

Madam-It's Got to be Blended or You Can't Use it for Pastry as Well as for Bread



"BEAVER" FLOUR

is sold for what it is—a scientifically blended flour—the original blended flour—pure, honest, reliable.

Don't bother with two kinds of flour—don't put up with heavy pastry, or flavorless bread.

Order "Beaver" Flour—at your grocer's.

Dealers—write us for prices on Feed, Coarse Grains and Cereals. THE T. E. TAYLOR CO., LIMITED, - CHATHAM, Ont.

All this talk about western wheat flours being "pastry" flours, is just plain talk. Anyone, who knows anything about wheat, knows that western wheat flour cannot, will not and does not, make as good pastry as "BEAVER" FLOUR.

Any flour, which is said to be western wheat flour, and makes extra good pies and cake, will be found to be blended like "Beaver" Flour—whether it is sold as such or not.

A blended flour like "BEAVER" FLOUR is the only one that is equally good for bread and pastry. You will understand WHY.

Manitoba wheat has what the bakers call strength. It makes a big loaf of bread; but the bread is spongy or full of holes and lacks flavor.

Ontario wheat, blended with spring wheat, makes the ideal bread and pastry flour. By combining the two in just the right proportions, we have "Beaver" Flour—a flour that makes the real home-made bread and delicious light pastry.

In cities such as Toronto, where bakers have tried a blended flour, it was found that although a smaller appearing loaf was the result, the people refused the Manitoba flour bread in favor of it—and there is now no other flour used.

The personal note was so true, so natural.

But she did not smile; instead, she shivered slightly as Lillian came up to her and nestled closely against her.

"Dr. Harlowe says my nerves are all shaken. He gave me some anodyne. It made me sleep a little, but—I am not a bit better. Just feel how cold my hands are."

The cold that she complained of passed into Elizabeth's heart, and a sense of absolute hopelessness pressed upon her. How was it possible to execute her task in such circumstances? How expect this trembling, self-concentrated little creature to stand forward and share with her in what would come?

Unconsciously she fell back into her old ways, and ministered to Lillian.

She led the girl back to the chair and pinned up all that mass of fair hair.

"You must not agitate yourself," she said. "Remember, it is not you who are ill, but Henry, and he will have need of you."

Lady Garland shivered. "I cannot go to him, Beth," she said. "I looked into his room just now, and oh, oh! it was dreadful. There is a nurse there already, and Henry is lying so stiffly and straightly in bed, just like an image. They have strapped him up, and will not let him move! Just fancy! I do think it is awfully unlucky! I thought I was going to have such a lovely time! And now Dr. Harlowe says we shall have to stay here for weeks and weeks! I don't know what I shall do with myself."

Elizabeth had drawn back, and had sat down in a chair a little way from her sister. Her eyes travelled with hardly conscious pleasure over the charming room. It was dainty and fresh, a typical old-world apartment.

In her imagination, Elizabeth could see some delicately-faced, picturesque-robed figure moving on the polished floor and standing amid the old-fashioned furniture. Lillian made a modern note, pretty, yet unsympathetic.

Elizabeth came back to the reality of things again as her sister went on speaking.

"Of course I am very sorry for Henry," she said, fretfully, "and I was very good to him, too. You should ask Charles, the groom. Why, I held Henry in my arms quite a long time, although I really thought he was dying!"

There was a prolonged pause. All at once Lillian turned and looked at her sister.

"Did somebody send you a telegram?" she asked.

Elizabeth grew a shade paler as she shook her head.

Lady Garland twisted herself in the chair.

"Then how did you know?" she asked. "Why—why did you come?" And then Lil gave a little start, and her cheeks became scarlet. She clinched her little hands together.

"I hope," she said, and her voice was hard. "I hope you have not come to worry me about anything else, Beth, I am sure I am not in a condition to hear anything annoying."

Elizabeth arose.

"Why do you anticipate anything annoying?" she asked in a very low voice.

She left her seat and walked to the window, where she faced Lillian.

Lady Garland tossed herself about.

"I know you so well," she said, fretfully; "I can see by your face that you have something disagreeable to say—that—that something has gone wrong, or why should you come here? Of course I thought at first that Henry had asked them to send for you."

Elizabeth stood and looked out over the sunlit gardens. Away in the distance some

The choicest cocoa beans from the tropics are used for Lowney's Cocoa. We could buy beans at much lower prices. They would make a very fair cocoa—but not Lowney's.

The beans are thoroughly cleaned. After cleaning comes the roasting. Cocoa beans from different localities are roasted in separate roasters. The roasting is carefully timed to bring out the full richness of the flavor.

The beans then go through a cracker and fanner to remove the shells. The product of this process is called "Cocoa Nibs."

Next comes the blend. The rich flavor of Lowney's Cocoa is largely attributable to skill and experience in blending cocoa beans from different localities.

The blended cocoa nibs are then ground into a semi-liquid.

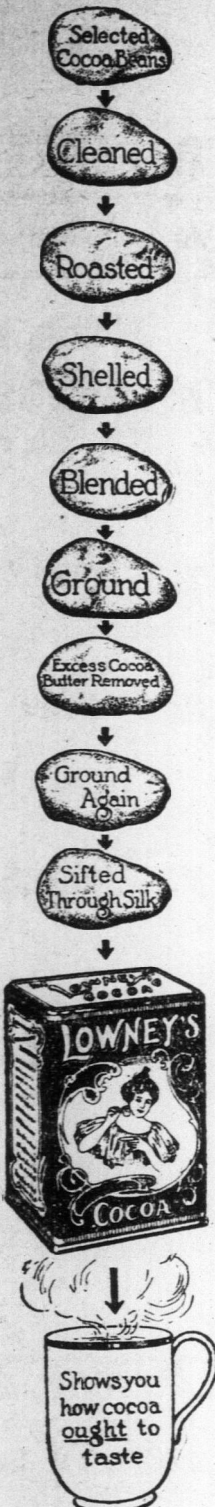
Cocoa beans have a natural excess of cocoa butter. The excess butter is removed by a hydraulic process.

The cocoa, now dry, is ground again to a fine powder and sifted through silk to insure the proper fineness. The sifted powder is then packed in tins.

Each package, with the Lowney label, contains a blend of the world's choicest cocoa beans, thoroughly cleaned, skillfully roasted, relieved of excess cocoa butter and ground to a fine powder, which, in boiling, yields its full, rich flavor. It gives a beverage which, as we say, "shows you how cocoa ought to taste."

Our Montreal factory is in keeping with the cocoa it produces—a model for the cocoa business.

*Sold at grocers. In tins—10c to 50c sizes.



LOWNEY'S COCOA

The Walter M. Lowney Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

R. G. ASH & CO., St. John's, Sole Agents in Nfld., will be pleased to quote prices.

A Terrible Tangle.

CHAPTER IV.

Ottershaw smiled. He looked so handsome, so kindly, that Elizabeth felt her heart go out to him.

"My mother will only rejoice," he said; "she fell in love with you, Elizabeth. I know when I tell her that you belong to me, it will be a source of great joy to her. But," he added, quickly, "I understand your feelings, dearest, and when I come back from the north, then we will share our secret with her."

When she was alone Elizabeth stood and looked about her, with her hands clasped to her heart.

Slowly but surely the influence of joy died away. The remembrance of terror came back. She sank back, and her face grew pale.

"What have I done?" she asked herself; "how selfish I am! With this dark cloud hanging about me, what right have I to link my life to his? How do I know that the evil that will

come to me may not work upon him also? Oh, why was I not stronger, why did I not tell him that I could not listen to love? And yet," was her next thought, "I am foolish—I have not yet proved that Lil, my own dear, childlike Lil, is base. I must be staunch to her till it is proved that Barostan had the right to come to me. Perhaps he was mad last night," Elizabeth mused on, letting courage steal back to her; "his brother's death must have gone hardly with him, poor fellow, and in some curious way he must have associated me with it. But then, again," she paused in this thought, and the light went from her eyes, and the color from her cheeks, "that letter," she whispered to herself—"that letter! Oh! I cannot endure this suspense. I will go to Lil this very day. I will drive there; the air may do me good. At any rate, I shall know no rest till I have seen her; and then, if I find that he was right—what then—what then?"

A groan escaped her lips, and she sat for a minute with her hands pressed to her eyes, then threw back her head and went hurriedly to dress for her journey.

An hour later Elizabeth left

the house. For the first time in her life the beauty of the summer was dead to her. She shivered many times, as though the air had been bleak, not fragrant and sun-kissed, and at other times she found her hands so tightly clinched that the pressure was sharp pain.

It was a long drive through the country roads up to the quaint old Ottershaw manor house, and at another time Elizabeth would have been enchanted with the beauty of her surroundings. Now she saw nothing of all this. The remembrance of what was passing in David Barostan's home, of what threatened her own future, lay like a dark shadow upon everything.

As she reached the old-fashioned porch entrance, where the door was flung wide open, a man was just coming down the broad staircase. Elizabeth recognized him. It was a certain well-known physician, a friend of Sir Henry's, and a man who, she knew, had been attending Lillian's husband of late.

"Is anything the matter? Is Henry ill?" she asked him, as they exchanged greetings.

"Temporarily," answered Dr. Harlowe. "He drove out with Lady Garland in the phaeton this morning. The horses, it seems, took fright, and Garland overstrained himself and brought on trouble in the old wound, and is in a rather bad way. Of course your sister was greatly alarmed and sent a telegram for me. I came down at once. I am afraid this will knock their travelling on the head, for a time at least. I am very glad you have come, Miss Forsyth. I suppose they sent for you, too," added Dr. Harlowe. "But I fear you have upset yourself. You are looking pale."

"I am a little tired," said

Elizabeth; "it has been so warm to-day."

Dr. Harlowe chatted on easily.

He had sent a message by a manservant to announce to Lady Garland that Miss Forsyth had come.

"Your sister is lying down," he said. "She was inclined to be very hysterical just now, so I took upon myself to send her out of Garland's room. It is so necessary that he should be kept quiet, perfectly quiet." He held out his hand and said goodbye as he spoke.

Elizabeth's heart, that had been heavy enough before, sank a little more as he left her, and at that moment a message came for her to go to Lillian's room.

Her thought came back to her with a rush to the task that lay before her as she followed the servant up the wide oaken staircase to her sister's room.

At the door of Lady Garland's room Miss Forsyth was received by a maid, who showed her into a wide, spacious room and closed the door.

Lillian was crouched on a chair close to one of the open windows. She wore one of the prettiest of her trousseau tea gowns, her soft yellow hair hung loosely upon her shoulders. Her lips trembled and tears rushed from her eyes as she saw Elizabeth.

It was about the only time that Lil was honestly glad to see her sister.

"Oh, Beth, Beth!" she said. "I am so glad you have come! Is it not dreadful? I thought Henry was going to die! I—I have had such a shock—I—I feel so ill—"

Had she been less moved, less troubled, less sorrowful, Elizabeth could have smiled.

Schoolgirl's Exhausted Nerves

Headaches, Dizzy Spells and Weakness Overcomes by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.



At about the age that most girls are working hardest at school studying for examinations there are important physiological changes taking place which are an additional strain on the nervous system.

Mrs. J. A. Gallop, 135 Victoria Street, St. John, N.B., whose husband is a carpenter, states:—"We have family for nervousness, headaches, dizziness and nervous dyspepsia, and have found them satisfactory in every particular. My daughter, Beattie, used three boxes of this remedy her health was excellent and she was entirely free from headaches and dizzy spells. We are more than pleased with the results of this treatment. More recently we used the Nerve Food for my granddaughter, who was out of school for nearly a year from nervous trouble, and noticed improvement in her condition at once."

peacocks were parading proudly to and fro, their gorgeous plumage making a conspicuous note of color against the background of the trees and smooth sward. The grounds gradually sloped in a series of terraces to a lake in the distance. Again,

In a dreamy way, Elizabeth could imagine some courtly figure passing through this quaint, well-kept pleasure. Suddenly she turned.

"Lil, dear," she said, "why did you never tell me that you knew Basil Barostan?"

For one instant it seemed as if the freshness in Lady Garland's face withered—that she shrank visibly and almost covered in her chair was certain; but she mastered her fear immediately, and laughed in a shrill fashion.

"Why should I have told you?" "Then you do not deny that you have known him, met him, encouraged him, and written to him?"

Lady Garland bounced up with a flourish.

"Oh, dear!" she said, in a hesitating way, "how miserable I am! Why do you want to come and cross-examine me like this—and at such a time? You are very inconsiderate, very unkind, Beth."

"Am I?" said Elizabeth. She stood with her head against the window and closed her eyes. There came before her once more at this moment the vision of David Barostan's face; she looked once again into his fierce, miserable, menacing eyes, and she shivered.

Lil looked at her furtively, nervously. In all the years they had been together, she could never remember to have seen her sister with such a drawn, white look.

She became suddenly frightened. "Beth—do speak!" she said. Then Elizabeth raised her eyes and looked into Lillian's face.

(Continued on page 3)

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