolute slave to the one idea.

He was putting in now at Monaco, not because he had any desire to land on the fairy shores, but because the yacht wanted provisioning; and, when the captain asked if he were going ashore, he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head indifferently. It was not likely that he should find Cara there; to-morrow he would sail—where?

The yacht came to anchor, and he was listlessly watching the men lowering a boat, when Smithers approached him. If Ronald had had a bad time, so also had Smithers; for the faithful soul was compelled to look on at the unhappiness which had transformed his master without being able to help him. Smithers was in the dark as regards the actual cause of Ronald's trouble; but he had overheard certain snatches of conversation between Vane and Ronald which had enabled him to glean that the latter was seeking something even more precious to him than the stolen treasure; and though Smithers, with his Cockney shrewdness, was too wise to irritate Ronald with overt sympathy, he watched over his master with silent and unobtrusive anxiety, quite prepared, when the moment arrived, to stand by him and render devoted assistance in any enterprise.

Smithers had laid aside his tin whistle, his funny stories had apparently dried up, and he himself, to his amazement, was growing grave, thoughtful, and preoccupied.

"Not going ashore, sir?" he said, with a respectful solicitude. "Stunning kind o' place, sir—like a scene at a theatre; I've been expectin' to see fairies let down by wires out of the sky, like you see in the pantomime. But p'raps it ain't so beautiful when you get amongst it."

Ronald raised his moody eyes from the deck and looked at Smithers absently.

"No; I'll stay aboard," he said. "You can take leave, Smithers; go and see for yourself whether it is real or not."

"Thank you, sir," said Smithers, saluting, "but I've got another engagement. Thinkin' you were goin' ashore I made up my mind to enjoy myself 'avin' a reg'lar turn out of the saloon; it wants it bad enough, and me and Tom, in company with a flannel and a piece o' soap, meant 'avin' a reg'lar beano, a kind o' spring clean. You see, sir, we thought as you'd be certain to spend a day or two here, an' it would be a good opportunity for us. It's a pity to lose such a chance, as the old maid said when the blind gentleman proposed to her."

Ronald regarded his irrepressible follower with the shadow of a smile. (To be continued.)

Suit-coat sleeves have a lot of fullness at the elbow.

The tiered skirts are showing the new drooping spangles.

## "It's a Sad Heart That Never Rejoiceth."

# Annual Xmas Menu

## ELLIS & CO., Ltd.,

Family Grocers & Wine Merchants, 203 Water Street.

- Dubonnet.
- Manhattan and Martini Cocktails.
- Russian Caviare.
- Fresh Oysters. Shrimps.
- Lobsters in Aspic. Prawns in Aspic.
- Hors D'Oeuvres.
- Royans a la Bordelaise.
- Fresh Salmon. Norwegian Anchovies. Fresh Cod. Chicken Breasts.
- Luxette. Norwegian Lax.
- Terrines Pate de foie Gras Truffled.
- Alouette and Caille au Perigord.
- Real Turtle Meat and Real Turtle Extract.
- Lusty's Choice Soups.
- Partridge. Pheasants.
- Red Currant Jelly.
- Irish Hams. Irish Bacon.
- Paysandu Ox Tongues. Ayrshire Bacon.
- Turkeys. Cranberry Sauce.
- New York Sausages. Scotch Beef Ham.
- Chicken. Ducks.
- Plain and Stuffed Olives.
- Geese. Champignons.
- French Truffles.
- Sweet Potatoes. Brussels Sprouts. Cauliflowers.
- Haricot Verts Extra.
- Fresh Tomatoes. Eng. Garden Peas.
- Peeled Asparagus and Tips.
- Plum Pudding. Apple Pudding. Tart Fruits in Glass.
- Mince Meat. Custard Powders.
- Bartlett Pears. Pineapples.
- Cherries in Creme de Menthe.
- Grape Fruit. Maraschino Cherries.
- Fruit Salad in Glass. Pineapple in Maraschino.
- Peaches and Pears in Brandy.
- Purple and Green Grapes.
- Desert Apples. Bananas.
- California Oranges. Tangerines.
- Crystallized Ginger and Crystallized Coconut.
- Crystallized Ass'd. Fruits. Macedoine of Fruit in Jelly.
- Crystallized Cherries, Pears, Apricots, Greenpeas.
- Canton Ginger. Imperial Fr. Plums.
- Elvas Plums. Tunis Dates.
- Filled Turkish Figs. Filled Dates. Almond Paste.
- Blanched, Salted and Jordan Almonds.
- Naples Walnuts. Brazil Walnuts. Chestnuts. Hazel Nuts.
- Silton Cheese. Gorgonzola Cheese.
- English Cheddar Prize Cheese.
- McLarren's Cheese. Ingersol Cheese. St. Ivel Cheese.
- Mocha and Java Coffee. India, Ceylon Teas.



## Celebrated Confectionery

## Wines, Spirits & Liqueurs

- Convido Port. Newman's Old Port.
- Dry Sack Sherry. Don Carlos Sherry.
- Madeira. Marsala. Vintage Claret.
- Met & Chandon Champagne. 1904 and 1906.
- Pommery & Greno. G. H. Mumm Extra Dry.
- Krug, Extra Quality Extra Dry.
- Beane. Pommard. Chablis.
- Sauterne. Sparkling Burgandy.
- Sparkling and Still Burgies.
- Sparkling and Still Moselles.
- Grand Margier Cordon Rouge.
- Creme de Cocoa Chouva. Russian Kummel.
- Cherry Brandy. Creme de Menthe. Maraschino.
- Orange Curacao. D. O. M. Benedictine.
- Cherry Whisky. Apricot Brandy.
- Green and Yellow Chartreuse.
- Blackberry Brandy.
- Italian and French Vermouth.
- Anisette, Extra Dry. Absinthe.
- Koosh Bitters. Angostura Bitters.
- Sloe Gin—"Peeled". Kirchenwasser.
- Martell's & Hennessy's Brandies.
- 20 Year Old Liqueur Brandy.
- 20 Year Old Medicinal Brandy.
- Ellis' Old Scotch Whisky.
- E. C. Liqueur Whisky.
- Walker's Canadian Rye.
- Johnnie Walker's Whisky. Black Label.
- Plymouth, Old Tom, and London Dry Gin.
- Schweppe's Mineral Waters.
- "Perrier", the Champagne of Table Waters.
- Tennent's Lager Beer. Bass's Beers.

## CIGARS & CIGARETTES

- "Callito Lopez". Havana Cigars.
- Flor Fina.
- Panctelas Extra. Eminentes and Invincibles.
- Regalia Reina Fina. Belvederes.
- "La Sabrosa" Jamaica Cigars.
- Governors—Conchas Especiales.
- H. L. Savory's Egyptian, Turkish and Russian Cigarettes.

A Merry Xmas to All.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1504—A UNIQUE AND ATTRACTIVE COMBINATION GARMET



Ladies' Combination Camisole and Envelope Skirt Drawers.

This style produces a comfortable and pleasing undergarment, suitable for cambric, lawn, batiste, muslin, crepe or silk. The free edges may be trimmed with lace, or embroidery. The pattern is cut in 3 Sizes: Small, Medium, and Large, and requires 3 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

1506—A NEAT 'COVER ALL' APRON



Ladies' "Middy Apron" To be Slipped over the Head, or Closed at the Back.

Dotted percale, with trimming of white linene is here shown. This style is also nice for gingham, jean, chambray, lawn, saten, or alpaca. It is cut in kimono style, and low at the throat, where it may be finished with or without a collar, in sailor style. A generous pocket is added to the front, and the short loose sleeve is cool and comfortable. The fulness at the waist may be free or held in place by a belt. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 5 yards of 36 inch material for a Medium size.

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

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full: .....

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N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days.

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Finest Quality P. E. I. BUTTER in 30 lb. tubs.

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