

## Please The Children

by making bread that appeals to their taste as well as giving nourishment to their system. Ask the average child which it prefers, bread or cake, and it will invariably answer, "Cake". That is because the bread is not as tasty as it might be. It lacks that delicate, sweet, appealing flavor that children relish so heartily, and that is just as easy to provide as the nourishing properties.



## "Beaver" Flour

is the stand-by of every thinking mother and housewife. You need not be a brilliant cook in order to get good results with this carefully balanced blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. You don't have to bother about one kind of flour for bread, and another for pastry. "BEAVER FLOUR" provides the ideal qualities for both—the gluten, or nourishment, of the Manitoba wheat, and the lighter properties of the Ontario wheat that go to make bread white and sweet and pastry crisp and flaky.

"BEAVER FLOUR" makes more loaves  
**R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Nfld., will be pleased to quote prices.**

to the barrel than any other. It gives the best results in bread, pies and cakes because it adds appearance and flavor to the merit of nourishment.

Don't take anybody's word for it. Try "BEAVER FLOUR" yourself and convince yourself that good baking is easier than you thought it was.

**OF ALL RELIABLE GROCERS.**

DEALERS—Write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals.

**THE T. H. TAYLOR CO. LIMITED, Chatham, Ont.**

## "Tell Him I Loathe Him."

CHAPTER XIV.  
**ANOTHER HEART DECEIVED.**  
 "It is a story that I scarcely know how to begin, Bebe," he said, endeavoring to clear his throat of the emotion that seemed to cling there chokingly. "But let me tell it as quickly as I can, avoiding details. Chapman's family consisted of a brother and himself. They were as devoted as the remnants of a family usually are, but—oh, of what use is it to tell you all

There was a heavenly smile upon her face as she kissed him good night and went as swiftly as her eternal darkness would allow from the room. Lansing remained there in the library alone, fighting out a battle that he had fought a thousand times before. It was not until late the following day that Chapman sought him there. The handsome face was more haggard and drawn than Lansing ever remem-

bered? Harold Childs, the brother of the man you know as Chapman, was hanged for murder!"  
 He paused, but being answered by only a heavy shudder, he continued hoarsely:  
 "Eric Childs, otherwise Edwin Chapman, was believed to have been an accomplice, was arrested and tried, but there was not sufficient evidence to convict him; still every one believed him to be guilty, and he—"

"He was not—he was not!" cried Bebe passionately, lifting herself and seeming to rip the veil from her sightless eyes. "He is incapable of that! He is incapable, I tell you! He is too noble, too good! Oh, father, surely I need not tell you this. You do not believe him guilty?"  
 "No, dear, no, no!" returned Lansing with painful nervousness. "I do not; but others did, and for that reason he was hanged. He was like a leper cast out of the gates of the city. People feared to trust him, and then at last in desperation he changed his name. He determined that he would lose himself to the world, that he would make it forget the scourge that clung to him. He lived his life for a few fatal months, and then, Bebe, he met a woman whom he fancied he loved. He won her heart or its semblance. One day she discovered his deception. She could not forgive him, Bebe, but sent him from her with expressions of loathing. He believed that not even that had the power to kill his love, and nursed the affection in his heart, refusing to believe that it had wandered elsewhere. Bebe, he probed his own secret to-night! He found that in the new life that had come to him, that the old days were dead, and in the coffin lay the ashes of that other love."

She slipped to her knees, and stretching her arms across his lap hid her face upon them.  
 "What showed him the truth?" she whispered, her voice smothered from its confinement.  
 "You know better than I!" he answered, a tear falling upon the golden head, where the thickness of the hair prevented her from feeling it. "You know the scene that occurred here, that told Edwin Chapman in what direction his heart had wandered. Little one, next to you, next to your happiness, I desire that of Edwin Chapman. I love him as though he were my own son."

Suddenly she lifted herself, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately upon the lips.  
 "Dear, darling!" she whispered (there is no one in all this world so good, so true as you. If I could love you more than I have, I do now.)  
 He bit his lip hard to force back their groan.  
 "And your answer to Chapman?" he asked huskily.  
 "My answer to what, papa?" she asked, concealing her happy, flushed face upon his shoulder.  
 "Can you forget the past?" cried Lansing, with more passion than he might have shown had his pleading been for himself. "Can you cease to remember that there ever was a time when he fancied he loved another? But understanding all that, knowing the life that he has lived, are you willing to become his wife? What do I tell him, my darling?"  
 She lifted her sweet, glowing face and caught both his hands in hers.  
 "Tell him that I am the happiest girl in the world!" she answered, by voice tremulous from the sweetest of the heart's emotions. "Tell him that I will try through all the years of my life to make him forget what he has

suffered. Tell him that I will try to make him adore the sex that he must despise because of the weakness of one woman's love. Tell him that the bitterness of his past has given me a new heart, filled with loving sympathy, that, in addition to the old one, is all his own!"  
 There was a long silence between them, during which time Lansing held her so closely to his heart that she could have counted its mad throbbing.  
 "You must go now, my little one," he said at last, putting her from him. "You have made me very happy. There is just one thing more, dear. If you want to show Edwin your love, do not let him speak to you of my life to make him forget what he has suffered. Tell him that you want him to forget it, that your father has told you all. You will do that, Bebe?"  
 "I will. Good night, dear father. I did not think when I sat up to-night to wait for you that I should go to bed so happy a girl. Yet there was a time to-night when I think death would have been a pleasant relief to me."  
 There were great lines beneath the eyes that told of sleepless agony, and a groan arose from Lansing's heart as he wrung the burning hand.  
 "What did she say?" asked Chapman hoarsely, anxious for, yet shrinking from, the answer.  
 "She said," replied Lansing, endeavoring to steady his shaking voice: "Tell him that I will try through all the years of my life to make him forget what he has suffered. Tell him that I will try to make him adore a sex that he must now despise, because of the weakness of one woman's love. Tell him that the bitterness of his past has given me a new heart, filled with loving sympathy, that, in addition to the old one, is all his own."

## Boy Had Fits For 6 Years

Druggist advised DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD—Cure complete and lasting.  
 Mrs. J. D. Palmer, 38 Park St., Amsterdam, N. Y., writes: "When six years of age my boy began to have fits. They came on in the night. He would make strange noises, stiffen out, froth at mouth, face would twitch and some times turned purple. After the fit he could not talk.  
 "The family physician said all he could do was to keep them down some what. The second physician pronounced trouble Jeffersonian epilepsy, but could not cure him. He suffered for six years and before beginning the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food had three fits in about five days. Our druggist recommended Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food. He has taken seven boxes and has not had the symptom of a fit since. His color has greatly improved; he is not nervous and irritable like he used to be and we consider his cure complete."  
 Such results are only obtained by the use of the genuine Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food—not from imitations or substitutes. 50 cents a box, all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Do You Know What This Trade-Mark Stands For?



It stands for the best, the purest, the most wonderful flesh and strength-producing preparation in the world.

It is your protection against fraud, imitations and hundreds of cheap, worthless substitutes.

It is known the world over as the trade-mark of the original and standard preparation of Cod Liver Oil.

## Scott's Emulsion

For low vitality, thin blood, loss of flesh, stubborn coughs, lung and chest troubles, Scott's Emulsion has been for more than thirty-five years the standard remedy.

Be sure this Trade-Mark is on the wrapper.

THE FINEST STIMULANT is the Rich, Old Nourishing Brandy, labelled thus.

**HINE'S Three Star BRANDY**  
 Guaranteed Twenty Years Old  
 T. Hine & Co. are the holders of the oldest vintage brandies in Cognac  
 D. O. ROBLIN, of Toronto, Sole Canadian Agent  
 JOHN JACKSON, RESIDENT AGENT.

## PIANOS and ORGANS.

High Grades. Easy Prices.

All Guaranteed. No better in the market. Stocks always on hand.

THE WHITE PIANO and ORGAN STORE.

## CHESLEY WOODS.

## 'RAMBLER BOOT,' FOR MEN. Price: \$2.50.



The whole make up of the "Rambler Boot," in upper stock and sole stock, together with solid inner soles, best drill linings, fast black eyelets and other first-class findings makes it the equal of any \$3.50 Boot.

All reliable dealers sell the "Rambler." Ask for Wholesale Prices. All styles, all shapes. Retail at

**\$2.50.**

**PARKER & MONROE, LTD.**

## Amatite Roofing!

The New Roofing THAT WILL NEVER need Painting.  
 AMATITE costs no more than Roofing that needs continual coating.  
 AMATITE gives 100 per cent. more value than any of the so-called "Rubber" or "Gum" Roofs.  
 If you want the best value in Roofing ask your Merchant for AMATITE and take no other.

Send to us for Samples and Literature.

**COLIN CAMPBELL, Wholesale Agent.**

**JOHN MAUNDER, Tailor & Clothier, 281-283 Duckworth St**

LATEST Style and Workmanship guaranteed. Our Ladies' Department is now stocked with the LATEST shades in Costume Cloths. This department is superintended



BY A CUTTER OF MANY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

The Latest English, French & American Designs.

## Telegram Ads. Pay